

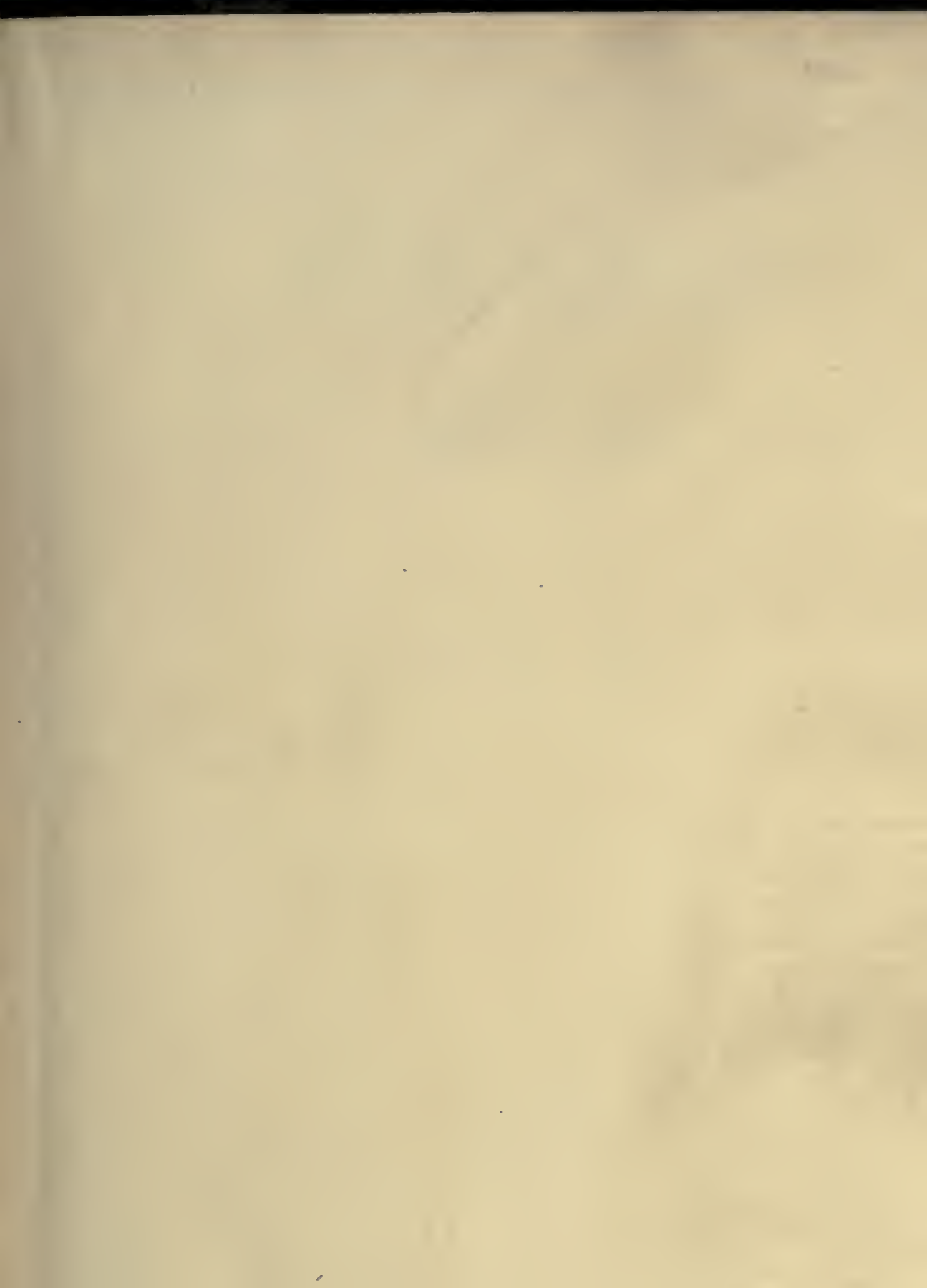




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JANUARY 4, 1902.

Literature

Published by



The Times

VOL. IX.

JULY 6, 1901, TO JANUARY 4, 1902.

59561
9/5/03



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Literature

Published by



The Times

No. 191. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the " LITERATURE " PORTRAIT next week will be
M: PIERRE LOTI.

The book trade in South Africa seems to have fluctuated with the fortunes of the war. Literature was for a long time at a discount, and trade with the Transvaal and Orange River Colony is only just beginning to waken up again. But since the critical days of the campaign, fiction, we are told, has been in great demand—we suggest no ulterior meaning in this announcement. The lighter the literature, apparently, the better the Army likes it. One bookseller, who declares that his trade with South Africa has more than doubled since the war began, added that he had a standing order from one officer to send out twelve fresh novels to him every week. Perhaps the officer in question has taken Mr. Marston's recent suggestion to heart, and is sewing the books up into bullet-proof uniforms for his men.

warm an affection. " I want you "—he writes from in March, 1851—" I want you sadly to go about with thing would be just doubly as interesting." And years later he writes from Berlin, " I got your long night. I am glad you will now write from Cobham, get your letters in the morning; they do me good for day."

Last Saturday one of the oldest organs of the French press, the *Moniteur Universel*, appeared for the last time after having lived 112 years. The *Moniteur* was the official journal of the French Revolution. It continued its governmental life under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empire, under the Restoration, and even down to the third Republic. When Napoleon became an Opposition organ. It was always well known to Napoleon, it is said, was for a time a contributor to it. It has counted on its staff some of the greatest names of French literature, from Champollion and Gautier and Sainte-Beuve to Ed. About, and even Murger. Since 1868, when the *Officiel* was founded, the *Moniteur* has steadily declined, and is now a moment to recover its youth. The last well-known contributor to its columns was M. Valfrey (White), whose appearance will hardly be noticed. It has been for some time one of the most reactionary journals in Paris, but its polemics were not scurrilous enough to attract much attention.

One volume, such as that just published by Mr. Calverley, is enough for Calverley. The four volumes of the *Life and Appreciation* of Mr. Calverley are over-weighted him, and, though we turn regretfully to the slim green booklets which we have cherished for so long, we want nothing better than this new collection with Sendall's *Life and Appreciation*. Calverley died early in 1898, and is to be included in the " Dictionary of National Biography," where Mr. Leslie Stephen aptly sums up his satire as " refined common sense." He is the first of the more polished even than Conington, a review of which by Calverley himself is in this volume—and of part of both of these arts you must be impregnated with the course; but, above all, you must not be an imitator, but must show your own power. As Sir Walter Scott says in " *Lovers, and a Reflection*," inimitable and unimitable sense though it be, is an extremely powerful piece of Calverley's doctrine was that in translation you

With Calverley's career, his boyish daring, his frank, simple nature, his keen wit, and his undergraduate escapades most people are familiar. Sir Walter Sendall recalls many stories of college days. Calverley's wit certainly gained at Balliol by having Dr. Jenkins to sharpen itself on. The Master himself shares the humour of the "Collections" story, when he asked Calverley, "And with what feelings, Mr. Blayds, ought we to regard the decalogue?" Calverley hardly knew what the decalogue meant, but he "had a due sense of the importance of the occasion and of the question," and replied, "Master, with feelings of devotion mingled with awe!" "Quite right, young man, a very proper answer," exclaimed the Master. One more taste we may give from the time when Blayds had become Calverley and the Oxford undergraduate a Cambridge Don:—

NOTES TAKEN AT COLLEGE MEETINGS.

At Meeting, February 28th, 11½—2.

Remarked by the Master.—That no people give you so much trouble, if you try to extract money from them, as solicitors.

By the Jun. Deem.—Except, perhaps, parsons.

By the Senior Deem.—The latter possibly because they have not got the money.

By Mr. A.—That a ton weight is a great deal of books.

By Mr. B.—That it is just one o'clock.

By Mr. C.—That that is likely, and that in an hour it will be just two.

There is in sober minds so general and so reasonable a distrust of the utility of the "congresses" and "conferences" that Mr. John Murray's favourable verdict on the International Publishers' Congress is of importance. "There have been, and possibly still are," he writes to the *Publishers' Circular*, "some of our countrymen who regard such congresses as nothing more than elaborate 'beanfeasts,' but to those who have followed and examined them closely, it is evident that this view is a mistaken one. With each successive meeting there has been displayed a closer and more serious attention to business, and a growing desire to learn the methods of other countries with a view to concerted action when circumstances are opportune. It is to be one of the duties of the Permanent Bureau to regulate and control the subjects for discussion, so as to eliminate what is redundant, useless, or undesirable, and so we may hope that the next congress, which by the kind invitation of the Italian publishers is to meet at Milan in 1901, may fully maintain the advance in practical results."

The *Idler* has a notable article in "Walks and Talks with Tolstoy" by Andrew D. White, United States Ambassador to Germany. On the subject of literary property, it seems, there is a striking divergence of views between the Count and the Countess:—

He told me that in his view he had no right to receive money for the permission to print a book. To this I naturally answered that by carrying out this doctrine he simply prevented large sums of money to publishers, and that, in my opinion, he would do a much better thing by taking the full value of his copyrights and bestowing the proceeds upon the peasantry starving about him. To this he answered that it was a question of duty. To this I agreed, but remarked that our disagreement was as to what his duty in the matter really was. It was a pleasure to learn from another source that the

Emerson, Hawthorne, and Whittier; but he read at random, not knowing at all some of it. He spoke with admiration of Theodore Pa. He also revered and admired the character of William Lloyd Garrison. He had read Longfellow but was evidently uncertain regarding Lowell, apparently with some other author. Of course he knew some of Howell's novels, and liked them. "Literature in the United States at present is the lowest trough of the sea between high water

Mr. White is by no means a Tolstoyite, nor have argued most of the articles of the *Idler*. He had the courage to say right and wrong. The spectacle of Count Tolstoy virtually posing as a being while his fellow-Russians came whining to him was not at all edifying." To what Count "listened very civilly." His general picture

A man of genius denouncing all science and religion, what he calls faith; urging a return to a state of nature, simply Rousseau modified by misreadings of the repudiating marriage, though himself most happy in the father of sixteen children; holding that *Æschylus* and *Shakespeare* were not great in literature, and *Goethe* an obscure writer a literary idol; holding that *Michelangelo* and *Raphael* were not great in sculpture, insisting on the eminence of sundry unknown artists; painting brutally; holding that *Beethoven*, *Händel*, and *Mozart* were not great in music, but that some other former outside any healthful musical evolution was the music of the future; declaring *Napoleon* to have been a great man but presenting *Kutusoff* as a military ideal; holding that organized knowledge which has done more to bring us out of mediæval cruelty into a better world is extolling a "faith" which has always been the pretext for bloodshed and oppression.

The article is packed with good things, and is the best Tolstoy article that has been published for a long time.

Count Tolstoy, by-the-by, has also been criticised by authors in *Die Gesellschaft*. He regards *Wilhelm* as the greatest novelist, probably because he finds little of peasant life. He thinks little of *Hauptmann*, and "Weavers" to be a noteworthy performance, because of an important social question, and praises the author for admitting any sort of love-story to interfere with his work. "Hannele" he finds sentimental, and everything else in *Wilhelm* of little artistic merit. *Sundermann*, one of his novels, is considered by Tolstoy to be a cultured and intelligent artist.

The last instalment of "The Oxford English Dictionary" gives Mr. J. G. Holyoake (in the *Daily News*, 1878) as the first authority for the use of the word *volunteer* in its now accepted sense. As a correspondent (*News*) pointed out in our columns on May 25, it was George Trevelyan who launched the word on it, and it has been seen by a perusal of his speech at Selkirk in the *Times* of January 12, 1878.

"Clandius Clear," in his account in the *Idler* of the late Mr. R. A. Neil, of Pembroke College,

July 6, 1901.]

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clared to identify it. Nor did any one, we think, venture to put his finger on the point where Wilkie Collins ended and Besant began in the story which Sir Walter finished for his dead friend. Yet when it is a question of authenticity in ancient poems or pictures the critics seem to have no doubts. They are prepared by infallible instinct to distinguish a line or a figure the true Homer or Giorgione, or the first and the second Isaiah. They will even show by coloured printing the diverse dates and composite authorship of the books of Scripture. Neil was much impressed, we are told, by his mistakes, and drew just this moral. He was a great admirer of Robertson Smith, yet began to feel some wholesome scepticism about the results of the "higher criticism," and to reflect on the chequered history of Homeric criticism.

AFTER LABOUR.

He sits beside his cottage door,
His dull eyes fixed upon the grass—
An ancient man to whom no more
The days speak as they pass.
Yet sweet to him this rest must be
Who saw, with all its sense revealed,
The grand, deliberate pagentry
Of woodland, hedge, and field.
Nor missed the truth involved in fall
From stricken blooms, of seed that waits,
Shut fast in seeming death, the call
Of Spring without the gates.
Thus to his simple mind was plain
That knowledge not denied to us,
But borne by vernal winds in vain
To ears incredulous—
But stay; he, too, was blind, alas!
Nor ever in his soul was born
That sense of far-off things which pass
And leave the world forlorn.
The lonely dawns, the woodlands dim,
The leaves that, whispering, come and go,
The birds, the hurrying brooks to him
Told nought that thou wouldst know.
For as the fields he ploughed and sowed
In season due, a figure gaunt
Beside him down the furrow strode
Holding the whip of want.
While, starving through the years, his soul,
Stirred by some ancient sense of sin
To restless musings of the goal
That life must lose or win,
Grew fiercely in conviction set
That, his short-comings plainly seen,
The Judge of all would not forget
How hard his lot had been.

W. G. HOLE.

Mr. Frederic Harrison will lecture on July 13 (3.30) at the British Museum on King Alfred the Great.

The members of the New Vagabond Club gaily went to a literary luncheon to Madame Sarah Bernhardt's Café last Tuesday. The chair was taken by Hope.

Several literary men, including Mr. George Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Presterle Harrison, in letter to the Humanitarian League, have expressed the hope that the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds may be followed by the encouragement of other forms of "savage sport."

The Brontë Society at its last meeting accepted Mr. George Dyson to pay for the compilation of a dictionary.

To-night (Friday) Mme. Adey Brunel will give a concert at the Steinway-hall on Browning and Rossetti.

The death is announced, at the early age of 40, of Mr. Warner, who had been London editor of the *York Post* for a number of years.

A stage version of "Lorna Doone," by Mr. Dowling, has been produced at the Grand Opera-house.

Mr. J. M. Barrie will pay a short visit to the Continent in the autumn.

M. Edmond Foa, the well-known explorer and traveller, left Saturday at Villiers-sur-Mer from the after-effects of fever contracted in Africa.

Mr. Dan Godfrey, Junior, the conductor of the Bournemouth Band, has obtained a verdict of damages against Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, and Mr. Bedford, the author, of a novel called "The Harp of the North," on the ground that one of the characters in the book was readily identified as the plaintiff, and that some passages were calculated to injure his professional reputation.

A tablet to the memory of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan (presented by Mr. H. Lewis Doulton) will, on July 13, be unveiled by Dr. Cummings, Professor Prout, and Dr. Vincent, by the members of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, at the birthplace of the composer in Lambeth.

Professor Haeckel, the German evolutionist, will visit London in the late autumn. He has engaged to deliver a series of lectures on fossil forms, and during his stay in the city he will be the guest of his old friend, Professor Ray.

M. Yves Guyot, at the banquet given in his honour at Edinburgh the other day, paid a high tribute to Sir Walter Scott, and the influence he had on French writers, such as Victor Hugo, Augustin Thierry, Richelieu, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas. Moreover, M. Guyot said, while he had been his imitators, none of them had been so successful. Through Scott literature had been made picturesque and history was made to live.

Never surely was the foreigner more *en évidence* than just now. It is natural, considering the enormous range of the dramatic literature of different countries, that the foreign actor has been even greater a success than the English actor.

have assumed a cosmopolitan aspect of late which must be almost, if not quite, without precedent. Besides the German company which has recently left the comedy, the Japanese company now performing at the Criterion, Madame Réjane at the Coronet Theatre, and Monsieur Coquelin and Madame Sarah Bernhardt at Her Majesty's, we have still to mention the music-halls—Liane de Pougy at the Palace, La Belle Tortajada's little drama in Spanish in three scenes at the Alhambra, and Mlle. Yvette Guilbert's recent appearances at the Empire. The English dramatic world has certainly become more liberal-minded. Forty years ago, as Mr. Clement Scott reminds us, there was a good deal of narrow-minded opposition to foreign actors. But the foreign artists to whom we now open our stage-doors so freely differ vastly in their aims and influence. We doubt if the music-hall artists from abroad do much to lighten the tedium of our up-to-date music-hall programmes. It is, however, as easy to be a philistine in our music-halls as in our art galleries. Regular habitués learn to appreciate all kinds of subtleties which only contribute to the boredom of the novice. It mattered little to them if they could not understand Mlle. Yvette Guilbert. There was the mysterious interest which could only belong to a pair of long black gloves. The cult of a "walk," in which Mlle. de Pougy is said to excel, is another subtlety. To be able to walk is, of course, essential to an actor. But this acquisition used to be rather a "stepping-stone to higher things," and not the whole point of a performance, as in these days of the American walk, the Parisian walk, and finally the "Cake" walk. The influence of foreign actors on the theatre proper is of much greater interest. It is not in the nature of the average Englishman to act well. The moment he begins to make believe one of two things almost inevitably happens. He either remains himself, and is consequently the same in whatever part he may take up, or else he is too obvious a poseur. Nothing, therefore, can be better for the English actor than contact with his foreign *confères*, and especially with the French, who have at no time any difficulty in acting—on the stage or off. And it can hardly be doubted that the English stage has lately become much more natural and life-like. The rise of certain plays based more or less upon the models of Scandinavian and German drama have no doubt done much to bring about this change; but not more than the frequent visits of such exponents of the "natural" method as Madame Réjane. Meanwhile there is also the large debt which the English student of French literature owes to Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt. *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a literary revelation—a revival of French romantic drama imbued with new life—and it was Monsieur Coquelin who introduced us to Monsieur Rostand. To appreciate Racine at his best we must see Sarah Bernhardt as Phèdre. Only Monsieur Coquelin can make us laugh as a Frenchman laughs at *Tartuffe*. But there is a hard nut to be cracked before the English spectator can derive all the pleasure there is to be gleaned from these opportunities—viz., the French language. Only the other day Madame Réjane remarked that an English audience does not applaud much, but it analyses and compares. Is this lack of applause at a French performance really to be accounted for in this charitable fashion? Is it not just possible that now and again some of us miss the point of a French dialogue? Once a smattering of conversational French has been acquired, one may even become a sufficient scholar to enjoy oneself thoroughly at a French theatre. But, like all things, it requires practice, and

Literature Portraits.—

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Several years before "Tess of the D'U" heard of, a well-known literary critic ranked next after George Meredith among contemporary *longo sed proximus intereunlo*. Since then the list has undoubtedly narrowed. Mr. Hardy's fame has grown slowly, but it has grown solidly; it is builder's work, has never been, and I think never can be (in spite of his really popular novelist, and he does not prove it). He is not, like Mr. Kipling, for all readers; his work is of that attaching quality which won for Stowe personal affection from thousands of men and women, but he looked on his face; he is, for a man of so much power, destitute of a following. But as he looms to the imagination, sinister and very much alone, he is one of the great figures in our modern world of letters.

Like Burns he springs direct from the soil. The image of the genial Ayrshire farmer, singing in the ale-house, the soul of his company, is to emphasize his unlikeness rather than his likeness. I see him as a man, sitting silent and aloof, listening with retentive attention, possibly, narrating with stony detachment a story of personal and tragical fates. Mr. Hardy is as indissolubly bound to the east of his genius with a limited region of country as any author since the beginning of authorship; Wessex soil, the sights and sounds and smells of the cider country are fixed in all their work; the people of whom he writes are not so much Saxon, that is, quintessentially English. And, in contradistinction, the authors with whom Mr. Hardy has a natural affinity are not Englishmen but Frenchmen, resembling Mérimée by the dryness of his art, Melville by his choice of subjects and his attitude towards them.

Let us trace in a few words his rather uneventful life. In 1840, Mr. Hardy was apprenticed to an ecclesiastical architect at the age of sixteen and gave his life till about 1870 to a pursuit which has deeply coloured all his work. His first story, "Desperate Remedies" to "Jude the Obscure," these stories (in which, as it will be remembered, the characters are architects practising the miscellaneous trades of stewards, land surveyors, and the like, familiar in country towns) appeared in 1871, signed only "Thomas Hardy." It was followed in the next year by "Under the Tree," and at this date Mr. Hardy definitely turned to architecture (in which he had distinguished himself by being a prize-winner at a Royal Society's competition). "A Pair of Blue Eyes" found its way into a series of "Far from the Madding Crowd" ran through the press, then, appearing as a book, gained something of the success it merited. It was the first of his books to be published in yellow-backed form, then the hall-mark of popular popularity caused a reissue of the two preceding volumes. Following thirteen years, seven novels in all were of them appearing in good magazines; while full credit was accorded to their author's genius, beginning with his work in the *New Quarterly* as early as 1879. The

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Supplement.
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confession to Tess on the night of their wedding, and then waited for her with a smile. She noticed it.

"Perhaps, although you smile, it is as serious as yours or more so."

"It can hardly be more serious, dearest."

"It cannot—oh no, it cannot!" She jumped up joyfully at the hope. "No, it cannot be more serious, certainly," she cried, "because 'tis just the same!"

There you had not merely a dramatic situation, but the statement of a view, which Mr. Hardy endorsed. It seemed to the natural unsophisticated intelligence of Tess that her loss of virginity out of wedlock was a thing to be regretted, a thing to be forgiven—just as was the same event in Angel Clare's history. And if you were to ask Mr. Hardy for the cause of the crime which led Tess through a tragic idyll to the scaffold, he would be bound, I think, to say that it lay in the marriage law, by which a woman was constrained to accept a possible position of repugnant bodily servitude.

O wearisome condition of humanity
Born under one law, to another bound !

Pinke Greville's lines might be the inscription on the successor to "Tess." Mr. Hardy had gained his hearing. If that book was not condemned, but rather read with avidity, he evidently had a free hand, and in "Jude the Obscure" he used it. "Jude" seems to me by far the most complete expression of this gloomy and powerful mind. The book is the history of a tragic marriage and its consequences; but Mr. Hardy does not in reality arraign the marriage law, which is only a part of humanity's wearisome condition.

Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound.

The perpetual centre of his contemplation is the tragically ironic contrast between human life as it looks to the individual and human life as it looks to the race. We are put here to obey certain instincts, laws within us, which tend to the perpetuation of the species in a state of healthy animalism; yet so constituted are we, that we must of necessity form to ourselves ideal ends for our existence, and even wrap ourselves round in restraints, laws without us, to check the free play of nature. And in the everlasting conflict nature is indomitable, sometimes defeated, oftener victorious, sometimes reducing both forces to a kind of mutual paralysis, so that the animal, though restrained, yet mars the triumph of the man; but always infinite in her resources, like the bank at a gaming table; indifferent to everything so long as on the average she can maintain her own purpose. "The scorn of nature for man's finer emotions and her lack of interest in his aspirations" is a phrase that expresses the refrain of Mr. Hardy's thoughts. Nature is not touched by the boy Jude's thirst for learning, his ideal passion for the intellectual life. All she cares is to see him well provided with an instinct which will respond to the grossest appeal, yet which the higher things in his temperament, contributing to the deceit, will refine and glorify with dreams. Some have blamed the audacious piece of symbolism with which Mr. Hardy opens this chapter in Jude's experience; to me it seems not merely justifiable, but triumphantly right. The irruption of "that missile" ("the characteristic part of a barrow pig") upon the scholar's reverie, summoning Jude for the first time to a practical recognition of woman's existence, is an Aristophanic incident—indecent if you will, but it fits the essence of the facts as you

point of view of the race, he simply inflicts his functional defects, and dies.

Mr. Hardy does not preach. Only, as a man occupied with the individual, not with society, nor with the world, it is merely the peculiarity of his attitude towards life that he continually sees the lesser destiny in common with the greater ones, and always tends to paint as in "Jude the Obscure" a tragedy of unfulfilled aims." It is curious to note that the novel "Desperate Remedies" (an immature work, but influential in its structure and aims by Wilkie Collins) is now already cropping up.

There is in us an unquenchable expectation of a brighter future. In the gloomiest time persists in inferring that because of the present, there must be a special future in store for us. We know that though our nature and antecedents to the remotest antiquity have been common to thousands. Thus to Cytherea Graye the question how their lives would end was the deepest of possible enigmas. To others who have been in the same position equally well with themselves the question is the easiest that could be asked—"Like those of a similar circumstance." (p. 14.)

Applying that to the fates of Jude and the two whom his life was entangled, it is clear that all three—intellectually ambitious pauper, the handsome trollop, and the strung-keen-witted pupil teacher, reached such a crossroad in their respective careers as might naturally have been proposed in the question of how they felt in working out their personal and their evident end is only of personal interest; It does not concern society or to nature. But the personal interest is not the same—keen—and Cythera Graye said so, in a fine passage worth quoting, because the same thing is said more shortly in

She was not an existence, an experience, a structure of sensations, to anybody but herself. To kind besides, Tess was only a passing thought. Even she was no more than a frequently passing thought made herself miserable the livelong night and day this much to them—"Ah, she makes herself unhappy to be cheerful, to dismiss all care, to take the daylight, the flowers, the baby, she could not have an idea to them—" Ah, she bears it very well."

The "Art of Thomas Hardy" (to borrow the book to which I am indebted for a bibliography especially in his power to show us this "structure" on its way through life; or, in his own words, "shape and coherence to a series of seemings, or perceptions." And the philosophy of Thomas Hardy is that in the long struggle the lower continually triumphs; that man, by the laws which he makes to himself, the strongest of human passions, only heaps new difficulties on the way of the highest human love; and, worst of all, that the passions and ambitions diffuse themselves wider, and as men grow older, less easily content themselves with a life along the margin of resistance, so the tragic conflict becomes more frequent, and the wearisome condition of humanity more wearisome.

The strongest of human passions is Mr. Har-
thorne, but he has little to say in its glorified
recurring accident, a deflection of the compass, which
and women aside from their true objects, and make
work in natures that do not go out to seek it.
Everdene, the charming heroine—who wins our
first feeling as she wins herself herself surreptitiously

second-best. Grace in "The Woodlanders" returns shamefacedly to her husband, not from any sense of duty; the one faithful to the ideal love of the dead Giles is Marty South—*quam nemo repavit*. And the couples who are by nature fitted to enjoy a felicity that is not in the way of common nature find all the chances of the world against them. Some convention, reasonable or unreasonable, makes a barrier, and at the most they snatch a brief joy.

And yet I think Mr. Hardy is not altogether pessimist. Again I quote Fiske Greville.

Yet when each of us in his own heart looks

He finds the God there far unlike his books.

It is men and women rather than nature, he seems to say, who make the unhappiness; and the human heart, if it will rely on itself, holds truth and mercy sufficient to solve most problems. Angel Clare makes himself the mouthpiece of a convention, when Tess confesses her error, and by so doing he ruins his life and hers. Jude and Sue do what they can to secure happiness and repair their errors of judgment, but society intervenes and condemns not them only, but Sue's husband Phillotson, who had acquiesced in his wife's departure. Phillotson realizes what society will not realize, and perhaps cannot afford to, that life offers to a woman (as Cytherea Graye puts it) "a single opportunity of existence as well as of doing her duty." And so he follows the instinct of his own nature in letting her follow hers. But the force of society, the weight of all the dead who rule us, is tremendous, and the final tragedy comes when Sue, in the wreck of her intelligence, accepts the convention bodily, and goes back to force herself into a physical degradation, leaving Jude, one may say literally, to find his way to Hell. The same social obstacle to happiness, the opinion of others claiming to regulate a life which can only be clear to its possessor, is indicated in one of "Life's Little Ironies" when the promoted housemaid, widow of a parson, is debarred by her son from the gentle felicity of remarriage with a constant greengrocer.

Thus, taking the facts all round, Mr. Hardy sees happiness as something very difficult to compass, and the supreme joy which arises from the mating of two beings specially endowed to complete one another as almost a miracle. And he writes by preference about those who desire the miracle. His last book, "The Well-Beloved," relates with a queer irony the pursuit of one ideal by one man through three generations from mother to daughter and from daughter to granddaughter. People who want miracles cannot expect to be happy; and yet the world as Mr. Hardy sees it is full of the material for happiness. The face and the breath of earth are dear and familiar to him; he follows with joy the ways and works of nature in which man co-operates. Perhaps this is nowhere else so plain as in "The Woodlanders," expressed by the feeling slowly asserting itself in the timber-merchant's schoolbred daughter for all the life which Winterborne sums up and incarnates. I cannot resist quoting a description of the man which is worthy to stand beside Keats' "Ode to Autumn":—

He looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being sunburnt to wheat-colour, his eyes blue as cornflowers, his sleeves and leggings dyed with fruit stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pipe, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of elder which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among the orchards.

So was the boy, though I am not sure that I have

compendium of English genius that we find in Shakespeare's, for the excellent speech in country places alters far more its dress or morals. Mr. Hardy deals in no phony, never embarrasses the eye; but it gives the form peculiar speech. If he was famous for nothing but famous for such passages of humour as the from the "Madding Crowd," where Joseph Poorgrass of half a dozen fully individualized and delightful part is somewhat like that of the chorus in a Greek comment on rather than take part in the main action. Hardy is more than a humorist. He is a born moving, perhaps, and weighty, but never clumsy master of the short story. I have said nothing of volumes of tales (which figure with the rest in the admirable collected edition of "The Wessex Novels" there is not adequate space here. But it is at least observant as remarkable that a mind so good and amplification should also have the art to condense as the short tale demands. It is little is told, yet how much suggested, for example, "Fiddler of the Reels."

In these short stories, however, one does not find the most characteristic of Thomas Hardy narrator, and the humorist, employing exclusively faculty; and employing it in his later work with into a clumsy circumlocution which in places disfigures the story of Bathsheba and her lover. But the poet and distorted idealist, is not visible. Mr. Hardy published a volume of poems, and he has written a verse marked with the virile originality which is ever he touches. Yet the poetry of his nature shines in prose. It is a poet who renders to us the Vale of Blackmoor, reeking with blue mists; a poet who tells us Tess's thoughts about the stars; a poet who tells Jude's half mystical idealization of the Universe; no place for such as him; a poet who throughout and makes us feel the filaments that draw nature quivering joy of the earth under the rain, the mounting of the sap, of bodies that meet and mingle that at last surrender to each other. By a poet whose work is informed by the larger imagination of a man, whether for his comfort or discomfort, undoubtedly Mr. Thomas Hardy.

STEPHEN

It is just thirty years since Mr. Hardy's "Desperate Remedies" was brought out in the Tinsley Brothers. It was published anonymously. "Random Recollections of an Old Publisher" Tinsley says that he accepted "Desperate Remedies" that, in spite of the introduction of what he called "almost ultra-sensational matter," there was bright side of human nature in the book to sell edition. "However, there was not; but for a adds Mr. Tinsley, "I do not think Mr. Hardy plain about." The same publisher bought the Hardy's second novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," published it in the following year (1872) and got hold of the best little prose idyll that he had.

I almost raved about the book [he wrote] It away wholesale to Pressmen and any one I in good fiction. But, strange to say, it would not hang on hand in the original two-volume

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sion as an architect. But literature had been steadily asserting her claims upon Mr. Hardy, even while he practised Gothic architecture under Sir A. W. Bloufield in the early sixties, when he won the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Bricks and Terra Cotta Architecture" (1863) and received Sir W. Tite's prize for architectural design in the same year. Two years later he wrote an anonymous contribution to *Chambers' Journal* entitled "How I Built Myself a House"—a humorous sketch of the experiences of an unsophisticated young couple in house-building. Much of Mr. Hardy's earliest work was in verse, but of this work—according to Mr. John Lane, in his preface to the exhaustive bibliography which he has appended to Mr. Lionel Johnson's book on "The Art of Thomas Hardy"—everything, with the exception of one poem, was destroyed. The one piece of salvage is the Wessex ballad, "The Floral Tranter Sweetley's," which appeared, bowdlerized, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in November, 1875. The ballad was first reproduced in its original form at the end of Mr. Lane's bibliography, together with the novelist's biographical note on his friend and neighbour, the Rev. William Barnes, the Dorset poet, contributed to the *Athenæum* in October, 1880. Of Mr. Hardy's remaining contributions to periodical literature in other directions than fiction, we need, perhaps, only mention his paper on "The Dorset Labourer," published in *Longman's* in July, 1893.

"Far From the Madding Crowd" ran serially through the *Cornhill* unsigned, and when Messrs. Smith, Elder brought it out in three volumes in the same year (1874) its success was unqualified. Messrs. Smith, Elder saw it through four editions before parting with it in 1882 to Messrs. Sampson Low, who, in their turn, had reprinted it at least half-a-dozen times when Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine took it over for their complete uniform edition of Mr. Hardy's works. It still has—with "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which runs it very close in the matter of popularity—a far wider circulation than Mr. Hardy's other books, though all have a remarkably steady sale, and two, "The Woodlanders" and "A Group of Noble Dames," are at the present moment being reprinted. "Tess" was the first of the series to appeal to the sixpenny public—rapidly running through an immense edition—and "Far From the Madding Crowd" is now following its example. It was in "Far from the Madding Crowd" that the novelist first adopted the word "Wessex":—

The series of novels I projected being mainly of the kind called local [he explains in his new preface to the book in the uniform edition], they seemed to require a territorial definition of some sort to lend unity to their scene. Finding that the area of a single county did not afford a canvas large enough for this purpose, and that there were objections to an invented name, I disinterred the old one. The Press and the public were kind enough to welcome the fanciful plan and willingly joined me in the anachronism of imagining a Wessex population living under Queen Victoria.

Mr. Hardy contributed to the article on "Why I Don't Write Plays" which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in August, 1892, although he wrote the dramatic version of "Far From the Madding Crowd" in collaboration with Mr. Comyns Carr and had it produced in Liverpool and at the Globe Theatre, London, earlier in the same year; and in the following year he dramatized "The Three Strangers"—one of the "Wessex Tales"—the play being produced at Terry's Theatre under the title of *The Three Wayfarers*, with three other one-act pieces.

After "Far From the Madding Crowd"—to return to the novels—came "The Hand of Ethelberta" a Comedy in Chapters," which followed the course of its predecessor through the pages of the *Cornhill*, and was subsequently published by Messrs. Smith, Elder in two volumes. Its author has since described the book as "a somewhat frivolous narrative, produced as an interlude between stories of a more sober design," and, though it did not meet with the striking success of "Far From the Madding Crowd," it was twice reprinted by the original publishers before Messrs. Sampson Low took it over in 1882—to part with it later, though only after four or five fresh editions, it has been reprinted by Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine

Low), while in 1878 Messrs. Chatto succeeded the publishers of "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Out in two new editions. "Under the Greenwood Tree" is still published by Messrs. Chatto (in three distinct editions now, we believe, the only book by Mr. Hardy from any house but that of Harper and Brothers, M'Ilvaine's successors), in whose complete edition of the novelist's works it also appears. "Desperate Remedies," an anonymous novel, did not make its reappearance under the author's name until 1889, when Ward and Looney brought it out in its first one-volume form. Three years later Mr. Smith, Elder reprinted it in a popular edition, and in 1895, when M'Ilvaine included it in their uniform edition, the *Wessex* and other places mentioned were, in several of the stories for the first time by the names under which they are now known—"for the satisfaction," writes the author, "of the reader who may care for consistency in such matters." Hardy's seventh book was "The Trumpet-Major," published in three volumes by Smith, Elder in 1880 after running through *Good Words*. A new and cheaper edition of it was brought out in the following year by Messrs. Smith, Elder who reprinted it several times before it passed into M'Ilvaine's complete edition in 1895. It was again reprinted in 1897. The eighth novel was "A Laodicean," which originally in *Harper's Magazine*, Messrs. Sampson Low took it out subsequently in three volumes (1881). It has been reprinted at least eight times:—

The writing of this tale [says Mr. Hardy in the preface to the book] was rendered memorable, to the least, by a tedious illness of five months that laid the author soon after the story was begun in a well-known magazine, during which period the narrative had to be continued by dictation to a predetermined cheerfulness. As some of these novels of Wessex life address themselves more especially to readers into whose souls they have entered, and whose years have less pleasure in their heretofore, so "A Laodicean" may perhaps be regarded as a wayward and idle afternoon of the comfortable ones who have fallen to them in pleasant places; above all, of the happy section of the reading public which has reached ripeness of years; those to whom marriage is a pilgrim's Eternal City, and not a milestone on the way.

Mr. Hardy's next novel, "Two on a Tower," was in three volumes in 1882 by Messrs. Sampson Low, and in serial form in the *Boston Monthly*. It has through about the same number of editions as its predecessor, although the book met with a storm of first appearance. "That, however," said Mr. Hardy, "in face to the book in the uniform edition," was thirteen years later. I venture to think that those who care to read the will be quite astonished at the scrupulous propriety therein on the relations of the sexes; for, though the frivolous and even grotesque touches on occasion hardly a single excess in the book outside legal marriage what was intended to be." Four years elapsed before Hardy's tenth novel, "The Mayor of Casterbridge," appeared, though his story of "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," which came out in the *Graphic* in 1883, was reprinted in book form in America in 1885. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" was another *Graphic* story, Smith, Elder afterwards bringing it out in two volumes in 1886; in the following year Messrs. Sampson Low took the book over, and, after several reprints, it found its way into the rest of the Hardy novels, to Osgood, M'Ilvaine. "The Woodlanders" came next, this time through Macmillan, who published it in 1887 in three volumes, seeing it through their magazine, and brought it out in volume form in the same year. Messrs. Macmillan were the original publishers of "Wessex Tales" in two volumes, though the stories had been making their appearance in periodicals since 1870. With "Tess" and his next of tales, "A Group of Noble Dames"—both issued by Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine became Mr. Hardy's last

numerous editions as an ordinary volume, and is now out of print in that form; and it has been reprinted several times since its inclusion in the uniform edition in 1895. "The Well-Beloved" started as a serial in the *Illustrated London News* in 1892, but did not appear in independent form until 1897, when it was included in the uniform edition with a few chapters rewritten. "Life's Little Ironies" came in 1891 and ran through several editions in the same year, joining the uniform series in 1896. "Jude the Obscure" (1895) was produced serially in *Harper's*, but, as in the case of "Tess," the magazine version was, for various reasons, abridged and modified in some degree, and it was not until it reached the book that the tale appeared as originally written. "For a novel addressed by a man to men and women," wrote Mr. Hardy in his preface, "which attempts to deal unaffectingly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a mincing of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling of the book to which exception can be taken." That, so far, is the last long novel published by Mr. Hardy, and it seems probable that his next volume will be another collection of short stories. His last volume, it will be remembered, was his collection of "Wessex Poems" (1898), only four out of which had appeared before, one of the four being "The Fire at Tranter Sweetley's," already referred to. Three tales, which we believe have not been republished independently—in this country at all events—should be mentioned before closing our bibliography—"The Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress," which appeared in *Chatto and Windus' New Quarterly Magazine* in 1878; "The Waiting Supper," published in *Murray's Magazine* ten years later, and reprinted in America; and "A Changed Man," which appeared in two numbers of the *Sphere* last year.

THE HISTORICAL VALUE OF WILLS.

A "Personal View."

BY THE REV. J. CHARLES COX.

Notwithstanding all that has been done to illustrate history in its general as well as in its social and economic aspects by the study of wills, the amount that has been accomplished, after either a fitful or systematic fashion, is a mere nothing compared with what remains to be done.

Those two great printing societies—Surtees and Camden—are in this matter naturally well to the front. The second volume issued by the Surtees Society (1835), edited by Canon Raine, was "Wills and Inventories illustrative of the History, Manners, Language, Statistics, &c., of the Northern Counties of England." These were taken from the registry at Durham. After a lapse of just a quarter of a century Canon Greenwell edited a second volume. The society also produced five excellent volumes, between 1836 and 1881, termed "Testamenta Eboracensia" from the York registry, illustrative of the Province of York from 1300 downwards, under the editorship of Canon Raine. The same industrious scholar, for the same society, likewise produced a volume, in 1853, on the early wills of the Archdeaconry of Richmond. The Camden Society produced, in 1850, a volume on the wills and inventories from the registry of the commissary of Bury St. Edmunds and the Archdeaconry of Sudbury, and also, in 1863, gave "a selection of wills of eminent persons," between the years 1495 and 1695, from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. These volumes are more than sufficient

Record Society of his founding. It includes the wills of Northampton and Rutland, from 1510 to 1650; the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Lichfield, and certain peculiars of the diocese, from 1510 to 1650; the Archdeaconry of Berkshire, from 1508 to 1650; the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Gloucester, from 1510 to 1650; and above all those of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury (in three volumes), from 1383 to 1650. The interest attached to the systematic study of wills, over a given district, particularly to the study of the eve of the Reformation period, has of late become a very different part of England—the points of resemblance being equally noteworthy. Weaver brought out, in 1890, under the title of "The Wills of the St. Paul's Ecclesiastical Society," a most interesting account of some 600 Somersetshire wills, 1528-1536, arranged under their parishes. A valuable and exhaustive analysis of the wills of Rochester, from 1400 to the accession of Elizabeth I., and Northamptonshire are now undergoing a like service.

The Pre-Reformation wills give us a real picture of the church where the testator desired to be buried, and are therefore the authoritative source of information. The name of the saint connected with an old church has not infrequently a peculiar value; the date of the introduction of Christianity through a local saint and Augustinian sources, or remind us of the lives of the or monastic saints of Anglo-Saxon days, are generally supposed. Certain dioceses have had their wills examined by competent scholars and are now in others are still in a hopeless modern muddle. The name of the saint named where the blunders in the official records of the present year of grace exceed forty.

The exact date of structural alterations in the fabric of the church can often be found in the wills, as well as the details of the supply and cost of church furniture and ornaments. The unsystematic of much excellent "Perpendicular" work is the result, as well as the lavish attention to roodlofts, a result of the lights down to the very moment when the first waves of the reformation swept into our churches.

It is pleasant to note how the clergy—the "priests" of the day—were not content merely to leave a trifle for parishioners to leave a trifle for forgotten tithes, but to the altar, to the reparation of the bells, or to the specific lights, or even to the poor of the district, exhorted them to attend to the good of the church in practical religious duty. For instance, Thomas Paulerspury, in 1532, left "one-half of my good in warkes of mercy as in mending of the church," and bequests to the repair of bridges and roads were

The books named in wills afford a fund of information for the bibliographer and general student of literature.

an inner and secret life of which glimpses only are revealed to us. Strange and beautiful is the play of the stone-curlews at twilight; and the description of it shows Mr. Selous at his best:

During the day, as I have said, these birds are idle and lethargic—sitting about, dozing often, or sleeping—but as the air cools and the shadows fall they rouse into a glad activity, and coming down and spreading themselves over the wide space of the warrens, they begin to run excitedly about, raising and waving their wings, leaping into the air, and often making little flights, or rather flittings, over the ground as a part of the sport. As a part of it I say advisedly, for they do not stop and then fly, and on alighting recommence, but the flight arises out of the wild waving and running, and this is resumed, without a pause, as the bird again touches the ground. All about now over the warrens their plaintive, wailing notes are heard, notes that seem a part of the deepening gloom and sad sky; for nature's own sadness seems to speak in the voice of these birds. They swell and subside and swell again as they are caught up and repeated in different places from one bird to another, and often swell into a full chorus of several together. Deeper now fall the shadows, "light thickens," till one catches, at last, only "dreary gleams about the moorland," as now here, now there, the wings are flung up—showing the lighter-coloured inner surface—till gradually, first one and then another, or by twos or threes or fours, the birds fly off into the night, wailing as they go. But this note on the wing is not the same as that uttered whilst running over the ground. The ground-note is much more drawn out, and a sort of long, wailing twitter—called the "clamour"—often precedes and leads up to the final wail. In the air it comes just as a wail without this preliminary. But it must not be supposed that all the birds perform these antics simultaneously. If they did the effect would be more striking, but it is generally only a few at a time over a wide space, or, at most, some two or three together—as by sympathy—that act so. The eye does not catch more than a few gleams—some three or four or five—of the flung-up wings at one time over the whole space. It is a gleam here and a gleam there in the deepening gloom.

Virgil thought that the rooks,

Nescio qua prius solitum dulcedine licti
rejoiced in sympathy with the atmosphere; but this seems inadequate to describe the bizarre antics and curious "personal incidents" which Mr. Selous goes on to describe in great detail. Mr. Hudson and other writers told us much of the courting of birds and its attendant ceremonies; but there is a great deal of new and interesting matter in "Bird Watching." The wooing of the great plover is an intricate performance, and we have only space to give one phase of it:



quickly to the calling one, who also ad. They approach each other, and standing s perhaps, a foot between them, but looking d in the direction in which it has been advan assume, at the same time, a particular posture, worth waiting days to see. First, selves tall-ly up on their long, yellow, s curving the neck with a slow and formal the head downwards—yet still holding it stop thus, set and rigid, the beak point Having stood like this for some seconds normal attitude. This wonderful pose, e in a vein of stiff formality, but to which yellow eye gives a look of wildness, almost it, both during its development and when i reached, something quite *per se*, and in vain

In all the important relations of life the observed by the larger birds. Most of us bowings of the courting pigeon. But the fl is the slave of ceremony. Here is another pic

Two stock-doves fighting.—This is very peculiar. They fight with continual blows



STOCK DOVES: A DUEL WITH CEREM

being used both as sword—or, rather, part The peculiarity, however, is this, that ever there is a pause in the combat, when both b bow, with tail raised in air, as in courting will bow together, and, as it would see facing towards each other, at any rate—they will both stand in a line, and bow, so t to the tail of the other, who bows to the t two will bow at different times, each seeming in making his bow than in the direction or is like a little interlude, and when it is o advance, again, against each other, till to front, and quite close. Both, then jump, and battle vigorously with their w parrying. One now makes a higher spring, t to jump on to his opponent's back, and upon him. This is all plain, honest fight constant tendency constantly carried out get into line, and fight in a sort of follow-whilst making these low bows at intervals enumbered with forms, with a heavy, pme reminding one of those ornate sweeps a

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Mr. Selous' close observations lead him to shake the basis of many an old belief. Thus he disputes altogether the theory that the nightingale is a melancholy bird of sober and dull colouring, a defect atoned for by its unquestioned superiority in song. Every natural history repeats the story of the lapwing tempting the intruder from her nest by feigning to be hurt (though we fancy it is not mentioned in the "Natural History of Selborne"). Mr. Selous has seen skuas, snipe, wild duck, and nightjars do this, but never peewits, and keepers confirm his experience. It is a curious phenomenon, and Mr. Selous explains it thus. During the incubatory period the bird is easily upset, and a sudden surprise may throw it into a kind of hysteria in its attempt to escape. This is found to be useful by drawing away the intruder in pursuit, and by the action of natural selection the bird acquires a now instinctive habit of fluttering helplessly away from its nest. So far so good, but our author is, here as elsewhere, not quite so lucid in his theories as in his facts. This ruse of the parent bird is (as far as we can understand him) of much less service when there are eggs in the nest than when there are young birds who can utilize a little delay by concealing themselves. And he suggests that natural selection would confine the adoption of this ruse to a period after the eggs have been hatched. This is an ingenious theory, but we much doubt whether observed facts will support it.

Mr. Selous has some very curious facts and speculations about the simultaneous movements of flocks of birds. The fact of such movements must, we think, be admitted, but we cannot think Mr. Selous has sufficiently weighed all his evidence, particularly in the case of the little birds who fed on the heap of refuse straw and wild plants against the stack in which he hid. The sudden flight of a number of them at the same moment might be accounted for in a number of ways, which oddly enough he does not suggest. Any almost imperceptible subsidence of the herbage would cause it. So would any slight movement, say of a weasel, or even a mouse, underneath where the birds were feeding. This only illustrates the excessive care required in theorizing on this matter. On the whole, Mr. Selous' evidence, as to pigeons, rooks—to rooks he devotes two most interesting and delightful chapters—and other birds does seem

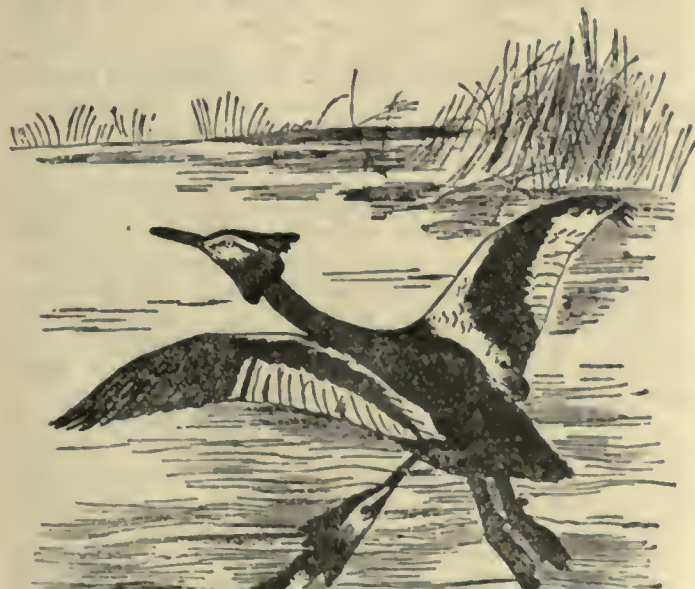
common mind. It is not explained by the hypothesis of transference. Mr. Selous' close study of rooks leads him to believe that "the many wintered crow that leads the classic 'home' is—a lovely line," and nothing more. That animals are liable to be stirred by a sudden panic is common knowledge. But in the case of birds, at least, by no means always a case of alarm. Mr. Selous has



a theory of his own. He is reminded of the Greek wind or current of thought which, as the democratic Athenians believed, swept through an assembly and caused it to think and act as one man. For him transference was the earliest means of communication among gregarious animals. As they rose in the scale of life, speech was developed, the old power was of course retained. Thought transference in man, in fact, if it exists, is a reversion to a more primitive type of intercommunication, original, at any rate. The thought reader and the thought writer, if we accept Mr. Selous' doctrine, so far from being a step forward, are reverting to the savage and animal life of the forest. It is a large speculation on which we cannot follow him. We can only agree that Mr. Selous has certainly added to our knowledge of observation on this obscure matter one of the most valuable which baffles us in the mystery of bird life. We have more than indicated the nature of this book, which is of value for the sincerity and originality of its treatment of its subject and for the many curious questions raised which will interest the field ornithologist.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SALE-ROOM.

That a picture by John Hoppner should realize a higher sum than has yet been recorded—again in the case of course—for a work by Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Turner, to say nothing of artists belonging to other schools, gives colour to the favourite generalization that the unexpected always happens. Hoppner's portrait of Lady Manners, afterwards Countess of Dysart, was bought by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher on Thursday of last week for the subject of much conjecture among connoisseurs. It was one of five pictures belonging to the



of pleasure but the quality of pleasure derivable from this or that picture into £ s. d.—then, surely, this canvas by Hoppner does not occupy a foremost place. On the other hand, it is in superb condition, as fresh as when it was painted, and more mellow. The opening bid in a crowded sale-room was one of £,000 guineas—perhaps twice as much as the picture would have realized a decade ago.

More rapidly than it takes to tell came offers which advanced the price by leaps of 500 or 1,000 guineas to 12,000 guineas. Messrs. Tooth bid an additional 100 guineas, and by small stages 13,000 guineas was reached. At this point the well-known dealer Mr. Charles Werthelmer—younger brother of the father of the two ladies so daringly depleted by Mr. Sargent in the present Academy—and Mr. Duveen entered into contest. Mr. Werthelmer, seldom outstripped, refused to pay more than 14,000 guineas, and Mr. Duveen was declared the buyer at 14,050 guineas, or £14,752 10s. As we have hinted, this is far and away the highest sum yet paid at auction in this country for a picture. The following table is of interest in this connexion :—

HIGHEST SUMS PAID AT AUCTION FOR PICTURES BY
THIRTEEN ARTISTS.

Artist.	Work.	Sale.	Date.	Price. Gns.
Hoppner ..	Louisa Lady Manners ..	Hruce ..	1901 ..	14,050
Van Dyck ..	Port. of Honorable Senator)	Peel ..	1900 ..	£24,250
.. ..	Port. of Lady
Reynolds ..	Lady Betty Delmé and Children	Delmé ..	1891 ..	Gns.
Raphael ..	Crucifixion	Dudley ..	1892 ..	10,600
Romney ..	Viscountess Clifden and Lady Spencer ..	Clifden ..	1896 ..	10,500
Gainsborough ..	"The Stolen Duchess" ..	Wynne Ellis ..	1876 ..	10,100
Boucher ..	Madame de Pompadour ..	Lonsdale ..	1887 ..	9,300
Hobbema ..	Landscape with Figures ..	Hope Edwards ..	1901 ..	9,400
Constable ..	Stratford Mill	Huth ..	1895 ..	8,500
Turner ..	Isabella and Santa Maria Salute	Fowler ..	1899 ..	8,200
Troyon ..	Dairy Farm	Mierville ..	1899 ..	6,400
Burne-Jones ..	Love and the Pilgrim ..	Burne-Jones ..	1898 ..	5,500
Millais ..	The Boyhood of Raleigh ..	Reiss ..	1900 ..	5,200

As to Hoppner, his "record" has been quintupled. In 1895, when Lord Bridport's collection came up for sale, a full-length portrait by Hoppner of the seller's ancestor, Lord Nelson, 9lin. by 58in., made 2,550 guineas; and in 1889 a presentment of Mary Gwyn, at the Gwyn sale, brought 2,250 guineas.

The price paid for the Louisa, Lady Manners—to be accounted for in part, no doubt, by the presence in this country of several wealthy Americans—had its correspondence on Saturday afternoon at Messrs. Sotheby's. The portrait was rendered in mezzotint by Charles Turner, associated with his great namesake by reason of his several engravings in the "Liber Studiorum." The Turner plate for Louisa, Lady Manners, is very scarce. By one of those coincidences which give savour to life, a brilliant proof before all letters occurred for sale on Saturday, as part of the property of Miss Raeburn, granddaughter of the great Scottish artist. A fortnight ago £100 would almost certainly have secured it, whereas, the original picture having two days before fetched so much, the mezzotint, albeit neither accounted very beautiful nor very faithful as an interpretation, made £200. As five minutes before a good, but slightly stained impression of Rembrandt's lovely etching, "The Three Trees," was sold for £108, we here have in a nutshell one of the main factors in the philosophy of the sale-room; rarity, with a dash of the sensational.

Twenty-four hours after the contest in Willis' Rooms

passed into the possession of Mr. Charles, successful opponent of the previous afternoon bidder.

Sentiment undeniably operated to a very in sale of the Royal sherries. Not loyal subjects n entertainers across the Atlantic desired to hav wine from the cellars of Buckingham Palace, W Sandringham. The first lot made £7 10s. a without the Royal label it might have been bo that sum; and for the final five dozen of go Sandringham no less than £28 10s. a dozen was dozen disposed of realized £18,457 17s., or about £3 14s. a dozen. Who shall say that mone within five days such sums are paid for picture out-of-fashion wine!

THE DRAMA.

"LA COURSE DU FLAMBEAU"

Last week I ventured the opinion that, analysis, the pleasure derived from Mme. Réjane to be found in her temperament, her essentially power of interpretation, of imitating something considerable as that power undoubtedly was. actress has been good enough to confirm my judg ing as the heroine of *La Course du Flambeau*. has given a marvellously clever imitation of unlike herself; her miming faculty has counted her temperament for nothing; the result has the admiration excited by all feats of skill, but Mme. Réjane is alone capable of giving us becau Réjane, not the Réjane "thrill." The play Hervieu, novelist and dramatist, a serious, int say bookish writer, who, getting an idea into his to write a novel or a play "round" it, instead novel or a play as a frank imitation of life and le for themselves. It is this method of setting results in thesis-plays, and it is because the result of this method that they are all radically objection to them is the simple but fatal objec is not fact. For instance, from your knowledge affairs of some families in your square or in the form the opinion that it is a hardship for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. The validi elusion is tested by the facts to which you suppose, on the other hand, that you take marriage with a deceased wife's sister as the Then you proceed to arrange your characte accordingly. But your thesis has no validity. stance to which you point in support of it y invented for its support. You are arguing in thesis may or may not be true, but it is certain the one piece of evidence which is absolutely im

It may or may not be true, as M. Hervieu *Course du Flambeau* (title taken from the Lucret who "vitæ lampada tradunt"), that the te generation of a family is to sacrifice itself, a generation, for the next. It is true of some fam viduals, not of others. In short, it all depends.

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dence does not arrange things in this symmetrical fashion, and we turn away from the conclusion of M. Hervieu's play, dead grandmother and all, as a childish invention. It is vitiated by the same symmetry all through. Over against each successive sacrifice of the mother you have a piece of unconscious cruelty on the part of the child. In Act I. the mother refuses to marry the man she loves because her daughter is yet unmarried, and the next moment the daughter announces to her mother that she has arranged a marriage for herself. In Act II. the daughter, to save her husband from bankruptcy, forces her mother to the humiliation of begging alms from the man she has rejected. In Act III. the mother forges the grandmother's name in order to rob the old lady of money which the daughter wants for her husband. In Act IV., when the mother has slain the grandmother in order to save her daughter's life, the girl calmly leaves her because her husband has secured an appointment elsewhere. All this seems absurd to an English audience. Even in France, where the family bond is still something of a fetish, it must seem a bit "steep." It is not made more plausible by learned references to the *Lampadophoria*, to "*mes très-anciens aïeux Platon et le bon poète Lucrèce*," to *Æneas* and *Anchises*, to the *Atrides*, to *Mlle. de Sombreuil*, and to the customs of the North American Indians. M. Hervieu seems to have thought that a play about the "torch of life" might reasonably smell of the lamp.

Apart from the demerits of the play we do not like to see Mme. Réjane crying her eyes out, in dowdy garments, and a wig streaked with grey. We admit the pathos of her acting when she describes her agonies as a detected forger, but would rather she left that sort of pathos to somebody else. She should stick to comedy, the ironic, acidulated, occasionally grim comedy of such pieces as *La Parisienne* and *Ma Cousine* and *La Douleuruse*. There she is inimitable, incomparable, irresistible. Some of her admirers may also put in a word for her coarser repertory, the hysteric passion and Billingsgate of *Sapho* and *Zaza*, and I can understand that taste, though I do not share it. But I cannot believe that any one wants to see her wholly wasted, a clever actress acting what any other merely clever actress could act, as in this dull, preposterous thesis-play of M. Hervieu's.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CASE AGAINST THE BOERS.

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE TRANSVAAL WAR. By EDWARD T. COOK. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. n.).

We praised Mr. Methuen, the other day, for the deadly moderation of his level-headed statement of the case against the Milner-Chamberlain policy. Mr. Cook writes on the other side and proves himself a still more effective advocate. He is a careful, cold-blooded writer, with a passion for accuracy and the verified reference. He has the knack of being continuously readable without ever letting himself go; and his manner reminds us of the great barrister who ridiculed eloquence, declaring that "the verdict is the thing." His opponents will probably say, indeed we fancy they have already said, that the controversies which the writer stirs are stale, and that the actual topics of the moment are the policy of farm-burning and the management of refugee camps. But it is not so. The case is still open, and the arguments are still fresh. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

make his book something very like the real subject.

Mr. Cook is no blind partisan of either Mr. or Mr. Rhodes. He entirely disapproves of the Boer war, and he admits that the Colonial Secretary was baffled by Lord Rosmead for proposing to press immediately after the Raid, and was very much annoyed by the "How is Mrs. Kruger?" dispute. Mr. Kruger had received it, for insisting on the word "sponge" in a manner calculated to give needless provocation, calling Mr. Kruger a sponge. But he makes it clear that the mistakes only amounted to "contributory negligence." They are not the cause—or even the occasion—of the war, which was the inevitable result of the clash of two policies, founded on racial distinctions, deliberately consistently pursued. The only condition on which the war have been avoided was that one of the two policies be reversed. Consequently the rights and wrongs depend upon the answers to be given to two questions: (1) What policy of Mr. Kruger such that Mr. Chamberlain could give way to it? Did Mr. Kruger's so-called concessions to a substantial modification of that policy? Mr. Cook answers both these questions in the negative; and he does so with quotations not only from Blue-books, but from the public utterances of his opponents. Sir Henry de Villiers, John Morley, Mr. W. T. Stead, and others are well force cited and compelled to give evidence against the policy which they now support.

It would be a hopeless task to summarize the space at our disposal. It follows Mr. Kruger's from the Convention of Pretoria onwards. In order to show that Mr. Kruger has consistently evaded the obligations of the Convention, and of the subsequent Convention of London, (1) by extending frontiers which the convention had declared to be closed, (2) by entering into direct relations with foreign Powers, (3) by interfering with the commercial rights which the convention had guaranteed for British subjects, (4) by commandeering British subjects, (5) by refusing British subjects the full rights of citizenship. It adduces evidence to show that the agitation for the Boer war was in full swing, and that the capitalists would have anything to do with Mr. Kruger's armaments, some time before the Raid, were extensive as to be only explicable if they were intended to be used against the paramount Power; and that, though there have been nothing that could be technically termed a conspiracy "to substitute the United States of South Africa for the British dominion, yet it was the avowed policy of the Boer members of the Bond to accomplish this result. Mr. Cook gathers together various utterances of the anti-Boer both in England and in South Africa, to show that the Boer Government, not to do justice to the strangers within their gates, but to fool the British Government with sham promises, "Gain as much time as you can," was the advice of Mr. White. "Give Master Joe another fall," was the advice of Mr. Labouchere. "Some colourable measure of reform," was recommended by Mr. Merriman, who expressly explained that it was not in the interest of the Uitlanders that he urged it. It is honestly now the time," wrote Mr. Te Water, "to tighten the rope, little, however one may later again tighten the rope."

But all this is only preliminary. We come to the point of the Bloemfontein Conference. Here Mr. Cook's argument is that the Boer Government, by its refusal to accept the terms of the Conference, has shown that it is not in the interest of the Uitlanders that it should be held.

All the evidence is given for Sir Henry de Villiers' verdict that "throughout the negotiations they (the Transvaal Government) have always been wriggling to prevent a clear and precise decision." The conclusion drawn is that "Mr. Kruger never had any honest intention of meeting the Uitlander case at all."

We must congratulate Mr. Cook most warmly on his achievement. Whatever else may be read about the diplomacy that preceded the war, his book must certainly be read. It will immensely increase a reputation that already stood very high. No recent book on any political question has been so good, and we are inclined to think that it marks out Mr. Cook as the ablest political journalist of the day. It seems like an anti-climax to add that it is admirably indexed; but, even at the risk of anti-climax that act of justice must be done.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.

Wen Ching is the pseudonym of a Chinese gentleman who contributed some articles on the Boxer business and the Reform movement to the *Singapore Free Press*. Rearranged and issued as a book, *THE CHINESE CRISIS FROM WITHIN* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), they form a contribution to the literature of the subject not less striking than the contributions of Sir Robert Hart himself. In the one case as in the other the knowledge is obviously profound, though the style is occasionally cryptic. What is made quite clear, however, is Wen Ching's unfavourable opinion of Manchus in general and of certain Manchus in particular. It appears that the Manchus sent emissaries to Singapore to murder him; and one can understand that any scheme of murder which did not provide for the assassination of Wen Ching would seem incomplete in Manchu eyes. For he not only denounces those of them who are obviously wicked, but "gives away" certain others who are credited with the virtues of reformers. Even the great Chang Chi Tung, whose appeal to his countrymen a missionary lately translated, is shown up as a treacherous rascal. During the reform fever he was an eager reformer; but he changed his tone when the Empress-Dowager accomplished her *coup d'État*. Then

His first act was a most contemptible betrayal of his friends in the reform ranks. Yung-I, Tan Tze Tung, and others were, not long before, intimate pupils or subordinates of his. In fact, he had instigated them by his example, by his donations, and by his public sympathy. Yet the first thing he did was to telegraph to Peking that these men should be beheaded. They were killed accordingly, without trial.

Wen Ching also warns us against Li Hung Chang. He is undoubtedly "the only sensible man left"; but

He is a very dangerous man. He is now in the north. Do we know what he will do? Well, Li Hung Chang just wishes to wipe out the stain which has attached to his name in consequence of the loss of Formosa. He is known by the Chinese to be willing to die in harness or in battle to show his loyalty to the Dowager-Empress. Put Li Hung Chang in power in Chih-li, give him troops, and he will not refuse to obey Tzu Hsi's edict calling upon him to fight the "barbarians." Be it known that Li Hung Chang, like all the old viceroys, dislikes the foreigner from the bottom of his

the doings of Marguerite de Valois in the immortalized in Helio's poem:—

The idle and curious, finding nothing more to do, counted the number of young persons in the palace, became Court attendants, and the Whore had they gone? Perhaps in the Forbidden exist subterranean passages, and perhaps still in the palace of China. However, the wildfire that young servitors of the Court suffocate deaths within the walls of the Imperial city reveals no secrets!

Dissolute living, however, did not distract politics. In order to check the Emperor's pro-reform, she slapped his face with her fan, and let "a Palace of Circé wherein, by temptations men should make brutes of themselves." Wen Ching affirms that poor Kuang Hsu came out of the oratory though he "only joined in the gambling parties requested by the Empress-Dowager, who frequented the palace to see that the amusements were being carried out." Yet Wen Ching thinks it not unlikely that the terrible old woman might be moved to "make a vow of her sins," to "resign her regency," to "transfer the authority to Kuang Hsu." It is a mark of that optimism which besets all writers of that question—from Sir Robert Hart, who thinks that if we abolish extra-territoriality, to Mr. Archibald, who thinks that all will go well if we open up the ports—and which seems so inconsistent and incomplete in cold-blooded critic who has all the proposals of reform in front of him at once.

AN AUSTRALIAN WRITER.

The work of Mr. Henry Lawson has already made an appeal to Australian readers; his vivid and his yarns of life in the back blocks have been "of the Bush, bushy," and are looked for in all parts of the Commonwealth. Over here he is popular by his volume "While the Billy Boils," but his brother in Australian letters, Marcus Clarke, has very few Australian writers whom English readers know by name—he is also a poet. Messrs. Blackwood have published *THE COUNTRY I CAME FROM* (6s.), which contains "While the Billy Boils" and from "On the Trail of the Silphiums." The two latter we have lately seen in one volume, from Messrs. Angus and Robertson, Sydney; while side by side with it we have seen from Australia, of Mr. Lawson's poems.

In the inevitable absence of the traditional older country, Australian literature is made up by verse, fiction, and journalism, and the outcome of the moment is to be found in writers like Mr. Lawson, plenty of "go," but they strike a rather different note. Marcus Clarke and Kendall, whose verses of "weird melancholy" which the former found in the new poet writes more in the spirit of "advice:—" My brothers, let us breakfast in Scotland, Australia, and dine in France till our lives are smacked a little of the luncheon party with recit-

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He warns us, however, to be careful how we criticize him :

Must I turn aside from my destined way
For a task your Joss would find me ?
I come with strength of the living day,
And with half the world behind me ;
I leave you alone in your cultured halls
To drivel and croak and cavil ;
Till your voice goes further than college walls,
Keep out of the tracks we travel !

Thus cautioned we hesitate to complain because Mr. Lawson rhymes "thunder" with "remember," and "brought" with "Court," and "enjoyed" with "guyed" ; and, indeed, there is a sterling worth in his poems, or at all events in some of them, which excuses, if it does not justify, these eccentricities. The poet who is continually pouring out poetry for the newspapers, as Mr. Lawson does for the *Sydney Bulletin*, is inevitably unequal. Mr. Lawson, it seems to us, is at his worst when he jokes, and at his best in such serious poems as "How the Land was Won." That he is quite uninfluenced by Mr. Kipling one hesitates to say ; but his local colour is his own, and his inspiration is genuine. For instance :—

No armchair rest for the old folk then—
But, ruined by blight and drought,
They blazed the tracks to the camps again
In the big scrubs further out.
The worn haft, wet with a father's sweat,
Gripped hard by the eldest son,
The boy's back formed to the hump of toil—
And that's how the land was won !

And beyond Up Country, beyond Out Back,
And the rainless belt, they ride,
The currency lad and the ne'er-do-weel
And the black sheep, side by side ;
In wheeling horizons of endless haze
That disk through the Great North-west,
They ride for ever by twos and by threes—
And that's how they win the rest.

The man who writes like that is a poet, though some of his verse may be a good deal less than poetry.

The newspaper in Australia is the chief patron of literature, and Mr. Lawson's fiction, which has many of the qualities of his poetry, comes also from the Press. The book we have referred to, *ON THE TRACK AND OVER THE SLIPRAILS* (Angus and Robertson, Sydney, 3s. 6d.), contains some thirty-six stories of Australasian life, telling with great vivacity of the spirit of places at once little known to the English reader, and yet of vital interest to him. In no carping spirit, but rather in one of congratulation, we recognize Mr. Henry Lawson as the heir of Mr. Bret Harte's manner and the pupil of Mr. Kipling. We are often reminded of the quick pathos and sympathy of the author of "Snowbound at Eagle's" or of the vigour and dash, the insight and courage of the writer of "Kim." Such stories as "No Place for a Woman," "A Daughter of Maoriland," "The Shanty-Keeper's Wife," will do more to make Englishmen understand their brothers beneath the southern cross than reams of political tirade. Such a paper, for example, as "The Songs They Used to Sing" brings us to the heart of that kind of man who began life twenty years ago among the mines—on Lambing Flat, the Pipe Clay, Gulgong, Home Rule, or any other of the mining districts—the man whose heart is in the South African war and

And he hadn't any "ideas"—at least he said so himself. In any matter of fact the picture Mr. Lawson draws of Australia is very amusing, and gives a true picture of "the wide dominions." One's general impression of the poems in this volume is that they are taken directly from the author's life, not exercised a wise literary selection. The poems are graphic, vigorous, occasionally heart-stirring, but lacking in art, *sans suite*, and incomplete. But these sketches show, as did "While the Billy Bolls," that Mr. Lawson has it in him to give us an even more valuable Australian life, practical, idiomatic, truthful, and sympathetic.

KING JAMES I. AS A POET.

A sumptuous and beautiful book is *James I. as a Poet* by King James I. First published by Robert S. Rait (Constable, 42s. n.). The title-page is a reproduction, with necessary alterations, of the design appearing in the King James I. for the edition of his works printed in 1616. The frontispiece is from a portrait of the King belonging to Sir Robert Grosvenor, and of considerable value. It was evidently taken when the King was still young. His face is much thinner and more refined than the later portraits. The cover of the book is a light grey paper, with the King's arms in the centre and the title in the corners. The title "Lusus Regius" Mr. Rait has taken from a Latin translation of the folio edition of the "Countess of Arundel." Within the book are five reproductions of the King's writing, showing how painful a poet he was. We are bound to say, bear out the indications of the handwriting. They are little more than the school exercises of a boy, among Humanists and struggled for by Puritans. Mr. Rait, whom we owe their publication from a long-neglected MS. in the King's own hand unearthed by Mr. Madan, has done his best for them by a pleasant introduction and the necessary notes ; but they do not advance King's claim to be a poet. The "Fragment of a Masque" which they begin is a rather clumsy exercise. Its lofty divinities may come. Mr. Rait unkindly suggests, from the "De Civitate" of Erasmus, or, more probably, from the "De Civitate" of Erasmus, characterization is of the most elementary sort ; and he altogether after six pages without any conclusion. When the Royal artist came to see what Ben Jonson could do of such a subject in such a style he wisely abstained from attempt to excel in that line. Next comes "an address to Alexander Montgomerie ("belov'd Sandris") on his return from France and its results. There is nothing worth quoting but the lines to Bacchus which follow are perhaps worth quoting as a specimen of what James could make of a subject so congenial to him.

O michtie summe of Semole the faire,
Bacchus to me be loue the god of micht,
O tuis bonie boy, quho ever deu and daire
Subdue all mortall with thy liquor micht,
Quho with thy power blindethes the slecht
to sum, to atheris than the elis has deafe,
fra sum thou takis the taist, sum smelling
dois taikie, sum tuiching, sum all the beere
are of. The greit Alexander craued
the michtie summe of Semole the faire,

interesting is a later autobiographical fragment "on his own destiny," and there are characteristic turns in the version of Psalm cii., written, by the way, on the back of the Ode to Bacchus. Two prose fragments conclude the volume, a letter to du Bartas, to whom the King was so overwhelmingly complimentary, and an addition, in one immense and ponderous sentence, to the preface to his "*Rasilikon Doron*," in which he clearly adheres to the *cujus regio ejus religio maxim.* Mr. Rait thinks that almost all the pieces which he has collected, and now printed for the first time from the King's own MSS., were written between 1580 and 1592, a troubled time in which James may well have needed such diversion. The volume is an interesting one, and our best thanks are due to the editor. Perhaps the last instance of her late Majesty's sentiment towards the Stewarts was her consent to accept the dedication of this book, which is now inscribed to her memory.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Religious Retrospects.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who is the author of *FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLIC LIFE AND PROGRESS* (Unwin, 21s.), has written a very large number of books, and one can perhaps hardly expect much depth of thought or precision of style at the hands of one who serves the compositor so easily. Very genially and very chattily he describes the heroes of the Roman Catholic Church in England; sometimes he writes inaccurately (as when he attributes a picture by Calderon to Sir E. Poynter), but always honestly. Everybody in his Church, small and great, who has done anything, has his meed of praise; but for the great ones, and especially for Manning (who is his special hero), Mr. Fitzgerald has whole chapters of admiration. If all those who have a personal interest in the book will spend a guinea on it, there should be a good sale; and those Roman Catholics who are averse to steady reading will find it a convenient way of reading the history of their own times. Its value to others will lie in the picture it gives, half unconsciously, of Roman Catholic life from the inside; the picture, indeed, is a pleasant one, and Mr. Fitzgerald is optimistic. The book is bright in a red cover adorned with four Cardinal's hats, to represent the four rulers, from Wiseman to Vaughan, who cover the period described. There are portraits inside of the owners of the hats, that of Manning being particularly fine. Mr. Fitzgerald deserves a concluding word of praise for his charitable treatment of Anglicans.

A CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN RELIGIOUS LIFE AND THOUGHT, by W. F. Adeney (J. Clarke, 3s. 6d.), has considerable interest. It is a competent summary of the great religious changes that took place in the nineteenth century. Every one knows what these changes were; philosophy has become more spiritual; science has changed the old conceptions of creation; criticism has destroyed what now seems to us the old superstition about the Bible, and at the same time has made the Bible a living book and has restored more primitive and reasonable views of revelation; Calvinism, the doctrine of endless punishment, and certain doctrines about the Atonement have lost much ground; preaching has become less rhetorical and more reasonable; social questions have taken their place in the realm of good works; literature and art—well, that subject is a large one, and Mr. Adeney has not much to say about it; lastly, the Oxford Movement has transformed the Church of England. On this last subject Mr.

on Social Questions, but Bishop Westcott and Social Union are not mentioned. Thus the shows the narrowness which is the result of our it also shows that in nine cases out of ten the fundamentals of theology—these divisions have and arbitrary. Nearly every chapter of Mr. common ground for all educated Christians.

Old Booksellers.

Those who welcome books about books sh about booksellers, as the printers and publishers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were in different the writer of such a book is at once so experienced and so pleasant a writer as Mr. E. Marston that he is an agreeable volume. In *SKETCHES OF BOOK DAYS* (Sampson Low, 5s. 6d.) Mr. Marston does give us the history of all the famous seventeenth-century booksellers, but he selects from among of note (he heads another sketch with the name but does not tell us much of her intimate history their stories with much anecdote and information, and welds his knowledge into clear and often entertaining of such men as Jacob Tonson (1656-1736), Thomas Dunt (1659-1733), Samuel Richardson (1691-1778), William Hutton (1691-1778), James Lackington (1746-1815). Of these men, remarkable was Thomas Guy, by reason of his life and his extraordinary good luck. After making was a considerable fortune by the sober sale of himself the holder of a large quantity of South Sea increase of capital was sanctioned and the enormous began. At this time Guy was seventy-six years period of life, and as the prices went up, up, up holding at very large profits. Thus at the enormous immense fortune came to him, and it was almost the benefit of humanity. He had always been St. Thomas' Hospital was improved by him, private persons were helped from time to time. It was, of course, the hospital which bears his name saw roofed in before he died in 1724. Mr. Marston anecdotes of him culled from books that are not in general reading. Here is one with an excellent one who possesses a guinea and notices a public on the Thames:—

One day as Guy was leaning over one of the things very despondent and melancholy, a bystander was bent on suicide, implored him not to come. Then quickly placing a guinea in his hand drew. Guy followed the stranger, assured mistaken, and begged his address. Some Guy, seeing the name of his friend in the hastened to his house, reminded him of the bridge, arranged with his creditors, and, finally him in his business, which prospered in his life his children's children for many years in London.

Some of the men Mr. Marston deals with altruistic as Guy, but their characters are so well they become equally interesting. One would say the remarkable adventures of these men, the romances then than now, but perhaps that creation of present day publishers.

July 6, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

is almost inclined to be carried away by the vivisection controversy, and to forget, as Mr. Davidson himself appears to forget, that the appeal of poetry is not at all to the scientific enthusiast, nor very much to the analyst of the subconscious, but entirely to the student and critic of poetry and poetic expression. We say this with some emphasis, because Mr. Davidson seems to us to be in great danger of bartering his rights as a poet for a mess of rhetoric. His recent work has been marked, as indeed all his work is, by power and a downright sincerity which command esteem; but both in his latest drama *Self's the Man* and in his present poetical brochure there is a plentiful amount of vigorous phrase-making which is entirely wanting both in form and in charm, and which really bears no relation to true poetry at all. "The Vivisection" is a monologue, somewhat in the Browningsque manner, containing the *apologia* of a materialist for the practice of vivisection, on the ground that all matter is in pain, and that the very giving of pain is part of the fulfilment of the law of matter itself.

To the Materialist there is no Unknown;
All, all is Matter. Pain? I am one ache—
But never when I work: there Matter wins!
And I believe that they who delve the soil,
Who reap the grain, who dig and smelt the ore,
The girl who plucks the rose, the sweetest voice
That thrills the air with sound, give Matter pain:
Think you the sun is happy in his flames,
Or that the cooling earth no anguish feels,
Nor quails from her contraction? Rather say,
The systems, constellations, galaxies
That strew the ethereal waste are whirling there
In agony unutterable.

The idea is not, of course, a new one; it is as familiar to modern philosophy as it was to Heraclitus, or to St. Paul, who in the Epistle to the Romans puts the whole theory in a sentence when he says "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." But the point is not that the thesis is not new, but that, treated as Mr. Davidson treats it, in metallic, argumentative phrases, it is not a fruitful topic for poetry; and Mr. Davidson has written so much in verse that both charms and impresses that we regret to see him wasting his talent on material that is not only outside his range, but practically beyond the limits of poetic treatment altogether. Remembering Lucretius, among others, no one would pretend that philosophic, or even scientific, argument is irreconcilable with the highest form of poetry; but this sort of debating-society rhetoric is another thing altogether. It leads its writer, by the very force of its argumentativeness, into radically unpoetic channels, and leaves him in a tangle of verbiage, ending in lines such as

The stolid boat
Of Matter, the infinite vanity
Of the Universe, being evermore
Self-Knowledge;

with which the poem concludes. We liked Mr. Davidson better when he was piping eclogues in Fleet-street—thinking a little less deeply, perhaps, but singing to a better tune.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' *HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.* (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.) is an enlarged edition of her well-known life of the Prince of Wales. It includes an account of the King's accession and has some new illustrations. The book holds the "old" title of *His Majesty King Edward VII.*

Norse, and the ballads and poems of the old Norse, cleverly reproducing the true ballad spirit and mood, should be welcome to all students of Norse literature.

A valuable publication is SMITH'S INDEX TO RECENT ARTICLES OF "THE TIMES" (King, 2s. 6d. n.). The period is from 1890-1900, and each quinquennium is in two parts, indexing respectively proper names (places, places (geographically arranged), sources, and subject classified).

BYRNE'S GUIDE TO COMPANY FORMATION (Byrne) is a practical handbook containing a summary of the Companies Act of 1900, with explanatory notes.

BEAUTY ADJURED (Unwin, 1s.) tells girls how to get their hair, how to attend to their complexion, how to make their figures symmetrical, and informs them on other matters of interest and importance to them. A good little book.

IMMORAL LEGISLATION (Glascher, 6s. n.) is a collection of Irish Land Acts written in the interest of the landlords, partly in prose and partly in verse. Neither the prose nor the verse permits itself to be read.

ST. DAVID'S (1s. 6d. n.) is added to Messrs. Bell's cathedral series. The writer is Mr. Philip J. A.R.I.B.A.; and the illustrations include architectural drawings as well as photographs.

FICTION.

Mr. Neil Munro.

DOOM CASTLE (Blackwood, 6s.) was dealt with in our issue of June 8 by Dr. William Wallace, who spoke of it as one of the best of Mr. Munro's recent work. He has already said many of its good qualities. For our part we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Munro's manner of telling is his method makes a plain tale take an unconscionably long time to tell. It occupies one chapter to inform us that Monty, a hero with a "romantic" name as ever came from Scotland to carry out a rather foolish task—has had shot under him by certain "broken men." But to lose the full flavour of so essential a point the character obliges by telling this incident, or another, over and over again. Mr. Munro's pen appears to have the leisure of the Middle Ages; his style was much admired by the schoolboys of a former generation. We rather doubt if those who are at the present moment reading *pupillari* would greatly appreciate "Doom Castle," but it is undoubtedly very proper reading for persons with a good deal of experience of life. With the exception of such characters as Argyls and the not altogether convincing Sim MacTavish, the main personages of the story do not appear to be drawn with much knowledge of life or with a great amount of wit. A little history, a hint of the '45, a full measure of words, and a familiar acquaintance with other books of the romantic sort, a fluent and rather prolix pen supply the necessary for a "Scottish romance" such as "Doom Castle." But they supply also the recipe for a popular novel which is successful, especially in Scotland, and such a book Mr. Munro certainly has the skill to produce.

The Wise Man of Sterncross.

THE WISE MAN OF STERN-CROSS (Murray, 6s.) by Augusta Noel, is an unequal, occasionally disappointing

fiction among the shabby genteel and many a mistaken, unamiable proud woman in the same world, but Barbara Shirley in the *Sterncross Vicarage* is the most lugubrious of them all. Her desire for money to repay her family—for a loss, by the way, which is irreparable—develops into a mania, a miserly passion. In another of the *motifs* of the novel—the Mrs. Morland *motif* it may be called—the little son of a famous sculptor has in a rage blinded his young sister. He is sent out of sight of his father, becomes involved in a wreck at sea, is saved, and eventually given over to the wife of an Indian officer expecting her own child who has been drowned in the wreck. The development of this trick is highly interesting, and Mrs. Morland, the weak and widowed, deceived mother of the boy, is a wonderfully portrayed character. We will not go into the love *motif* in which "True," the daughter of the dolorous vicarage, is involved with Christopher, the son of the famous sculptor, and with a young gentleman who is a captain in the Navy at a surprisingly early age, but will content ourselves with saying that it is interesting if unhappy. There are many other themes still to handle, such as that of Mr. Denys Godolphin—called, with very poor cause, the wise man of *Sterncross*—but it is impossible to do justice to them all. The first 200 pages or so of the book are written after an unusually leisurely fashion; there is a spacious feeling in them, a largeness and quietude that is very pleasant. Like Balzac the author would appear to have perfect confidence in her readers and be content to make them follow her through many a weary detail of the youth of her characters before the real play begins. Then the story vitalizes. The style is often good, the frequent quotations from Scripture give it a certain distinction that is welcome. The wit is rather to seek; the "Wise Man," who refuses to be considered "the cynic of a lady's novel," never rises above a play on True's name or the quotation of a proverb—and a well-worn one at that. But Lady Augusta Noel has a very neat hand at description, especially if the scene be of a wild and melancholy character. Fang Rock, where Pete and Tony, two old sailors—one on the verge of madness, one on the brink of death—are visited by the unfortunate Chris, is wonderfully depicted. It is near this wild rock that Chris ends a life compact of sorrow. The following paragraph will show how the author tells of this point and also serve as an example of her serious style:—

And so it came to pass that after long waiting they returned to land, and Basil, finding True on the shore, told her how, through the dark night, and from the stormy sea, the soul of Chris had gone home to God. With bent head and clasped hands he recited the *De Profundis*. In all the freshness of his penitence, with a heart thrilled with awe and humility, Chris has passed out of our human ken, to stand before that Tribunal "where the work of life is tried by a juster Judge than here."

That is the sombre end of the real hero, for the "Wise Man" is merely a looker-on, a lazy, elusive figure. The essence of the book is the terrible picture it gives of the cruelty of humanity and the irony of Fate. These things are drawn with a remorselessness so utter that one sometimes supposes the author is unaware of how painful a picture she gives of human intercourse. Chris, Mrs. Morland; Sir Lyon Dunbar, the father of Chris and Basil, Helena, his blind daughter; Barbara Shirley, her husband and son; even lesser characters, such as the old sailors Pete and Tony, are indubitably accursed. It will be seen that an agreeable book is not the result of the author's labours, but then "The Wise Man

in the matter of language; otherwise it is a goodly well told; it does not lack invention, although like the characters, is of a somewhat steeled kind. Search of love, which is brought him by a spectre (an anachronism in its beautiful execution) daughter of Wulnoth, lord of Avening, who is a craftsman. The Count sets forth to be her champion by Goyault, his chief knight. But Goyault is in love with Algitha. And when Karadac is lightning, and unable to do the fighting, he is left in his place—a good situation, truly. We follow the intricacies of the plot further; it is no wonder readers cannot complain that they do not get the worth of tragedy, love, and pathos.

The Balkan States.

The reviewer who is not interested in the Balkan States will find it necessary to make persistently renewed attacks on J. Lawrence Lamb of the *Phoenix* (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) if he would trating far into the story. He is likely to be baffled. It narrates in full the tragic history of Prince Bulgaria, and the remaining three quarters of the fiction, founded, however, on fact—viz., the Detcho Boytchoff for the murder of his wife, and led up to it. We confess we found the strictly which is well done, more interesting than the story, attached by a rather slender thread. Alexander, is too spun out, and is a depressing. Yet there are signs that the author might achieve work were he to content himself with a less than these five hundred closely-printed pages.

CATHOLIC USAGES SO CALLED (Skeffington, 2s.) with a purpose indeed. Mr. "John Myre," who writes this little romance for the purpose of calling attention to the seriousness of the present ecclesiastical situation (his own), adopts the simple plan of setting up and knocking them down again with most satisfaction. Messrs. Headstrong and Golightly visit love with Continental usages, and return to the host of foreign ornaments. Briefly, they are two young fools, and when Archdeacon Strongbush (a Protestant ring about the name) tackles them in their fancies they flee in disorder, repent, and behave like sensible men. There are some rather funny little book, and the humour is not always uninteresting.

It is hard to take seriously such a book as this by Mr. C. H. Malcolm (Simpkin Marshall 3s. 6d.), who gives no indication of the superlative quality the author asks us to believe he possesses. The interest in the doings of the extravagantly bearded and the distinctly priggish Robert. Here is a moment of their converse—"Robert went up to him and whispered 'Marcelline.' Marcelline turned his eyes, and whispered 'Robert.' The next moment the lovers were locked in each other's arms." This leads to a tale which aims at being full of affectation of familiarity with living celebrities, peppering its pages with indifferent and unimportant names to do not enhance the value of "Robert Kane."

PLEASANT LASSIES (Froomantle, 6s.), by J. W. is a collection of short tales illustrative of

LIBRARY NOTES.

We are glad to learn that Professor Foxwell's Library of Economic Literature will remain intact and will not leave this country. Sir Walter Pridmore states in *The Times* of Monday that an offer from America has been forestalled by the Goldsmiths' Company, who, with much public spirit, have determined to acquire the library, and will proceed to consider "the conditions subject to which it may be made available for public use."

The report of the Cambridge University Library records the acquisition of 200 manuscripts and upwards of 48,000 books and periodicals. Of these 37,480 were acquired under the Copyright Act. Though little of exceptional bibliographical importance appears among the purchases, some interesting details are given. A unique fifteenth century book, "*Composita Verborum*," printed at Cologne in 1487, was obtained, and a valuable collection of Malay manuscripts and printed books were presented by Mr. R. J. Wilkinson, formerly of Trinity College. The classification of the great Taylor-Schechter collection is advancing towards completion, but a specialist in Arabic is urgently needed. Among the finds is part "of a work by a tenth century Jewish sectary, which probably represents the first attempt towards Bible criticism on a rationalistic basis." A noteworthy event of the year was the publication of the first volume of Mr. Charles Sayle's *Catalogue of English Books to 1640*; some sheets of the second volume have been printed off.

The Horniman Museum and Library, opened last Saturday by the Duke of Fife, stands in grounds which form another link in that chain of green open spaces well described as the lungs of London. It only for its beautiful grounds this new possession of the public is well worth a visit. The Museum contains a catholic assortment of curiosities, the result of a quarter of a century spent in many lands, while the library, with its 5,500 volumes, will be invaluable to students.

The Westminster City Council finds itself in a difficulty as regards its library rate. The ratepayers in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, originally adopted the Libraries Acts subject to the limitation of a halfpenny rate. It was sought to remove this limitation for the sake of uniformity, but counsel's opinion is to the effect that, as the London Government Act does not expressly give power to make the alteration, it can only be carried out by a poll of the ratepayers. In no other parts of the city is there any such restriction, but it would appear that to remove the difficulty further legislation is needed.

The position of the London Library is most encouraging. On the work of the year a profit of £1,200 has been made, notwithstanding a falling-off in the actual number of members.

Some weeks ago Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, speaking of the splendid Dante collection at Cornell University, incidentally mentioned the congestion of books at the British Museum. His point was that, since it would soon be impossible to place all publications in our national library, specialized libraries would be the natural result. Thus, as Cornell specializes in Dante, so Cambridge might devote itself to the collection of works—say, on mathematics and mediæval history. The matter is one which must soon engage the serious attention of the authorities in those centres which are condemned to receive the daily avalanche of printed matter. At the Bodleian Library 65,300 items were received last year, and the storage capacity is all but exhausted. Specializing is a certain remedy, but an expensive one to deal with thoroughly.

At Mile-end the public have waited long for their library, and are at length rewarded with some possibility of attaining it. The vestry-hall may—in course of time—be taken over and adapted for library purposes. But after the tortuous course pursued by the library movement at Mile-end we cannot be sure.

Prebendary Fraser, who has served the Cathedral Library at Chichester in an unofficial capacity for the last twenty-three years, has been appointed librarian. Mr. Fraser will bring great knowledge and much enthusiasm to his work. To him is owing the re-arrangement and systematic classification of the library.

subscriptions of those who use the lending department. Cape Town the South African Library has a grant of an income of £3,702, but, with only 700 subscribers to volumes, it can as yet scarcely claim comparison with English public library.

The libraries of federated Australia have now their own. The first number is dated April and entitled "*Library Record of Australasia*." Support is appealed to not to be sold privately. The number contains some interesting notes and articles, including one on Australia's library which was established in 1800 at Klemmer Mount, the banks of the Hawkesbury river in New South Wales.

Messrs. Sotheby's miscellaneous sale which Monday last contained some interesting items. A sold during the first two days were:—

Kents, "*Eudymon*," First ed., 1818. A fine copy though slightly stained
Kents, "*Lamia*," &c. First ed., 1820
Coleridge, "*Christabel*," &c. First ed., 1800. Presentation copy
Shelley, "*Prometheus Unbound*," First ed., 1818. An exceptionally fine copy in the original board uncut, and almost unopened
Shelley, "*The Cenci*," First ed., 1819. A fine copy
Browning, "*Paracelsus*," First ed., 1835
Byron, "*The Waltz*," First ed., 1813. An excellent copy
Barham, "*The Ingoldsby Legends*," 1840-47. Plates by Cruikshank
Waller, "*Poems*," 1645. A complete copy of the authorized edition
Wither, "*Britain's Remembrancer*," First ed., 1628
FitzGerald, "*The Mighty Magician*," 1853. Presentation copy
FitzGerald, "*Euphranor*," 1855. Presentation copy
FitzGerald, "*Polonius*," 1852. Presentation copy
FitzGerald, "*The Downfall and Death of King Elphinstone*," 1880
Scott, "*Waverley*," 3 vols. First ed. A fine copy but cut down in the binding
Scott, "*Waverley*," 3 vols. First ed. Uncut, but slightly stained
Dickens, "*Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son*," &c., 1848. With an interesting letter by the author
Thackeray, "*The MS. of 'Round About the Christmas Tree'*," On six leaves
Ireland, "*Life of Napoleon*," 1828. Plates by Cruikshank
Wilson, "*An Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank*," Illustrated with 284 etchings, &c.
Alken, "*Sporting Notions*," First ed. With fine coloured plates
Carlyle, "*Sartor Resartus*," 1840. Presentation copy
Carlyle, "*Heroes and Hero-Worship*," 1846. Presentation copy
Lamb, "*The Last Essays of Elia*," 1833. A fine copy in the original boards
Bewick, "*General History of Quadrupeds*," 1790. First ed.
Shakespeare, "*The Second Folio*," Imperfect
Shakespeare, "*The Second Folio*," A fine and very large copy (344mm. by 220mm.), slightly imperfect
Shakespeare, "*The Third Folio*," A good copy though soiled
"Office de la Semaine Sainte," A little volume found in the Bastille, and once in the possession of Carlyle whose autograph it bears
Marguerite de Valois, "*Heptameron*," 3 vols. 1780-81
La Fontaine, "*Contes et Nouvelles en Vers*," 1760

With 12 of the suppressed plates. In fine condition
Longus, "*Daphnis and Chloë*," Paris, 1718. A beautiful copy
Pline, "*Historiae Naturalis*," Elzevir edition 1617

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.

In handling that opulent quarterly the *Anglo-Saxon Review* one feels that in these busy times a fourth of a year will be hardly enough to exhaust it. You have first to deal leisurely with the subject of the Berthelet blinding, on which Mr. Cyril Davenport discourses. Then we have historical matter in articles on "The Young England Movement," on "The American Revolution in the Correspondence of Horace Walpole," on "The Duchess of Portsmouth and Madame de Montespan," and on "Old Military Books." Moreover, we have yet more unpublished Napoleon Correspondence. For the literary person Mr. Lang writes excellently on Smollett, and Mr. Sidney Low makes a good deal of "the poet of South Africa," Thomas Pringle, though he does not inspire confidence in an opening sentence on colonial literature by speaking of "Kendal" and "Bliss Carmen." We may single out two other interesting things. Mr. Howard Swan is the first writer who really tackles in a practical way the question of "Signalling to Mars," on which the unlearned have written much nonsense, and the learned have poured perhaps unnecessary contempt; and Mr. T. A. Cook tells us much that English sportsmen should peruse about the American athlete, for whom "the one test of everything is, not its origin, not the pleasure or the profit of its progress, but its result. He fights, and runs, and rows to win. To use a metaphor that must not be too literally strained, he follows the bounds to kill the fox, not to have a good day across country in the winter."

In the *Nineteenth Century and After* Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., draws a parallel between the present situation in South Africa and the situation in Canada at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. His moral is that rebels should be amnestied. Mr. Frederick Greenwood appeals to the missionary societies in China to reconsider their position and limit their activities. Professor Mahaffy takes a thoroughly Protestant view of "the Romanization of Ireland." Earl Nelson inquires what are the best means of arresting the depopulation of the agricultural districts. "The good cottage, good wages—which to be permanent must always depend upon good work given—and security of tenure are essential elements in solving our problem." But how are good wages to be given when the land has to make a profit for the landlord as well as the farmer, and the produce has to compete with the produce of land in foreign countries which has only to yield a single profit? Mr. Herbert Paul contributes a characteristic "personal impression" of the late Bishop of London.

There is nothing startling in the *Fortnightly*, but the average standard of interest is fairly high. "Kang Yon Wei's Open Letter to the Powers" expounds the views of the Chinese reformers—or, at all events, of one Chinese reformer. These are to the effect that Chang Chih Tung, sometimes classed with reformers, is a humbug, and that "Yunglu and Tung Puh Siang should be turned out of the world." Mr. William Laird Clowes pleads for the cheapening of useful books, and incidentally gives an account of the cheap book business of Philipp Reclam of Leipzig, whose "Universal Bibliothek" he describes as "one of the wonders of the world." The prices of the books in this library vary according to the number of sheets, but you get about 112 pages for two pence half-penny, in a neat paper wrapper. The sales are prodigious.

Man," Lombroso's "Genius and Insanity," dictionaries, cookery books, &c. Mr. W. M. Bourget's "Le Fantôme" in the number.

The *Monthly Review* has a very interesting article by Mr. Arthur Symonds on the poetry of Robert Browning, which will help to assign to that poet his true place in the world of to-day. We quote an illuminating extract.

Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for originality, every noun an adjective which has novel associations with it, and which clamps and rears like a centaur. Mr. Swinburne, preferring what goes smooth to what is startlingly from a distance, chooses his words for their traditional significance, appeal, sensuous or intellectual. Mr. Browning, delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxing words to come together willingly, and take on a life as if they had been born under his care.

The stay-at-home Englishman who even yet knows little about the Boers will learn something from the Cape resident's paper on "The Boer at Home," and the instructions given by the Auker of Africa on visiting England—a very human document, and one out as items worth special attention, Mr. J. review of the state of technical education in Germany, and Mr. T. A. Cook's paper on Theatricals, now only remembered—so fleeting is the fame of the founder of "Doggett's Coat and Badge."

The *Contemporary* contains an anonymous article on "Foreign Policy of Lord Rosebery." "It is the verdict. The author of 'Drifting' is rather more, and protests that the optimism of the present is 'positively mischievous,' and that it is really a disaster. Britain is living on its capital, and is economically bankrupt. These propositions may be true, but the author does not seem to prove them." "The English School of Rival," by R. E. Hughes, should be compared with Kershaw's article in the *Monthly Review* on the German methods. Mr. Sidney Whitman contributes a biographical study of Count Blumenthal. "The Sea," by Matthias Dunn, deals with all sorts of things connected with the fishing industries. "Vanished Landmarks," by "L. S. M.," is a study in the history of the English coast. The writer admits the apparent High Church character of the movement, but maintains that "it is not easy to believe that more than a flash in the pan—a temporary reaction from the loss of a wave, when the tide is coming in, degrees, towards Agnosticism."

In the *National Review* a Free Landmark, "Literary Experiences," which are, it is clear, from the pen of a man who has been in London to write for the Press. He earned £98 18s. 5d. for the second, £22 13s. 6d. for the third, £334 14s. 8d. He seems to have given up the circulation of his manuscripts, for one was rejected before it found a haven. The work was the courtesy of American magazine editors, who explain at length their reasons for refusing to publish. He "declined with thanks" of their English difference is probably due to the fact that American editors, unlike English editors, devote their magazines. "Great War Novels" are discussed. H. Findlater, who inquires why such novels

July 6, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

position is theirs in literature ; " but his subsequent remarks show that they have not very much to be grateful for. " Servants may consider Thackeray as an open enemy and Dickens as but half a friend." And, again, " To him (Thackeray) they are knaves or fools, cunning knaves or contemptible fools." So that it is not very clear where the occasion for pride comes in. Mr. Hugh Clifford contributes to the number a " fragment of Asiatic history," entitled " The King of the Sedangs."

In the *Cornhill* is one of those reminiscent articles which always have their charm—" Notes of an Octogenarian," by Miss Louisa Courtenay. She corrects an old familiar story—viz., that when Rogers and Luttrell were in the Louvre together, a party of English ladies stopped and spoke to the latter. When he rejoined Rogers, he was asked " Who were they ? " and replied, " I don't know ; they asked if my name was Luttrell ? " " And was it ? " said Rogers. As Luttrell was a natural son, the remark was, to say the least, cynical. As a matter of fact it was Lord Dudley, not Rogers, who was with Luttrell ; and the ladies had asked the latter " If my name was not Holland ? " Lord Dudley had said " And was it ? " in sheer absent-mindedness. " Urbanus Sylvan," whose identity with the Rev. H. C. Beeching has long been an open secret, is touring the provinces, and is as entertaining on Lincoln as he was on Lichfield ; and Mrs. Earle, under " Family Budgets," explains how to eke out an existence on £1,800 per annum—deciding, by the way, strongly against flats for young married couples. Those who can manage to save anything out of this income may derive guidance from an article by Mr. G. Yard on " Investment and Speculation."

The question Can Literature be Taught ? raised in our own columns by Mr. Beeching is answered in the negative, with cynical good humour, by Mr. Andrew Lang in *Longman's*. His contention is that " people are born with or without literary appreciation," and he supports the contention with anecdote :—

A cook, a very plain cook, once made part of my humble establishment. Her line was Mr. Browning and Mr. Henry James. That woman could perhaps have been taught to cook (though I doubt it), but she did not need the school of *Litera Humaniores* to teach her what, among other things, she ought to read. Again, all the annotated Brownings in the world could not have trained Mr. Edward Fitzgerald (of Omar Khayyam) to appreciate Browning. He simply could not " thole " that poet. You may read his distressing remarks in the " Life of Tennyson."

" Swordsmanship in England," by Theodore Andrea Cook ; " Close Finishes to the University Match," by Home Gordon ; and " Notes on Sport in Sardinia " are the most striking articles in the *Balminton*. The sport seems to be above reproach, and the writer declares that the brigands " only trouble the police," and are not given to the holding up of moneyed strangers—a rule to which we should imagine that there must be exceptions.

The *Magazine of Art* gives a fine coloured reproduction of Mason's " The Cast Shoe." Mr. Spielmann is discussing the portraits at the Academy, and there is an illustrated paper on artists' studios, and the revival of sculpture in England is recognized by a study of the work of Mr. Albert Toft.

The July *Artist* embraces almost every side of art, and its copious illustrations are of great interest. Under the

Correspondence.

THE CHARLOTTE YONGE MEMORIAL TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May we, through your columns, ask for de the proposed memorial to Miss Charlotte M. Yonge ? be out of place here to recount the veneration in which personally held by rich and poor in the secluded place was her home. The memorial is intended to give expression what is felt as to the influence her writings have throughout the English-speaking world on behalf of what and true. It has been decided that some suitable monument be placed in the village church of Otterbourne, in which daily worshipped ; and, further, that in the Cathedral of Winchester, with which her name will always be associated, visitors shall be appropriately reminded of an author whose books are known and loved by thousands both in England and America. The exact form of the memorial in the Cathedral partly depend upon the money forthcoming in response to the appeal. A carved oak reredos in the restored Lady Chapel, a stained glass window near to that which commemorates Austen, has been suggested as appropriate.

Donations may be sent to Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale & Co.'s Bank, Winchester.

We are, &c.,
RANDALL WINTON.
W. R. W. STEPHENS, Dean of Winchester.
GEORGE HENRY GUILDFORD, Winchester.

"LUCAS MALET" ON FICTION. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I was somewhat astonished when I read your correspondent's criticism on Mrs. Harrison's speech. The which is spoken of as " a most extraordinary statement " the more sober contention that " a story which is an organic whole can no more have two endings than your life or my life has two endings " are both expressions, the one more forcible than the other, of a truth which seems to me indisputable.

A novel which is " worth anything " should, like a work of art, leave a distinct unity of impression ; inclusion of any detail which impairs this unity, no matter how intrinsically beautiful it may possess, is so far an artistic failure. To ensure this unity of impression the artist should main outlines of his conception clear to his mind's eye, and sets to work ; he must be sure that he knows his characters and the vicissitudes through which they will have to pass, only when this condition has been satisfied that the writer can be resolutely loyal to the ideal truth which underlies the genuine work of art ; and that he will be quite sure of making the emotional key in which the work is pitched. We remember Pater's teaching that " the philosophic critic, and he is the only one that counts," will value in a work of imagination, seemingly the most intuitive, the power of standing in them, their logical process of construction, the spectacle of a supreme intellectual dexterity which they we cannot help feeling that the appreciation " which shudders at the thought of a novel which is a whole " must be very sentimental. And, though the

The literary work of Ralph Dorechet, whose death was announced last week, was not confined to the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of which he was Paris correspondent and other London newspapers. He translated a number of important French works into English for Mr. Fisher Unwin, including Brunetière's "Manual of the History of French Literature" (1898); Gustave le Bon's study of "The Crowd," in the "Criminology Series"—of which a third impression appeared last year; the same author's book on "The Psychology of Peoples"; Louis Prud'homme's "Political Crime"—another volume in the "Criminology Series"; "Gnetto's Happiness," by "Gyp"; and "The Anarchist Peril," by Felix Dubois.

Owens College, Manchester, is fortunate in its first Professor of English Literature—Mr. C. H. Herford. He is of German parentage on the mother's side, and his first book was "Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century." He has done much good in English literature, and is the editor of the Warwick Shakespeare. We doubt whether any one has achieved so many Prize Essays, and in one of them, the Members' Prize Essay, Cambridge, 1880, he showed a singularly clear perception of what puzzles a good many people, the difference between "the Romantic and Classical Styles." He is also known as a student of Goethe and of Ibsen (on whom he contributed an excellent paper to these columns some little time ago). The "Dictionary of National Biography" knows him well, and he has lectured at an American University.

The editorship of the Alpine Club edition of Ball's Guide, lately resigned by Mr. Coolidge, has been accepted by Mr. A. V. Valentine-Richards. The volume now in hand embraces the whole of Switzerland (except the Pennines), together with the Italian valleys between the Simplon and Lake Garda, and those portions of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg which lie to the west of the Adige and the Inn (from Fintlersmunz to Landeck) and are bounded on the north by the Arlberg railway. Climbers are invited to assist with information, more particularly with reference to the Forest Cantons, the Säntis district, the Bergamasque valleys, and the Val Camonica district.

A new book by Mr. Sydney Buxton will be published by Mr. Murray shortly, dealing with Mr. Gladstone's career from the political and financial point of view, and called "Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer: a Study."

Mr. Arthur H. Beavan's "Imperial London," which Messrs. Dent are publishing next week, is a brave attempt to epitomize a subject which Sir Walter Besant deemed worthy of seven massive volumes. But its aim is only to give useful and correct data in an interesting fashion concerning London of to-day, and only two chapters of history are included. There are sixty illustrations by Hanslip Fletcher, reproduced in photograph and in the text.

On Friday next Messrs. Methuen will publish a new volume of stories by Mrs. Clifford entitled "A Woman Alone," and a novel by Miss Adeline Sergeant, entitled "A Great Lady." Four other novels are coming this month from Mr. Long—"Nobler than Revenge," by Esme Stuart; "No Vindication," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan (both in about a fortnight); and "Women Must Weep," by Sarah Tytler; and "The Heretic," by Robert James Lees, at the end of the month.

One of the next volumes of Messrs. Greening's "English Writers of To-day Series" will be Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's monograph on Mr. A. W. Pinero.

Messrs. Longmans announce "Library Documents" with

Thrush publishes only "strictly original, hitherto unprinted," and Mr. Mullett Ellis is concerned to "Themistocles" appeared in the book of "Poems" Margaret Mackenzie which we reviewed on June 13. In the circumstances under which the poem came into being and states that he is communicating with Lady Mackenzie on the subject. Following upon this letter, however, we have received from Mr. Mullett Ellis to the effect:—"Since writing you, Lady Margaret Mackenzie has replied completely justifying herself; the fault must be my own."

The author of a book about to be published by Methuen entitled "The History of Sir Richard Calm" referred to in *Literature* of June 22nd, is Lucas Malet as we stated, Lucas Clive.

Books to look out for at once.

- "Belgium and the Belgians." By Cyril Scudamore. W. Blackie. (Illustrated.)
- "On the War Path." By Mrs. J. D. L. Culley. John Long. [A woman's experiences at the front.]
- "Sketches of Magdalen College, Oxford." By E. Glasgow. D. Appleton.
- "Australian Federation." By Sir John A. Cockburn, Agent-General for South Australia. Horace Marshall and Son. [With a preface by Sir Charles Dilke.]
- "Severance." A novel. By Thomas Cobb. Lane. Co.
- "Sister Teresa." By George Moore. Unwin, & Co. [The second part of "Evelyn Innes," which will be published simultaneously—entirely rewritten—in a slipshod edition.]
- "Bush Whacking and Other Sketches." By Hugh Clifford. Wood, 6s.
- "Marrable's Magnificent Idea." By P. C. Constable. W. Blackie.
- "The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown." By E. P. Oppenheim. Lock, 3s. 6d.
- "The Thirteen Evenings." By George Bartram. Methuen. [Thirteen Bohemian Tales.]
- "John Top, Pirate." By "Weatherby Chesney." Methuen. [A book of adventure under the nom de guerre of a author.]
- "A Son of Mammon." By G. B. Hargis. John Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

- ART AND ITS PRODUCERS, AND THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF TO-DAY. By Morris. 8½ x 6. 47 pp. Longmans. 2s. 6d. n.
- A TRAVERS LIDÉAL. Fragments du Journal du Peintre. Avec François Coppée. By ARAR DU MARSE. 8½ x 6. 337 pp. Paris: Fata Morgana. [A book of art criticism, a sort of French "Modern Painters," with "impressionism."]

BIOGRAPHY.

- SYNEIUS, THE HELLENE. By W. S. CRAWFORD, B.D. 9½ x 6. 66 pp. 12s. n. [An elaborate biography and critique of the poet-philosopher, who lived of Hypatia and became a Christian and Bishop of Ptolemais about 430.]
- MEMOIR OF THE REV HENRY TWELLER, Honorary Canon of Peterborough. By W. C. INGRAM, D.D., late Dean of Peterborough. 7½ x 5. 224 pp. Darton. 6s.
- EDWARD VII. KING AND EMPEROR. By EDWARD BULLER. 10½ x 6. 250 pp. Wells Gardner, Darton. [The compiler of this wee book, which has pretty little photographic acknowledgments "her indebtedness to Mr. Grant Richards' work," "H. of Wales." She means Mrs. Belle Lowndes Ellis, published by Mr. Grant Richards.]

DRAMA.

- RIENZI AND YGRIANE. Two Tragedies. By E. HAMILTON MOORE. Sherratt and Hughes. 4s. 6d. n.
- SINTRAM. By HELEN LESLIE. 7½ x 5. 253 pp. Chapman and Hall. 6s. [A play based on Baron de la Motte Fouquet's well-known story.]
- ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.
- SOCIAL CONTROL. By E. A. ROSS. 7½ x 5. 448 pp. The Macmillan Co.
- HOW TO INVEST AND HOW TO SPECULATE. By C. H. THORPE (T. Series). 7½ x 5. 172 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.
- L'OPINION ET LA FOULE. By G. TARDE. 9 x 5½. 226 pp. Paris: Alcan.
- LIDÉE SOCIALE AU THÉÂTRE. By EMILE DE SAINT-AUBAN. 7½ x 5. Paris: Stock. Fr. 3.50.
- L'ÉVOLUTION DU SOCIALISME. By JEAN BOCHERET. 7½ x 4½. Alcan. Fr. 3.50. [A concise account of the progress of Socialism in France during the

EDUCATIONAL.

- TENNYSOON. (The Tenor's Primer). By MARGARET LEWIS. 6½ x 4½. 10s. 6d.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 105. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The " LITERATURE " PORTRAIT next week will be that of
MR. GEORGE GISSING.

This will be followed by a series of special portraits, from the engravings on wood by Mr. R. Bryden, of the following :— Robert Louis Stevenson, Victor Hugo, Thomas Carlyle, Dr. Ibsen, John Ruskin, Walt Whitman, William Morris, Emerson, Tolstoy. The portraits in each case will be accompanied by fully illustrated articles dealing exhaustively with the life and work of the writer. In connexion with the arrangements already made for special contributions to these numbers, we may mention that M. Paul Bourget will contribute to the Victor Hugo Number, Mr. E. T. Cook to the Ruskin Number. For the Stevenson Number Mr. Morley Roberts will write an account of his visit to Samoa shortly before Stevenson's death. In the Tolstoy Number articles will appear by Mr. Aylmer Maude, Mr. Braxley Hodgetts, and Mr. G. Calderon.

The many and varied writings of John Fiske, who has died at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine, were probably not known to a large class of readers in England, but those who read them became conscious of the unique position which he occupied.

tion of the doctrine of evolution and his reconciliation of the doctrine with Christianity. He claimed to have a new theory of the development of the moral sense which he called the maternal instinct. He argued that when, as Venn pointed out, a point was reached "at which variations of intelligence were more profitable than variations of morality there would inevitably be a prolongation of the infancy. This gave further scope for maternal affection, the protective instinct of the male; and hence arose morality. But he did an immense deal of historical work. He conceived the idea of a series of works on American history which belonged his books on "The Discovery of Old Virginia and her neighbours," "The English in England," "The Critical Period of American History," "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," "The American Revolution." Messrs. Macmillan published in England, but an illustrated edition of "The Revolution" (1893) was also published in London by Gay and Bird. His historical work was somewhat unimpressive. It was almost always interesting, and was marked by a lucid statement which he had gained as a lecturer.

"It pleased me," wrote Bowtell a quarter of a century ago, "to find that he was so much beloved in his native town. The fact must have given even greater pleasure to the members of the Johnson Club on Saturday last, when they attended the dedication of the Johnson Museum, to receive such concrete evidence of the love which Liehtfeld still has for the memory of his illustrious son. The house in which Dr. Johnson was born, in which his father sold books, has long been a familiar sight in the town, distinguishable by the statue of the doctor which faces it in the market square—Chancellor Law's gift. It is now sixty-three years ago. The house has not always been treated with such respect; early last century a dancing-master gave lessons to his pupils in the very room in which Johnson was born; but, on the whole, it seems to have passed through the succeeding years with remarkably few changes. Michael Johnson's old shop, in which he apparently dispensed quack medicines as well as choice old books and classics, now contains a number of interesting relics of the doctor, the desk on which the doctor is said to have written the *Rambler*. Other objects lent or given to the collection are Johnson's stout silver-headed stick, the great arm-chair in which he received his last Communion, his cribbage-board, several editions of his works, besides portraits, autographs, and mementoes."

Among those present at Litchfield when Dr. Hill dedicated the house "as a shrine to all Johns

the Johnson Club owes its existence. Like many other coteries of the kind, the club originated almost accidentally. A few literary friends, acting upon the suggestion thrown out by Mr. Unwin, met at an informal supper at the old "Cock" in 1884 to celebrate the centenary of Dr. Johnson's death, and it was the success of that evening which led to the foundation of the club, with Mr. Unwin as its first prior.

Mr. Alfred Austin is essentially a lyric poet, and he is most successful when he writes untrammelled by the course of political events. He is at his best in a poem based on the old love story of *Acis and Galatea*, overshadowed by the revengeful figure of the jealous giant, *Polypheusus*. The poem was written in Sicily in 1888, and is appearing in the *North American Review* for July, which appears in England on the 15th inst. An advance copy of the poem has been sent us by Messrs. Macmillan. *Acis and Galatea* converse daintily in anapestic dialogue, but the *Cyclops* is rightly confined to sonorous blank verse. The verse is all well written, and the poet gives a touch of pathetic interest to the soliloquies of *Polypheusus* brooding over his love for a mortal.

While I range

The pathless labyrinth of forest pines,
Laden with logwood for my cavern hearth ;
Climb the rough crags betwixt whose smooth, green flanks
The adventurous goats browse wayward ; or descend,
Driving them home before my voice ; or rive
Time-toughened oaks for virgin honeycomb,
Dripping with golden sweetness ; or with care
Curdle the autumn milk in shelving bowls
For winter sustenance ; then I forget
The god within me, and on task intent
That needs but mortal energy I live,
Human at every pore, a man—no more.
But now my flock are folded safe within,
And in the snow-cold larder of my cave
Is store for morrow's nourishment ; and lo !
Up from the wave rolleth the rounded moon,
To wend her silent, unaccompanied way
Monotonous through Heaven ; and with her mounts
The Olympian ichor in my veins, to wake
Ancestral longings.

The Elizabethan Stage Society have occasionally gone rather far afield in their excellent endeavour. They have even tried to persuade us that Oriental drama is within their province. But the two plays presented to-day—the "Morality" *Every Man*, and the "Miracle Play," *The Sacrifice of Isaac*—are of really national interest. We have lost the wholesome thrill which such plays produced when they impressed their audience much as the threat of Bonaparte or hell-fire once terrified naughty children. But it is an interesting glimpse which Mr. William Poel gives us of our drama in the fifteenth century. To make it the more real great care has been taken with the costumes. Those in *Every Man* are copied from contemporary Flemish tapestries. The play has actually a Dutch counterpart, *Elckerlijc*, and evidence seems to show that the Dutch were before us in their dramatic version of the old Buddhist story on which *Every Man* is based. The costumes for *The Sacrifice of Isaac* are Eastern, and have been lent for the occasion by Mr. Holman Hunt. Mr. Poel informs us that in a play called *Jacob and Esau*, written in the sixteenth century, the characters

through whom the book is to be submitted as to the provincial bookbuyer. Londoners have not had a preliminary inspection of a book ; but even the comparatively few booksellers who have down large numbers of the new books in stock order to the kind of book that is in general demand. His new plan seems to be a sort of compromise between the Continental system and our own, and it will see how it works. On the Continent it is the publisher who publishes practically everything on the "sale of the book," but the publisher in this case deals only with the bookseller, in his turn, submitting the book to the customers. In Germany the system is worse, but there, as in other Continental countries, a book is published in paper covers, which cost no more to replace when they come back soiled. It would be a matter to replace the covers of cloth-bound books, which marks the working of the Continent, that books are published with uncut edges, returnable once the leaves are cut. Presumably Mr. Mann's publications will have to be examined at the seller's shop. And that individual, whose days are always happy, will welcome a step likely to bring

The centenary that falls to-morrow is one which would most suitably be observed in silence. It was born Jane Welsh, destined to be too late to the world as Jane Welsh Carlyle. Her trials of genius have become an unforgettable part of our literature, and the "world's coarse thumb" makes little of her exaggerations of the literary temperament. And so, as comedy has been played out, it is time to remove the philosopher failed in little things, he was really a philosopher. The centenary might be made the occasion of a cheaper edition of Mrs. Carlyle's brilliant

IOLAIRE.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE NORTH SEA.

(Dedicated to Sir Donald Currie, G.C.B.)

I.

This was the land that the Norseman ploughed
Here lay his furrows, there his shroud :
A thousand years . . . Oh, what a romance
But the romance of yesterday !

Iolaire ! Iolaire !

Dance in the moonbeams free and fast
Thou art a Viking's chosen bride,
Speed-away, speed-away over the tide

II.

And these same seas we plough to-day
Have tost their foam in the Vikings' wake
A thousand years . . . and the roll
Will rest our sons on the Norseman's pile

Iolaire ! Iolaire !

Shake out the moonbeams from thy grasp
Scatter thy jewels on the tide,
For thou art a Viking's joy and pride

III.

Breeze of the Norland ! fresh and strong

We regret to hear that Professor S. R. Gardiner is seriously ill.

The *Leeds Mercury* has been purchased by Mr. R. Leicester Harmsworth and Mr. Harold Harmsworth.

Sir John Lang celebrated on Monday the jubilee of his proprietorship of the *Dundee Advertiser*.

The French are taking up the crusade against advertisement; and M. Sully Prudhomme and Mr. Frédéric Mistral preside over a new Society the object of which is to preserve French scenery from disfigurement.

M. and Mme. Zola, who will be in Scotland in the early autumn, are to receive a visit from Mme. Matilde Serao, the Italian novelist.

The cataloguing of the Bibliothèque Nationale continues slowly. Vol. I. appeared four years ago, and now Vol. VI. is ready.

Mr. Justin McCarthy expresses the view, in the *Daily Mail*, that the atmosphere and the ways of the House of Commons are not favourable to the production of literary work.

Mr. Carnegie has offered to the city of San Francisco a sum of \$500,000 dollars for the purpose of building a free library, subject to the same conditions that governed his recent gift to New York.

The prosecution of Count Tolstoy is said to have resulted in a great influx of Americans desiring to make the acquaintance of the novelist.

Mr. Rogers, the retired locomotive builder of Paterson, has bequeathed his entire estate, which amounts to between £1,150,000 and £1,550,000 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York.

Paderewski's opera *Monru* has been performed at Lemberg. The book is by M. Alfred Nossig and is an adaptation of one of Krassowski's novels.

If the Oxford Professor of Poetry's inaugural lecture (on "Poetry for Poetry's Sake"), now published by the Clarendon Press, does not end "a controversy *English Literature* which concerns the ultimate nature of art," at Oxford. it is, at least, a closely-reasoned contribution

to a discussion in which the last word will never be said, while the universe contains poets and critics. He also has something to say on a subject which is becoming more and more one of practical interest, and on which scholars are divided into two camps, one of which has lately been represented by Mr. Beeching and the other by Mr. Andrew Lang. Professor Bradley says "Since I left Oxford. . . a School of English Language and Literature has been founded, and has attracted a fair number of candidates" (statistics suggest the conjectural emendation "a number of fair candidates.") "Naturally I rejoice in this change, knowing from experience the value of these studies; and knowing also from experience, if I may speak boldly, how idle is that dream which sits about in Oxford and elsewhere, that the study of Old

made a subject of examination. To lecture on English is one thing, to examine in it is another; and largely of the exigencies of the examination *Open Literature School* has fallen to a great extent, to much as one would gather from the strictures of Collins, into the hands of philologists. Not many can be interested in the "mastering of Old English basis of Teutonic phonology"; hence the School by mere men. That is the real meaning of what Bradley calls an idle dream. Now, in fact, the philological side of English literature has made a poor of examination? To collect facts and dates, to go through authors, and "chatter" about Shelley, to repeat the of a lecturer or assimilate the conclusions of literary a rather inadequate training for the mind. definite canons of taste which could be taught, then might at least boast that it was educating the idle Mr. Courthope, whose "Life in Poetry" we review when lecturing as Professor of Poetry, was inclined to the standard of the classics. A knowledge of literature may serve indeed

To teach vain wits a science little known.

To admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

but the criteria of Greece and Rome are not always for us. One may be penetrated with the spirit of tragedy, and know by heart the *Poetics*, the *Ars Poetica* of Longinus on the Sublime, and yet be a bad critic of literature. Anyhow, the curriculum of the English School does not include a knowledge of Aristotle, or Longinus. Mr. Passmore Edwards is evidently of opinion as Mr. Courthope, in respect of our real classics. He has recently enriched the University scholarship, to be competed for annually, "for the ment and promotion of the study of English Literature connexion with the classical literature of Greece. An examination for such a scholarship will be an experiment; but it is to be feared that here practical possibilities of "marking" will eventually other considerations, and the important and deciding will in time be linguistic rather than literary. The difficulty of assigning a solid and indisputable perhaps it is the academic distrust of fluent in whatever reason, examiners generally regard with "appreciations," and comparisons whether of Catullus, or Clytemnestra with Lady Macbeth prescribes questions on literary subjects; they are and set with much pain and trouble; but the answer be known as "Tosh," and included under the same tion as University Extension. It is true that it is always the first-rate at first-hand. The undergraduate imitative creature, and reproduces, usually in a general phrases which he culls from the popular criticism of If he has been reading the works of Mr. Pater, himself in efforts to find "the right word" (only it is the wrong one) "for the right thing." Some years picturesque simile and Oriental imagery were in vogue, critics, Homer used to be like the ramblings of Thucydides resemble the tolling of a great bell. smart epigram and caustic paradox are in vogue, undergraduate speaks of the essentially bourgeois Sophocles. This kind of thing has no fixed value; and recognizing that the literary criticism of the English School is too often a mere fall-back of necessity,

Literature Portraits.—X.

PIERRE LOTI.

At a moment when the realist movement was in full swing, some five-and-twenty years ago, there appeared under an obscure pseudonym the first book of Pierre Loti—“*Aziyadé*.” It was written in melodious prose—the passionate recital of the love-passages of an officer with a young Turkish woman, amid the landscape and the horizons of Stambul and of Pera, in the centre of the gardens of the East, of the dazzling mirage of the Golden Horn and of the Bosphorus, where in picturesque Oriental streets with their moving crowds veiled women pass mysteriously by.

This romance of a young and unknown writer, a kind of autobiography full of living emotion, delighted the public, and its charm was derived from qualities exactly contrary to those which marked the naturalist school. In place of the impassive and searching analysis of M. Zola, of the minute and tedious descriptions in which the author of “*L’Assommoir*” delights, Loti sought only for emotional qualities. He would only depict what he had himself experienced. His passages of description are indeed frequent, but in each of them his aim is to arrest the attention by showing us in a few words the salient and fundamental character of the thing which he describes and by selecting those details which are most capable of touching our emotions.

These are the main characteristics of the book which brought to Loti his first success, and which by its subject no less than by its style seemed to check the excesses of the realistic school. And in the very quality which then so much impressed Loti’s first readers lies the secret of his charm for readers of to-day. He has, in fact, while developing with the years, and acquiring a style of greater power, remained singularly true to himself; his method is unchanged, and one is almost justified in estimating his entire achievement by his earliest work. Such a book as “*Pêcheur d’Islande*” may reveal a greater power of emotion; another, such as the “*Roman d’un Spahi*,” may contain more vigorous descriptions, but the difference is really of the smallest; the manner, the composition, the style remains the same. This separates M. Loti very clearly from the majority of modern writers. What a difference, for instance, between the earliest and somewhat hesitating work of D’Annunzio and the same Author’s “*Child of Pleasure*”; and who would recognize in the youthful poems of M. Edmond Rostand the powerful playwright of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and of *L’Aiglon*?

M. Pierre Loti, then, has had the rare good fortune to create at the outset a new kind of romance to which he has remained faithful—the Exotic Romance—and to attain at once a complete mastery of it. In all his books the plot is a simple one and has only a small importance, his first object being to acquaint us with his emotions and his sensations. He has seen the countries which he describes. As an officer in the navy he has been a world-wide traveller. He has reclined beneath the happy perfumed groves of Tahiti, he has floated on “junks” down the languorous rivers of China, he has dreamed in the flowery tea gardens of Japan, he has explored the deserts of Morocco and Palestine, and everywhere it is his own story that he recounts, often with little variation. In the books which are altogether without plot—in “*Madame Chrysanthème*,” where he gives us an idyll of Japan, or where he tells us of the desolation of the Eastern desert, his manner is exactly the same as when he describes the passion of *Aziyadé*. It is so in

d’Antonne” fills in the canvas begun in “*Madame Chrysanthème*.” “*Au Maroc*” is M. Loti’s journey across Islam, and “*Fantôme d’Orient*” is another Constantinople as seen in a different mood to that in all these books whatever names he may choose. In costume he may don—whether he wears the dress of his finely drawn portrait of M. Lévy-Dhurmer, or in an Arab cloak—one recognizes at every point of Loti.

“*Pêcheur d’Islande*” is the one of his books which mates most closely to the character of a novel. Its intense and poignant emotion, its effects fine to the very last page, is often looked upon as his masterpiece. Wonderfully strong is the character of Yvan, who finally disappears in the Icelandic sea, while his doubts and hopes to the last. This book, so full of truth, reveals a remarkable power of observation; the author has traced every stage of these lives, he has penetrated their mystery. Yet the love, so intense and poignant as it is, is not the main theme. “*Pêcheur*” is before all a superb and moving study of the sea, the change of the story one hears the roar of the waves, the change of the ocean passes before the eye, whether the cliffs of Iceland, or the melancholy wastes of Brice.

Never is the imagination of M. Loti stirred from his pen one of these fascinating “deserts”—the exquisite picture of the broad plains and flowers over which he roams in “*Maroc*,” the pagodas of Japan in “*Japoneries d’Antonne*,” the pages in “*Fantôme d’Orient*” where the walled Constantinople and recalls the sweet far-off “*Aziyadé*.”

This art of picturesque description, which possesses in a greater degree perhaps than any other writer is essentially a personal gift. His peculiar endowment, his deliberate habit of letting his sentiments flow from him without a verb, these are personal traits; they come from no outside source. In the address which he read on the occasion of his reception at the Académie, Loti boasted that he read very little and was unacquainted with modern literature. If one cannot accept this as any qualification—for the influence of Flaubert is itself felt in the writings of Loti—yet it is no disadvantage. This deliberate neglect of other writers, a guarantee of personality, of originality, is likely to prove a danger. M. Loti, if he reads nothing, if his mind is refreshed from no literary source, must at last become tired of himself, enslaved to his own formulas, his own rhetoric. Hence the weakness of some of his later work, notably of his journey to the “*Desert*” and to Jerusalem, in which one is too sensible of the writer’s nothing escape his eyes and his note-book. It is said that here M. Loti is the victim of his own method, in the presence of the monasteries of Arab history, the landscape of Jerusalem and of Mar Saladin, his conscious determination to fix his impressions himself to the proper height of emotion at all costs, to let emotion as of old lead him where it will.

But no author is always at his highest level; Loti sometimes shows failure of accomplishment, rather than those delightful pages with which French literature let us recall the moon rising

campaign, the writer's instinct led him to an impudence which compromised his future; in consequence of a letter which he sent to the *Figaro* about certain acts of cruelty committed by French soldiers at the taking of Hué, he was placed upon the unattached list. This disciplinary measure, however, held good only for a few months, and in the early days of February, 1884, he returned to active service, and is at the present moment captain of a ship employed in the Chinese waters. Thanks to his being able frequently to obtain leave of absence, Loti has had full scope to pursue his literary career. On May 21, 1891, he was elected to the Academy by eighteen votes out of thirty-five. M. Pierre Loti made his debut in the world of letters with "Azlyudé" (Stambul, 1876-1877), extracted from the notes of "an English naval lieutenant who entered the Turkish service on May 10, 1876, and was wounded under the walls of Kars in October, 1877" (1879). He published next "Karaku" (1880), which was reissued under the title of "Mariage de Loti" (1882); the "Roman d'un Spahi" (1881); then a volume containing "Fleurs d'Ennui," "Pasquale Innovitch," "Voyage au Monténégro, Soléïma" (1882). Then came the "Trois Dames de la Kasbah," a pretty Oriental story (1881, grand in 160); the "Pêcheur d'Islande" (1886), which won him the "Prix Vitet" at the Academy, and which was translated into German by Queen Elisabeth of Rumania; "Madame Chrysanthème" (1887, illustrated, a new artistic edition, 1888), which contains the story of the marriage of a naval officer with a Japanese woman; "Propos d'Exil" (1887); "Japoneries d'Automne" (1889), a special study of the civilization of Japan; "Au Maroc" (1890), which recounts the story of an embassy, to which M. Pierre Loti was attached, to the Sultan of Morocco; "Le Roman d'un Enfant" (1890), an autobiography recalling the "Mémoires" of George Sand, but marked by less simplicity and abandon. In the latter book the author tells how, overcome by the pessimism of the day, repelled by the coldness of the Protestantism of his childhood, then attracted for a moment by the poetry of the Roman ritual, he at last lost his faith, and opened his heart to the "conscience horrible du néant des néants." It was in this frame of mind that he published in 1892 the "Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort"—recollections of the scenes which had darkened his childhood. In 1892 appeared "Fantôme d'Orient," and in the same year the Eden Theatre presented a piece in eight scenes founded upon "Pêcheur d'Islande," with music by Gny Ropartz. This is not the only instance in which a work of Loti has been set to music, for M. Reynaldo Hahn has founded an opera on the "Mariage de Loti," which was successfully staged at the Opéra Comique. Since 1895 Loti has published "Désert, la Galilée, Jérusalem, Figures et Choses qui passent, Ramuntcho, Reflets de la Sombre Route." The books of Loti which have been published by M. Calmann Lévy show very unequal sales. Whilst "Pêcheur d'Islande" rose to 100,000, others have not got beyond a third or a fourth edition. M. Loti is known as a contributor to periodicals, especially to the *Figaro*, and the *Nouvelle Revue*.

From a rare Stevensonian trifle, which last week made £21 5s. at auction, an excerpt may be made, the more so as the trifle in question, "An Object of Pity," is practically unknown. It was written "by many competent hands"—Lady Jersey, her brother Captain Rupert Leigh, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Graham Balfour, Mrs. Belle Strong, and R. L. S. himself—when the Countess of Jersey visited Samoa in the autumn of 1892. Each contributor had to write a sketch full of the "Onida glamour." The dedication, from the pen of O. Tinsdale, the Teller of Tales, as the Samoans called Stevenson, is to "Lady Ouida." It begins playfully, "Many beside yourself have exulted to collect Olympian polysyllables, and to sling ink, not wisely but too well. Many have made it their goal and object to Exceed; and who else has been so Excessive?" We learn, moreover, that the collaborators, "all persons of ability and good character, were suddenly startled to find ourselves walking in broad day in the hell of an afternoon. The present

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

A "Personal View."

While many voices are loud, the memory of hardly survive the lips that utter them, a voice has almost unnoticed into silence, which the few who have it closely would not willingly let die. It is a pleasure nothing worthy of remembrance will be ultimately yet here was a man of rare distinction whose fame has deserted, who had slipped so entirely out of the world, who leaves his memory to so small a clan, that of its perishing altogether is but too luminous and re-

Henry Septimus Sutton died at Manchester on November-seventh year. Until recently he had been co-*Alliance News*, a temperance organ, and he had been long with other newspapers in Manchester. Beyond these, these journalistic tasks brought him into contact, friends, and the small religious community of which member, I doubt if there are fifty men living who ever name. How many are aware that, half a century ago, being hailed by Emerson and others as a poet in spirit of Herbert and Vaughan lived again? How I believe that his friendship with Coventry Patmore, the influences which made the "Unknown Eros" ditto the "Angel in the House"? There are some to whom things are known, but their number is small, and the little hope of its ever increasing. A collected edition of Sutton's poems was published in 1886. It has been reprinted, and it is difficult to conceive of any ever bring it again into demand. What can prevail against the stealing tide of oblivion?

Mr. Sutton was born at Nottingham in 1825. He published a prose treatise entitled "The Evangelical book of not much literary value, but interesting as a It reveals its author as a mystic with a fondness for terms, a disposition to illustrate his spiritual philosophy, a mind steeped in American transcendentalism, a liberal view of Scriptural inspiration not common in 1848 he published a volume of poems which attracted attention of Emerson and other famous people, showed clearly where his real talent lay, and how delicate a talent it was. In 1851 appeared a new book, strange title "Quinquenergia," a prose treatise intended forth a "new practical theology." The volume also a further sheaf of verses, among them his most charming poem, "Rose's Diary."

Soon after this Mr. Sutton fell under the spell of the borg. To those who are acquainted with the prose he mentioned it will not be surprising that the Swedenborg should have attracted him; what is surprising is the complete cessation of his poetical activity which he followed. Whether his inspiration was already exhausted whether there is an inherent incompatibility between Swedenborgianism and poetry I cannot say. Whatever it

silence, his indifference to fame, his absorption in sectarian interests, all assisted the world in the easy task of forgetting. However, there are still some who have not forgotten; and there must be others in the little company of those who love poetry from whom Mr. Sutton's work is sure of appreciation the moment it becomes known to them. To win the attention of a few such is the most that one can hope to do, and perhaps it is enough.

Mr. Sutton's collected poems (Glasgow, David M. Main, 1886) are not voluminous, but there is little in them that is not pure gold. His genius is of a rare and exquisite quality; it has affinities with Herbert and Vaughan; it has affinities with Blake, with Emerson, with Coventry Patmore; it has even affinities with Keats. "Clifton Grove Garland," one of his earliest poems, shows plainly the influence of "Endymion" and "Lamia"; it shows too an ease and abundance which make his premature exhaustion the more remarkable. It is written in couplets of a singular fluency and grace. It has a large measure of the fresh delight in nature, the fertility, the happiness, the sometimes excessive ingenuity and "lushness" of expression which characterize the earlier work of Keats. It is, indeed, a poem of much charm, fit to be read in the open air on a day of recumbent leisure; but it often lapses into prose and triviality, and it has not the really characteristic note of Mr. Sutton's genius. That note is struck more decidedly in the poem called "Mount Perilous of Pride." In the volume of 1848 this poem appeared as "The Hills." The later title marks the author's criticism of his own earlier mood. Whatever we may think of the mood, the poem is a fine one. In "Clifton Grove Garland"—in such lines as—

Wide water-lapse with dark wind-crippings grooved,
And green enripped shades and whites that moved
In twisting eddies in it, swirling o'er it
At every zephyr's instance; and, before it,
Round, and beyond it, such a green and grey,
Such blue-deep rapture in the far-away—

the poet is simply revelling in the new-found power of beautiful expression. In "The Hills" he has realized himself.

Though mine arm I made a girdle
About a maiden's waist;
Though for my mouth mine eyes their utmost wit
Of eloquence had often tried, that it
Her innocent kiss might taste;
Though look on look had, flowing, fixed,
Souls utterly intermix'd,
Hearts' fibres interlaced,
And she said, if I forsook,
Life would forsake,
And well I knew that if I went
Her gentle heart would break;
Yet if she led me to the vale,
From my sun-track kept me,
That that high land might accept me,
I must let her face grow pale,
And leave her there,
Not could consent, although around

There is something excessive in this also, anti-social, something rather stolid than Christian, no doubt, is what Mr. Sutton felt when he wrote the poem, and wrote the quaint metrical preface to it in the later edition. But the mood is noble, the severity of its expression is a finer muscle than the sweetness of the earlier style. The earlier style, and, though the mood changes, it is not by any means the former temper. The poet remains upon the same new visions in his solitude, and new "from star, and moss, and stone"—voicings thereof to a devouter and more tremulous emotion, humility, to tears. The seer becomes more definite, his mountain is no longer Mount Perilous, Mount of the Lord. Of this new phase of his perfect expression is "Rose's Diary," that expression of the inner life, named from the youthful friend to whom it is dedicated. Here, in verse of the most direct simplicity, the poet records the experiences of communion with God, living by the Divine light, the fearful efforts to keep the light burning, its coveries, its doubts, and its consolations.

Sometimes the wind-gusts push it sore
Then closely to my breast my light I hold
And for it make a tent of my two hands
And, though it scarce might on the land
It soon recovers, and uprightly stands

* * *

How shall I keep this sacred light? I
Preserve it from such influence as assails
Unless I tend it lovingly, it fails;
And there is nothing when the blast p
But the poor shelter of my hands and l

In brief quotations one can give no more of the rare quality of this poem. I know nothing of our language, nothing at all like it in the hundred years. Comparison with Herbert and Keats carry us very far; Mr. Sutton's spirit and manner of his ripest production, are absolutely individual, and can be finer or more winning. I will not profane the praise; but with one more specimen, poignant sincerity of contrition, will leave Mr. Sutton to commend him.

O Father! I have sinn'd against Thee
The thing I thought I never more should do
My days were set before me, light all day
But I have made them dark, it is too late
And drawn dense clouds between me and
Forgive me not, for grievous is my sin
Yea, very deep and dark. Alas! I see
Such blackness in it, that I may not hope
Forgiven of myself—how then of Thee
Vile, vile without; black, utter black

OLD HOUSES AND THEIR SECRETS.

In the peaceful days in which we live few romantic associations gather round the great houses of the country. Their old inhabitants may live in them without fear of siege, or they pass into new hands and are submitted to modern improvements; their secret chambers are fitted up as pantries or as boudoirs, and their dim mysterious corners lose their old dim meaning under the glare of the electric light. Yet when one gazes on some old Elizabethan pile, as its windows glitter in the evening light, and the cawing rooks wing their way slowly by and settle in



BROUGHTON CASTLE, OXFORDSHIRE.

its ancestral elms, the sunset seems to bathe it in a radiance drawn from the world of old romance. As the shadows creep across the lawns, the years seem to fly back; strange faces peer from the windows, and stealthy footsteps crackle in the brushwood of the shrubberies. There is a glint of light through the growing dusk as a veiled white form flits across the drive and plunges into the copse. The cavalier is waiting for her beyond the wall, and she reckes little yet of the tragedy which visitors of to-day trace in the sad eyes of her portrait by Dobson hanging in the drawing-room of the hall. Or from the side door opening from the library a black-robed figure emerges and passes down the covered way behind the flower garden. No wonder that this strange form, of which the face is never seen, and which moves out only when the shadows fall, is for the servants and the villagers a ghost indeed. But see! a horse gallops up the drive, and its rider flings himself from the saddle and hatters on the great door. There is a hunt on foot for that mysterious inmate; the soldiers are now in the village street, and it behoves him to flee or to bestow himself as best he may so as not to fall into the hands of those who give but a short shrift to priests.

To us, looking back through the haze of centuries, such recollections evoke, perhaps, but a gentle and pensive regret. Yet the reality, in days when violence and partisan hatred had freer play, was stern enough. The story is told in Mr. Allan Fox's *SECRET CHAMBERS AND HIDING-PLACES*, just published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London.

staircase and a stone slab is revealed containing a circular aperture like a coal-hole. Through it a tunnel slants down into the wall, in which is an apartment large enough to hold a couple of people. Here a single priest, or whoever it was, wished to evade capture, could be fairly at his ease, as the wall was thin enough to get comfortably down the tunnel. The house was in possession of the priest-hunters, but he was supplied with food secretly by his friends, and might have lived forth, when they thought it safe, and say Mass under cover of night. A small supply of food was generally left in case of the advent of the priest-hunters was generally unexpected; or it was let down through a tube into a storeroom-hall, where may still be seen in the wall a small concealed tunnel from the banquetting secret chamber. On the floor still lies the ring wherewith a certain Father Wall rested his limbs shortly before his execution in August.

For it was weary and painful work to find the priests. There is in the Record Office a letter from the Henry Garnet describing the search at Hinton, Worcestershire:

After we had been in the house seven or eight days, and some odd hours, every man of us thought we were well wearied, and, indeed, for we generally sat, save that sometimes we half stretch ourselves, the place not being large, and we had our legges so straitened that we could not sit, find place for them, so that we were in continuous paine of our legges, and our legges, especially mine, were much swollen. He adds, however, that "we were very content within, and heard the searchers ever cursing over us." There is a full account of the search in the British Museum, which tells how "elsewhere in the corners and conveyances were found in the search all of them having books, Massing stuff, and trumpery in them, only two excepted."

One of the priests caught at the Hindlip search (1606) was the famous John Owen, "Little John," as he was called, for constructing hiding-places, to be used for the concealment of Popish recusants or of "Massing stuff," and the keeping of secret parties, directed by skilled masons, were baffled by his ingenuity. On his capture, therefore, as Cecil wrote to the king, "great joy was caused all through the kingdom at his skill in constructing hiding-places, and the number of these dark holes which he had schemed to hide priests." It was hoped that under the rack he would reveal many secrets, and "great booty of priests" he thus might have yielded. This, however, was not to be. In the British Museum account of the Hindlip capture we are told that he died of grief. The real mode of his death is suggested in



and significant record of the Governor of the Tower :—" The man is dead—he died in our hands." Owen's dexterity was of great service to the conspirators at the time of the Gunpowder

caused the death of her little boy, so tradition has punished him too severely because he would not learn to keep a secret cavity in the wall was found, and the book blurred and tattered, a relic of a little victim of maternal wrath.

It is not only priests for whom the house served as a refuge. The devils of no doubt sometimes turned to uses. If the priests were hunted under the cavaliers under Cromwell, under the other way about, and there was the regicides. Until recently more hole could have been seen in the house of Cromwell into which the Lord Protector have concealed himself—one wonder obscure recess—at Boscombe, and at Madeley in Shropshire, at Moseley at Trent in Somersetshire, at Henley elsewhere has been used as a Royalist give a picture of the hiding place by Charles II. at Boscombe. The Charles II. and of James are sketched " Restoration House " at Rochester, rested on his way from Dover to London known to all visitors to that house. Less familiar is " Abdication House " James II. made his escape twenty-

It stands in the High-street, much modernized, hidden passage, and at the back may still lead down to what was then the course of the river which James was rowed away on a rough night.

Such are some of the memories which come back to us, and which have been diligently collected by Fea. He deserves most credit for his picture drawn by his own hand. His list is probably exhaustive, but we must not forget how



SAWSTON HALL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Plot. Many old houses—Ashby St. Ledgers and Rushton in Northamptonshire, Coughton and Clopton in Warwickshire, and others—still retain traces and traditions of the Romanist plots of the time, and at Huddington, near Droitwich, the hiding-places were large enough to contain a store of arms and ammunition in preparation for a general rising. But Owen made his arrangements in London too; and they were made full use of by Father Gerard and his fellow conspirators. On one occasion the Lord Mayor and constables burst in upon the celebration of the Mass to find nothing but the smoke of extinguished candles.

We do not nowadays need contrivances by which we can at a moment's notice vanish behind a panel, unless it were to avoid an unwelcome caller. And we probably can hardly realize the extraordinary height of skill to which the art of instantaneous disappearance was carried, or the ingenuity of the contrivances by which a rambling country house could be inhabited by two sets of inmates, the one hiding from the other. The extinguished candles may, perhaps, recall to the reader the strange and mysterious adventures of the Parliamentary Commissioners at Woodstock, an account of whose ghostly experiences has come down to us and has been made excellent use of by Sir Walter Scott. The "good devil of Woodstock" had his parallel at Hinton Ampner in Hampshire, which was notoriously haunted by strange figures and uncanny noises, inasmuch that no one at last would live there, and the house was razed to the ground. "Secret passages," we are told, "and chambers were then brought to light"; but those who had carried on the deception for so long took the secret with them to their graves. Curious discoveries are sometimes made when these lurking places are invaded. The inmate fled often on a sudden alarm never to return, and in the changing times that followed the trap-door which admitted to his hiding-place was, perhaps, never disturbed. In a building close to Salisbury Cathedral a secret recess was discovered some twenty-five years ago containing a Jesuit's horn tumbler, a velvet pillow, and a mattress on which





"ABDUCTION HOUSE," ROCHESTER.

chosen so good a subject, well fitted to keep alive the romantic memories which cluster round many a remote English village and its ancient hall.

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN.

We reviewed Mr. Stillman's autobiography only two months ago, and have now, much to our regret, to record his death. He died on Saturday last, at Primley Green, Surrey, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His book was the record of a wandering and adventurous life, devoted always to high aims, and to the service, sometimes of his country, more often of humanity at large, but never of himself. Yet it is clear that, as he looked at the past, he was conscious in his modest way that his efforts, though they did little to advance himself, had not been void of results. In his old age he had the happiness of the man

cul licet in diem

Dixisse vixi.

It was a life full of work, full of interests, full of friendship, and ending with those desirable few years of rest which seem fitting before a longer journey.

William James Stillman was born in 1828 at Schenectady, in the State of New York, of parents whose influence cannot easily be traced in his own career. His father was a mechanic, and his mother was strongly imbued with Puritanism of the old type. He was educated at a school in New York, and at Union College, Schenectady; but the bent of his early genius was towards art, and it was with the object of studying art that he first came to England in 1850. Here he was introduced to Ruskin, and saw, but was hardly acquainted with, the great Turner, who was then an old man of seventy-five. Like many other young men, he was greatly influenced by the rising school of Pre-Raphaelites, and in particular by Rossetti and Millais. With Rossetti he formed a friendship which lasted for many years. It was as "the American Pre-Raphaelite" that he returned to America after

himself to Paris and to resume his art studies. At this time he settled down to art, and had the first of several of the group of so-called "Barbizon" artists, Millet, Rousseau, and Daubigny, and the account of whom is one of the best things in his biography. But we doubt whether art alone would have made him a great artist. More is wanted. His knowledge of art was also than his executive skill. Then came another residence in America, and on this occasion, a intimate, with many of the best American men, with Lowell, Longfellow, Agassiz, Emerson, and others. These appear to have been his happiest experiences, and it was about this time he married his first wife, a daughter of Mack, of Cambridge.

The American Civil War broke out, and he was anxious to serve his country in the field, but for medical reasons, and was offered, instead of service, the post of United States Consul in Greece, and the near East, and of the which he was principally connected. This gave him a certain stiffness and independence, and not commend him to Antonelli; nor, of the political atmosphere of Papal Rome

degree congenial to him. His next post was then in Crete. Of his life there a full description will be found in his Autobiography. It must suffice now to say that during the troubled time of his Consulship, he was a strenuous and able champion of the Christian population, and indeed he always was of all that are desolate and oppressed. In 1858 he removed to Athens, and here, while he was hard at archaeology, he had the misfortune to lose his son, too, became ill and died not long afterwards, by which father and son had returned to England. The next few years were spent in this country, two of them at Robert Schumann's, and one at Rossetti's. In 1871 he married again, his second wife being the daughter of Mr. Sparrall, Greek Consul-General in London.

The third period of Stillman's life covers the years during which he acted as a correspondent of the Times in Herzegovina in 1875, when the country was in insurrection, then in Italy and Greece, and finally in Albania. His letters from Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Albania had a very considerable effect in the formation of British opinion. They were graphic and vigorous, like those of a man who wrote, and they showed that, without being a trained journalist, he had special qualifications for important work of this kind. His opinions were not invariably those of his employers, but the long series of twenty years in which he wrote for the Times in Greece and Italy, especially from Rome, it was recognized that his point of view was that of an acute and wide observer. It is noticeable, too, that he wrote, not merely as a man continually interested in each fresh situation, but as a man continually interested in each fresh situation. The truth is that he had found work which he loved. He was something of a diplomatist, and was in a position to bring him into contact with the political world, and moreover, the keenest possible sympathy both with the little Greece and with the revival of Italy. Above all, he was a keen judge of character, and knew very well what to deal with. His book is full of shrewd estimates of political and literary men, philosophers and artists. Personally,

THE LATE PROFESSOR TAIT.

The death of Peter Guthrie Tait is a great loss to the scientific world, in which his work will be held in lasting remembrance, and particularly to the University of Edinburgh. For forty years he was closely identified with all its interests. Without the familiar presence, conspicuous no less by certain peculiarities of costume than by a gait, dubbed by the students his "heather-step," the buildings of the University and the Royal Society of Edinburgh will experience a sense of something lacking, until time has reconciled people's minds to the new order of things. True, Professor Tait handed in his resignation of the Professorship of Natural Philosophy five months ago, but so long as his life was spared the severance was realized in only a minor degree. It is no secret that his eldest son's untimely death at Magersfontein in the early part of last year hastened his end, though the shock was mitigated by the warm sympathy of thousands both at home and abroad. Tait was a Senior Wrangler, had been a Fellow of Peterhouse and Professor of Mathematics at Queen's College, Belfast, before he accepted the Edinburgh chair in 1860. Practically the whole of his productive career is associated with Edinburgh. Being abundantly qualified to investigate either scientific or mathematical problems on his own account, it is not a little singular that his name should be so often met with in association with others. Thus, the partnerships Thomson and Tait—"T and T," as they were familiarly called—Stewart and Tait, Kelland and Tait, and Tait and Steele have even now a familiar ring, though at the same time a number of books stand in the name of Tait alone—for example, "Heat," "Light," "The Properties of Matter," "Recent Advances in Physical Science," and "An Introduction to the Study of Quaternions." These lists, in fact, give a clue to Tait's character, which was marked by sturdy independence on the one hand, and on the other by a readiness to put himself in the second place, provided that any cause which he had more nearly at heart could be advanced thereby. Thus, of his very numerous papers to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a considerable portion were postponed time after time and ultimately taken as read, though he, as secretary, might very easily have given them the priority on numberless occasions. Yet, as they were mostly of a highly abstruse kind, he sank his own interests in those of the meeting.

Both by predilection and by training Tait was a mathematician, and had little sympathy for those to whom Nature had denied this faculty. Most of his work shows this bias, though, when the occasion demanded it, he could write clearly and forcibly upon other topics, without quitting the ordinary plane of argument. Nay, more, he could, at times, find a laughable illustration to assist his readers' ideas, as may be seen in his article on Quaternions in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Wishing to make clear the conception of an imaginary quantity in Algebra, he writes:—

Some Eastern potentate, possessed of absolute power, covets the vast possessions of his vizier and his barber. He determines to rob them both (an operation which may be very satisfactorily expressed by -1), but being a wag, he chooses his own way of doing it. He degrades his vizier to the office of barber, taking all his goods in the process, and makes the barber his vizier. Next day he repeats the operation. Each of the victims has been restored to his former rank, but the operation -1 has been applied to both.

temperature of a volume of air when it is under constant pressure, is occupied in doing This is, indeed, exactly what happens, but Mayer supposed, with regard to solids and liquids justified at that date (early in the forties) in nation with regard to gases. Looking back at the interval of nearly forty years, it does seem that Tait harshly dealt with, though in one or two cases not seek to conciliate his opponents.

In the lecture-room Tait was seen to great listening to his concise and lucid expositions forget that his clothes were not exactly in the and that his gown was very badly torn behind (new one, however, when ladies began to attend the fact that he always started with a program it, enabled his hearers to depart with some of their knowledge, provided that they did not of opportunity. He was no believer in debauch experiments which merely appeal to one or more organs, but whatever was vital to the subject was His name is not associated, like that of his Glasgow (Lord Kelvin), with any apologetic practice, or even with any improvement to experimental method. Yet, though only in deserving the appellation "great," Scotsmen were in reverence for generations to come, and the versity in particular will be fortunate if a successor who can worthily fill the place which

Two volumes of the collected Scientific Papers of Tait have been published by the Cambridge (1898 and 1900), and the third volume, complete a fitting monument to his memory, is in papers were included by Professor Tait which solely his own. His work in conjunction with was begun with "The Dynamics of a Particle," with Mr. W. J. Steele while he was still at Balliol, issued by Messrs. Macmillan in a seventh and The same publishers issue Kelland and Tait's "Quaternions"; "The Unseen Universe," which wrote in conjunction with Professor Balfour Stewart (fifteenth edition); Professor Tait's own volume the memoir of Dr. Andrews which he wrote in conjunction with Professor Crum Brown for "The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Andrews." The first part of the "Treatise on Philosophy," written with Lord Kelvin, was published by the Cambridge University Press thirty-four years ago following some years later. The "Elements of Philosophy," by the same authors, also came from the Press. Professor Tait's "Sketch of Thermodynamics," published by Douglas, of Edinburgh, in a second enlarged edition; while Messrs. Black are the publishers of the volumes on "Light" and "Dynamics." His other works are "Thermo-Dynamics" (1868), "Recent Advances in Physical Science" (1876), "Light" (1884), and "The Philosophy of Matter"—the second volume which he wrote with Balfour Stewart on the possibility of reconciling religion.

Two Scottish minor poets of some note have passed away in the past few days—Mr. Laurance James Nicolson (Thistle) and Mr. William Scott. Mr. Nicolson spent his early years in the Shetlands, and his "Scottish

PROPHECY AND INVENTION.*

There is a close relationship between invention and prophecy. Mr. Sutherland has emphasized it by employing his experiences of inventors and past inventions in formulating a forecast of the outcome of invention in the twentieth century.

It is a question whether the prophet is not essential to the success of the future inventor. He may be guilty of errors, yet he educates the mind of the generation to receive the propositions of the inventor. Even in the enlightened twentieth century there is a tendency to assume that we have reached finality in many things. Consequently, any startling proposal made by a present-day genius is flouted. His adjudicators apply the *non possumus* test of their own beliefs, inclinations, and experiences, and pass judgment unhesitatingly. They smile when reminded that members of the House of Commons scoffed at the inventor of gas because of his audacity in even suggesting the production of a light without a wick. There is room for more literature of the quasi-prophetic class, if provided by capable men. Jules Verne was one of the pioneers, and his forecasts have not only been realized with astonishing fidelity, but actually surpassed—as witness the recent passage of a letter round the world in much less time than even this daring prophet predicted. We have probably only just entered upon an age of comparative wonders; and we must learn and profit by the hindrances which ignorance has been allowed to create in the past. Inventive progress during this century will certainly effect great social changes, and bring many half-solved industrial problems to practical perfection. The prophet will not only stimulate the imagination of the inventor, but widen the conception of the public. Random and groundless prophecy on the lines of the vulgar almanacs is of course reprehensible, as pandering to the ignorant. What we want is an intelligent projection of ideas as to the future which, although essentially mere ideas, yet originate from an imagination checked by a reasonable perspective of probabilities and a careful rejection of mere fanciful possibilities.

We differ on some points of detail from Mr. Sutherland, but his forecast is of undoubted value. His chapters on natural and artificial power and on the storage of the former are excellent, full of sound ideas. However much the production of steam power may be cheapened, there is no gainsaying the fact that power which costs nothing at all is cheaper still. He foresees that the success of many inventions depends on suitable conditions, but he is apt to forget this maxim when he discredits certain possibilities in the development of our power supplies. On the other hand, some of the prospects he foreshadows in the advancement of agriculture must be discounted, because of the total lack of suitable environment. Farmers are not chemists as yet, unfortunately, and even the rising generation will be deficient in this respect.

Much of the chapter on future road and rail developments treats more on municipal reform than invention, and the opinions expressed as to the future influence of automotors on railways are rather contradictory. If the automobile is, as Mr. Sutherland says, to be a feeder to, rather than a rival of, the railway, it can scarcely be expected to "force the owners of railways into a more adaptive mood" by its competitive influence. His remarks generally about automobiles savour of suspended judgment, and the chapters on warfare, domestic developments, and music are of a very general nature. There is a tendency to belittle the future of flying-machines and balloons, but the stated grounds for so doing are reasonable.

The last chapter on invention and collectivism exposes

risk a step in favour of one that might implicate in the slightest degree, by any shortcomings. Yet how inventions prove wholly perfect in practice at first! To mind another need—the need of capable experts—much a man's eminence as the quality of his knowledge should carry weight in selecting experts. Men of vast experience are indeed often possessed of detailed knowledge—but that is all. Their experience is vast; it is, rather, intensely minute. Masters of their art, often far from being the best men to decide large questions, yet we employ them. Impartiality is also a most largely "obscured," credential.

Therefore, in fact, many lessons in Mr. Sutherland's book, both for the public, for the official, and for the patentee. The latter is prone to be too greedy, and will see the unwisdom of attempting to claim too much in a rambling patent.

As far as can be judged, the cheapening of power in the present century will tend towards decentralization. Power will be brought within the reach of a village, either by cheaper means for utilizing natural forces, or in a humble fashion, or by a widespread supply of power in the convenient form of electricity, compressed air, or steam. This will be generated at large central power stations, which will be able to produce at low cost, and distribute it in small quantities. Automobile traffic will be able to move in isolated places, just as the railway has done in remote counties and districts of the United Kingdom, thus help local manufacturers to reach their own markets. The tendency of to-day is to speed up the work of most inventors will probably seek to provide for the wants of the most. The epoch-marking inventions will be based on the rendering waste energy available and for capturing the power of waterfalls, of the waves, and of the wind. When this is gained they will render constant and controllable power will secure its direct application to the small requirements of the individual. There will be hundreds of detailed devices for cutting the drudgeries of life by means of mechanical power; as, for instance, boot and knife elevators, for breaking and carrying, chaff-cutting, lawn mowing, wringing, wringing, mangling, churning, potato cleaning, and like tasks. The dressmaker's sewing-machine, the riveter, the grocer's coffee-grinder, and general automatic weighing machine will be worked by power. The bootmaker's pneumatic hammer, the joiner's hammer, the driver, plane, and saw; the local printer's press; the revolving brush in lieu of doormats; the newspaper kiosk; the gas-heated rotary ironer; the staircase, and many other small labour-saving machines, these will engage the attention of those who will be the wholesale inventors. The present century will witness its awe-inspiring developments. But there will also arise countless minor resultant inventions (of less, nevertheless great utility), which will pervade the life of industry and home-life. What the social changes will be it is very difficult as yet to foresee; but the emancipation of the labourer will certainly bring new developments, the changes effected by the introduction of steam power in the opening of the nineteenth century. In the early days of the century, invention gradually triumphed over the insurmountable difficulties of riots and prejudice. History will to some extent have to be repeated in the upon which we have just entered.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

AUTHORITY IN TASTE.

LIFE IN POETRY: LAW IN TASTE. Two Series of Lectures Delivered in Oxford, 1895-1900. By WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, C.B., M.A. (Macmillan. 10s. n.)

These lectures, which were delivered by their author in his capacity of Professor of Poetry at Oxford, may justly be pronounced worthy of the character and traditions of the honoured Chair from which they proceeded. Dealing as they do with questions lying at the root of all poetic and critical activity, they inevitably provoke discussion and controversy; and many of the dependent conclusions which they draw might be debated at a length proportionate to their introduction. We would not be understood to endorse all Professor Courthope's judgments, nor to follow him implicitly into every by-way of his argument. But for the general tone of his criticism and the wider conduct of his theme we have nothing but admiration and respect. A volume of this sort, based upon sound and broad erudition, and illuminated everywhere by vigorous and sensitive judgment, is a distinction to contemporary criticism, and an honour to that reverend University which has done more than any other English institution to cultivate taste and disseminate culture. So long as works of this high and dignified order are associated with the spirit of our Universities, there is no cause to apprehend the decay or dissolution of English literary criticism.

Professor Courthope, it is true, is rather erudite and thorough than animated and persuasive; his style has very little charm or elasticity. Nor is it marked by individuality; we seldom meet with that felicity of conveying

What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed, which is characteristic of the highest form of literary expression. His lectures contain none of those striking and coloured sentences which give to Arnold's lectures, for example, their recurring and abiding qualities of charm. He is not without the foible of repetition which is common to all literature designed primarily for oral delivery; but his repetitions fail to secure those changes of note and implication which fill the "Lectures on Translating Homer" with witty diversity. Professor Courthope's effects are rather logical than dialectic, and some of his arguments must have been difficult to follow at a single hearing. They are not, indeed, altogether plain at a single reading, for the workmanship is not free from congestion, a fault which alternates curiously in his composition with passages of diffuseness and over-elaboration. In this way the central idea is sometimes obscured by cross-references, and the issues are thus temporarily confused. But the careful student—and criticism of this order makes its appeal exclusively to care and culture—will find that all these illustrations tend eventually to the decoration of the theme and to the completion of the argument. It is merely part of the Professor's thorough-going method that no subsidiary example should be neglected.

So much, in brief, for Professor Courthope's manner; the matter of his lectures calls for more detailed consideration. Every one who has studied contemporary literary movements is aware that the great danger under which literature has laboured during the last thirty or forty years is the tendency towards democratization which has resulted from the gradual spreading of theories of individual liberty and licence. As the individual becomes more and more a law to himself in social and religious

the universal tendency? For, as Professor Courthope sees, there must be some conformity; art cuts itself from life without losing its hold upon the life. All the great art of the past has been representative of its generation, but at the same time it has strained contemporary tendencies by reference to authority. In these two series of lectures, "Life in Poetry" and "Law in Taste," Mr. Courthope has set the history of the past and to apply it to the present, and in both processes he is concerned with the regulation of poetry to life and the counter-regulation of life to poetry.

Naturally he starts with a definition of poetry; his definition lays itself open to question and There have been innumerable definitions of poetry; none has satisfied all inquiries; Mr. Courthope scarcely supply their deficiencies. "Poetry," art which produces pleasure for the imagination in human actions, thoughts, and passions in metrical language. One sees, of course, what the Professor means, but in its definition it will not hold water. The question suggests itself—What sort of pleasure, and in what kind of imagination? We will not quibble over the word which, employed in the wider Aristotelian sense, functions of poetry very fairly; but it might just as well be a music-hall song by a "lion comique" proceeding to imitate human actions in metrical language. The performance of this sort would hardly comply with the cultivated man's sense of poetry! Perhaps only an adjective. "Poetry produces a noble pleasure for a cultured imagination by imitating human thoughts, and passions in metrical language; it may, indeed, serve; though still open to controversy."

From this point the lecturer proceeds to a consideration of the fashion in which this pleasure is produced, and he believes very justly, that it is produced by a combination of individual and universal elements in thought and action. Poetry must present a universal truth from a personal point of view; and the wider the generalization, the more intense the personal appeal, the more powerful the poetry which animates the thought. It follows that poetry must always be testing its own emotion against enduring interests—the individuality of the emotion and the universality of the thought. When he comes to the history of poetry Professor Courthope expands his thesis by means of a number of illustrations. He shows how the classical poets, through the universality of their attitude, which is of every age have decayed through the narrowness of ephemeral sentiments. And when he comes to his test to certain modern literary developments, particularly to the poetry of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, his criticism with a judgment which is not often met in the consideration of contemporaries. The whole of the volume is full of sane and penetrating analysis.

In passing to the consideration of law in poetry, more directly historical survey of the influence of the past upon the present. We pass, in the first place, to the extrinsic influences, and Mr. Courthope shows that here, too, the standard of authority has alone preserved what was worthy of the past. As the roll of poetry unfolds itself, we see the influence of the past continually leading their wings, as it were, by the law of universal taste; and the poetry which

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PIERRE LOTI.

From the Original Painting by L. B. B. B.

experience. The only surrender of liberty demanded from the individual taste is, in the first place, the suspension of judgment till the æsthetic perception has been justly trained; and, in the second place, a subordination of the intellect, in the early stages of its schooling, to the judgment of the world on the works of art deemed most worthy of admiration. When the judging faculty has been disciplined to view things in all their bearings, and has become robust and mature, the mind resumes its native liberty, and is free to revise its early decisions. Such is the course of what has been well called Humanism in Education.

This seems to us to be admirably and lucidly said, and it lies at the root of all disconcerting criticism. Indeed, the thesis of this whole volume, with its frequent reference of individual taste to universal authority, is one that can scarcely be insisted upon too firmly at the present time, when so much that is called "criticism" lies in the hands of writers who are not too careful to subject their own preferences to any sort of standard of judgment, and who turn the "perfect law of liberty" into a laughing-stock by the exercise of untutored enthusiasm in the proclamation of foolish predilections. We are often told that contemporary criticism is in a state of decadence, but that is a view which we ourselves are not for a moment disposed to accept. Criticism will always be the occupation of the few, and it is entirely vain to expect to find it flourishing in every stray corner in which literature may be written or gossiped about. But that by the few it is being sincerely and strenuously cultivated the literary activity of the last few years has abundantly testified; and Professor Courthope's sound and dignified volume is further evidence of its healthy survival. We can only hope that it may be as widely read as its merits deserve, for the diffusion of the taste which it advocates can scarcely fail to benefit every side of contemporary literature.

LITERATURE AND LAKE LEMAN.

No provincial city in Europe, and by the nature of the Republic all Swiss cities are provincial, is half so rich in literary associations as Geneva, and Mr. Francis Gribble may congratulate himself on being the first to see the opening for a popularly written book on its native worthies and its visitors. In *LAKE GENEVA AND ITS LITERARY LANDMARKS* (Constable and Co., 18s.), which deals with almost every name of revolutionary importance during the two great periods of European revolution, he has produced what many, to whom Geneva and its lake are not merely geographical expressions, have long desired in vain. It should take a high rank in that newer class of guide-book which seeks to make history something more than dry bones and dead conclusions. For Mr. Gribble real life is sufficiently romantic. Bonivard may now appeal from the tyranny of tradition to the test of reality and be no less remarkable, if more wonderfully human, than when he was merely a poetic stalking-horse for Lord Byron. The real Bonivard appears as a kind of lay prior whose love of the table was his only conventual attribute, and whose four marriages do not detract from our opinion of him as a good patriot who could think of other things than his country.

In his treatment of Calvin, the religious father of the Genevese, Mr. Gribble has made that theological tyrant interesting even to those whose artistic bent is naturally alien from his iron creed and rigid methods of rule. Perhaps Mr. Gribble insists rather too much on the small size of Geneva in

Calvin's great work, outside of his three hundred years was organizing Geneva as an armed camp under the discipline. Even international jealousies only help themselves. He was, in fact, a theologically-minded Marshal. It is no less clear that Calvin shed no tear-bitten no vain and tardy remorse over the burning. He was no doubt a great man. He was hardly in the sense of the word a good one; he was without any one.

But though Geneva is essentially a city of religion its chief appeal to notice is as a literary and revolutionary. As it has given shelter of late in times of which Mr. Gribble to keep his book within reasonable limits written—to Vera Zassulic and Prince Kreputkin, so refuge to all those who found their rulers dangerous moral environment asphyxiating. It became the expatriated prophets, not a few of whom might have more obscure if they had stayed in their own country as is natural, when one has to deal with the wandering literature, the district has a characteristic crop of books which Mr. Gribble does ample justice. He does as too, to Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose mental by appears nowadays not a little sickening. Mr. Gribble lies in a kind of ironic leonoclasism. He depletes the picture is an interesting and, we may add, a useful an excitable and sentimental mountebank, whose never prevented him lying and whose decency was by its utter absence—the classic example of the end of a gentleman. But though the writer, as we think absolves Madame de Warens from the aspersions of the faithful protégé who took her money, he clears her moral of the expense of her commercial integrity. She appears rôle of a bankrupt absconding, not even with her own with the plate and linen of her husband. At any rate spoil the story to have it explained in lucid and iron



Cursed can hardly command admiration, but without this coldness of passion we might have missed "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." To quote from the book where it deals with these lovers when they met in later years :—

The regrets, we may take it, were tempered by the lurking consciousness that things were really better as they are. The lovers must have known that, if they had married on nothing, the one would never have written his history and the other would never have had her salon, but they would have been just two struggling nonentities whom the world would never have heard of. They must have felt, too, that the success in life which they had achieved separately, but could not possibly have achieved together, had meant much to them; that in winning it they had fulfilled their destinies, that their temper would have been soured if they had had to live without it. All this they must have admitted to themselves, and even, in their most candid moments, to each other. And yet—and yet !—

No less human, if rather more calculated to furnish grounds for satire, is the story retold of the unphilosophic philosopher and philanderer Benjamin Constant in his relations with the exigent Madame de Staël, the indiscriminating daughter of a more beautiful and more discreet mother. At the last we are left in no doubt that Madame de Staël is only acting to save appearances; that her heart is with the young and gallant Albert de Rocca rather than with the man whose departure, she avers, will drive her to suicide. But Mr. Gribble fails to make it clear that it was at this time that Constant was ready to woo, by heavenly or diabolic means, the favour of Madame Récamier, and that Madame Dutertre, who had become his by means calculated in England to excite the intervention of the King's Proctor, had held him only for a season. And what became of Charlotte Dutertre? It is a point of interest.

In such a book it is obvious that the writer must make a selection. Mr. Gribble, on the whole, has made his with discrimination. Yet we miss references to some celebrities of Genevan origin—to Mulhauser, the poet, to Ezechiel Spohnheim, to De Candolle, or even, in any detail, to François Huber. This is the more noticeable because Marie Huber, whose success in setting theologians by the ears affords Mr. Gribble some not unnatural pleasure, was the great aunt of the man whose observations on bees, made, after he became blind, through the eyes of his wife, formed the first standard work on that subject. Taking the book as a whole, it would be difficult to praise Mr. Gribble's style too highly. It is entirely lucid, sympathetic, and modest, and he has the gift of irony. There is nothing in the book which is not interesting.

THEOLOGY.

Ritschlianism.

There has been of late much discussion of the Ritschlian Theology. Mr. Garvie's careful exposition of it was noticed in these columns some time ago. We are, therefore, glad to see an English version of Ritschl's chief constructive work, his celebrated exposition of the Christian doctrine of the atonement, *JUSTIFICATION AND RECONCILIATION*, translated and edited by H. Mackintosh and A. B. Macculay (T. and T. Clark, 11s.). The third volume of the "*Rechtfertigung und Versöhnung*" is far the most important of Ritschl's works for those who would understand his doctrine of the Person of Christ and its significance for

as Mediator and Saviour. Ritschlianism will become widely popular among English-speaking, though in some respects it does respond to the tendencies of the day—the despondency which has been engendered by the aggressions of criticism and the weariness of controversies. The work of translation has been executed, and to Messrs. Mackintosh and Macculay students are indebted for bringing within their reach a piece of theological thought.

A great part of *IS CHRIST INFALLIBLE AND TRUE* by the Rev. Hugh McIntosh, M.A. (T. and T. Clark), taken up with criticism of recent writers on "the Person of Christ," and of the Ritschlian school, which the author attacks. "It is a palpable perversion of facts, and a misnomer," he says, "to call this mongrel system Christianity. It would be nearer the truth to call it anti-Christianity. It not only eliminates or evaporates the distinct elements of the Christian religion, but it openly attacks them and teaches the opposite." It is not, however, ascertained Mr. McIntosh's own actual teaching of the place of the Bible in the system of Christianity, apparently with equal approval writers so opposed to it as Prof. Robertson Smith and Dr. Liddon, surprising that a follower of Prof. Robertson Smith should exist the existence of degrees in inspiration—a theory which is rampant in Jewish jargon and Rabbinical logic, and modern Rationalism." Mr. McIntosh's book is too lengthy to be effective; one's patience is weary by his cumbersome style and somewhat tasteless rhetoric. However, there is something very weak and petulant in his over-distinguished theologians from whom he has borrowed. The absence of an index is a serious defect in this treatise.

The Christian Social Union.

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT UNDER CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE, by Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.), Donnellan lectures delivered before the University of London, 1899 to 1900. Mr. Kaufmann discusses from the point of view of the "Christian Socialist" the influence in the past and the future of Christianity in the evolution of society. He is an able thinker and a lucid writer. It is perhaps that he should discount the influence of the intellectual and social forces which have little connexion with the complexity of the influences at work. But no considerations expressed by Mr. Kaufmann will reach themselves to the reader. The Christian theory of spiritual equality as, e.g., set forth by St. Paul, consistently, would no doubt solve many problems of life. The question to be settled is whether the Christian embodies the Christian spirit and is capable of doing what is justly expected of her.

The teaching of the Christian Social Union is presented in *THE CHURCH AND NEW CENTURY PROBLEMS* (Gardner, Darton, 3s. 6d.), a series of lectures at the Tufnell-park. The contributors are the Bishop of London, Canon Scott Holland, Canon Gore, Canon Barnett, and one or two others. They deal with actual questions of the day such as the Empire, the State, the Munition, the Housing, the Temperance Question. The lectures are not of equal merit, but they will all be of interest to the personal—whether we turn to Dr. Westcott, who represents the Catholic Church as the chief embodiment of the Christian spirit, or to Mr. Chandler who discusses practical questions of social reform.

has not adopted the chronological order in describing the New Testament writings. The only complaint, however, that can be made against the book is that the writer indulges too freely in a certain "emphaticity" of style. He says, for example, that "when Luther called the Epistle to the Galatians his 'wife' and called the Epistle to St. James (*etc.*) an 'Epistle of straw' he simply showed that he understood neither." There seems something misleading, too, in the blunt term "forgery" when applied to what Professor Deissmann rightly calls the "pseudonymousepistolography" which was a common feature of post-classical literature. Mr. Pullan's critical views will be understood if we mention that he energetically defends the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and assigns its composition to the date 80-90 A.D. We cannot think, by the way, that he adequately discusses the subjective element which even moderate critics recognize in the Gospel. Mr. Pullan's vindication of the Pauline authorship of the Pastoral Epistles is vigorous and trenchant. On the whole, he does not quite do himself justice as a critic. He dismisses so briefly, and sometimes so contemptuously, opinions opposed to his own that he conveys the impression of having not studied them with sufficient care. Such an impression, we are sure, would not be fair, but Mr. Pullan does not take pains to obviate it.

English theologians will welcome the translation by Mr. Alex. Grieco of Dr. Deissmann's *BIBLE STUDIES* (T. and T. Clark, 9s.), the more so because the author acknowledges that English scholars have taken a leading part in discovering and utilizing the Papyri and Inscriptions on which the studies are based. Most of the volume is taken up with brief notes on different words, forms, and phrases in the Greek Bible, on names of Biblical persons, &c. There is a short and interesting paper on "Greek Transcriptions of the Tetragrammaton"; but the best essay is the first in the volume, entitled "Prolegomena to the Biblical Letters and Epistles." From a literary point of view this paper is well worth studying. Dr. Deissmann distinguishes between the "letter" properly so called, which only "becomes literature by means of its publication," and the letter "published professedly as literature"—i.e., the "epistle." As to the Pauline Epistles, he decides that "the authentic writings of the Apostle are true letters, and that to think of them as epistles is to take away what is best in them." St. Paul, he says, had no idea of writing "scripture"; he had no thought of the position his words would occupy in sacred literature; "he wrote letters, real letters, as did Aristotle and Cicero, as did the men and women of the Fayyûm." On the other hand, "Hebrews" may be classed as an Epistle; as also may most of the "Catholic Epistles." Professor Deissmann concludes that "The beginnings of Christian literature are really the beginnings of the secularization of Christianity. . . . The Church, as a factor in history . . . required literature, and hence it made literature, and made books out of letters." The author evidently regards the study of the Septuagint as in a backward state, and he anticipates very fruitful results from closer investigation of the Greek of the Old Testament.

The first two chapters of Dr. Eberhard Nestle's *INTRODUCTION TO THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT*, translated from the second edition by Mr. W. Edie and edited by Dr. Allan Menzies, D.D., London, 1901 (Williams and Norgate, 10s. 6d.), give a clear and readable account, first, of the facts connected with the history of the printed text of the New Testament; secondly, of the materials with which textual

by a series of critical notes on various passages of the New Testament. There are also ten plates at the end, some of the more important codices. The book is in the field as the standard work on textual criticism for to come, and it is a serviceable addition to the "Translation Library," of which it forms a part.

The Resurrection.

IN *THE RISEN MASTER* (Delighton Bell, 6s. 6d.) marked by originality of thought, spirituality of tone, charm of a literary style, the Master of Trinity Hall, the Rev. Henry Latham, urges the view that the body of Christ passed into the spiritual body "simply away." With the "erudita luseitia" of a student he argues on the position of the grave-clothes. The body was not stolen he contends from the words of the Evangelist, which depict the linen clothes as lying on a napkin rolled up in a place by itself and "partially" the angular form thus given it. A thief would have taken the clothes or carried them away. He discards the angelic agency (in fact he seems to suggest that the angels were young white-robed Essenes), and he points out the conduct of Mary Magdalene shows that she thought the body had been taken away, the behaviour of the Apostles when they left the grave favours the supposition they believed Christ had left the world and assumed a new form. The argument is ingenious, if rather strained. We prefer to dwell upon such fine chapters as Mr. Latham's on the "Journey to Emmaus" and the "uncertainty of

Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is a convinced and enthusiastic member of the modern school of Biblical Interpretation, and his *THE HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS* (J. C. Latham, 10s. 6d.) is written to show that the conclusions of scientific research "enhance the value of the Bible as an instrument for the cultivation of the spiritual faith." He had already occupied a position in "The Theology of an Evolutionist." He writes with the Old Testament in detail, treating it mainly as a record of religious experiences. Dr. Abbott is well up in the literature of his subject, he writes clearly and forcibly, and with uniform respect of traditional views. The most interesting chapter is that which deals with "Hebrew History." It is of clear, strong, sensible teaching. Especially valuable is the distinction drawn between "truth" and "fact." Dr. Abbott says, "Ignoring that difference has involved students in needless perplexity." One passage is worth quoting as showing the spirit in which the book is written:—

The value of the history does not depend upon its accuracy in detailed incidents in this remote past. The question to consider is whether the historian is right in his interpretation of human history, whether God is in the world of men, whether Jehovah is to be reckoned with in national policies, whether moral forces are to be taken account of by wise men in the world's administration, or whether the world makes right, and God is only on the side of the battalions.

The New Century Bible.

ST. MATTHEW, edited with introduction by P. Slater (T. O. and E. C. Jack, 2s.), is the first volume of the New Century Bible, and has been followed by two others, on St. Luke and St. John. The series promises to be

notes are brief, useful, and to the point, though not always impartial. Thus the editor assumes in his note on Matt. i., 25, that the "Brethren of the Lord" were uterine brethren. From this and other annotations he would seem to have little sympathy with the ordinary beliefs of Churchmen. The series is in fact avowedly "nondenominational," but it marks a real effort to popularize the results of recent research.

THE PREACHER'S DICTIONARY, by the Rev. E. F. Cavalier (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s.), is meant to supply preachers with subjects and thoughts for their sermons. We have a list of topics, theological, ethical, and social. Mr. Cavalier gives a definition of the word, a summary of the Biblical teaching on the matter in question, and a number of quotations. An undoubtedly useful publication.

BIBLE CHARACTERS, JOSEPH AND MARY TO JAMES, by Dr. Alexander Whyte (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 3s. 6d.), will no doubt be popular among a certain section of religious people. Dr. Whyte speaks with authority—he seems to know much more about his characters than most of us do—and his sketches are eminently lively. *Chacun à son goût*. To us it does not seem very helpful to speak of our Lord as shaking hands with Nicodemus "just as the cock was crowing in Martha's garden"—by the way how does Dr. Whyte know that Nicodemus had any acquaintance with John the Baptist?—or of Salome's "splendid impudence" and her "stupid heart?" "The holy curiosity" which the eloquent minister of Free St. George's attempts to gratify in his discourses on "Pilate's wife," St. James, the "brother of the Lord," and elsewhere seems to us perilously akin to the inquisitiveness to which our "society journals" minister from week to week.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Military Biographies.

THE LIFE, LETTERS, AND DIARIES OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, V.C., G.C.B., by Colonel R. H. Vetch, C.B. (Blackwood, 21s.), is one of those biographies which it is equally difficult to praise and to find fault with. Sir Gerald Graham was a very brave man and a very capable officer. But his career was not particularly eventful, and though we should imagine that he was a charming man to know and to serve under, he never captivated the popular imagination to such a degree as to justify a biography of the bulk of the one before us. His letters are very much like other people's letters, and his diary is not very different from other people's diaries. The most interesting pages are those which give us glimpses of General Gordon, who was "Charlie" Gordon to Sir Gerald Graham. It is certainly of interest to see it noted that the subsequent hero of Khartum has "sobered down into a more reflective character"; and this gives a picturesque impression of Gordon's masterfulness. The time is when Gordon was passing through Egypt to the Sudan:—

After breakfast Gordon sent for the Sultan and his brothers, treating them with civility, but as inferiors and with no ceremony, telling them to sit down, and dismissing them when done with. He talked Arabic utterly regardless of grammar, as he does French, but he rarely seems at a loss for a word—when he is he refers to his interpreter—and he always seems to make himself understood. He told the Sultan not to go about in his uniform and finery until he

the Sappers, whose duty it was to lay the mine across the wet ditch surrounding the great fort. While superintending this operation he was on horseback, being almost the only mounted officer present, and a very easy mark to the Chinese matchlockmen, who picked off fifteen of his Sappers. During the height of the attack, caused by the fire of the great guns and small arms, Colonel Wolseley, who was standing by Major Crompton, made some remark to make, placed his hand on that of the Major to draw his attention. "Don't put your head in the line," exclaimed Graham, wincing under the pain, "a glug-ball lodged in my leg." It was the first taken of the wound.

On the whole the book is well put together, though much of it, and a good deal of it is trivial.

Colonel C. F. V. Townshend's MILITARY LIFE OF MARSHAL GEORGE, FIRST MARQUESS TOWNSHEND is unquestionably a book of some value to the military historian and supplements in some important respects the work of Dunlop in the "Dictionary of National Biography." It publishes Lord Townshend's share in the actions at Fontenoy, his service in Germany in 1761, and in 1762. Colonel Townshend has made a careful study of the battles in which his ancestor was engaged, and the capture of Quebec, at which, after the death of Wolfe, Lord Townshend was in Scotland. He extracts from the Townshend MS. all the interesting details, some of which is new, and gives us in full the account of the attack made on the general on his return from the battle of Fontenoy. He replies to it. It is, however, hardly a new discovery. The author implies in his preface, that the plan by which the general was taken was not the plan of Wolfe. Apart from this, the book is thrown on certain military operations by the general, the book pretends to no value. Of Townshend's life we gather very little; we do not even learn that he was a collector; and though avowedly avoiding the political details, Colonel Townshend is not afraid to make an assertion that "while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he wisely, with a deep appreciation of the rights of the people whom the King had placed under him, Colonel Townshend addresses himself to the political duties of the first Marquess, which is perhaps historically true, but he will find it necessary to study other authorities than the Townshend MS.

Probably we are all more ready now to regard Marshal Townshend as a much maligned man than his biographer. Few believe that ancient calumny of the falsification when in command of the Guides. Major Reynell had shown how exploded that fallacy, if such fallacy had exploded, years ago. The wonder is, not that the corps should have been somewhat confused, but that an officer, taking over the command of a regiment, and having to be paid by the various officers to whom he was temporarily lent, should have been able to keep the main sound and correct. What with Hodson's carelessness of his predecessor, and the important work thrown suddenly upon his hands, he has been surprising. If his numerous encounters with some serious circumstances. But

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LITERATURE.

Hodson's memory—that he met his death while searching for loot.

It is disposed of here by a mass of evidence that should convince the most sceptical. The main facts of Hodson's adventurous career are well known. He was at Rugby under Arnold, for whom he retained to the last a generous admiration. His reputation in after years as a gallant and dashing soldier surprised some of his Rugby contemporaries not a little, for he does not seem to have taken kindly to the football "scrummage" then in vogue. Yet he retained some renown as a runner, and was even then remarkable for his powers of endurance. From Rugby he went to Trinity, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in the spring of 1844. At one time he had thought of studying for the Bar, and on leaving Cambridge he was already too old to obtain a cadetship in the Company's service by the ordinary means. It became necessary for him to pass through a Militia regiment, and a commission was obtained in the Guernsey Militia from General Sir William Napier. He was actually twenty-three years old when he saw himself enrolled as an infantry cadet on the Bengal Establishment. He died within a week of entering on his thirty-eighth year, having crowded into that short space of time as much work as most men contrive to get through in the course of a lifetime. He was buried in the garden of the Martellère, on the evening of March 12, 1858. "At the moment when his remains were lowered into the grave Sir Colin Campbell himself burst into tears over the loss of one of the finest officers in the Army—the man whom Robert Napier was proud to call friend, to whom Montgomery could find no equal for his rare combination of talent, courage, coolness, and unerring judgment." The subject of this eulogy died a brevet-major. Few men have won this honour, before or since, more hardly than Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

Australasia.

A continuous residence of nearly forty years in Australasia has convinced Mr. Grattan Grey, the author of *AUSTRALASIA, OLD AND NEW* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), that Imperial Federation will come to nothing, and that Australia will be independent before the century ends. This is prophecy a long time ahead; its value depends a good deal on the newness of Mr. Grey's acquaintance with Australasia. There is no country with which an absentee sooner loses touch, and the last two years especially have so transformed Australian ideals and feelings as to make the witness of men who came home before 1898 or so comparatively irrelevant. Meanwhile, forty years of active journalism "under Austral skies" have left their mark on this book in other ways. They have filled it with the loose grammar, the cant phrases, and the slipshod information that flourish in minor journalism. As one turns over the pages and comes upon one after another of the long-ago corrected myths, Cook's knowledge of "enormous resources" in the interior, the squatte s' fifty years' concealment of the fact that gold was to be found in payable quantities, the autochthonous origin and Malthusian riles of the blackfellows—to name three at random—as one reads that in Australia there is "no bourgeoisie to look down in its turn upon those who are inferior to them in social position or wealth" (a statement flatly contradicted within two pages), or that federation "will do all that a people imbued with the true sentiments and aspirations of nationality are capable of accomplishing," one recognizes familiar strains from the *Buckabidgee Daily Times* and *Gondwini Clarion*. And one cannot help wishing that the author's eyes and ears had been as active as his journalism; that he had spared time from the com-

sources" that vitiate other books. As a globe-traveler this might have passed muster; as a specialist's and a claim made for it—it deserves severe criticism.

The Annual Register.

Year by year *THE ANNUAL REGISTER* (Longmans) preserves its original features, and improves upon them which they are presented to the reader. The "English section of the volume for the year 1900 is excellent" although it might have been more accurately printed. space of a short review it would be difficult to indicate value and wide scope of the references to hundreds of events which this section places side by side with the "sensations" of the year. The annals of our colonies with under the general page-heading of "Foreign" (the heading of the whole of the section is "Foreign and History," and there is room for this at the top of the and in connexion with them such a mistake as that of name of Mr. Olivier, of the Colonial Office and Jamaica be avoided. We suppose that any change in the form of the index would be resented by those who accustomed to use its clearly-printed peculiarities years, but it can hardly be maintained that a system of which gives "Postmen's Park opened" as a separate (under its first word) and then leaves a busy man to "Bermuda" is indexed under "West Indies," satisfactory. The chronological "Chronicle" is full of information, excellently arranged, but some one, poor printer, seems to have taken too little pains with it and punctuation. The section devoted to the "Literature of 1900 gives due prominence to such diverse books as *My Oliver Cromwell*" and Mr. Weathers' invaluable "Guide to Garden Plants," an exhaustive volume which to be obscured from public notice by less important "Science of the Year" is also a useful portion of. We can give especial praise to the sub-section "Philosophy." In the summary of events connected with "Art, Drama, Music" it may perhaps be considered that the Drama is good, the Art portion better, and the Music portion. The "Obituary of Eminent Persons Deceased" is very well put together; the number of names dealt with excessively large. More space might have been given advantage, to such distinguished persons as Dr. H. D. Mr. R. D. Blackmore, and less notice taken of Oscar sundry hymn writers, not to say foreign professors permissible to grumble that it requires a quarter of an hour with a sharp paper-knife to open up the resources of "The Annual Register," but this labour is amply repaid consideration of the fact that a reader can look forward with dismay to times of great hunger and thirst after political, historical, and sociological information. The volume of "The Annual Register" is certainly worth more than the price asked for it.

A Vade Mecum Indexed.

Useful as are the fourteen volumes of *BOOK PRICES* to the bibliophile, it is a laborious undertaking through the index of each in quest of detail a particular work. The appearance of a general index to ten issues, 1887-96 (Elliot Stock, 21s.), is, then, a welcome Short of an exhaustive subject as well as author-index would have involved, as responsible officials at any great can testify, a vast amount of additional work, we could

been utilized in order that entries may be perfectly clear, and the chronological arrangement under each head is the best possible. In subsequent issues, although we are aware that this hardly comes within the scope of an Index, the libraries to which belonged monumental works, like the three Mazarin Bibles sold between 1887 and 1891, might with advantage be indicated, the more so as space on the lines permits. It may be noted that the two men of letters who died quite recently, are both represented, Mr. Robert Buchanan by the "Fleshy School of Poetry," Sir Walter Besant by his "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies" and "French Humorists."

We are glad to see that Mr. Warwick H. Draper's *ALFRED THE GREAT* (Elliot Stock) has reached a second edition. So far as we have observed it seems the best of the books so far produced with a view of the approaching millenary celebrations.

Mr. Nigel Oliphant enlisted in the Scots Greys, was transferred to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, rose to be lance-corporal, and bought himself out in order to be free to accept an appointment offered to him in the Chinese Postal Service. Hence he was in Peking when the trouble came, and now we have his *DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS IN PEKING* (Longmans, 5s. 6d.), with a preface by Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang is principally concerned to tell us that Mr. Nigel Oliphant is a godder—a statement which leaves us cold. The book itself covers the ground in a straightforward, unpretentious manner, and has some maps and plans. There are some new facts about the mining operations of the Chinese, who had actually tunnelled underneath the Chinese quarters, and had sixteen large cases of powder in their mine ready to be exploded. As regards the Forbidden City Mr. Oliphant maintains that "it would have been far better if at the very first the Generals had burnt the whole place to the ground, and then asked for instructions from home afterwards."

In the case of *THE FATHER OF ST. KILDA*, by Roderick Campbell (Russell, 6s.), the relation of the title to the contents is not very clear. The book is a record of a life passed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. If it had been so written as to give practical information about the conditions and emoluments of that service, it would have been useful, but it principally consists of unsuccessful attempts at fine writing. Now and again, however, there is a good story; and this account of the manner in which the *employés* of the company arrange their marriages is amusing:—

Our officials, when they wished to become Benedicts, often married Indian girls. Many, however, did not care to do so, and would petition the company to select wives for them and send them out by the next boat. Their wishes were, as a rule, complied with, and the selection was nearly always satisfactory. Among the archives of the company are found receipts from factors running thus:—"Received per Lapwing Jane Goody, as per invoice, in good trim"; and "Received per Osprey Matilda Timpins, returned per Lapwing as not being in accordance with description contained in invoice."

One paragraph of some length is reproduced from an article contributed, not very long ago, to our own columns by Mr. Robert Macbray. We should have been more sensible of the compliment if Mr. Campbell had not neglected to make any acknowledgment of his indebtedness.

HOW TO INVEST AND HOW TO SPECULATE. By C. H. Thomas.

FICTION.

FICTION FOR THE HOLIDAY

We give below a selection from recent novels as a guide to our readers in their holiday reading:

- "The Hidden Model." By Mrs. Harrod. (Holt)
- "Cinders." By Helen Mathers. (Pearson, 6s.)
- "The Second Dandy Chaler." By Tom Gallon. (Holt)
- "Monsieur Beaucaire." By Booth Tarkington. (2s. 6d.). (Short and light.)
- "Paeffeo." By John Randal. (Smith, Elder.) (An)
- "Mama's Mutiny." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (1)
- (In Japan).
- "The Serious Wooing." By John Oliver Hobbes
- "The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges." T
- Mrs. Lynn Linton. (Hutchinson, 6s.)
- "The Seal of Silence." By Arthur R. C
- Elder, 6s.)
- "The Maid of Maiden Lane." By Amelia E
- Unwin, 6s.)
- "Kitty's Victoria Cross." By Robert Crompton
- "The Mother of Emeralds." By Fergus Hu
- Blackett, 6s.)
- "In His Own Image." By F. Baron Corvo. (1)
- "My Son Richard." By Douglas Sladen. (1)
- (A tale of the Thames.)
- "Harlaw of Sandle." By J. W. Graham. (Hla
- "Tangled Triangles." (Heinemann, 6s.) By M
- "Daniel Woodroffe." (This is a powerful
- all readers or for a sunny afternoon.)
- "His Familiar Foe." By E. Livingstone P
- Richards, 6s.)
- "The Golden Wang-ho." By Fergus Hume. (Jo
- "The Sin of Jasper Standish." By "Rita." (C
- "Aune Mainwaring." By Lady Ridley. (Long
- "In the Name of a Woman." By A. W. Mar
- mans, 6s.). (In the "Ruritanian" style.)
- "The Survivor." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (V
- "The Warden of the Marches." By Sydney
- wood, 6s.). (On the Indian Frontier.)
- "Rival Claimants." By Sarah Tytler. (Dig
- (Early days in North Carolina.)
- "Our Friend the Charlatan." By George Giss
- and Hall, 6s.).

Devonshire stories are:—

- "The Good Red Earth." By Eden Phillpotts. (Arr
- And "The White Cottage." By "Zack." (Co

Rome and Roman Catholicism are dealt with

- "Frederic Uvedale." By E. Hutton. (Blackw
- And "Casting of Nets." By Richard Bagot. (

For Historical Novels readers may like

- "My Lady of Orange." By H. C. Bailey. (Lon
- "Prince Rupert the Buccaneer." By
- (Methuen, 6s.).
- "Lysbeth." By H. Rider Haggard. (Longman
- "A Forbidden Name." By Fred Whishaw. (Chr
- 6s.).

Ireland we get in

- "The Lost Land." By Miss Crotchie. (Fis
- (Towards the end of the eighteenth century)
- "My New Curate." By Father Sheehan. (
- (Dublin). (A quiet story of Roman Catho
- Irish village.)
- "Mononia." By Justin McCarthy. (Chatto a
- (A story of Young Ireland).
- "That Sweet Enemy." By Katharine Tynan. (
- (Ulster Irish Society.)

"The Profane Pipes."

To be modern, of the world worldly, to tell us of the people who, like the splendid butler in Mr. Grossmith's play, consider themselves of the innermost circle, is the agreeable mission of Mrs. Craigie, who does all these things and many others in her latest book, "People say that if you cannot have happiness lawfully, you mustn't take it unlawfully. But what about unlawful unhappiness?" is one of the pertinent questions that the newest of new heroines, Rosabel, the wife of Lord Shortelough, and the main figure in John Oliver Hobbes' novel, *The Serious Wooing* (Methuen, 6s.), likes to ask. But all the wits and worldlings of this entertaining volume cannot answer her impassioned cries in anything like a satisfactory fashion. After being married by her mamma to the Earl of Shortelough, who is spoken of as a *crétin* from the beginning; after falling in love with what one fancies Mrs. Craigie intends to be a terribly compelling person, the Socialistic Jocelyn Suttrel, and being dexterously jockeyed out of that affair by her mundane brother, Sir Courtenay Ragot, and her sister Carrie Ceppel; after another marriage and a final retreat on the Socialistic and a simple life in Nuremberg, Rosabel's questioning of the cosmos are, we fear, by no means ended. A beautiful Meredithian lady, so complex, so freely influenced by such a type of man as Suttrel (when they meet she feels a "nervous emanation which, like a wave seizing seaweed, caught up her heart and seemed uncertain where to fling it"), does not end her psychic adventure by journeying to the Continent with her beloved. This is the cause of discontent, we find, with Mrs. Craigie's brilliant and adroit book; she does not convince us in regard to the main idea; the incidents of Rosabel's revolt are interesting far above the common, but the conclusion of the matter is a little too like life, too commonplace to be perfect art. When this is said we have little but the warmest commendation for a "Serious Wooing." Despite its rather sentimental title—from a lady who has revolutionized the nomenclature of novels—the book is vigorous from the opening dialogue in Carrie's celebrated drawing room, which is said to have been copied from the music room called the *Paradiso*, designed by Mantegna and Costa for Isabella d'Este, to the last paragraph of philosophic Christianity. Rosabel is evidently a heroine after the author's own heart; she is treated with an amount of sympathy and earnestness that causes the reader to feel every thrill of her splendid physical nature. But she is a very "difficult" lady, and in regard to her passion for Jocelyn Suttrel one is a little inclined to take sides with her unscrupulous and amusing family and friends who by a series of sad frauds almost keep her from her desire. One's heart does not go out to the hero. We are told he is extremely great and clever and he has about him a good deal of a certain fragile comedian, but he does not hold one. When your hero is, in appearance, like the Stafford of the Wentworth Woodhouse collection you may be sure he will be terribly "thorough" and very likely dull. He and his Rosabel believe wonderfully in *The Movement*, *The Ideal*, and the like, for all the world as though they were a couple of dear little undergraduates of the old days when Ruskin ruskified and William Morris began to be. Old fashioned trifling with sociology and now fashioned revolt against things as they are lead to some pretty complications that Mrs. Craigie handles with admirable reticence and skill. In her delineation of the characters that surround and complicate the great souls of Rosabel and Jocelyn the author is at her best. Rosabel's brother, Sir Courtenay, a philistine man of the world who considers himself by blood and in action a gentleman, is made to define that elusive being, the "woman

Rosabel and Jocelyn that holds one quite apart superficial but engaging wit of the story. Mrs. Craigie is always essentially of her age and therefore in the practices she shows the influence of its later masters, pleased to note occasionally the flying shadow of Dickens crosses a page or two, and every chapter and many paragraphs bristled with the excellent spirit of Meredith at his best would not imply that the author of "A Serious Wooing" is intentionally imitative—she stands above that; but much phraseology—"clarion thought," "wayward beauty disastrously," "The Piper and his Rosabel"—recalls of the point and aptness of a mighty hand. But Mr. Hobbes is highly independent too. We do not fancy she borrows where the style of this paragraph is:

The spinster was spare, with a fine gaunt chest, black eyes, and no nonsense discernible about the knees. On the contrary, jutting out (in a square manner) even much decency, by black cashmere cut, as a skirt, not long below the ankles. These, however, were of a ludicrous degree, and the resolute foot, small and shapely, something romantically aristocratic in its shapely elegance.

Carried to its ultimate, this method cannot hope to be ridiculous. Side by side, however, with some unparaphrased are many such happy phrases and doubtful "The upper classes are composed of women who will not work," or "In human relations comes not from the deficient heart or ill-matched hearts ill-matched visions." But Mrs. Craigie has one old habit which we find rather wearisome. The headings of chapters are lavishly powdered with somewhat inapt quotations which, while displaying wide reading in languages, do not greatly help us to realize the ladies and men who have to act up to these mottoes.

Although "The Serious Wooing" is enjoyable in perhaps show the author at her highest; her subject is a little over-worked, and the method, although as good as better than Mrs. Craigie has shown us in many a previous adventure.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

The most exciting article in *Blackwood* is one on Larrikinism in Australia, signed Ambrose Pratt. We are given to understand that the great cities of Australia are combed with secret societies who terrorize alike the respectable fellow citizens. The writer represents himself as having held the position of solicitor to a certain "Push," a syndicate professes to reveal the secrets of its organization to members of the gangs, according to Mr. Pratt, criminals, but well-paid artisans; "drunkenness is forbidden among them"; and they "are required to save the lives of their fellow citizens." If all that be true, it is not easy to quarrel they have with society, or why they should be an amazing number of undiscovered murders with which they credit them. The Camorra and the Mafia one would think. The members of these organizations live by extorting from neighbours, as the price of immunity from violence. Mr. Ambrose Pratt's stories of Larrikinism are doubtless founded upon fact, are less in accordance with the observed facts of human nature. There are short, of

"Slave Trade in North Nigeria" fulfils the promise of the first. It is lively, not to say sensational, reading. "The Foreign Office from Within," by Sir Walter Milverton, is a good account of the methods of work of the most important of the Government Offices. Mr. H. S. Caldecott gives us a good description of "A Boer Refugee Camp" in Natal. Considering all things, the refugees seem to be fairly comfortable, if not cheerful. We read that—

Near by is a camp for convalescent soldiers, and some of the men take their walk along the river bank in our neighbourhood. It is surprising to find what a kindly and friendly feeling exists between them and the Boer women. The Boers feel no resentment against the regular soldiers, and the soldiers speak very highly about the fighting qualities of the Boers; but the Boers do make it a personal question that the Colonial volunteers should be employed against them. They seem somehow to imagine that they are fighting for that independence, which in course of time it will be the destiny of every colony to do. They rather anticipated that the sympathies of the other dependencies would be with them and not against them. They are particularly sore with the South African Volunteers, and have more than once committed acts where these corps were concerned which they would not have done in the case of regulars.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. Percival H. W. Almy writes of the Coleridge Country, meaning Ottery St. Mary, and Mr. Charles Cooper gives amusing extracts from the diary of a tradesman who flourished in a small Sussex country town in the middle of the eighteenth century.

There is a third instalment of Dr. T. Miller Maguire's articles on "Guerilla or Partisan Warfare" in the *United Service Magazine*, relating some of the exploits of Stuart, Morgan, and Forrest in the American Civil War. These articles have been good as far as they have gone, but the subjects merit more detailed treatment.

Good Words revives an interesting memory in an article by E. Hobson on Ida Pfeiffer—a great traveller in the days when women travelled far less than they do now. She went to the Holy Land and Iceland, and twice round the world, was attacked with a lasso and a knife in Brazil, locked up as a spy in Transcaucasia, and sentenced to death by the Queen of Madagascar. Her books were as popular in England as in her own country. One still comes across copies on the shelves of the second-hand booksellers.

Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook, whose articles appear with a welcome frequency this month in the magazines, writes for *Cassell's* on "The Rowing World of London." The number also contains a short story by Mr. Douglas Sladen, as well as an interesting description of a marvellous mountain railway in California by Mr. Ronald L. Pearse.

A promising series of papers with the general title of "School Days Abroad" is begun by Mr. Ascott R. Hope in the *Public School Magazine*. The first article describes life at an Austrian military college—a weird place, not in the least like Sandhurst, if we may judge from the account given of it.

The Universal and Ludgate has rather a way of nibbling at good subjects instead of treating them. Anna Comtesse de Brémont's article on Balzac's love letters is a case in point this month. An article on Lord Milner by Mr. Comrie Colquhoun is better; and Mr. Tebbutt's paper on signs and signboards is well and quaintly illustrated.

THE REPORT ON BOOKBINDING.

Librarians and book collectors will find abundant food for reflection in the report which has just been issued of the Committee on Leather for Bookbinding appointed by the Society of Arts last year. The conclusion arrived at is that there is ample justification for the complaint that modern leather is not

temperature and thorough ventilation of it strongly insisted upon. It appears to be a general leather, and particularly Russian leather, lasts that are in constant use. This is attributed to the amount of grease absorbed by the leather from the dressing, which is suggested that a suitable dressing may be used which would have a similar effect.

The primary cause of decay, however, is the deterioration of the leather, and many of the modern tanning, dyeing, and finishing are strongly criticised. Every library visited the committee found evidence of decay in the bindings of all periods represented, but the books of the last eighty to a hundred years showed far greater evidence of deterioration than those of an earlier date. Bindings examined bore evidence of decay after a period of from five to ten years. The poor condition of the leather at the latter end of the nineteenth century is attributed to the thinness as to the inferior quality of Modern leathers dyed with the aid of sulphur, and condemned. In nearly every case Russian leather have become rotten—at least in bindings of the last fifty years. But in the main the injury for which the leather manufacturer are responsible is due to ignorance of the means employed to give the leather the quality required for binding rather than to the intention of producing an inferior article. The members of the committee themselves that it is possible to test any leather as to guarantee its suitability, and they believe that it is no difficulty in providing material at the same good as any previously made. They have not arrived at any decision as to the desirability of establishing an official standard, though they consider that this should be a consideration. Their report, which occupies six pages of the society's journal, is to be reprinted as a pamphlet and published by Messrs. Bell and Sons.

We gave some particulars last week of Messrs. Bell and Sons, which concluded on the 4th, and we now give some of the important items:—

Tennyson. "Poems by Two Brothers," 1827. First edition, paper copy
Coleridge. "Poems on Various Subjects," 1796. First edition
Keats. "Endymion," 1818. Presentation copy
Keats. "Poems," 1817
Meredith (G.). "Poems," 1851. First edition
(Thackeray) "Harlequin and Humpty Dumpty," 1847
Stevenson. "An Object of Pity" and "Object of Pity," 1892
Stevenson. "The Pentland Rising," 1866
Sterne. "A Sentimental Journey," 1768. First edition
Johnson. "The Prince of Abyssinia," 1759. Presentation copy
Butler. "Hudibras," 1662. First edition of the part
Hunyan. "The Pilgrim's Progress," Second edition, imperfect
Beaumont and Fletcher. "Comedies and Tragedies," 1647
Shakespeare. "The Famous Victories of Henry Fifth," 1617. A good copy of this extremely rare book

Kelmscott Press.

"Sigurd the Volsung," Incomplete specimen of only 32 copies printed
Shelley. "Poetical Works," 3 vols.
Keats. "Poems"
"Sigurd the Volsung," 1898
"Life and Death of Jason," Vellum copy
"The Earthly Paradise," 8 vols.

Valde Press.

Correspondence.

HERALDIC NOMENCLATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, I welcomed with enthusiasm the prospectus of the "Victoria History of the Counties of England," and fully intended to lay out my £250 in the purchase of the numbers as they appeared.

I have, however, for many years been a student of armory, and if the volumes of the series are to be defaced by the needless vulgarization of heraldic nomenclature to which Mr. Hartshorne has called attention, I shall not allow the scholastic standard of my library to be lowered by the presence of that work.

My process of reasoning is simple and, I think, just; moreover, it is not likely to be peculiar to myself. If in a given book I find that a subject with which I happen to be conversant is handled in an unscholarly manner, I feel justified in distrusting those other portions of the volume in which, owing to insufficient knowledge, I am more or less at the mercy of the writers.

I am, of course, only an individual member of the book-buying community, but I am confident that there are many who, whether they may write to the Press or not on this matter, think as I do, and will act in the same way.

I have heard much of the wide-spread disgust occasioned among antiquarian scholars by the perpetration of this atrocity in an heraldic publication now in course of issue.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

OXONIAN.

"L'AIGLON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Much criticism is now afloat on the subject of *L'Aiglon*. May I be allowed to add my quota in the form of a few thoughts on some of the features of the play which have made it fail to be a really great piece dramatically?

The list of *personnages* includes no less than forty-six characters. Of these not more than twenty are of any considerable importance in the plot. The rest enter once or twice and play an almost irrelevant part. Some, indeed, play in side plots which embarrass rather than help the main intrigue, if such exists. What else could be expected from such a legion of participants? Shakespeare, who used more *dramatis personæ* than the classic writers of the French drama, would surely be astonished at seeing such a company on the boards!

Again, how does Rostand use his actors towards the end of the play? Most of them, even of those who have taken a large part at first, drop out of sight, and no account is rendered of them. From the time of the banquet Gentz is left to eat his bonbons and enjoy his scent without a word more about the duel with the French attaché. Dietrichstein gives his history lesson and is not heard of again. Fanny Elssler, who seems the moving spirit in the conspiracy, does not appear after the banquet and passes out of sight without a word of thanks from the Duke. Metternich, too, is brought in rarely after Act IV., and when he does appear his character is rather altered. It is true that the last words of the play are allotted to him, but they do not seem as striking as they should be. Compare this with the Shakespearean tragedy. Shakespeare accounts for all his

The Battle of Wagram is one of the finest concepts of a play, but even this is overdone. The fifth scene of Act IV. is drawn out to an excessive length, without anything so striking to authorize the enlargement. Of course, it is an opportunity for the Duke to display further his character, but its mixture of puerility and idealism. But that has been in so many other ways that we are already acquainted with.

These are some of the features of the play which make it a dramatic failure, interesting though it is from an artistic standpoint.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

WALTER W. S.

Derwent-house, Anerley, S.E., July 6.

RACHEL, SARAH, AND THE DÆMON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In *Literature* of May 11, 1901, you did me the honour to comment upon an essay of mine, on Rachel and Sarah, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May last. You seemed to think that the French classic drama had not become so outworn in these days of romanticism and of Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt have done something towards "keeping them (the works of the *grand siècle*) alive." I had ventured to argue that the genius of Rachel had given temporary life to the classic drama which, when Rachel died, ceased to have a hold upon even the French stage. Rachel's great part was taken mainly from Racine and Corneille, whereas Sarah Bernhardt does not generally play them, and indeed only acts *Phèdre*. The public taste has undergone a change. Of the two great French lionesses, Rachel was the more terrible. Rachel's great "heroines"—god-like only in resemblance to the gods of polytheism—are mostly taken from the Greek tragedies. They are torn by the fiercest passions—especially hate, revenge—but they feel no touch of conscience and of murder or of other crime. Such characters, and the damnable deeds, bear no comparison with post-Christian heroines. Mrs. Siddons could gloriously embody true heroines, truly God-like, despite their sorrows, temptations, failings who are more or less consciously swayed by conscience and Christianity. It would be idle to compare the merits as tragic actresses of Rachel and of Sarah. Give me that instead of comparing himself and Schiller men who are glad to possess both; and so great was Rachel in her time, Sarah may well be content to be less, but of her god-like presence. Still the presence of Sarah on our stage leads us to thoughts of both these distinctively gifted women; delight in contemplating such artists in their nearness to their remoteness. In the *Dame aux Camélias*, Rachel certainly not have played the consumptive Rahabite as Sarah so tenderly rendered the fragile wanton; while Sarah approached Rachel in Camille, Roxane, and other of her tragic heroines. It is not sufficiently considered what influence Christianity has had upon the tragic stage.

Rachel played Desdemona when she was a pupil, but attempted the pure, tender lady when she had attained great days of her glory as an actress. The reason is not far to seek. Desdemona is gentle as a dove. If Rachel had had the part in her time of fiercest power, she might, irritated by that which would seem to her weakness of character, and carried away by her daemoniac and passions, have altered the conclusion of the great tragedy, taking in a tragic frenzy the life of Othello, and the

THE USE OF FOREIGN PHRASES. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—It is true some protest was made against the pedantic and vulgar fashion of dragging foreign, especially French, words, which so many cannot understand, into English conversation or writing on every possible occasion, especially when, as is often the case, the user himself does not know their true meaning, or cannot pronounce or even spell them correctly.

Thus many use the French word *employé* instead of the good English "employee," notwithstanding the fact that but few attempt, and still fewer succeed in the attempt, to pronounce it aright. Others persist in saying "ongvelope" for "envelope" (although nobody says "ongveloped"), ignorant that the French word is not *envelope* at all, but *enveloppe*. Then *dépôt* is either French, in which case it requires the two accents, or English, when it needs none, and the common spelling "depôt" is ridiculous from any point of view. The following words, too, if intended to be French, are nearly always wrongly written:—*spécialité, chalet, connaisseur, portemanteau, réservoir, mémoire, pommele, déshabillé*; as are also the German *walz, schottisch, kusar*; the Italian *zerraglio, tufo, maccheroni, grotta, comando, repito, landiti, concertino, rilievo, portafoglio, mustaccio, bruggiadocchio, lazzaretto, zuel, opera buffa*; the Spanish *duello, guerrilla, guerrillero*; the Portuguese *curação*; the Dutch *veld*; the Norwegian *eder, malström, kariol*.

The only excuse for employing foreign words, save as technicalities and quotations, or for the sake of variety or local color, is when their meaning cannot be given in plain English, such as *débris, dénouement, genre, élite, boudoir, corps, jeu d'esprit, tour de force, coup d'état, pièce de résistance, au revoir, esprit de corps, de rigueur, ennui, négligé, coup d'œil, suite, ensemble, hors de combat, siesta, auto-da-fé*, and it does not justify the using of such terms as *employé, crêpe, serviette, bouquet, personnel, matériel, bête noire, en évidence, en masse*. As a matter of fact it is mostly half-educated persons, with only a smattering of French and a very poor command of English, who do so. Highly absurd, too, is the custom of pronouncing English words as if they were French, as "vahz," "mirahzh," "massahzh," "presteezh," "cortayzh," "tonahito," "dayboshay," "bah-releef," "accooshmong," "otel," "trai," "amaturr," "promenahd," "restaurong," or spelling them so, as is often done with "impass," "detour," "role" (better "roll"), "plebiscite," "misalliance," "pell-mell," "toilet," "gram," "meter," "maneuver," "annex," "revery," "speciality," "menagery," "repertory," "naïvety," "absinth," "picket," "lackey," "ellentele," "negligible," "renascence," "intransigent," "blond," "absinth."

Indeed, many words now universally treated as French might be anglicized, as "flances," "attaches," "habituée," "regime," "debut," "in block," "on route," while "frontage" or the good Latin-English "faciata" could be used for *façade*, "résumé" for *résumé*, "chiliogram," "hecatometer" for the barbarous *kilogramme, hectomètre* (the latter of which connotes a sixth part rather than giving any suggestion of a hundred), and "paper mash" for *papier mâché*. On the other hand, "blouse" should be pronounced to correspond with "route" and "tour," while "bulletin," "invalid" no more call for a quasi-French pronunciation than "satin" and "valid." As for "revellé" (for *réveil*), "troche," "beau idéal," "cap-à-pie," they are not French at all, nor yet the much-abused "morale" in the sense of "mettle" or "fettle;" nor is

translation of "sur le tapis," though the means "on the tablecloth," the shallow and thou stopping to consider that we do not usually lie on the floor! The same incapacity is responsible in sense as "female employé," "male flane Spain," when we have the far more "castles in the air," and "Gulf of Lyons" "Lion," from which Lyons, or, more properly, distant.

If, instead of introducing such melancholy have no reason but vanity, or the mere supposed fashion, writers would endeavor true pronunciation and spelling of foreign names Liège, Chamonix, Gent, Leiden, Haag, Ham Pest, Córdoba, Habana, Buenos Aires, Louren could be no possible objection, nor yet with foreign tongues, solecisms in English itself. Thus analogy and etymology unite in despatch generally simpler, spellings as preferable adopted—sylvan, tiro, sibyl, siren, sirup, vicount, sent, samon, coler, gage, guarantee, ga feasant, fantom, syndie, gaiety, villany, frontispice, agreeable, parliament, cronicle, car copist, grot, embarcation, remarkable, det, becillity, callisthenics, eacao, diamantiferous sismic, mimograph, cenozoic, esthetic, mecosmus, homeopath, glycese, acoluth, ac diecese, coercion, arision, enorgie, cynism, en adress, hauty, controloer, coud, hole, net, ax, tire, toilet, epaulet, program, photogram, frime, bire, lieh, drily, gipsy, pigmy, dike, garot, batallion, jewelry, mold, gormand, te savior, furor, biased, traveling, worshiper, registrar, civilize, baptize, advertize, adve courtizan, teaze, cozy, bight, pretense, de woman, pitance, calidoscope, calogram, semst harken, salable, theater, center, meager, mass

Pronunciation should be corrected in hum hostler, hotel, habitual, heroic, historie, phthisis, apophthegm, thyme, indiet, pyrites, margarine, colonel, lieutenant, ally, accord, cóntról, répute, annex, cónbine, combát, cóntract, prefice, detaíl, polític, lunátic, órdeal, dais, exhale, forehead, hagióscope, on cases following as nearly as possible the standard rules of the language.

I am, Sir, respectfully,

EVACUSTE

151, Strand.

GOLDSMITH'S DEATH TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the course of an address to the Revolent College, reported in *The Times* of to-day referred thus to a pathetic incident at the death: "As he lay dying, they gathered round him 'Is your mind at ease?' The answer, in 1 Macaulay, which had never been obliterated them, was, 'No, it is not.'"

It was, of course, Johnson, not Macaulay.

July 13, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Sir Edwin Arnold's new epic poem, "The Voyage of Ithobal," deals with the first circumnavigation of Africa alluded to by Herodotus. Mr. Murray's announcement gives the argument as follows:—Ithobal of Tyre undertakes to explore the unknown waters beyond the Red Sea, in the service of Pharaoh Neko, King of Egypt. In the market in Tyre he purchases a lovely African princess, to whom the mystical secret of the Dark Continent is known, and having built three ships at Suez, he sets out accompanied by her on his expedition. In due course he returns with only two ships remaining, and relates to the King the story of his voyage and adventures, describing all the features of the countries visited—his adventures by sea and land—the mutiny of his men and all the other incidents of his adventurous voyage. The narrative is divided into seven Cantos corresponding to the seven days during which it was related to the King.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new volume, to which he has given the title, "New Canterbury Tales," will be published by Messrs. Archibald Constable in the early autumn.

Messrs. Houghton, of Boston, publish most of the late Mr. John Fiske's books, and Messrs. Macmillan have brought out over here also the "Outlines in Cosmic Philosophy," written by Fiske nearly thirty years ago, and published two years after the production of his first work, "Myths and Myth Makers," in 1872. "The Destiny of Man," "Through Nature to God," and "The Idea of God as affected by Modern Knowledge," also appear in English editions through Messrs. Macmillan. One of his latest works was a collection of essays called "A Century of Science," in which ten of the essays were political and literary. They reveal to some extent, in their fresh insight and forcible style, Froude's "Short Studies." Another volume of essays was "Excursions of an Evolutionist."

Biography again plays a prominent part in Mr. Murray's new list. Besides Viscount Gosen's life of his grandfather "George Joachim Gosen," publisher and printer of Leipzig, 1752-1829, we are promised a biography of "Stringer Lawrence, the Father of the Indian Army," by Colonel John Biddulph, and a memoir of "Feliccia Skene, of Oxford," by Miss E. C. Rickards. Felicia Skene, the daughter of Mr. James Skene, of Rubislaw, whose friendship with Sir Walter Scott is recorded in the dedication to the fourth Canto of *Marmion*, was a woman of remarkable accomplishments, but she was best known for her philanthropic work during more than forty years among the City and county gaols. Then there is the autobiography of Sir Henry Layard, in two volumes, with some additional chapters on his Parliamentary career by Sir Arthur Otway, besides the record of "A Sailor of King George"—Captain Hoffman, R.N., who fought at Trafalgar and had many other interesting adventures—edited by A. Beckford Bevan and the Rev. H. B. Wolryche Whitmore. Mr. E. H. Parker, who recently produced an excellent book on the history, diplomacy, and commerce of China through Mr. Murray, has written another volume on "John Chinaman" for the same publisher, in which he illustrates the character and customs of the Chinese by means of a series of anecdotes derived from personal experiences.

The success which the history of "Europe in the Middle Ages," by Professors Thatcher and Schwill, of Chicago, has had in this country since Mr. Murray brought it out about two years ago has induced the publisher to arrange for an English edition of the "General History of Europe, 350-1900," by the same authors. It has been adapted to the requirements of English colleges and schools by Mr. Arthur Hassall, who supplies bibliographies for each period. Another interesting item is the announcement of what promises to be a really practical volume on "National Education," with special chapters and papers by Sir Joshua Fitch, Professor Armstrong, the Rev. Bernard Reynolds—Prebendary of St. Paul's and chief school inspector of the London diocese—Principal J. H. Reynolds, of the Municipal Technical School, and a number of other educational experts.

cluding with summaries of criticisms passed upon the "Ethics."

Messrs. Macmillan announce a new edition of Sir John Lubbock's "Modern Greece," which made its first appearance twenty-one years ago.

Mr. Heinemann announces "Love and His Mask," by Meline Muriel Dowle (Mrs. Henry Norman). The heroine is a young general in South Africa, and the novel pictures life in the Boer War.

We are requested to explain that the "Imperial Edition" of Dickens which we recently announced, and in which Gissing and Mr. F. G. Kitton collaborate, is quite different from the Rochester Edition, with which Mr. Gissing and Mr. Kitton are also connected. In the Imperial Edition (Gresham Publishing Co.) Mr. Kitton is the artist who illustrates Mr. Gissing's reprinted Essay on Dickens. In the Rochester Edition (J. B. Gissing) Mr. Gissing supplies the introductions and Mr. Kitton the notes for each work.

Mr. F. W. Spaulight sends us "The Book," a Souvenir Guide, with many photographs, of the fête of the Thursday at the Botanic Gardens, in aid of the National Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The proceeds of the sale go towards the profits of the fête, and any copies after the fête can be purchased from F. and R. Spaulight, Regent-street. The price is left to the purchaser.

Messrs. Hutchinson, the publishers of "The Living of Mankind," announce a companion work, "The Animals of the World," in fortnightly parts. There are about 1,000 illustrations, many of them coloured, and will be free of all scientific names and expressions.

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons will publish shortly a visitors to the Bayreuth Festival, entitled "Wagner, Bayreuth and the Festival Plays," by Frances Gerard.

Books to look out for at once.

- "Napoleon: Extracts from *The Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, 1821." By A. L. Humphreys. 18s. net.
- "Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer." By Sydney M. P. Murray. 5s. net.
- "Frédéric Mistral, Poet and Leader in Provence." By C. A. Macmillan. 6s. net.
- [Treats of the poet's life and works, and also of the Provençal language and the movement known as the *Félibrige*.]
- "The Arrow War with China." By Charles S. Leavenworth, Professor of History, Nanyang College, Shanghai. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. net.
- [Narrates the events which admitted foreign Ambassadors and opened China to the outer world.]
- "A Retrospect on the South African War." By Lieut.-Colonel May, Royal Staff College. Sampson Low. 6s.
- "A Woman Alone." Three Stories. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 3s. 6d.
- "A Great Lady." By Adeline Sergeant. Methuen. 6s.
- "Quincy Adams Sawyer." By C. F. Pidgin. Unwin. 6s.
- [A tale of New York life which has had a large American audience.]
- "No Vindication." By Mrs. C. Kernahan. John Long. 6s.
- "Mistress Nell." By G. C. Hazelton, junr. Murray. 3s. 6d. net.
- [A merry tale of a merry time, founded by the author on a play, produced last year.]
- "A Black Vintage." By M. Gerard. Digby and Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- CHARLES II. By Osmond Ayr. 13x10, 277 pp. Goupil. £3 2s. [Sumptuously illustrated from contemporary portraits.]
- THE OLD PLANTATION. How we Lived in Great House and Cabin before the War. By J. B. Ayr. 202 pp. Neely.
- REMINISCENCES (1808-1815) UNDER WELLINGTON. By Capt. W. Hay, by his daughter, Mrs. S. C. I. Wood. 8x5, 301 pp. Goupil Marshall. 6s.
- MODERNE STAATSMANNEN. Biographien und Begegnungen. Von Siegfried. 9x6, 305 pp. Allgemeiner Verein für Deutsche Literatur.

- RUM WHACKING AND OTHER SKETCHES.** By HUGH CHITTENDEN, C.M.G. 7½ x 5, 224 pp. Blackwood.
[Sketches of life in the Malay Peninsula and Borneo.]
- MY BRILLIANT CAREER.** By MILNE FRANKLIN. With a Preface by Henry Lawson. 7½ x 5, 200 pp. Blackwood.
[A story of Bush life. The author is described by Mr. Lawson as "just a little Bush girl, barely twenty-one yet."]
- A SUMMER HYMNAL.** A Romance of Tennessee. By J. T. MARK. 7½ x 5, 332 pp. Centre (Philadelphia).
- THE GREAT NOODLESHIRE ELECTION.** By J. A. FARRER. 7½ x 5, 151 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.
- THE HONOUR OF THE ARMY.** and Other Stories. By EMIL ZOLA, Ed., with a Preface by E. A. Minto. 7½ x 5, 304 pp. Chatto and Windus.
- ARROW OF THE ALMIGHTY.** By OWEN JOHNSON. 8 x 5½, 435 pp. The Macmillan Company. 6s.
- THE BROAD ROAD THAT STRETCHES.** By CECIL HARTLEY. 7½ x 5½, 230 pp. Burleigh. 3s. 6d.
- THE LUNATIC AT LARGE.** By J. K. CLONSTAN. 8½ x 6, 154 pp. Blackwood. 6d.
- JORNA.** By IRAN JOHNSON. 8 x 5, 147 pp. Neely.
- THE THIRTEEN EVENINGS.** By G. BARTHAM. 8 x 5, 310 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[Stories, largely of an occult kind, told at the "Boomerang Club."]
- THE LION'S BLOOD.** By D. OSBORNE. 8 x 5, 361 pp. Heinemann.
[Rome at the time of the Punic War.]
- SORLIER THAN REVENGE.** By ERMESTUARY. 8 x 5, 321 pp. J. Long. 6s.
- THE PRESUMPTION OF STANLEY HAY, M.P.** By NOWELL CLAY. 8 x 5, 286 pp. Warner. 3s. 6d.
- SOME PELICAN TAILS.** Selected and Ed. by F. M. ROYD (Editor of the *Psalmist*). 6½ x 3½, 143 pp. Greening. 1s.

HISTORY.

- HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.** Vol. V.—Canada. Part I (New France). By C. P. LUCAS. 7½ x 5, 249 pp. Clarendon Press. 6s.
- THE STORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.** (The Story of the Empire Series.) By F. E. SMITH. 7 x 4, 129 pp. Horsey Marshall. 1s. 6d.
- ANCIENT INDIA AS DESCRIBED IN CLASSICAL LITERATURE.** Translations with Notes, by J. W. MURINDLE. 9 x 6, 216 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d. n.
[The sixth and last vol. of a series of translations of Greek and Latin texts relating to Ancient India. This vol. has extracts from Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, &c.]

LITERARY.

- ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL.** By GRACE, LADY PRESTWICH. With a Memoir by her Sister, Louisa E. Milne. 9 x 6, 262 pp. Blackwood. 10s. 6d.
[Studies in France, Italy, and Scotland. Two Geological Essays.]
- THE STORY OF BOOKS.** By GERTRUDE R. RAWLINSON. 8 x 4, 165 pp. Newnes. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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There were five leading prizes and four h

COMPLICATIONS.—Some players revel in tion, and, indeed, the pleasure afforded to well by such is very great, and there is ample Here are examples:—

GAME in Match, PHILADELPHIA v MASHATTAN, at Philadelphia:—
BLACK. MARSHALL.



WHITE. MARTINEZ.
White to play his 14th move.

Continued:—14. P-Q5, Kt x P (of course unsuited); 15. Kt-Q4, Kt-Kt 5; 16. Q-R2, Q-Kt3; 17. R-K sq, P-R4; 18. Q-K2, castles; 19. Kt-R2, Kt x Kt; 20. R-Kt, R-R; 21. Q-R, Kt-K3, Ac. In the end, after nearly 70 moves, Black should have won, but owing to hasty play only drew.

CORRESPONDENCE
A. NOLLIN (W) TUFTE (Black)
BLACK.



WHITE. TUFTE.
White to play.

Continued:—1. Q-R4; 2. Kt-R; 3. Q-R; 4. Q-R; 5. Q-R; 6. Q-R; 7. Kt-Q; 8. Kt-Q; 9. Kt-Q; 10. Kt-Q; 11. Kt-Q; 12. Kt-Q; 13. Kt-Q; 14. Kt-Q; 15. Kt-Q; 16. Kt-Q; 17. Kt-Q; 18. Kt-Q; 19. Kt-Q; 20. Kt-Q; 21. Kt-Q; 22. Kt-Q; 23. Kt-Q; 24. Kt-Q; 25. Kt-Q; 26. Kt-Q; 27. Kt-Q; 28. Kt-Q; 29. Kt-Q; 30. Kt-Q; 31. Kt-Q; 32. Kt-Q; 33. Kt-Q; 34. Kt-Q; 35. Kt-Q; 36. Kt-Q; 37. Kt-Q; 38. Kt-Q; 39. Kt-Q; 40. Kt-Q; 41. Kt-Q; 42. Kt-Q; 43. Kt-Q; 44. Kt-Q; 45. Kt-Q; 46. Kt-Q; 47. Kt-Q; 48. Kt-Q; 49. Kt-Q; 50. Kt-Q; 51. Kt-Q; 52. Kt-Q; 53. Kt-Q; 54. Kt-Q; 55. Kt-Q; 56. Kt-Q; 57. Kt-Q; 58. Kt-Q; 59. Kt-Q; 60. Kt-Q; 61. Kt-Q; 62. Kt-Q; 63. Kt-Q; 64. Kt-Q; 65. Kt-Q; 66. Kt-Q; 67. Kt-Q; 68. Kt-Q; 69. Kt-Q; 70. Kt-Q; 71. Kt-Q; 72. Kt-Q; 73. Kt-Q; 74. Kt-Q; 75. Kt-Q; 76. Kt-Q; 77. Kt-Q; 78. Kt-Q; 79. Kt-Q; 80. Kt-Q; 81. Kt-Q; 82. Kt-Q; 83. Kt-Q; 84. Kt-Q; 85. Kt-Q; 86. Kt-Q; 87. Kt-Q; 88. Kt-Q; 89. Kt-Q; 90. Kt-Q; 91. Kt-Q; 92. Kt-Q; 93. Kt-Q; 94. Kt-Q; 95. Kt-Q; 96. Kt-Q; 97. Kt-Q; 98. Kt-Q; 99. Kt-Q; 100. Kt-Q.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 100. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Next week we shall publish a special Stevenson number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's woodcut portrait of Stevenson and many other illustrations. In the same number will appear the first of a series of articles by Mr. Arthur Waugh on the Principal Movements of Victorian poetry. The Victorian era, which has just closed, has been, in poetry, one of the most distinctive periods in the history of English literature. What course poetry will take in the era now beginning it is at present difficult to say, but a consideration of the immediate past has a direct bearing on the future. For these reasons a review at the present moment of the period just ended, by a well-known critic who has made a close study of its various developments, cannot fail, we think, to be of interest to our readers. The first article will treat the period in a general way. The second article will consider "The Poetry of Faith and Aspiration," and in subsequent

Books to read just published:

- "Charles II." By Osmond Airy. (Cempl.)
Splendidly illustrated.
"Imperial London." By A. H. Boyvan. (Dent.)
"Cassell's Illustrated History of the Boer War." (Cassell.)
"Sister Teresa." By George Moore. (Unwin.)
"The Grip of the Bookmaker." By Percy
(Hutchinson).
"Severance." By Thomas Cobb. (Lane.)
"My Lady's Diamonds." By Adeline Sergeant. (Ward.)

Although the morality play *Every Man*, which was by the Elizabethan Stage Society on Saturday last in the quadrangle of the old Charterhouse, is, according to the ideas, entirely lacking in dramatic qualities, the audience none the less impressed by the performance. To see a picture of the fifteenth-century stage and the costumes (from figures on early Flemish tapestries) could hardly be interesting. The characters being merely abstractions of virtues or vices, it was, perhaps, justifiable for the actors to attempt no realistic rendering of their part. In fact, they intoned their parts in a sort of chanting-song. But it was remarkable, where the main object of the society was, presumably, to reproduce faithfully the past age, that some of the principal male parts should be entrusted to women. In the second piece, *The Sacrifice*, the historical proprieties were similarly outraged by the appearance of a lady in the part of Isaac. But the effect was at once simple and impressive. To-day's programme will be repeated, under the patronage of the Duchess of Argyll and the Lord Mayor, and the proceeds go to the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund.

On Saturday last at Christie's there was a sequel to the sale at Robinson and Fisher's on June 27th, an account of which appeared in *Literature* of July 6th. It will be recalled that a few weeks ago the astonishingly high sum of 14,050 guineas was paid for Hoppner's portrait of Louisa, Lady Manners, a Countess of Dysart, a canvas which measured fifty-one by forty-one inches. Last week there occurred for sale a half-length portrait of Mrs. Palmer, née Gascoigne, thirty-two by twenty-five inches. Although it bore little resemblance to his work, it was catalogued as a Gascoigne, and almost certainly by John Hoppner, an artist of delicate, one may almost say ethereal, touch. The subject was a white dress, black shawl, and old-fashioned straw hat, which was the Lady Manners, and the artist the

of the "Early History of Charles James Fox" was hoped for; and we had it, though the continuation was not quite in the expected form. In the first part of a history of "The American Revolution," published in 1880, some readers of the earlier biography were disappointed with the form the continuation took, and some found in the book the bias of the politician. But it showed a fine literary faculty. To-day is Sir George's sixty-third birthday, and, now that another two years have passed away, we begin to ask ourselves how soon we may have the pleasure of reading the rest of the story.

The name of Mr. James Hamblin-Smith, who died last week at his residence in Cambridge, was probably more widely known in the educational world than those of many more learned authors. In fact, the famous "conch," whose works on Algebra, Euclid, and Trigonometry, are familiar to most schoolboys, contented himself some fifty years ago with the modest position of "Captain of the Poll"—the name given to the first in order of merit of those who did not compete for honours. It is now some seven years since he gave up active work, but during the forty years, more or less, during which he prepared undergraduates for the ordinary degree, it may safely be said that at least half of his pupils were successful. He was no "crammer," in the ordinary sense of the word, but he had the inestimable faculty of making his pupils work, and the text-books which he provided for their use and that of many schoolboys in all parts of the country were excellent examples of lucid arrangement. He was a fair classical scholar, and knew his Horace intimately—to the extent of suggesting occasional critical emendations. Caius College claimed him as an undergraduate, and there were few better known or more popular figures in the University.

It would appear that the novelists of our day do not, like a certain dramatist a century or two ago, beseech the gods to "annihilate time and space and make two lovers happy." They juggle with both conditions—asking no permission—just as the need of the moment may require. There are many amusing instances of this happy irresponsibility in the newly published novels of John Oliver Hobbes and Mr. George Moore. Every one has remarked that "The Serious Wooing" is almost breathlessly up-to-date; but allusions to Mrs. Botha and the Yarmouth murderer are nothing in comparison with the record achieved by Mrs. Craigie's heroine. Rosabel is introduced on the day of the opening of Parliament by the King (Feb. 14). Before the beginning of Lent (Feb. 20) she has lost her first husband—a mad nobleman; has gone off to her Socialist lover, left him, waited until her schoolgirl sister is safely married, suffered a severe illness, and married a second peer. This is pretty good. Mr. Moore cannot quite equal it, but he demonstrates that neither revision nor even complete rewriting is sufficient to remove all obscurities of action. Evelyn Innes (Chap. VII., new version) "abandoned herself to memories of the afternoon." She had been with her lover to the Carmelite Church in Kensington. Afterwards they had walked and sat in Kensington gardens; "they had talked on and on." Evelyn goes home to Dulwich; her lover follows—after a considerable interval, we gather. She tells him her father is dining with the Jesuits—"they would have the whole day to themselves." They walk in the lanes; spend hours, apparently, in the picture gallery. "It must be nearly five o'clock," Evelyn remarks; and they go back to tea more than

CRAS TIBI.

[In the Horatian manner.]

I.

Wine of Chios; wine of Lesbos drink you;
But bethink you
(When the gods you praise
Amid your jovial feasting) that our days
So quickly run,
That here we stay with but as brief delay
As from a rising to a setting sun.
Wine of Lesbos, wine of Chios drink you;
But—bethink you!

Falernian wine is good! Pass round the
And drink again!

When you have drunk it up,
Then fill it to the brim and drink again!
Look how the laughing hours, crowned with
Go reeling by!

But through the dance and song
Bear you this thought along,
That we must die.

Yes, they are gone—the Bacchanalian wif
Who revelled through the nights
At Attic banquet or at Roman board.
They had their day, then went the comrade
That all must go; the high, the low
The peasant and the lord.

II.

We revel not among
The wines that Horace and Anacreon sung
But, to our merchants' doors,
(To fill our flasks)
Thousands of mighty casks
Come hither from the Lusitanian shores;
And many a butt we see
From Xeres and from Burgundy;
Champagne and sweet Moselle
Behold as well;
The vintage of the Bordelais, and more;
A goodly store.

Wine of Xeres, wine of Medoc drink you
But bethink you!
No matter whether flagon, jack, or can;
Or graven silver cup, Theocritan
(Where foxes watch the boy the while the
Watches the grapes; where in the
The ancient fisher casts his heavy net)
Nor how, from age to age,
The scenes are shifting on this antic stage
Nor whence the wine with which the bon
But now, to crown the jest, the laugh we
Its echo lingers yet; and there,
Beside each vacant chair,
An empty goblet lies upon the ground!
Wine of Medoc, wine of Xeres drink you
But—bethink you!

WILL.

July 20, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

of a late amiable and lamented advocate, preserved in the Skene Charter Chest."

A correspondent writes:—"In the mock Johnsonese of the *Rambler* occurs the phrase, 'the local colour of a Spanish cock-fight.' A critic may be moved thereby to remark that Mr. Vivian has yet to learn that the phrase 'local colour' was not used 150 years ago, or, for that matter, in England at any rate, forty years ago. When the phrase was first imported into England may be a matter of doubt; nor, I think, is any history of it given even in that storehouse of curious information, Dr. Murray's Dictionary. But the phrase was at the height of its vogue in France more than seventy years ago. It was a catch-word of Gautier and the French Romantics. Mérimée told Taine that local colour was to the young Romantics what the Holy Grail was to their favourite Middle Ages. And when Gautier had a friend travelling in Africa, he writes to him, 'Just send me a few pots of local colour, and I will make famous Turkish and Algerian stories.' The French Romantics, however, are a far cry from old Samuel Johnson."

Punch celebrated last Wednesday its diamond jubilee, having been founded on July 17, 1841, with Mr. Mark Lemon as editor. Between him and the present occupant of the chair there have been only two editors of the popular weekly—Messrs. Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor.

We fear there is no longer any doubt that Count Tolstoy's life is in serious danger. He is suffering severely from fever and consequent weakness.

The *Guardian* of Wednesday published the full Latin text of the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi, the MS. of which M. Sabatier recently discovered in a convent in the Abruzzi.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is to recite in Paris a poem by the Lady Mayoress, called "Flower Symbols," which has been translated into French by Mlle. Janotha.

The London County Council has affixed a brass tablet on the boundary wall of Waterlow Park, Highgate-hill, to mark the site of Andrew Marvell's cottage. A similar tablet, it may be remembered, was stolen about a year ago. The new one has been securely fastened to the wall by a bolt at each of the four corners.

A mural tablet to Sir Isaac Pitman, erected by the Bath Corporation on the house where he lived in Royal-crescent, was unveiled on Monday by Mr. Arthur A. Beckett, president of the Institute of Journalists.

It is proposed to raise a statue of Verlaine in the Square des Batignolles. M. Rodin will be the sculptor.

Messrs. J. and E. Bumpus have just been appointed by the King booksellers to his Majesty.

A letter has been dictated by the Commander-in-Chief stating that the subject of granting medals to war correspondents is still under consideration at the War Office.

The last ten years or so have seen an increasing mass of literature concerning cricket. In books alone, to say nothing

of gossip and reports of the game. With all this, it is not that the unapproachable classic of all true cricketers—a certain thin duodecimo volume, published nearly 100 years ago. It was in 1831, to be accurate, that John Little work appeared, with a title-page (as was the custom in those days) of a length almost ludicrous in comparison with the remainder of the book. Hard-working writers, painfully after literary reputation, may be excused for jealousy when they consider the ease with which Nye wrote his niche in the Temple of Fame. For he did not write his own book. "The Young Cricketer's Tutor" was entirely written by Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, who was enthusiastic about the game, and jotted down from time to time in his father-in-law's house the veteran cricketer's reminiscences of his own triumphs of the Hambledon Eleven, and of playing the "elegant and manly game of cricket." He himself, we may be assured, supplied the spirit, if not the matter, of the book. He had an inimitable gift of description and healthy pride in the sound Hampshire yeoman to which he came, and a full share of that touching faith in the ancient glories of the game that most cricketers possess. His own father had been founder and captain of the famous Hambledon team—the M.C.C. of the eighteenth century—the eleven drawn from an obscure village in Hampshire, which met on the first Tuesday in May on Broad-Hempstead, and there "was wont to conquer England." The son of his father is charming in its directness and simple fitness as good in essentials (though lax enough in grammatical construction) as anything in Hazlitt. "I never saw," he writes of Richard Nye, "a finer specimen of the thoroughbred old English yet." He was a good face-to-face, unflinching, promising, independent man. He placed a full and frankness upon the station he held in society, and he maintained it without trenching upon his dignity or losing his own. He was known to him maintain an opinion with great firmness against the Duke of Dorset and Sir Horace Mann, and when, in consequence of his being proved to be in the right, the latter has crossed the ground and shaken him heartily by the hand. There is there not a due sense of dignity here, and, one may say, a carelessness of grammar? It is a little piece of portrait painting that lives, and the same may be said of half a dozen other pieces of description that follow—that of Tom Sueter, the cricketer-keeper. "What a handful of steel-hearted soldier in an important pass, such was Tom in keeping the wicket for George Lear, the long-stop, of whom he says that the ball seemed to go into him, and he was as sure of it as if it had been a sand-bank." Or, again, read the racy account of a single-wicket match between "Lumpy" Stevens, the bowler of the day, and a certain countryman for five points. It is difficult to resist quoting a part of it. "The country bowler made the countryman go in first, for he thought his business in a twink; but the fellow having an arm as straight as a hop-pole, reached in at Lumpy's balls, bowl what he might; and slashed and thrashed away in the most unorthodox style, hitting his balls all over the field, and always in the air; and he made an uncommon number of runs from the hands of bowlers before he could get him out—and, egad, he was out!" Or, read again of John Small, the elder, the "turned the short hits to account" and initiated the practice of hustling the field; who, also, taught his

Literature Portraits.—XI.

GEORGE GISSING.

The literary descent of the second-rate is rarely in doubt. There can be no obscurity as to the parentage of the imitators or school-fictionists who flood the markets with tolerable reading matter at six shillings per volume. But their individual descent, whether it be legitimate or illegitimate, has no interest for the critic. He is content to view them as he weighs them, in the mass, when he estimates common tendencies only. It is a different thing when a new development or a striking personality compels his attention and individual interest. Among those who have, by slow, by very slow, degrees compelled this particular interest Mr. George Gissing stands in a high and solitary place. Mr. Gissing belongs to no school, certainly not to any English school. The sincerest form of flattery in any admirer cannot imitate and cannot even caricature him. There is truly nothing visible to copy. His essence lies in a bent, in a mood of mind, not by any means in any subject, even though his satiric dissection of what he has called "the ignobly decent" showed his strength, and, indirectly, his inner character. His very repugnance to his early subjects led him to choose them. He declared what he wished the world to be by showing that it possessed every conceivable opposite to his desire.

Those who have read all his work and are interested in origins may have noted with particular pleasure that in "Isabel Clarendon" he showed an instinctive affinity for the lucid and subtle Tourgeneff. There is perhaps no more intensely depressing book in the entire English language than this short novel. Its last three chapters are of unsurpassable gloom, not because of any outward tragedy, but because of the utter futility of the man depleted. The hero's desire reached to the stars. But he was not able to steal or take so much as a farthing rushlight. Not even Demetri Roudine, that futile essence of futility, equals this, his literary child of bitter unobtainable ambitions.

So much is certain, Tourgeneff moved what Zola had really failed to stir in Mr. Gissing. For he was never a Zolaist even at his worst. No man without a style could have influenced him for more than a time. Even Balzac, feared and insatiable, had, it is possible, no more true power over him. For Balzac, though his constructions were often imaginary and his perspectives a gigantic imposture, was truly a constructor and architectonic, even if barbarous. And construction is obviously alien from Mr. Gissing's mind. He needs no elaborate architecture to do his thinking in. He would have been contented with the Porch.

Now, and at last, the critic has been given an opportunity of understanding the bent and nature of this author. In "By the Ionian Sea" Mr. Gissing has not only put the coping stone to his reputation, but he has also declared himself. Able novelist as he is—and Tourgeneff, Flaubert, and Dostoevsky would not have disclaimed his companionship—he is by nature a scholar, a man of the cloister, though not conventual. His pessimism is the natural pessimism of misplacement. Nowadays scholars, as he would understand them, do not properly exist. The learned have become specialists; there is no broad culture possible to them. His ideal is the Renaissance scholar. Without any doubt he must be an admirer of Rabelais.

Perhaps his greatest book is "Born in Exile." To say it is a masterpiece is for once not to misuse the word. It is intense, deeply psychological, moving, true. "L'anatomie presomptueuse"

detail, unmoving. Yet Godwin Peak is an idealist. The idealist lives amongst those who look at once to Anarchism to cure all human social diseases. The nature that loves all beautiful things is his, nothing. Unlike Klugeote in "Isabel Clarendon," take them. But the end is the same. By his very essence is no revolutionist. Like many who are not, his keenest incitement to revolution is in those who mind, yet given more to action, more to hope. The ways of hating modern civilization. Mr. Gissing is an idealist. He looks back. It is the more hopelessly vain.

In such a nature, displayed as it must be in literature, for men to read who can read, it is vain to seek for that form of humour which inevitably comes. It has been said untruly enough that Mr. Gissing is not funny. It is quite possible that those who say it are missing his irony. His humour is of the subtler kind in the less sudden contrasts. He does not blow farce. It is utterly alien from his nature.

Nevertheless it remains true that the general character of his writings is distinctly not merely amusing. But his characteristic and the most important part of his hitherto has dealt with those young men who, well- and well-educated, are without money, the theatre cannot be comic. The martyrdom of capable men in an environment in the Devil's Twilight between Camberwell and the Beersheba of Camden Town is tragic. It was reserved for Mr. Gissing to treat it as a subject of serious study. And he has shown a pathologist whose business is not cure, and not to show he has gone beyond this scientific method it is with a satirist of no mean order.

To such a literary intelligence, informed by a learning of the past to which he loans, his style is the man and his own. For the greater part it is than sparkling; clear if not cold; with a subtle result of much Latin and more Greek. For the Greek tragedies have always inspired him with rhythms. Though he is often cold, especially in irony, he can rise to heights of passionate description, a sense of luxury that here and there tinges his Tyrian purple—in spite of all his sense of restraint marked than in any living writer.

It is perhaps only those who, perceiving the evanescence of fiction, regard it as literary waste, certainly wasted who will wonder that a writer gives himself to it at all. But while that common view which Mr. Gissing obviously abhors, as much as smoky skies beneath which it flourishes, there is no practicable method for the man of letters to attain. Perhaps few novelists see so clearly that fiction of art is truly diagnostic of a disordered, if not dissatisfied, form of civilization. To him the idyll of Moschus; the simpler tragedy; the joys of him who plunges the soul or works at art are the fitting themes of art.

It is, it must be, alien from the nature of the man so delighted by the wasted and solitary border of the Sea to supply the market with novels, which, to have more or less to comply with the rigid formulae of the artist's mind, and deny him, except in

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It took Mr. Gissing many years to enter into his literary estate, and even now the average novel-reader shows a strange reluctance to buy his books. But if Mr. Gissing's sales are not startling as circulations are estimated nowadays, he has a faithful and gradually increasing following—especially through the libraries—and most of his earlier books sell as well to-day as any of his later volumes. His first novel, "Unclassed," was published seventeen years ago; it was brought out in a new edition by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen in 1895. "Demos" and "Isabel Clarendon" came next, both published in 1886, the first by Smith, Elder, and the second by Chapman and Hall. "Isabel Clarendon" is now out of print. "Thyrza" followed in 1887, "A Life's Morning" in 1888 (after running through the Cornhill); and "The Nether World" in 1889—all through Messrs. Smith, Elder in the old three-volume form, and now, like "Demos," obtainable in the six-shilling and popular editions, with the exception of "A Life's Morning," which can only be had in the cheaper editions at two shillings or half-a-crown. Messrs. Bentley published his next novel, "The Emancipated," in the following year—also in three volumes—to be subsequently issued in one-volume form by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. In 1891 Mr. Gissing returned to Messrs. Smith, Elder with "New Grub Street," which went through the three-volume form to the one-volume editions of its predecessors. A year later he published both with Messrs. A. and C. Black and Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, the first with "Born in Exile," which went from the three-volume to the one-volume edition in 1893, and the second with "Denzil Quarrier." Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, who took over the copyright of "Born in Exile" a few years ago, though it is still out of print, issued most of Mr. Gissing's later books—"The Old Woman" in 1893; "In the Year of Jubilee" in 1894 (both originally in three volumes); "Eve's Ransom" in 1895 ("The Paying Guest" appearing in Cassell's Pocket Library in the same year); and "The Whirlpool" and "Human Odds and Ends" in 1897. All these, after passing for a time to Mr. Heinemann, are now published by Mr. Bullen. "The Town Traveller" (1898) came through Messrs. Methuen and is now in a second edition; the same publishers issued "The Crown of Life" in the following year. With his last novel "Our Friend the Charlatan" published only a few weeks ago—Mr. Gissing appears again with Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who are also the publishers of the charmingly produced volume of his rambles "By the Ionian Sea." Every man has his intellectual desire, he writes in this latest book—as quoted in the review which appeared in *Literature* on June 20th:

Mine is to escape life as I know it and dream myself into that old world which was the imaginative delight of my boyhood. . . . The world of the Greeks and Romans is my land of Romance; a quotation in either language thrills me strangely, and there are passages of Greek and Latin verse which I cannot read without a dimming of the eyes, which I cannot repeat aloud because my voice fails me. In Magna Græcia the waters of two fountains mingle and flow together; how exquisite will be the draught!

One other volume should have been added to the list of Mr. Gissing's novels—"Sleeping Fires" which appears in Mr. Unwin's Antonym Library; and an article is worth mentioning which he contributed to the discussion on "The Place of Realism in Fiction," in the *Humanitarian* for July, 1895.

Realism [he wrote] signifies nothing more than artistic sincerity in the portrayal of contemporary life; it merely contrasts with the habit of mind which assumes that a novel is written "to please people," that disagreeable facts must always be kept out of sight, that human nature must be systematically flattered, that the book must have a "plot," that the story should end on a cheerful note, and all the rest of it. . . . At the same time I joyfully compare the novelist's freedom of to-day with his bondage of only ten or twelve years ago. No doubt the new wine of liberty tempts to excess. Moreover, novels, nowadays, are not always written for the novel's sake, and fiction cries aloud as the mouthpiece

THE PLAYER AND THE PUBLISHER.

A "Personal View."

By LAURIE MAGNUS.

In a "Personal View," published on June 15, 1901, Walter Raleigh made the interesting suggestion "that the attempt to bring dramatic thought and dramatic life into touch with the modern theatre, the actor bars the way." It is a hard saying of its kind, but those of us who have compared the delivery of English blank verse with the French heroic couplet or of the German decasyllable in London's hospitality to foreign actors have not been without judgment—will be slow to dispute the conclusion reached by Mr. Raleigh. Yet I fancy that this personal view, a partial view of the matter. The theory that the tyrannical actor sets the laws of composition at defiance, that he to speak quite plainly, obstructs the business of the dramatist and prevents that subordination of characters and the development of the conflict which are essential to the art, is a quite tenable proposition, but it is not the whole of the present decline of British drama. If Parliament decide next week to prohibit interim applause—a self which is habitual to many Continental audiences—the immediate or ultimate effect on the inspiration of English playwrights would, I surmise, be very small. It is doubtless true that Mr. Raleigh shows in the form of a parable, that, "when the theatre patronizes literature, it is not the theatre that is literary, but literature that becomes stagey." But one remembers, it was not always so. Shakespeare was literary because the modern theatre patronized him, not the fact that he was an actor bar the way to his revival of the stage. And then, again, one remembers that it is not where so to-day. In Germany, for instance, dramatic and dramatic imagination are brought into touch with the modern theatre, despite the common human nature of the artist in the Fatherland. Dr. Kurt Franke tells us, in his *Forces in German Literature* ":

German literature is at last beginning to partake of the universal heightening of German national life of the foundation of the new Empire thirty years ago was a far-shining signal. . . . Once more is literature coming to something more than a mere pastime or recreation; once more are writers coming forward who feel that they have a mission to fulfil, whose highest desire it is to interpret of the longings and aspirations of the age; once more are novels and dramas being produced which arouse popular passion and enthusiasm, because they are in palpable and living forms, the momentous contemporary problems of the day.*

All this is intensely German. Englishmen are not in the habit of thrilling to far-shining signals, or of going to the theatre to meet writers with a mission to fulfil, or of visiting the

Till yesterday, at least, some years had elapsed since a writer had arisen in England "whose highest desire it is to be the interpreter of the longings and aspirations of the people," and even he, unfortunately, chose, for his second appeal, the music-hall instead of the theatre. Mr. William Watson, again, has evidently felt the sense of a mission upon him, but he has been the Jeremiah, and not the Ezekiel, of prophecy. The "momentous conflicts and problems of the day" have left the rest of our authors cold.

The point that strikes one most forcibly in any attempt to form a comparative estimate of the power and popularity of the theatre in Germany and England is the difference of the standards that are applied to it. Professor Francke, for instance, in this admirable book, is always digging down to the roots of national sentiment and feeling. In the epilogue, which chiefly distinguishes it from his earlier work on "Social Forces in German Literature," we come across remarks of this kind:—

Even less veiled than this war between the powers temporal and spiritual is the second great conflict that threatens the public peace of Germany: the conflict between monarchy and democracy. There can be no doubt that this is the real point at issue between the socialist labour party and the Imperial Government. On the surface it is a question of labour organization, of the distribution of wealth, of strikes and wages.

And again:—

. . . the third great struggle which has to be fought out in the twentieth century: the struggle between industrialism and humanity. Nowhere are the lines between employer and employed more sharply drawn than in Germany, nowhere is there more of class feeling and of class hatred.

But what, in the names of Tanqueray and Elksmith, and of the tailors who designed their gowns—one can imagine the London theatregoer asking—has all this to do with drama? Has not Mr. Courtney told us, in his lectures on "The Idea of Tragedy," that "people go to the theatre in order to be amused and to laugh; they hardly care to be made to feel"? And, against this, have we anything more hopeful to set than Mr. Pinero's promise, in a letter to the author of that book, that if "the tragic idea may yet find fruitful stimulus in the great tumult of Imperial emotions at present stirring the world-spirit of our peoples, . . . we poor modern playwrights will not be found wanting at least in the endeavour to respond to lofty and heroic inspiration"? The world-spirit and its Imperial emotions are yet a little young in our midst, and these modest playwrights of to-day may still redeem their undertaking; but I would contrast with these opinions and conclusions the deliberate judgment of Dr. Francke:—

It is not the office of Poetry to solve social problems. It is the office of Poetry to hold out social ideals. The German drama of the last decade has fulfilled this mission with singular nobility of purpose and with singular artistic success.

Do we look for the record of the "war between the powers spiritual and temporal"? We find it in Wildenbruch's plays. Do we look for the "second great conflict . . . between

visit the theatre in the Fatherland, not in order to be amused by the epigrams of smart society, but in order to feel, in order to understand the human tendencies that are hanging in the air. The distinction, I believe, is at least partly one of education. The Englishman has read Marx and Lassalle, and even Huxley. I have heard him quote Plato in an interval at a meeting, and this preparation makes a difference when he ascends his throne in the gallery. Visiting the theatre may be better than theirs, for the end in view of recreation and enjoyment. But the criptive articles on the dresses, which are now a part of the dramatic criticism in the evening papers, are a variation on the German critic's discussion of quantities of realism or idealism which went to the play. But when it comes to a question of revolution, then, I think, we ought to recognize that State should do something, and a training in elocution may demand the greatest effort is required from the nation. Courtney tells us, and I, for one, believe him, that far ahead, that out of the confusion of Jingoism and Liberalism there will shine a bright national ideal out of the lightning and the voice. But meantime, let us turn towards the close of his "Dramaturgie" and apply it to ourselves:—"What a naive idea to give a national theatre, while we Germans are as yet unable to speak of the political constitution, but of the character." The nation's conscience has been aroused by events in our history, but is its moral character to insist on the necessary reforms, or will it fall into lethargy? This is not an electoral manifesto, but at least, the problem of the future of British drama.

IMPERIAL LONDON.*

[By Mr. LAURENCE GOMME.]

Everything is Imperial now. And so the capricious course received its title, and the book so far as fact is before us. London is Imperial in more senses certainly than Mr. Beavan has to contemplate and in more senses than its indifferent citizens recognize. Perhaps the only thing about London is the unbounded admiration which knows it well has for it compared with all other things. The unbounded indifference every one has for the means that are necessary to make it what it is. No one neglected by the Imperial Government as London is compelled to put up with makeshift administration as London is, and no capital city stand aside to suit, or wait upon, the interests of

London is not only the first city of the Empire, no rival. There is scarcely a second to her, but she is so far behind. Mr. Beavan does not tell which illustrate the Imperial position of London is assumed, and thereupon ensues a description of

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and scientific London, philanthropic and scholastic London, fashionable and military London, theatrical London, picturesque, botanical, and zoological London, and journalistic London. All this is very nice, and Mr. Beavan puts his facts pleasantly enough, and illustrates his book by some charming sketches, of which we reproduce some specimens. But it is not Imperial London that he is talking about. It is merely so many phases of London life—phases which are not peculiar to London unless treated in the comparative method in order to show how all these phases appear under the Imperial influence of the capital city. This Mr. Beavan does not do, and we are compelled, therefore, to state that his book does not answer to its title.

We have said that Mr. Beavan writes pleasantly enough on the topics he has chosen, but he does not write accurately nor up to the standard of the task he has attempted. "One hundred years ago," he tells us, "there were few learned societies in existence; the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, the Society of Arts, the Society of Antiquarians (*sic*), the

mere light pleasures. It is a pity that, having devoted a chapter upon this interesting side of London life, Mr. Beavan did not think it worth while to probe its depths and to ascertain what good is being done in London in the benefit of the Empire.

Mr. Beavan's other chapters, pleasant reading though undoubtedly are, do not seem to us to go to the root and in particular they skip over all that is really important in their several subjects. Thus, to mention one instance, we have this sentence: "Unlike other cities and the Continent, London has never been provided with restaurants worthy of its size and population, and of such had, why some should have been so largely patronized and neglected is a problem." Now London has practically no markets whatever. Its market system, like other parts of its economic life, has been allowed to take care of itself, with the result that in place of proper markets we have "a few" for the rich and costermongers for the poor, while the



GOVERNMENT OFFICES FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Linnæan Society, and the Geological Society. These still flourish in London, but not many additions have been made to this list of strictly scientific associations, only the Archaeological, the Royal Astronomical, and the Royal Meteorological having come into being during the nineteenth century." Surely Mr. Beavan must know better than this. London is certainly noted above all other cities for the number and usefulness of its

ways of London are in places a disgrace to modern architecture and a harm and danger to the people by reason of the unwholesome markets tolerated there. As to why this is so one has to seek, and Mr. Beavan could have stated the problem more fully if he had investigated the subject more fully.

It will be gathered from these criticisms that Mr. Beavan has given us a pleasant book about London. But



FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE.

liberty against the influences of the Crown. The Sovereigns of England, unlike every other kingdom, never placed the seat of Government within the capital city. Parliament and the legal tribunals were outside the city walls at Westminster, in the fields, and there was always jealousy between the city and the outside. That jealousy, once the proud instincts of a freedom-loving people for institutions of their own, has now degenerated into the jealousy of keeping for the smallest area and the smallest number of people rights, powers, and traditions which belong by all the rules of civic life to the area and the people making up the actual corpus of citizenship. In popular imagination, in common parlance, and in actual practice, inhabitants of Whitechapel and Poplar, Holborn and Islington, Marylebone and Hampstead, Westminster and Hammersmith, Battersea and Lewisham, Bermondsey and Woolwich,

boroughs created last year. And the area is unlimited. Few people can realize the greatness of London without traversing old prejudices and old errors. Mr. Beavan, for instance, in his writing of its palaces and giving a sketch of Kensington Palace, tells us of the Royal palace of Greenwich, the ruined palace at Eltham, and yet he does not mention the Imperial London to which all eyes should be turned. Military London is a sentence or two without mention of the Arsenal, or Plumstead depot, or the docks in London. If these sort of things are put in a history of Imperial London, it will be seen that the true conception of London is not even faintly grasped by the writer. The greatness need not make it impossible to see it well, need not make it impossible to improve and knit together if the writer's jealousy of city and court is not too strong for the city and extra city.

The history of Imperial London is the history of the capital city of to-day, of the free life and to get rid of the old chains with which prejudice has blind it. It would show how possible it is for all the purposes which the opulence can command, while the poor are left to the miseries who know not how the great trade coming up it is left to the chance provision of the city for wharfage and dockage; and the railways all centring upon the city left to go almost where they will up of their terminal stations. It would show of doings which influence the world and of buildings and sites full of history which comes only from association with great events of a national history.

Mr. Beavan does not inspire. His pages skim over the subject, and his pictures, delightful of themselves,

duce any definite notion of Imperial London. Beavan has ever felt the greatness of London. To do this he must proceed further afield than any



things which lend themselves to the artist's pencil. Let any one wishful to know something of Imperial London begin by steaming up the river from the lower reaches of the Thames; then let him take his place of observation in the busy hum of the city, and note the signs of world-wide life which are there to be noted; then let him wend his way to docks and manufactories, to local



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centres of industries that are not generally recognized as parts of London life; then to the seat of Government at Westminster, and thence to the ever-radiating mileage which serves as home to nearly five millions of people. There will be pictures enough at every stage, history enough at every centre, interest enough to any kind of inquirer. We wish Mr. Bevan had done something of this kind for the great subject upon which he has chosen to write, and then we should have had still more sympathy with the results.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WAR.

[It is impossible, of course, at present to make a complete bibliography of the war. Our readers may, however, be glad to have a classified list of the books of different kinds so far published which bear on the subject. The list does not include books, such as that by Mr. E. T. Cook which we reviewed the other day, about the diplomacy that preceded the war or the settlement that must follow it.]

"The South African War." By Major G. L. (Murray, 6s.)

"Chassell's Illustrated History of the Boer War." By Danes. (Chassell, 7s. 6d.)

"The Story of the War in South Africa." By T. Mahan. (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d. n.)

"The War to Date." By A. H. Sealfe. (Unwin, 3s.)

"Boer War, 1899-1900." By M. E. Brunker. (Clowes, 2s. 6d.)

II. Personal Narratives of Particular Operations.

(i.) Books on the Natal Campaign (the Siege and Relief of Ladysmith.)

"From Cape Town to Ladysmith." W. Steevens. (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.)

"The Natal Campaign." By R. Leigh. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

"How We Kept the Flag Flying." Donald Macdonald. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

"The Siege of Ladysmith." M. M'Hugh. (Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d.)

"Ladysmith: The Diary of a Siege." H. W. Nevilson. (Methuen, 6s.)

"Four Months Besieged: The Ladysmith." By H. H. Pearson. (Macmillan, 6s.)

"The Relief of Ladysmith." Atkins. (Methuen, 6s.)

"The Siege of Ladysmith." By (Newnes, 1s. n.)

(ii.) Books on the Kimberley Campaign:—

"Towards Pretoria." By J. (Pearson, 6s.)

"To Modder River with Methuen." A. Kinnear. (Arrowsmith, 1s.)

"Some Reminiscences of the War in Africa." By the Earl de la Warr. (Blackett, 1s.)

"With Methuen's Column on an African Train." By E. N. Bennett. (Sonn, 2s. 6d.)

"Besieged by the Boers." By E. M.D. (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.)

"Mafeking: A Diary of the Siege." Major F. D. Baillie. (Constable, 6s.)

"The Siege of Mafeking." By J. (Methuen, 6s.)

(iii.) Relating the Exploits of Colonel Plumer's Force.

"History of Rhodesia." By H. Hensman. (Blackett, 1s.)

III. Books on Experiences within the Boer Lines.

"London to Ladysmith via Pretoria." By Winston Churchill. (Longmans, 6s.)

"The Story of my Captivity during the Transvaal War." By A. Hofmeyr. (Arnold, 6s.)

"Twice Captured." A Record of Adventure during the Boer War. By the Earl of Rosslyn. (Blackwood, 10s. 6d.)

"With the Boer Forces." By H. C. Hillegas. (Methuen, 6s.)

"Ten Months in the Field with the Boers." By Lieutenant General de Villebois-Mareuil. (Heinemann, 6s.)

"My Experiences of the Boer War." By Count St. (Longmans, 5s. n.)

"Pretoria From Within during the War." By H. (Shaw, 6s.)

"Souvenirs de la Guerre du Transvaal: Journal d'un Officier." Par H. Lesoy de la Marche. (Colin, 3f. 50c.)

IV. Other Books Giving Personal Experiences.

"The Work of the 15th Division." By Sir H. (Shaw, 6s.)

V. The War from Special Points of View.

- (I.) Religious :—
 "My Diocese During the War." By the Bishop of Natal. (Bell, 6s.)
 "The Salvation Army at Work in the Boer War." By Mary Murray. 1s.
 "Christians in Khaki." By Jesse Page. (Marshall, 1s. 6d.)
- (II.) Medical :—
 "The Tale of a Field Hospital." By F. Treves. (Cassell, 6s.)
 "Shadows of the War." By Dasia Bagot. (Arnold, 10s. 6d.)
 "The Sick and Wounded in South Africa." By W. Burdett-Coutts. (Cassell, 1s. 6d.)
 "A Civilian War Hospital." By the Professional Staff. (Murray, 12s. 6d. n.)
 "On the War Path: A Lady's Letters from the Front." By Mrs. J. D. Leather Culley. (John Long, 3s. 6d.) Begun July, 1900.
- (III.) Various :—
 "Australia at the Front." A Colonial View of the Boer War. By Frank Wilkinson. Illustrated by N. H. Hardy. 1901. (John Long, 6s.)
 "The Canadian Contingents and Canadian Imperialism." By W. Sanford Evans (Unwin, 6s.)
 "The Work of War Artists in South Africa." By A. C. R. Carter. (Virtue, 5s. n.)
 "War's Brighter Side." By Julian Ralph. (Pearson, 6s.)
 "The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa." By Major General W. H. Mackinnon. (Murray, 6s.)
 "One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V." By J. B. Lloyd. (Methuen, 6s.)
 "The Staff Work of the Anglo-Boer War." By Lady Briggs. (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d.)
 "War Impressions: a Record in Colour." By Mortimer Menpes. (Black, 20s. n.)
 "A Woman's Memories of the War." By Violet Brooke-Hunt. (Nisbet, 5s.)
 "Trooper 8,008 I.V." By the Hon. S. Peel. (Arnold, 7s. 6d.)
 "I.V., An Imperial Yeoman at War." By "The Corporal." (Stock, 3s. 6d.)
- (IV.) Criticism :—
 "An Absent-Minded War: Being some Reflections on our Reverses." By a British Officer. (Milne, 2s. 6d.)
 "War and Policy." By Spenser Wilkinson. (Constable, 15s.)
 "Lessons of the War." By S. Wilkinson. (Constable, 2s. 6d.)
 "The War Office, the Army, and the Empire." By H. O. Arnold Forster, M.P. (Cassell, 6s.)
 "The Tactics of To-day." By Major C. E. Cullwell. (Blackwood, 2s. 6d. n.)
 "Army Administration: A Business View." By Centurion. (Constable, 1s.)
 "Notes on Reconnoitring in South Africa." (Longmans, 1s. n.)
 "Yeomanry, Cavalry, or Mounted Infantry." By Colonel Rolleston. (Smith Elder, 1s. 6d.)
 "Wrecking the Empire." By J. M. Robertson (Grant Richards, 5s.)
- (V.) Miscellaneous :—
 "How to Read War News." With a Glossary of Military Technical Terms. (Unwin, 1s.)
 "Golden Deeds of the War." By A. T. Story. (Newnes, 5s.)
 "The Transvaal in Peace and War." By Neville Edwards. (Virtue, 7s. 6d. n.)
 "Mechanical Traction in War." By Lieutenant-Colonel O. Layre. (Sampson Low, 5s. n.)

VI. Fiction (not including Books for Boys).

- (I.) General :—
 "The Wedge of War." By Frances S. Hallows. (Elliot Stock.)
 "An Imperial Light Horseman." By Harold Hore. (Pearsons, 6s.)
 "A Fighter in Khaki." By Ralph Rodd. (John Long, 3s. 6d.)
 "In the Wake of the War." By St. John Adcock. (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.)
 "Cease Fire!" By J. MacLaren Cobban. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.)
 "The Despatch Rider." By Ernest Glanville. (Methuen, 6s.)

SHAKESPEARE FIRST FOLIO

Tuesday last saw another record set up in reference to the Shakespeare folios, the occasion of a very fine copy of the First Folio, which, in contest, was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch for £2,000, the highest price yet paid for a Shakespeare folio on the second Tuesday in July just two years previous record for the First Folio was made in the Mr. Harvey bidding £1,700 for a copy of the same. Tuesday's folio is, if anything, in somewhat better condition than the copy sold in 1800, as it is only very slightly damaged and the repaired leaves are not many. But it is as it measures only 325mm. by 207mm. In this respect to some other perfect copies known, and notably in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire and Countess, though it outdistances them all in regard to completeness. The First Folio was published in 1623 at a contemporary note in the unique Sheldon copy by Mr. Sidney Lee shows that that volume was sold for £3 15s. The earliest record of a First Folio occurs in a catalogue of 1687, but the price is not given. A catalogue of nearly one hundred years later, 1756, gives the first folio was sold for £3 3s. Judging by the price of the Sheldon copy it might be assumed that that of 1756 was imperfect, though it is most probable that it was perfect, for we know that at that date folios were not nearly so much sought after as early editions and fine examples of the Continental price of the first folio at auction had increased which five years later, in the Roxburghe sale, it was £100. In 1818 the price was £121, and some years later, it had gone up to £155, but the prices did not set in till the Daniel sale in 1841, when it was given for the copy now belonging to the Earl of Devonshire. It is only within the last two years, however, that the price has run into four figures, two of the instances referred to above, while a third was the Daly copy in New York in March, 1900, for close upon £1,000. It stands that if the 1800 copy had come to the market on Tuesday dealers would have been prepared to pay £2,000 for it.

With reference to the Shakespeare First Folio being prepared by the Oxford Press, of which volume particulars, the *Periodical* says :—

The efforts that Mr. Sidney Lee is making to present whereabouts of the extant copies of the First Folio have produced for him a vast correspondence from owners both in America and in this country. It has been shown to assist in the research, and in fine condition, the existence of which has not been recorded by bibliographers, have come to light. These families have been met with who have eluded many generations the unhappy delusion that the First Folio was a lost volume, whereas investigation of the value of a First Folio, whereas investigation of the value of a folio or one of the earliest of the "facsimile" reissues of the century. The majority of copies now in America were exported comparatively recently by London booksellers, the ownership of the American copies seems in many cases to change with perplexing frequency.

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something still more wonderful. She is not only a superb actress, she is a superb athlete. And when I call her a superb actress I mean that she has a superb temperament. It has been the fashion to insist upon her mimetic skill. In comparing her, for instance, with Signora Duse, people are in the habit of saying that she is more "theatrical," less "natural." I am more than ever convinced that this is a mistake. Sarah Bernhardt plays her own nature, her own temperament, for all that it is worth, just as Eleonora Duse does, and the difference between the two players is one of nature rather than one of method. The one actress is no more able to disguise her real self than is the other. Take Mme. Bernhardt in *Phèdre*. It is a "classic" part if ever there was one—classic, I mean, in the Gallic sense, ceremonious and elegant, a little trim and geometrical like the Park of Versailles, in short, genuine Louis Quatorze. But the actress deliberately romanticizes it, makes it a compound of raving beast and swooning odalisque, a Racinean idea touched up by Bandelaire and Verlaine. Some one objects. But is that the true Racine? The answer is that there is no true Racine one and indivisible, the world making its Racines for itself as it goes along. That is the special virtue of a classic (not in the Gallic but in the universal sense). It is always being "born again," as Mrs. Poyser said of something else "and born different." We of to-day cannot see Racine with the eye of his contemporaries, and it really does not matter.

"Les mêmes œuvres," says Anatole France, "se ressemblent diversement dans les âmes qui les contemplent. Chaque génération d'hommes cherche une émotion nouvelle devant les ouvrages des vieux maîtres." The point is, does Mme. Bernhardt give us this "émotion nouvelle" in *Phèdre*? There can be but one answer to this question. On the night this play was performed Her Majesty's Theatre was densely packed, and the conventional phrase is really for once strictly accurate—the actress held her huge audience spell-bound. She was languid, she was frenzied, sometimes she chanted her mellifluous lines like a chorister, at others the words rattled in her throat like the hoarse growls of a panther balked of its prey. Her eyes gleamed with lust and then turned blank with despair. Every attitude seemed to fall into its place in a single design of harmonious beauty. Her death scene was like the gradual extinction of a volcano. But I may as well cease hunting for similes, for I fear how hopeless is the attempt to describe these rare moments of great acting. For me this performance of Mme. Bernhardt ranks as the supreme thing in the acting of passionate womanhood, just as Duse's *Mirandolina* ranks as the supreme thing in the acting of capricious womanhood, "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Racine was a bold man in putting the passionate woman, without a single veil of reticence to cover her, on the stage, and, frightened at his own temerity, he never attempted the thing again and soon resigned playwriting altogether. To-day we are all mortally afraid of passion, naked and not ashamed; I mean that we are afraid to look upon its image, for presumably it plays as great a part in human life as ever it did. There is no passion, for instance, in *La Dame aux Camélias*, only a false sentimentality, a sickly pathos. There is no passion in *La Tosca*, only the crude violence of melodrama. When Mme. Bernhardt ceases to play in them they will cease to exist. And there is no passion, absolutely none, in the absurdly overrated *L'Aiglon* and *Cyrano* of M. Rostand. There was a touch of it, just a touch, in his *Princesse Loïtaine*, and I cannot help regretting that Mme. Bernhardt has dropped that

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE LESSONS AND FALLACIES OF THE

THE RELATIONS OF GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. By H. H. HALL, Fellow of New College, Oxford. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901.)

There is an enormous amount of useful information happily generalized and compressed into this little book which might serve as an introduction either to Haskins's *Open War* or to Freeman's *Historical Geography*. For Mr. Hall is dealing with the subjects which lie on the debate between military and political history, and which are excluded in any complete survey of the one or the other manual, therefore, must be equally valuable to the scholar who wishes to get a broad view of the great changes of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, and to the student at the University who has to grasp the facts of the making of modern political geography.

The book falls into two sections. Eight chapters deal with the general rules by which geographical facts influence historical developments. Thirteen more apply the theories of the first section to the various regions of the globe. In the first section the Americas are dealt with (though on a slighter scale) than Europe. We had occasion, little more than a year ago, to criticize another book which was intended to carry out the same plan; but between Mr. George's work and Dr. Miller Maguire there is an enormous difference in manner of execution. The advantage lies entirely on the work that is now before us, where orderly arrangement, the logical working out of cause and effect, replace mere observed facts and long and arid strings of names. No one with the two books before him could hesitate at the moment which he should recommend to the student—soldier or civilian—of historical geography.

Besides the ordinary topics of the geographic ethnologist, there are many secondary issues on which Mr. George finds space to say a few weighty words. We may take as an example the chapter on "The Fallacies of the Map," in which (as the author remarks) Bacon would have written a *Charta* if they had been known in his day. The two fallacies which may be called the "nationalist" fallacy and the "natural frontiers" fallacy.

The politician who wants an argument to support his aspiration produces a map coloured to suit his purpose. He is working the "nationalist" fallacy, all districts of a given language are spoken are tinted alike, regardless of the fact that in some of them another language is spoken; and the world is asked to draw the conclusions all ought, in justice and fairness, to be under the same argument. Or a country in which different races live under the same political rule is coloured to show the variety of the world is invited to infer that one or another of them ought, in justice, to be politically separated from the rest. On the other hand the map-maker is supporting the "boundary fallacy," the map is used to show how extreme certain well-marked geographical frontiers are for a given nation, and the inference is tacitly drawn that a nation has a moral right to seize them if it can.

It is one of the ironies of modern politics that Fre

as if it had been a French empire, and as if France was the natural inheritor of its limits. But since the war of 1870-71, when aspirations after the Rhine boundary have become futile, the other geographical heresy, that nationality is coincident with language, has been brought to the front. We are now asked to hold that Metz, and perhaps Liège and Geneva, ought to be French towns, because a map showing the divisions of ethnology or language would colour them with the same hue that it uses for Paris.

As a matter of fact it is equally futile to press to its logical result one or the other of these two theories. Neither "natural boundaries" nor racial homogeneity make a nation, but the sentiment of national unity; and that sentiment may overrule the most striking difficulties in the way of geography, or on the other hand may refuse to come into existence in spite of every favouring circumstance of place and race. The Greeks are a real nationality in spite of their sporadic dispersion over so many shores and islands. The Swiss are a real nationality, though they speak three tongues, are divided by two religions, and have the main chain of the Alps passing through the midst of their territory. On the other hand, Norway and Sweden, where race, religion, language, and physical juxtaposition all plead for unity, steadily refuse to coalesce, and are more divided in spirit at the present moment than when they were first united in 1815. It is useless then to draw race-maps of the Austrian Empire, or Belgium, or Switzerland, and to argue from them that disruption is right and natural. If there is a possibility that the one may break up, and a certainty that the other two will cohere, it is a matter purely of sentiment and not of physical or ethnological geography.

We have, perhaps, spent too much time over the excellent chapter in which Mr. George sets forth these conclusions. But we must find space to praise the section in which he deals with the Alps and their defiles, as fundamental facts in historical geography. Nothing is more easy, when dealing with such a subject, than to construct a mere list of summits and passes. It is far more difficult to draw up the historical reasons which in one age or another have given a temporary or a permanent importance to the individual passes, but this Mr. George has most successfully accomplished. Not least of his luminous generalizations is the one which, on pages 313-15, shows why in certain ages the Alps have had no practical influence on European history. Under the Cæsars they were not a frontier; in the Middle Ages the entities Italy and Germany did not exist; both were included in the "Holy Roman Empire," and the regions in and about them were divided up into so many small States, all virtually independent, and all formally included in the Empire, that the mountains were of little political importance. If the Emperor had to expect opposition on one route, he could take another, sometimes a very roundabout one. It is interesting, for example, to remember that Henry IV. went from Germany to humiliate himself at Canossa by way of the Mont Cenis. It was only when the fiction of the Holy Roman Empire had been forgotten, when France had come up to the Alps, and when large States like Savoy, Milan, and Venice had grown up in the valley of the Po, that the passes began to have a real influence on history. We note that Mr. George asserts that "the use of the Alpine roads has been almost entirely overlooked; invaders pour into Italy, but Italy has never, save during old Roman days, sent out her armies East or West or North." At least two exceptions to this generalization must be made: the Lombards about the year 600 A.D. poured into Provence and Burgundy, and (but for Muhammadus) might have

GILBERT WHITE.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GILBERT WHITE.
LEIGH HOLT-WHITE. (Murray, 3s.)

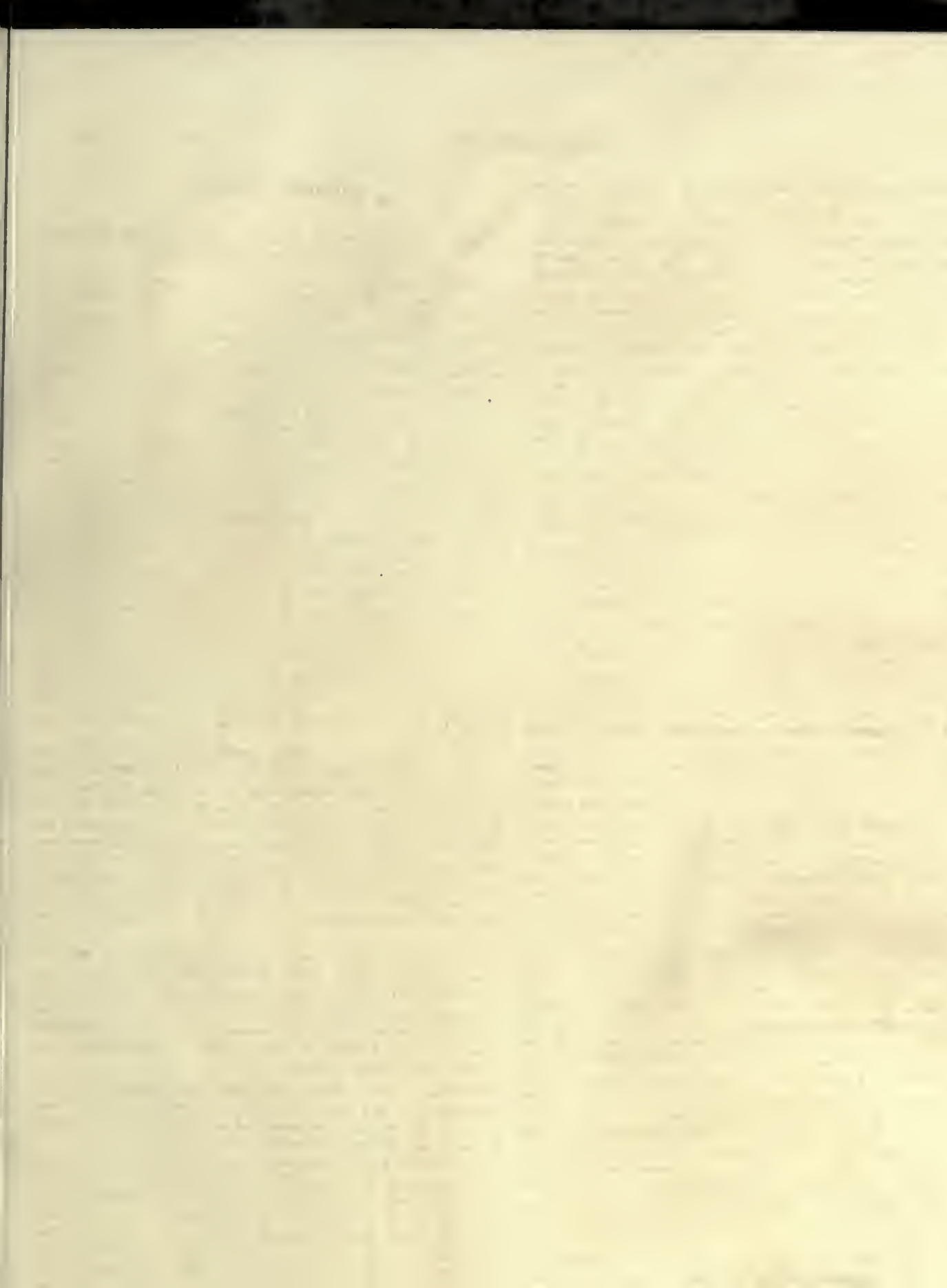
That no authentic account of the life or of the general letters of Gilbert White should have been a remarkable fact when the general estimate of the historian of Selborne is held by naturalists and life is taken into consideration. We feel, indebted to Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White, a grandson of the family, for availing himself of his access to the family and publishing in two volumes the letters, journals, and accounts which have appeared. Mr. Holt-White states in his preface a worthy account of Gilbert White's career. This is hardly correct. Professor Bell, who purchased the house, and occupied it for nearly thirty years, gave information respecting the previous owner, and his very valuable edition of White's Selborne in 1877. In addition to this there is a long and interesting account in the "Dictionary of National Biography" which appeared as late as last year, by one of the most distinguished zoological writers, Professor Newton. Singularly enough two accounts are not acknowledged in the preface: nor is any allusion made to the article by Jennings of "Natural History." Mr. Holt-White is strongly against the misstatements that have appeared regarding the historian of Selborne, more especially the notes that have appeared to the innumerable well-known work.

The volumes begin with the early history of the country, appear to be descendants of the *guti* or *riti*, which the early Saxons, the present name White being a corruption of their tribal name. The family of Selborne, where Gilbert White was born, in the birth, the country was so badly cultivated and so perfectly secluded, and could not be discovered, and the roads were so bad that access was almost impossible. The description of the state of the country in the 17th century is remarkably characteristic. Speaking of the roads he writes:—

The hundreds (of Essex) in general look upon the fear of ague makes people dislike them. The roads are bad, and there you meet with a horse on a sound bottom, which is very convenient for the driver, but my horse found it so narrow that he was obliged to back and had cut himself all four. I hope that here, I shall escape the ague.

Travelling at that period must have been very uncomfortable, as roads were so bad that White makes a speech of his horse vehicle reaching Selborne, and he himself by coach was afflicted with coach sickness.

Those who have interested themselves in the life of White are aware that of late years some attacks have been made upon his personal character. As long since as 1848 when editing the "Colleges of Oxford" stated that his being the model clergyman, residing in his parish, interested in all that concerned the parish in which he was from a college point of view, a rich sincere resident . . . who continued to enjoy the



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deeply mortgaged, and he never received more than the modest stipend of a curate. In holding his fellowship and the small college living of Moreton Pinkney, he took a course which other fellows had taken before him, and which was in no sense blameable or exceptional. He did not conceal his real pecuniary position from his college, and he did not, as is alleged, own at Selborne any paternal estate.

By his will, White bequeathed £100 to Oriel, and the Provost in acknowledging the receipt of the legacy said, "We shall take care that your uncle's kind remembrance of us shall not be forgotten, his memory will ever be respected by his Oxford friends, and dear to those of his own college, at least I am sure it will ever be so to your faithful and obedient servant J. Eveleigh." It is well known that, although White never married, he had on more than one occasion a desire to do so, but the obstacle to matrimony was that his income without his fellowship, which would have to be vacated on his marriage, would have been insufficient to support a family, and if he had accepted preferment, which was offered to him, he would have had to leave his beloved Selborne.

These volumes are particularly readable and entertaining, and not only to naturalists. They derive much value from the graphic account they give of the life of a country clergyman in the eighteenth century. Mr. Holt-White, though not himself a naturalist, has done his work with great conscientiousness. He is not a practised author, and many slips, which would have been avoided by a more skilled editor, might be noticed. More care might have been taken in the spelling of proper names, and the description of the arms of the White family are given in two different versions in the first volume and in the pedigree at the end of the second volume—neither version, we fancy, being absolutely correct.

The allusion to the numerous editions of the "Natural History" is excessively imperfect. In fact Mr. Holt-White only enumerates those which were practically reprints of the first edition, and mentions no editions published later than eighty years since. Despite these omissions the thanks of all naturalists and lovers of country life are due to the editor for these volumes, which all lovers of Gilbert White will read with the greatest pleasure.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.

Side by side with the Life and Letters of Gilbert White comes yet another new issue of the "Natural History," which has been edited with an introduction and notes by Professor Miall and Mr. Warde Fowler. Of the notes there is not much to be said. After the numerous editions of White, which approach one hundred in number, little can be added to the remarks of the previous editions. Professor Miall's introduction is mainly based upon the accounts previously published by Bell and Professor Newton. Mr. Fowler adds a few pages on White's erroneous views as to the migration of birds. The volume includes not only the natural history, but the antiquities of Selborne, and observations on the various parts of nature, which were compiled from White's diaries by Dr. Aitkin and published by him in 1802.

BUCHANAN—AND OTHERS.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: A CRITICAL APPRECIATION, AND OTHER ESSAYS. BY HENRY MURRAY. (Philip Webb, 5s. 6d.)

self-censorship should be a constant in his life. It is not surprising that almost everything written of him who knew him intimately should suffer of being actually of hysteria. Certainly Mr. Murray is a man of Buchanan himself. There are ten articles in a volume of essays, and every one of them is marked by that vigour and exaggeration which gave emphasis to his withheld authority from, almost everything which he wrote. Some of the articles we seem to have met with in one of the Sunday papers; and all alike are written in flowing pen, and, from a purely journalistic point of view, "good copy" and effective. But as a criticism they fail from an entire lack of that sense of proportion which criticism cannot even begin to exist. Violence and exaggeration disfigure every page; and, though at first the reader is amused by Mr. Murray's judicial gymnastics, he soon of the instability and perverse audacity of the whole taste can feast long upon this sort of *hors d'œuvre* of criticism.

The essay upon Buchanan occupies about one-third of the volume, and during its course Mr. Murray delivers some disconcerting *obiter dicta*. Stevenson's "cherry-stone *chef d'œuvre*"; and the three Victorian "seemest of posthumous regard" are Tennyson, Browning, and Buchanan himself. As a set-off against this enthusiasm, Pye and Crabbe are combined together for the next Murray's contempt, and such a violence upon Crabbe defined, if restricted, talent merely proves that Mr. Murray, temperamentally disqualified from poetic criticism of a poet or authority. Again, we are told that Buchanan, an exponent of the deeper intellectual life of his epoch as in its religious evolution was truer, more complete, and more, in so far greater than his two great and friends Browning and Tennyson; and judgments of this scale as they are to Mr. Murray's loyalty, are not much of his judgment. In short, the whole essay on Buchanan scarcely be taken seriously; it is an exercise in speech of a particularly hyperbolic type.

The other articles are for the most part reprints of current literature, and of purely ephemeral literary book closes with an "open-letter" to a young man meditates a literary career—a letter so packed with sentiment and perversion of fact as to invite rather, rather than, "I write the words in all sad sincerity," Mr. Murray, "honestly believing that in this year of a high literary capacity is as dire a curse as can befall an unimproved Englishman." Here, again, the disfigurement of Buchanan is patent; here is the old passion for a "literary career" with which we are all long since familiar. But Mr. Murray out-Herods Herod. "Very rarely done with any honesty, or with any desire to the interests of literature. On the majority of jobs scamped as lightly and as easily as possible; on the other, and professing literary organs it is performed with cynical dishonesty." We confess that we find some meditating in the spectacle of a man of letters, and degrading the honour of his craft, but, when he proceeds to wholesale imputation of dishonest motives, he is out of the arena of honourable argument altogether. Mr. Murray cannot be ignorant that there was never a literary ability was less of a "misfortune" and more of a misfortune than it is at present; indeed, the great fault

daily and weekly criticism was ever more honourably or more capably performed than it is at present. But Buchanan, in certain well-known utterances about the literary life, set a fashion of defiant pessimism, which Mr. Murray and a few others of his followers seem unwisely anxious to preserve. They would do better to look round for themselves and test a few of their too dogmatic accusations. If they did so sincerely, they would find cause to moderate and readjust their judgment.

SOME RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.

Ethics.

Mr. A. E. Taylor's *PROBLEM OF CONDUCT* (Macmillan, 10s. n.) is the most noteworthy book on ethics that has appeared for some time in our language. Not that it will meet with general approval; quite the reverse. Its faults lie upon the surface—and underneath. It is very ill-constructed, full of repetitions, redundancies, and digressions, with no index or table of contents, or anything else to guide one through the colossal chapters. The young thinker rushing into print with his first book is very much in evidence all through. Nor is the general tone agreeable. A remarkable cocksureness and acrimony are prominent, with a free and frequent handling of questions usually described as "delicate." And the philosophic standpoint is not speculatively hopeful or practically comforting to any one who takes morality seriously. Mr. Taylor believes in a "Beyond Good and Bad," in other words, a Spinozistic or Bradleyan Absolute in which moral distinctions are merged, not to say lost. Hence he concludes that both morality and religion are mere practical compromises which prove irrational and bankrupt when philosophically analyzed. And yet, when all this has been said, it remains true that his book will have to be read by all who wish to keep in touch with the progress of ethical theory. For it is an honest and vigorous effort to carry Mr. F. H. Bradley's metaphysical theories into the ethical domain, a task which had not been seriously attempted before. Mr. Taylor insists strongly that ethics should be an empirical inquiry and that metaphysical conclusions should result entirely from a review of experience. We agree with him, but do not think he adheres to his own precept. To us the book seems saturated with metaphysics; indeed to derive its main interest from that very fact. It would be unfair, however, to say that the interest is all metaphysical. Mr. Taylor's spirited criticism of current moral practice and doctrine abounds in happy observations and corrections of common mistakes. There is also a curious personal note about it, reminding one of Schopenhauer, as though the author's theory represented his experience of life. It is evident, too, that Mr. Taylor knows what is going on in psychology, an accomplishment not too common among British moralists.

In the sixth edition of the late Henry Sidgwick's *METHODS OF ETHICS* (Macmillan, 11s. n.) we have the last of the life-work of an earnest thinker and good man. He only lived to carry the revision half way through the book; the remainder has been seen through the press almost unchanged by his friend and pupil, Miss Constance Jones, of Girton. The alterations in the first half are, as might be expected, not considerable in principle, though they illustrate Sidgwick's constant striving for definiteness of thought and corresponding clearness of expression. But this edition is made important by the fact that Miss Jones'

Prof. Wilhelm Wundt's *PRINCIPLES OF MORAL PSYCHOLOGY* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. n.) is a collection of reprinted papers, the latest by Dr. Margaret Washburn, forms the third comprehensive "Ethics." A debt of gratitude is due translators, who have now completed their task of making to us one of the main works of the most eminent German thinkers. This debt, however, real and solid will be felt by professional specialists rather than the interested in ethical questions. For the book is the atmosphere of speculation changes as we pass from one country to another, even when that other country is Germany. Prof. Wundt has one of the problems that form the staple of an orthodox ethical work, such as the "Methods of Ethics" or "of Conduct" just noticed, to take the first example. He views human activity in all its forms as essentially a manifestation of will, and moral goodness as an identical individual with the common will. To reason and to act he assigns a very subordinate function in human life; this is doubtless familiar enough in Germany. An Englishman who is not prepared for this peculiar Wundt's "Ethics" will be a sealed book. His conclusion may be increased by the fact that the standpoint is not disclosed in the present work, but has to be gathered from other works. Prof. Wundt has written elsewhere on logic and psychology.

Logic.

Mr. Alfred Sidgwick's *USE OF WORDS IN REASONING* (C. Black, 7s. 6d. n.) is a criticism of formal logic with a view to replacing it by a more intelligent system. Upon the existing state of things are severe, but deserved. The condition of what is known in Oxford logic is nothing less than an educational scandal. It is generally recognized that elementary logic should be a part of higher education, no one has the authority to refer to the mass of medieval absurdities which it contains. It seems no chance of any improvement till some great body, like the University of Oxford itself, causes a text-book to be written. To clear the way toward this, Sidgwick's book will do excellent service. It is elementary logic will always be to prevent men from elementary mistakes in reasoning. Mr. Sidgwick shows that the way to do this is not to multiply rules and abstract "reasoning process," but to direct attention to the general characteristics of the matter reasoned upon. An exposition of this truth in its various aspects shows a dry and complicated subject to which few men are

Psychology.

Professor Joseph Jastrow's *FACT AND FABLE IN PSYCHOLOGY* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n.) is a collection of reprinted papers, the latest by Dr. Margaret Washburn, forms the third comprehensive "Ethics." A debt of gratitude is due translators, who have now completed their task of making to us one of the main works of the most eminent German thinkers. This debt, however, real and solid will be felt by professional specialists rather than the interested in ethical questions. For the book is the atmosphere of speculation changes as we pass from one country to another, even when that other country is Germany. Prof. Wundt has one of the problems that form the staple of an orthodox ethical work, such as the "Methods of Ethics" or "of Conduct" just noticed, to take the first example. He views human activity in all its forms as essentially a manifestation of will, and moral goodness as an identical individual with the common will. To reason and to act he assigns a very subordinate function in human life; this is doubtless familiar enough in Germany. An Englishman who is not prepared for this peculiar Wundt's "Ethics" will be a sealed book. His conclusion may be increased by the fact that the standpoint is not disclosed in the present work, but has to be gathered from other works. Prof. Wundt has written elsewhere on logic and psychology.

entirely re-arranged, enriched with new material and appendices on points of philosophic importance, and altogether makes a great improvement on the first edition of thirty years ago. Prof. Feaser's own contributions to the volumes it would be almost impertinent to praise. Berkeley is a subject which he has made peculiarly his own. Nearly forty years have elapsed since the appearance of his first essay on "The Real World of Berkeley"; and we are heartily glad to see him now at a venerable age rounding off his work of popularizing one of the most profound and stimulating of thinkers.

Nietzsche.

One great obstacle which has hitherto stood in the way of a general knowledge of Nietzsche's teaching has been the unmanageable size of his books. We do not mind ploughing through a big volume which we only half understand if we are supported by the conviction that we are doing something solidly improving. But no one cares for a *jeu d'esprit* of 500 pages, the length of "Zarathustra," which the author prided himself on

new the praise or blame of all human qualities and ends. The apotheosis of strength of course involves the loss of the moral values of Christianity and humanitarianism, to be replaced by the "Overman." Using this clue, the reader is recommended to begin with the extracts on Ethics, with no difficulty in finding his way through what might seem to be a maze of topsy-turvy nonsense. He will find that Nietzsche was not uttering a gratuitous blasphemy when, for example, "In the whole of the New Testament only one figure appears which demands our respect—Pilate, the governor;" or in ending his rhapsody, "Now the Future begins with the words 'God is dead; we now want the new gods to live.'"

Professor William Knight's *VARIA: STUDIES ON ETHICS AND PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS* (Murray, 7s. 6d. n.) are addresses which have been delivered from year to year as introductions to the author's class-lectures at St. Andrews. They range over a fair variety of topics, such as "Our Philosophical Outlook," "Poetry and Science," and "The Education of Public Opinion," but do not start much more than the style, however, is agreeable, the poetical quotations and the sentiments unexceptionable. Modestly referring the author himself as "Nugae," they may be recommended to those who do not like their philosophy too strong. The title of the volume "Philosophy and Ethics" is a little startling till one realizes that "ethics" means "practical morality."

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Bodley's "France."

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley has just brought out in France a new edition written by himself of his well-known book on the History and Working of French Political Institutions. As he writes without complacency, in his preface, "my compatriots will have the necessary leisure to cultivate these audacities," which does not surprise me, now that I have succeeded to a certain extent the genius of the French tongue, it will now appeal to the public whom, after all, it particularly concerns; and this public will be struck by the courage of the writer that the Third Republic is bound eventually to survive before the multiple assaults by which it is beset. Mr. Bodley expresses general ideas which may often be true, and which, when they are personal, almost always reflect the bias of that portion of the fashionable French press with which he has been thrown. Hence the courage with which he says again and again, "the Third Republic will not last as long as the Hanoverian dynasty." Mr. Bodley originally wrote his book before the Dreyfus affair. In the preparation of this new edition was an admirable opportunity for attempting to test by the touchstone of the facts revealed during this growth his often accurate and instructive, but singularly narrow observations. Yet Mr. Bodley has carefully neglected this opportunity. In his preface he tells us that he has only made a few changes. But he has made notable changes, especially in the chapters on the French Socialists. If, after the Dreyfus affair, Mr. Bodley could write such a sentence as the following, one is to regret that he did not postpone all allusion to this matter until the subsequent volume:—"The action of the Socialists in the Dreyfus affair showed their incapacity to perceive the deviatingly the realization of their so-called social ideas."



NIETZSCHE

making half-unintelligible. Thus, granting that the diffusion of Nietzsche's principles is desirable, Mr. Common has done well in compiling a volume of selections on NIETZSCHE AS CRITIC, PHILOSOPHER, POET, AND PROPHET (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.). The extracts, carefully, if not brilliantly, translated suffice to give us the main aspects of Nietzsche, and are, in any case, much

Canada and the Empire.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENTS, by W. Sanford Evans (Unwin, 6s.), is not merely an account of the gallant exploits of the men of Paardeberg, but a treatise on the past, present, and probable future of Canadian Imperialism. The military history in the book is not, indeed, much more than a common-place compilation; the political essay is valuable and suggestive. "Is the existing machinery for the management of Canada's external activities and of its co-operation with the other parts of the Empire wholly satisfactory?" That is the question which Mr. Evans raises, and his reply to it is:—

The most economical and safest machinery does not exist in Canada for managing its external interests; and there are defects in the connexions with the other parts of the Empire and with foreign countries which impair efficiency through an unsteady transmission or waste of power.

This "because there is no one agency in Canada to which the work of managing Imperial activities has been definitely entrusted," and because there is no provision for consulting colonial feeling before adopting a line of policy from which war is likely to result. Mr. Evans continues:—

These considerations lead up to the solution I venture to suggest for the immediate difficulties. There must be in the Dominion Government a Minister who is as distinctly and definitely responsible for the external activities of Canada as is the Colonial Secretary in England for Colonial Affairs or the Foreign Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Arguments might be urged against this proposal as well as in favour of it. The danger that a Canadian Imperial Minister might use his position, under popular pressure, to force a war with France over the Newfoundland fisheries is not to be ignored. Its appearance, however, is welcome evidence that young Canada does not shrink from its responsibilities, and it will, no doubt, be carefully considered in high quarters if Canada formally adopts it.

The Influence of Public Schools.

Mr. J. G. Cotton Minchin's *Our Public Schools* (Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.) has quite a place of its own among the many books about public schools that have been written lately. It is no set and formal history systematically or chronologically arranged, but a continual out-pouring of anecdotes about old masters and old boys—such as one hears when old boys foregather, but on a grander scale—together with occasional expressions of opinion as to the superiority of public schools to all other schools whatsoever and wheresoever. Not being a Rugbyian, Mr. Minchin naturally refuses to give Dr. Arnold the credit for all the improvements that have ever taken place in public schools since his time. Even in the fashioning of prigs, he points out, Dr. Moberly of Winchester was quite his equal, the principal difference being that Moberly's prigs were High Churchmen, whereas Arnold's prigs were Broad Churchmen. Each sort of prig has had, no doubt, a place and a use of his own in the general scheme of things; and Mr. Minchin has a reasonable and temperate admiration for both headmasters, though he refuses to give either of them the glory that is the other's due. He makes a mistake, however, in supposing that it was the English public school system with which the author of "A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons" fell in love. The school on which M. Demolins based the conclusions set forth in that book is a private school—the particular enterprise of a gentleman whom the majority of

except that the proofs have been abominably deficient in *supériorité*; "Dens dat luculentum," are only a few of many errors allowed to pass; there is noted in the long list of corrigenda.

The Knights of the Garter.

IN THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER, 1318-1485, by W. H. St. John Hope (H. Constable, 12s. 6d. n. each), we have the beginning of heraldic work. Adixed to the backs of the stalls in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, are a considerable number of gilded brass plates, varying much in size, which bear the enamelled or painted arms of the knights of the Order of the Garter. The series extends over a period of five centuries, and there still remain about six hundred memorials, or nearly seventy-two per cent. of the original number. In the interesting letterpress that introduces these plates, Mr. Hope points out that the stalls originally provided that as soon as one of the knights died, a shield of his arms (made of metal) and his effigy fixed to the back of his stall, and that his successor in the manner set up their arms beneath those of the predecessor, so that their plates shall be of a smaller size. The stalls of the XVIII. made two changes—viz., that the plate of a knight should be put up within a year of his installation, instead of that knights who were foreigners might set up their arms in any manner or fashion that they liked. The size of the plates was fixed at four inches to fifteen in length, the largest foreign examples.

Mr. Hope considers that the dimensions of the stalls are "up, ten and a-half by seven and a-half inches, and a-posterous." In the excellent critical introduction, which is divided into six special groups, the study of the stalls has brought to light many interesting details. The exact number of memorials now extant is 588; but the number of knights who have been elected into the Order from 1318 down to the present time is 812. The missing plates are to be accounted for in various ways—viz., through theft, through removal, through degradation, and through neglect of the stalls in the erection of new stalls. The third reason probably accounts for the largest number of those that are missing. As the stalls are known to have been stolen since the publishing of the first edition—One of these—viz., that for Sir Charles Somerset, 1514-26—actually came to light a year ago in the shop of a marine store-dealer in New Zealand, and was replaced in its proper stall in 1898. It is proposed to erect a new stall, which is to be completed in eight parts, of 90 full-size coloured facsimiles, each having a descriptive note. The first part, in addition to the introduction of the stalls, the earliest of these are two of the stalls of John de Grailly, who died in 1377, and Sir Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick (1373-1401). The stalls of the XV. and XVI. are beautifully executed, but the arms sink into insignificance when compared with the detail of the helm and crest and mantling and the silver harpy, and the red mantling is powdered with gold flowers. He was the elder son of Sir Thomas de Sully, co. Leicester. In August, 1438, he defeated the French in a mounted combat; and, four years later, he was the victor in a fight with axes against the Aragon, at Smithfield; this latter achievement was rewarded with a pension of 100 marks a year. In

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existence, have been men of apical distinction. The facsimiles reflect much credit on the publishers; it is a pleasure to note that the general effect is not spoiled by attempting to reproduce actual gilding.

A Sentimental Journey.

The peregrinations of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's Penelope are almost as well known by many as those of Homer's Ulysses. Her travels in Scotland and England are now followed by *PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES* (Gay, Bird, &c.), which will give an equal amount of delight to her admirers. For our own part as we read through these trivial, facile, elegant, and allusive pages we are inclined to cry aloud for the Mrs. Wiggin of "Timothy's Quest." Salendina, Francesen, Benella, Mr. Beresford, and the rest, may be real people for all we know, while Timothy of the Quest was certainly an invention, but he was the true man. The present ladies and gentlemen act up to the guide-books, as it were, and perform their tricks just at the right moment at which to see a good view of "the Urbs Intacta" or to drag in a verse by Father Prout. But Mrs. Wiggin's delicacy and charm can never leave her even when she devotes to the compilation of sentimental guide-books what we had hoped to see given to pure art. Her facts and figures are carefully verified, and then hidden under an agreeable mask of fiction and "literary" quotation; but like many another casual visitor to Ireland she sometimes trips in a bright and cheery way. Penelope, for example, says: "I've studied the song-writers more than the histories and geographies, so I should like to go to Bray and look up the Vicar. . . ." Every one is forest to learn sooner or later that the Bray in which "loyalty no harm meant" is an agreeable village on the River Thames where Ascot parties may be made up, and not in county Wicklow, Ireland. Apart from the pleasant little history of Penelope and her friends, the main charm of Mrs. Wiggin's latest book is the admirable spirit of sentimentality with which she approaches Ireland and the Irish. Leinster, Munster, Ulster, Connaught, and Royal Meath are taken in turn and each part of the island is submitted to the alchemy of Mrs. Wiggin's gaily sentimental mood. Much of the beauty and grace of Ireland may be learnt from her "experiences," but, of course, the vital questions at issue and the fount of the *lachrymæ Hibernicæ* are left untouched.

China.

A record of events startlingly like the occurrences of our own day is given in *THE ARROW WAR WITH CHINA*, by Prof. C. S. Leavenworth, of Shanghai. The war (1850-1860) arose out of the attack made by Chinese on the *lorcha Arrow* when lying off Canton, against which the British Consul—afterwards Sir Harry Parkes—protested. Then, as lately, we had Ambassadors fled on, allied forces marching on the capital, the lady who is now Empress Dowager in flight, and Li with his own plans for a settlement. The story has been told by Lord Loch in his "Narrative of Events in China" and in Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's "Life of Sir Harry Parkes." It is related briefly and readably, with due reference to authorities, and a bibliography, by Professor Leavenworth, who takes a hopeful view of the progressive enlightenment of China which the *Arrow* war helped to advance.

At the same time we have from Mr. Stanley Lane Poole another volume called *SIR HARRY PARKES IN CHINA* (Methuen, 6s.). It gives us at once a sympathetic biography and a careful account of Anglo-Chinese relations from 1820 to 1887. To

The various Chinese wars are related in sufficient detail, and a character-sketch is admirably done. The author has to the same ground before in the two-volume biography mentioned, which he wrote with Mr. P. Victor D., but the reproduction of the narrative in a briefer and more formal form is quite warranted by the importance of the subject and the extent of the public interest in it.

Mr. Stephen Crane's Last Book.

IN *GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD*, by the late Stephen Crane (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), we see a writer usually to attempting a task for which he had no particular qualification and falling in it. The thing which Stephen Crane understood and knew how to depict was the psychology of the battle. In attempting to describe a number of battles in a series of papers about the length of magazine articles he had little chance of displaying this talent; and the particular knowledge required by the military historian he did not possess. But Stephen Crane could have written "The Red Badge of Courage." Almost any war-correspondent might have written the book before us. Not only is it inferior to Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* is inferior to the work of the Rev. W. H. Fitchett. Any one will compare the accounts given by the three writers of the storming of Badajoz will see that Stephen Crane's account is bad third to the other two. His battles, besides Badajoz, Vittoria, Plevna, Bunkersdorf, Leipzig, Lützen, New Orleans, Solferino, and Bunker Hill.

A Regimental History.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, by Mr. Walter Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), the second volume of a series of regimental histories, deals with a corps which has substantial claims to have its history chronicled. The Northumberland Fusiliers are second to none in military distinction. The Regiment was raised so long ago as the year 1671, and is one of the oldest in the service. Its uniform (which is also in its way) has been worn by many of the most famous soldiers of the past two centuries; and its roll of "honours" includes at least one that is borne by no other regiment now in existence. This is that of "Wilhelmstahl," won in 1762, while fighting against the French, the Fifth were instrumental in effecting the capture of an entire division of the French. It was in this regiment, too, that the celebrated Plüsch served for some years as a private soldier without her sex discovered. Recruits were apparently accepted in those days at an even more youthful age than at present. This volume actually enlisted when only fifteen years old. The volume brought well up to date, since the history of the regiment since 1800, and the earlier stages of the present campaign in Africa is included therein.

I. Y., by "The Corporal" (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.), facetious grumble at the discomforts of the African campaign.

The second volume of *THE LIVING RACES OF MAN* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. n.) is now out. It is a popular account of the manners and customs of various peoples ranging from the Bantus to the British, and the photographs, which as before, are of more account than the letterpress, are excellently printed and carefully selected.

The question of the treatment of the Jews in Roumania is of intense interest to the small public that takes interest in it at all. All the material for a complete

are good. There are also some translations of old Basque ballads; but these will only appeal to the few. There is no climbing, or rather the eminences ascended are only hills.

Some people may not like to see the actual scenes that have been depleted in their favourite novels. But for those who do Mr. Clive Holland's *PILGRIMAGE TO WISSEX*, printed by Messrs. Percy Lund, Humphries, with illustrations of the places round about Dorchester described by Mr. Thomas Hardy, will be just the thing. In inspecting the kitchen where Tess and Angel Clare supped on their wedding night and the "half dead town-lot" where the Urbervilles lived there is something of the same pleasure as there is in running down a quotation.

The notes made during eight years' driving tours are put together in *CONTINENTAL ROAD TRAVEL IN CENTRAL WESTERN EUROPE* by W. J. A. Staines (Chapman and Hall, 12s.). It is rather a book to turn over in quest of information about unfrequented places which it would be worth while to visit than one to read steadily through; quite common-place in style, though pleasant enough to treat as we suggest. There are some photographs of rather more than average merit.

"Madge's" *BOOK OF COOKERY* (Marshall and Son, 3s. 6d.) is a valuable addition to the numerous cookery books provided for the English housewife. "Madge" is well known to be practical and economical, and her recipes are within the reach of the average housekeeper. Her chapter on vegetables especially is excellent. Part II. of the book deals with "Home Management," and this makes it very useful for young housewives. Nothing has been forgotten, and the advice given is sensible and sound. How to deal with servants, tradespeople, &c., how to buy, how to manage the work of the house—all this is clearly told. The young woman who starts housekeeping, without knowledge on the subject, might do worse than buy the book and carefully study "Madge's" valuable hints.

FICTION.

The Tragedy of Womanhood.

We fear that those who, in the old days when Mr. George Moore was wont to confess the unregenerate devices and desires of a young man, did not find him very amusing, will, now that he leaves the curiosities of youth for the analysis of an indeterminate woman's soul, consider that he occasionally approaches dullness with no timid strides. But in *EVELYN INNES* (cheap edition, Unwin, 6d.) and *SISTER TERESA* (Unwin, 6s.) the many admirers of Mr. Moore may find a prodigious deal of earnest consideration of a few circumstances interesting to the amateur in the art of living. Evelyn Innes was a gifted artist with some of the defects of her qualities and with strong religious tendencies—a woman who had discovered two instincts in herself, an inveterate sensuality and a sincere aspiration for a spiritual life. The story of the second part of the book, called "Sister Teresa" is that of the struggle in one soul between the hedonist and wayward artist of the stage and the devotee of the highest life. This exhaustive account of Evelyn as she tries to accept the shelter of the conventual life, reverts to the world, returns to the life of the "vocation," and finally has her fate settled for her apart from the workings of her own inconstant, complex, and highly energetic nature, receives from the author an almost pathetic care and elaboration. Convent life may be little enough known to all of us, but Mr. Moore enters into the souls of the women he creates with a perfect sense of power and insight. The Prioress of the Passionist Nuns at Wimbledon, the Mother, Mary Hilda, the Sisters, Mary

congratulate Mr. Moore on his power to coin his masterpieces; we could only wish that his taste for textual alteration somewhat furthered much that is wearisome in the present work. Dogmatic and content, but, again a little while his work of yesterday is, in his own phrase, "sister."

Such a book as "Sister Teresa" shows extraordinary perseverance, but what is the object of this really enormous piece of work? A gift to be good—to do, as it were, the best for her—steadfast in any desire, and play-acting in the shelter of the Church of Rome is, therefore, tries it and finds herself still acting, still Sister Teresa comes to be of much the same of who early states the case for the convent. "There are those," she said, "who slip away—they are very young, before life has fairly touched those who have had a disappointment. . . . young, and although she has had disappointment she recovers. Two men, out of many, Sir Ulick Deane, constantly call to her. Agassiz expresses the view that "the human animal throws the greater part of his and her mental life into the sex; the greater part of his and her mental life Owen says that the arts arose out of sex; that to capture woman he cut a reed and blew and that it was not until he had won her that an interest in the tune for its own sake." If she had been able to take a real delight in "the tune" of art she might have been spared much toil of work; she might have attained the peace she sought. She is an artist in her religion, while she is too insincere of her art, as this passage shows:—"One day, exalted, she thought; it is only by working at art, that one prepares oneself for the work of inspiration. God is scattering the seed always in those hearts which are prepared to receive it. The poet must write verses every day, the musician must play every day, the nun must pray every day, as inspired one day in the seven." These views towards the "vocation." But even this serious attitude is broken in upon by such hopeless apprehensions: "I spend the whole of my life with these women who are like children?" when Sister Jerome says to another fails to do a wise one. Almost to the end "Does another quest lie before me?" and "She tried to stifle the thought, but it came like a curlew across waste lands." At last her soul is set at rest from without. At the end of her friend of operatic days:—"Dear Louise, all that matters; it matters nothing whether we are children or doing the things that the world calls important. The important thing to do is to live, and to know life, taste life, until we put it aside. That is a paradox, but it is a simple little truth. Life is not to be lived and to enter into the will of God we must first of all must try to live outside ourselves in the world. Louise, who is still of the world and is now a nun." So this is the last stage." Thus the tragedy is lowered upon Mr. Moore's tragedy of womanhood content to leave as most of us have found

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carefully written of the collection—there is fine handling of an exceptionally powerful situation. Possibly the writing may be too studied for some tastes; there are times when Miss Wharton leans towards preciousness, or when the verbal mosaic of her style tends to distract attention from the matter in hand. Here, for example, is the opening paragraph of the last mentioned story:—

Have you ever questioned the long shuttered front of an old Italian house, that motionless mask, smooth, mute, equivocal as the face of a priest behind which buzz the secrets of the confessional? Other houses declare the nettles they shelter; they are the clear expressive outline of a life flowing close to the surface; but the old palace in its narrow street, the villa on its cypress-headed hill, are as impenetrable as death. The tall windows are like blind eyes, the great door is a shut mouth. Inside there may be sunshine, the scent of myrtles, and a pulse of life through all the arteries of the huge frame; or a mortal solitude, where bats lodge in the disjointed stones and the keys rust in unused doors. . . .

Such an exordium may not inconceivably frighten some intending readers. As a commencement it is somewhat too showy a piece of the writing, and the effect would be the greater if it were introduced elsewhere, after reader and writer had got, so to speak, upon more familiar terms. The manner is more natural later on, but the observation is always acute, the expression almost always adequate. "The Duchess at Prayer" might have furnished Robert Browning with material for a long poem.

THE ARISTOCRATS (John Lane, 6s.) calls itself "the impressions of the Lady Helen Polo during her sojourn in the Great North Woods, as spontaneously recorded in her letters to her friend in North Britain, the Countess of Edge and Ross." It is a clever, mordant little book, that charms you one moment with its delicate insight and appreciation of beautiful things and places, and revolts you the next by sayings that are anything but delicate. Some of these have the excuse of wit. Some are simply coarse, and jar very much when put into the mouth of a beautiful girl, the sister of an English Duke. Some of the "impressions of the Lady Helen Polo" are shrewd enough. She finds American blood over-diluted, in life as in literature, and the American mind and attitude incurably "aristocratic," to use a word she would never think of using at home. The different types she meets are cleverly and rather cruelly sketched. The anonymous author has the art of saying what he means and saying it in good, terse English.

Colossal are the imaginings of Mr. M. P. Shiel. HIS LOON OF THE SEA (Grant Richards, 6s.) goes back to the gigantic scale of "The Yellow Danger," and deals with the destinies, not of couples, but of the world—we had almost said the universe. Mr. Shiel's style runs away with him. But then his conviction runs away with the reader till he is forgiven even such sentences as this:—

Hogarth, who had a continual habit of picking his shining top-teeth, stood with the quill suspended, as if the question confounded him, maintaining that statuesque pose some moments, rather different from the other farmers, for he wore a frock coat, and was younger than they, being about twenty-six.

Hogarth was a magnificent youth, a Jew without knowing himself to be one, and Mr. Shiel's favourite type, the natural king among men. Diamonds fall from the shining crown of his

LIBRARY NOTES.

King Edward the Seventh is a bibliophile in the truest sense of being a lover of books, and his Majesty has attracted attention to the Royal Libraries. The Library at Windsor was begun by Henry VIII. and contains about 100,000 volumes, many smaller collections having been added to it from the Royal residences. The books in the King's private library at Sandringham, are now being arranged by Mr. Humphreys. Queen Victoria shortly before her death gave to Mr. A. W. Robertson, formerly librarian of Albert College, a catalogue of the books at Balmoral, and he is just completing this work to a close.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is said to intend a further addition upon his encumbering wealth, but as yet the exact amount is definitely fixed. Fifty-six million pounds is, it is understood, the sum to be expended in a shower of gold, and art and science indicated as possible recipients. The public libraries, perhaps, plead that a Science and Art Department in connection with each of them would be a real fulfilment of the philanthropic aims.

A Cromwell Library has been established at Nantwich, and contains valuable books and prints, to which some relief will be added. It is hoped that the collection will be further augmented by the purchase or donation of works on the Civil War and Protectorate. It is in these local collections that valuable safeguards may be found against the too frequent passage of our historical records across the Atlantic.

The report of the Society of Arts Committee on book-binding, to which reference was made in *Literature* last week, accords with the experience of librarians. The unsuitability of Russia and calf leathers has been proved over and over again. Morocco is undisputedly the best material for libraries, being unsatisfactory for many classes of work. The library escapes the evil of tobacco smoke, but gas is a many cases still the illuminating agent. We wish that attention was paid to a serious defect in modern book-binding—the bad sewing. Contrasted with that of a time when books were valued for themselves, much of it is very poor stuff.

At Lewisham a new library, containing 8,000 volumes, has been opened. The authorities have received material assistance in the shape of the gift of a site and contribution towards the cost of building and books amounting to £2,750, a generosity which will assist a rate-supported institution imposing conditions is rare enough to deserve recognition.

We have received reports from the public libraries at Croydon, Lincoln, the City of Westminster and Willesden. The first records the growth of the reference department; the quality of the reading is admirable. The Committee give a short list of books "which have no other shelves," but without further particulars it is not possible to draw any deduction from this. We are not surprised that the books mentioned are unappreciated, but it is curious to find Schiller the solitary neglected writer in the district "Drama and Poetry."

The Westminster report contains statistical information about the five libraries amalgamated under the new authority. An increase in readers is naturally anticipated as a result of the inclusion of new library districts. The

Correspondence.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, The "Victoria History of the Counties of England" lately acquired of Mr. Hartshorne the right of reproducing certain drawings which he had made of monumental effigies in the county of Northamptonshire. It was arranged that a detailed account of these effigies should accompany the illustrations. This account being full of heraldic description it passed through my hand as general editor of the heraldic portion of the work, with the result that I made several corrections of Mr. Hartshorne's blazonry. Mr. Hartshorne thereupon protested against any editing of his MS., and suggested various courses which might be taken with regard to it. While this correspondence, necessarily private, is still in progress, I am somewhat astonished to find that Mr. Hartshorne has allowed himself, without any warning to my Editor-in-chief or to myself, to take the whole question into print.

When Mr. Hartshorne claimed immunity from criticism for his MS. he was supplied with carefully considered reasons for every point in which alterations had been made. I understand him to have replied refusing to enter into any argument with me, as his opinions were unalterable and beyond argument. Yet in the interest of my work upon such a national undertaking as the Victoria History I must deal with Mr. Hartshorne's statements, however distasteful it may be for me to notice an adversary who has put himself out of court by the circumstances of his appeal.

Mr. Hartshorne's quarrel, in a word, is the quarrel of Yesterday with To-day. By dragging in the story of the chalices and patens he affords me good illustration of my point. Many years ago Mr. Octavius Morgan, having examined certain mediæval chalices, published the results of his study of them. In his pioneer work, being unable to discover the original names of these parts of the chalice which he would often have occasion to speak of, he arbitrarily applied to them names which seemed to him suitable, and to this vocabulary Mr. Cripps succeeded. Afterwards came Mr. Fallow and Mr. St. John Hope, and attacked the whole question of Church plate in the modern spirit. They discovered, examined, photographed, and arranged in periods every chalice and paten remaining in England of an earlier date than 1550, and, by the aid of inventories and the like contemporary documents, they gave each part of the chalice the simple and expressive English names which their mediæval makers had used. Messrs. Nightingale and Manning, great authorities upon ancient plate, hastened to approve of the revival of the ancient names, and for all students of archæology discussion is at an end, and has been any time these twelve years. But it is not at an end for Mr. Hartshorne. He had once learnt Mr. Morgan's words and approved of them, with the result that even to-day he is content to repeat his belief that the "ancient documents," which he has never examined, and which pronounce in every case for the change, support the case of yesterday against to-day.

In the case of heraldry Mr. Hartshorne's case is again but the wailing protest of "sumpsimus" against "sumpsimus." He having at some time in his life absorbed the mad Euclid of the late sixteenth century and seventeenth century blazonry as it

are "time-honoured" and "picturesque symbols," the courageous archæology of the writer of "Ye Fancie Bazaar" programmes would hardly than this. The first word of the Bazaar programme was usually pronounced by its editor as it is written, tempted to wonder how Mr. Hartshorne pronounced and "sa."

So with the rest of Mr. Hartshorne's manifesto betrays the fact that he can never have seen an MS., or have wandered outside the pinfold of his MS. His "ogres" (*sic*) and "hurts" and other verities once they are persuaded by an expert "to rest their story," reveal themselves as modern obscurities. His part in the simple heraldic blazon of the Middle Ages, his "courtly Norman French language" is in verity but a jargon of mis-spelt modern French epithets and Latinisms. The "ancient language of the Phœnicians" neither art nor part in this gallimaufry, though the ancient heralds blazoned arms for French—a French very far from Mr. Hartshorne's English was the tongue employed a tradition of vigorous English blazonry began, which has been antiquaries of to-day and to-morrow impossible. For the satisfaction of Mr. Hartshorne I may say "time-honoured or and argent"—I beg his pardon for gold and silver, never appear in English blazon of the Ages, and are but survivals of the time when heralds set themselves deliberately, in the effort to esotericize heraldic description.

I do not understand Mr. Hartshorne's pathetic venerable Garter King of Arms in a question of the practices of heraldry. Is it possible that the studies of mediæval armour have received the sanction of the War Office? In another sentence the "Garters" are also appealed to. It would be wonderful if Mr. Hartshorne grasps the fact that the shades of Holmes will hardly understand his case. The "to whom he should appeal" are Sir George and his eighteenth-century predecessors.

In conclusion may it be allowed me to say that given many years of research in the modern spirit of the subject depending in great part upon the arms, I have examined personally the known examples have copied with my own hand almost every version of the versions have been studied and collated. I might entitle me to the courtesy usually accorded in discussion. Yet Mr. Hartshorne, handbook himself to sweep aside the reasoned results of "mischievous and childish vagaries."

Mr. Hartshorne's own vagaries do not stop at the adjective as mischievous. In the twentieth century must make way for "sumpsimus," and the only every branch of archæological enquiry will be a querulous challenge of a provincial antiquary.

Yours faithfully

OSWALD

P.S.—Since writing the above I have received "Oxonian" in your last issue. Here at least he is made in favour of the decencies of contemporary

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The last paragraph of "Oxonian's" letter can only be aimed at the publication of the "Stall Plates of the Knights of the Charter"—the first important contribution of the English Press to the study of heraldic art. By all means let "Oxonian" keep this work also out of his library, that awful place whose "scholastic standard" must not be "lowered" by the trivialities of the great English County histories. For he will find therein that the enameillers and artists of the fifteenth century were grossly ignorant of the heraldry of the handbooks, and that Talbot and his peers broke most of the "laws of heraldry," both in coat and crest, with perfect complacency.

"L'AIGLON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, May I say a few words of criticism on *L'Aiglon* from the standpoint of the play on the stage?

The fact which to me seems to preclude *L'Aiglon* from being a real success on the stage is that Madame Bernhardt plays the title rôle.

As Mr. Max Beerholm has so well said, Sarah Bernhardt never once looked anything but a woman. Agreeing with this most entirely, I fail to see how real justice can be done to M. Rostand's conception of Napoleon's son until it is played by a young actor—or at least an actor—not actress, of genius. Again, the scene at Austerlitz, though impressive when read, must appear to most as melodramatic and theatrical when the play is acted.

Personally I was most convinced by the scene between the old Austrian Emperor, Metternich, and *L'Aiglon*; but even there *L'Aiglon* was (if younger than in the other parts of the play) a girl and not a youth.

Although it is impossible to regard the latest of M. Rostand's plays as a masterpiece, or in any way equal to *Cyrano*, yet his conception of the young Duke's life is a fine one, and worthy of a happier interpretation.

With apologies for encroaching on your space,

I am yours faithfully,

ROBERT H. STEPHEN.

Madeley-house, Richmond, Surrey, July 17, 1901.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DR. JOHNSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge will sell on next Tuesday, the 23rd July, eight unpublished letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson (now the property of General Macdonald), and addressed to Mr. Chambers. They range from October 27, 1762, to October 4, 1783. There seems to be doubt as to the person to whom the letters were addressed. The following extract may clear up the matter:—

Sir Robert Chambers was born in 1737, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and educated at the same school with Lord Stowell and his brother, the Earl of Eldon, and afterwards (like them) a member of University College. It was by visiting Chambers, when a fellow of University, that Johnson became acquainted with Lord Stowell; and when Chambers went to India, Lord Stowell, as he expressed it to me, seemed to succeed to his place in Johnson's friendship.—Croker.

There is also a letter of Dr. Johnson to Mr. Chambers of Lincoln College; London, Nov. 21, 1751. This letter in the *Life* was communicated by the Reverend Mr. Thomas

last issue, although the letter is perhaps the prelude. Your correspondent no doubt "passes for reply."

1. To take up the glove thrown down in the first p. A year or two ago I was unaware that the word "employé" had obtained recognition even in respectable English papers. How then could an inferior person like myself think that this is the correct form of *employé*. We cannot keep the Oxford or the Century Dictionary, or even a copy at our elbow, and most of us find lesser authorities good for everyday use. On consulting my own the *Century Dictionary* (Collins, 1871)—not only do I find no "employee," but I find the following entry:

Employé (ong-ploy-á), n. (fr. p.p. of *employer*). Or employed.

Now I am neither defending nor condemning my *Collins*. I take it that this entry is conclusive proof that "employee" was not the good English which your correspondent assures us it is. Will he inform us when and how it became so?

In "ong-velope" I do not recognize the usual, or at least a very common, pronunciation of the word, which to be "on-velope"; and in this I do not see anything unreasonable, for the simple reason that it has become the pronunciation, and is used by myriads, who, so far as supposing that they are talking French, do not even know the word is of French origin.

Nor do I think that "dépot" is absolutely indecorous. If your correspondent allows himself to use the phrase "naïveté," which does in his corrected English form "naïvety," which is a circumflex in "dépot" utterly unjustifiable?

The rest of the paragraph implies that most of our writers professing to know French take "portmanteau," "voir," "memoir," and so on to be the true French form, really so?

2. The second paragraph deals primarily with the necessary importation of foreign words and phrases where equivalents exist in English, and in this matter we are all in doubt agreed. But surely it is going too far to include in the *index expurgatorius* not only *employé*—already dealt with in the perfectly innocuous "bouquet" which had been in English "even in Harton's day. Is every one who speaks English a "bouquet" a "half-educated person with only a smattering of French and a very poor command of English?"

And now we come to the following amazing section:— "Highly absurd, too, is the custom of pronouncing words as if they were French as (amongst others) "cortayzh," "tomahito," "bah-relief," "trai," "prestaurang," or spelling them so as (among others) "meter," "revery," "naivety."

Great Heavens! Are we to give up our tomatoes to our fathers—or, shall we say, feythens—preferred potato rather than adopt "vaze," "bass-relief," "trate," "menaid," and "restorante," and shall be quite content to "metre," "centre," "reverie," and the rest. By all means, will your correspondent tell us what is the English spelling and pronunciation of "cortayzh"?

3. In the third paragraph it is proposed to Anglicize a host of French words and expressions, but in most cases we are in doubt as to the pronunciation of the naturalized word. The first syllable of "fiancee," for instance, to be pronounced

What of "blouse," "route," and "tour" themselves, which, we are told, are to be pronounced as in French? Would not the unsophisticated English pronunciation make them rhyme with "rouse," "pout," and "hour" respectively?

4. The fourth paragraph, dealing with literal translation of French idioms, needs little comment. But why are we to dub the inventor of "goes without saying" a snob? Your correspondent himself proposes to Anglélize "impassé" as "impass"; why is one process more gentleman-like than the other?

5. The fifth paragraph is open to attack on all sides. Having before encouraged us to claim complete independence in the spelling and pronunciation of naturalized foreign words, your correspondent here rebukes us for not "endeavouring to find out the true pronunciation and spelling of foreign names, such as Reims . . ." Are we then to abjure acquaintance with our Jackdaw of "Reims" until we have acquired the hideous native pronunciation of the name? Are we no longer to call Paris the city by the same name as the Trojan Prince? Are we never to think of a Seville orange without remembering that the double "l" is liquid, and that the Spanish name is a trisyllable? Are the French themselves to give up their "Londres" and their "Bile"?

We are next told that "there could be no possible objection if by comparison with foreign tongues solecisms in English itself were corrected. Thus, analogy and etymology unite in declaring the following, generally simpler, spellings as preferable to those usually adopted," and there follows a list of 130 words or more. The list is too long to admit of close examination in this letter. As might have been expected it contains our old friends "labor," "traveler," "theater," and so on, and, indeed, it claims to pronounce the final word on most of the questions of orthography that have been the subject of debate for years. I may perhaps be allowed to notice a few instances of the new spelling that we are to adopt on the ground of analogy and etymology. We are, it appears, to write "caracter," because, I presume, the French write "caractère." But the Germans, on the other hand, write "charakter." Why is the English a solecism? And would the new spelling be more correct etymologically? We are to write "remarceable," although we write "remark"; and the French write "remarquer" and "remarquable." What has the new spelling to do with etymology or analogy? We are to write "criterium," because, presumably, it is the French form of "criterion." Why, then, are we to prefer the semi-Greek form "acolyth" to "acolyte," which is the French form? Here there is a trace of etymology; but where is the analogy? In a former paragraph we were told that "kilogramme" was a barbarism, and that we should write "chiliogram." Yet here we find "cronicle," "caracter," and "color." Surely there is inconsistency here. We are to write "fantom" and "feasant"; why not "Filip" and "Blosfer"? We are to write "cozy," in spite of the *z* in the German "kosen" and the French "causer"; why not "Jozyfesen," "buzy," "eazy," "pozy," "rozy," and plenty more?

6. In the last paragraph we have a list of over forty words, the pronunciation of which requires correction; but, inasmuch as we are left in doubt in a great number of instances as to the correction required, it is impossible to express either assent or dissent—one would have thought that the pronunciation of "humble," the first word in the list, was now pretty well settled. But we have no means of judging what your corre-

It correct to accent the prefix in some Latin words "content," "répète," and the verbal root in "mément," "perfect," "contrâct"?

Yours faithfully,

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, In Mr. Phipson's interesting compilation of phrases, many of which are dear to the *littérateur* (Phipson), the appearance of the word to the *littérateur* has been overlooked. A pleasant combination of its meaning to the brain more directly than suggestions by Mr. Phipson.

Who, for instance, would look at "crystal" "cristal"? And surely it is the same with "crystal" seems to lose half the power of its pictures the loss of the "t," and if ever there was "renaissance" is one.

Reading depends on the eye, and quick (sary nowadays) on the appearance of the page type and spacing but on the groups of words a good reader will take in half a dozen lines while in the first. In time we may be able to read seconds, but not if it contains such things as "could" (?), &c.

I am yours faithfully,

7, Pall-mall, S.W., July 15.

GOLDSMITH'S DEATH

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Lord Rosebery hardly stands in need of Wall's correction. Doubtless his Lordship Macaulay's biography of Goldsmith in the *Britannica* (reprinted in his *Miscellanies*) that essay the following passage occurs:—

"You are worse," said one of his men "than you should be from the degree of fever. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith.

To refer to another matter; "Matelot" from your bibliography of Pierre Loti, a pathetic study of nautical temperament, with *curious felicitas*, may well rank with its authors.

I am, Sir, yours truly

M. GREY

243, Hackney-road, N.E., July 13.

HURRY CHUNDER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—No one knows better than Mr. Kipling Lord Curzon, the most indefatigable tourist among us, has reminded the world that India is as big as Russia. No critic could find serious fault with a man who should betray an ignorance, say, of the tea and we must not be surprised if the novelist the Punjab and Rajputana by right of conquest of detail when he writes of distant Bengal. The duce into "Kim" a "tea-planter in Manipur" (a tea-planter in Manipur). There are tea-planter in Manipur.

July 20, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

are prosperous Frenchmen and Germans. It is possible that Mr. Kipling, in creating Klu's friend Hurry Chunder (I wish the name were not so disagreeably anomalous), had some particular stout Bengali in his mind's eye. But it seems a pity to erect the fat baboo into a conventional type; especially as the number of Bengalis employed on political business is probably small. One of them, at least, a slim, upright little man with a bright intelligent face, has penetrated more than once, in dangerous disguises, to Lhasa, and has experienced adventures far more thrilling than those of Mr. Savage Landot. One would have liked to see that type vary the conventional description of the fat and pompous baboo. Jos Sedley is not one of Thackeray's greatest successes, nor is he an adequate type of the Indian Civil Service. Similarly, portly pompousness no longer adequately describes the modern Bengali. The lamented Iswar Chandra Vidynagar, the type of the learned ascetic, an Eastern Cardinal Newman, was a Bengali baboo. The religious reformers Ram Mohan Roy and Keshab Chandra Sen were neither portly nor pompous, and they were Bengali baboos. The poet of modern Bengal—the "Bengali Byron," as he has been called in a mixture of jest and appreciation—is a Bengali baboo. He has the slim oval face, the bright, dark eyes, the guileless and proudly submissive manners of an Italian or Spaniard of good family. Of course, it is open to Mr. Kipling to depict the Turveydrops of Bengal. Unfortunately, Mr. Kipling's readers in Great Britain and America are prone to take his portraits of rare and interesting specimens as types of the races to which they belong. It is not so long since the blameless Anglo-Indian matron was identified with Mrs. Hawksbee, and the British private was compelled to write to the papers to protest that the Army was not entirely composed of rascals so engaging as Ortheris, Mulvaney, and Learoyd. One would have thought that every middle-class English household had Anglo-Indian cousins, and could make the necessary discount for a novelist's imaginative mode of representation. But few Englishmen know the Bengali baboo. Lord Macaulay set a heavy foot on him, the late Mr. Aberigh Mackay continued the tradition, and Mr. Kipling himself has fallen into the rut. Has he forgotten that one of the most popular preachers in the United States of America is the Hindu reformer, Mr. Majumdar—atypical Bengali baboo? Like most of us who were born in India, Mr. Kipling in his infancy probably had the weird howl of the jackal thus interpreted to him:—

"Here—lies—a—fat—baboo—oo—oo—oo!"

To which all the other jackals answer—

"Where, where, where, where, where?"

Personally, I should like a *thin* baboo—for a change.

Mr. Kipling's fat Hurry Chunder is evidently going to be very amusing. But I wish Mr. Kipling could alter his baboo's name, and had not made him the usual fat man with a Johnsenese vocabulary. "Ali Baba" exhausted that amusing convention. Mr. Kipling, at his best, is so far above carping criticism that it argues no disrespect if I regret his smaller slips. And one of the worst of these, I must respectfully maintain, is

Ealing.

"HURRY CHUNDER."

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Prothero's last volume of the Byron letters in Mr. Murray's new edition is practically ready, and contains an index to the whole. The sixth volume of the poetry, completing the

Frowde's *Poetical*. A few weeks ago the Member of Parliament for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge presented a copy of the Revised Version to the Chapter of Westminster for use in the Abbey services.

Shakespearean students should be interested in the report of the German Shakespeare Society, which has just published its annual report. It contains a bibliography of all the musical compositions which owe their inspiration to Shakespeare and Professor Brandes contributes an article on the translations of Shakespeare which have been made on the German stage. The most popular seems to be the one of Schlegel and Tieck collaborated about a hundred years ago.

Mr. Murray announces an illustrated edition of W. Cripps' well-known work on "Old English Plate," which has gone through many editions since its first appearance. "The correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826," in two volumes by Lady Hechester and Lord Staveley, another of Mr. Murray's autumn publications, will be elaborately illustrated, and contain a short political sketch of the period from 1760 to 1763, written by George Fox, first Holland, and other MSS. found at Holland-house.

Dr. Alexander Macbain is editing anew Dr. Skene's "Highlanders of Scotland," which was published in 1837, and has long been out of print. Alluding to Skene's historical work, Stevenson writing from Samoa to his cousin said:—

Tell some of your journalistic friends with a grain of salt to popularize old Skene; or say your prayers, and rest for yourself. He was a great historian, and I was his clerk and did not know it, and you will not be in a hurry to grace about the Piets till you have studied him.

The new edition is to be published by Mr. Thomas Nelson & Co. Stirling.

Sir James Redhouse's well-known "Turkish-English and English-Turkish Lexicons," which have been published for many years by the American Mission at Constantinople, have been taken over by Mr. Frowde. It is nearly ten years since Sir James Redhouse died, and his great unfinished masterpiece dictionary is in the British Museum.

The Oxford University Press announces a life of the first Buddhist Emperor—the "Buddhist Constantine"—who became a convert to Buddhism about 257 A.D. The life is by Mr. Vincent C. Smith, and will form the fourth supplementary volume to the "Rulers of India" Series edited by the late William Hunter, who also wrote the first of the supplementary volumes—"A Brief History of the Indian People," now in its eighty-fourth thousand.

Mr. John Stanhope Arkwright, M.P., of Hampton Leamington, who lately produced a small volume of poems entitled "The Last Muster," has entered into partnership with Mr. R. Brimley Johnson. The title of the new work will remain unchanged.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood is engaged upon an appreciation of Edward Edwards, the founder of the public library movement.

Books to look out for at once.

"Modern Europe, 1815-1890." By W. A. Phillips. Rivington. [Completing the series of "Periods of European History" by Mr. Arthur Hassall.]

"History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution." By J. B. Crozier. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- SOUVENIR OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.** A Brief Sketch of his Life and Works. By W. J. WELLS. 8½ x 5½, 134 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d.
[A popular sketch, with copious photographs, facsimiles, etc., and a list of works.]
- MR. GLADSTONE AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.** A Study. By A. BAYTON. 8½ x 5½, 177 pp. Murray. 5s. n.
- FREDERIC MISTRAL.** Poet and Leader in Provence. By U. A. DUBOIS. 7½ x 5, 300 pp. Columbia University Press and The Macmillan Co. 6s. n.
- CHEZ NOS CONTEMPORAINS D'AUDELTERRE.** By CHARLES LEBLANC. 7½ x 5½, 300 pp. Paris, 1901. Ollendorf. Fr. 3.50.

CLASSICAL.

- THE ELEKTRA OF SOPHOKLES.** Ed. by M. A. BAUFELD. 6½ x 4½, 163 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
- THE LATIN PRONOUNS IN NIC. INST. IPSE.** A Semasiological Study. By C. L. MEADER, Ph.D. 8½ x 5½, 222 pp. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

- JOHN TOFF PIRATE.** By W. CHESNEY. 7½ x 5½, 332 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[An adventure story of fighting with the Spaniards in Queen Elizabeth's time.]
- MY LADY'S DIAMONDS.** By ADELINÉ BERGANT. 7½ x 5½, 346 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
[A detective story of stolen diamonds.]
- A GREAT LADY.** By ADELINÉ BERGANT. 7½ x 5½, 293 pp. Methuen. 6s.
- A WOMAN ALONE.** By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD. 7½ x 5½, 266 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
[Three stories of which the first story, telling of a love marriage spoiled by the selfishness of the husband, is by far the longest.]
- HERGEN WORTH.** By W. LEWIS. 7½ x 5½, 276 pp. Unwin. 6s.
[The story of a murder mystery at the time of the Chicago riots, 1834.]
- QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER AND MASON'S CORNER FOLKS.** By C. F. FIDDIS. 7½ x 5½, 266 pp. Unwin. 6s.
- HER GRACE'S SECRET.** By VIOLET TWEEDALE. 7½ x 5½, 432 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
- MARRIAGES MAGNIFICENT IDEA.** By F. C. CONSTABLE. 7½ x 5½, 328 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

LITERARY.

- AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY ON DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA.** By Rev. H. F. TUCKER. 7½ x 5½, 621 pp. Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d.
- NOUVELLES CONVERSATIONS DE GÖTTE AVEC ECKERMANN.** 1897-1900. 7½ x 5½, 327 pp. Paris, 1901. Editions de la Revue Blanche. Fr. 3.50.
- THE Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart.** By JOHN AMOS KOMENSKÝ. Ed. and Trans. by Count Litton. 7½ x 5, 347 pp. Dutton. 6s.
- [The best English translation of this interesting work of the Bohemian educational reformer (1592-1671). It closely resembles the "Pilgrim's Progress," which it preceded by about fifty years.]

MILITARY.

- CANNELL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE ROER WAR.** By R. DANES. 9 x 6½, 1,540 pp. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
[A popularly written narrative with copious pictures, some of them coloured. Comes down to April, 1901.]
- ON THE WARPATH.** A Lady's Letters from the Front. By MRS. J. D. LEATHER-CULLEY. 7½ x 5, 132 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.
[The authoress went out on hospital work in July, 1900, and was in the fort at Ladybrand during the siege in September. Personal experiences written in a very "snappy" style.]
- THE ARROW WITH CHINA.** By C. S. LEAVENWORTH. 7½ x 5, 232 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. n.
[Reviewed on page 65.]
- THE ARMY AND THE PRESS IN 1900.** By a British Field Officer. 8½ x 5½, 44 pp. F. V. Robinson. 1s. n.
[This pamphlet is a protest against free criticism of the Army by journalists. Of the Press the writer thinks—"Queen Deus vult pendere prius deimental!"]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- A RETROSPECT OF SURGERY DURING THE PAST CENTURY.** By J. POLAND. F.R.C.S. 8½ x 5½, 97 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.
[The Hunterian Oration, 1901.]
- CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN HORTICULTURE.** N. & Q. By L. H. BAILEY. 8½ x 7½. The Macmillan Co. 21s. 0.
- DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING.** Vol. II. P. N. By R. STEINHAUS, Ph.D. 8½ x 5. Macmillan. 2s. n.
- LE SOCIALISME SANS DOCTRINES.** By ALBERT METIN. 8½ x 6, 201 pp. Paris, 1901. Alcan. Fr. 6.
- [A careful study of the social and economic evolution of Australasia.]
- PROPHETIC SERMONS by the Rev. M. G. GRAZEBROOK.** 7½ x 5½, 252 pp. Rivingtons. 6s. 6d.
- THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.** Part III. By W. R. W. JONES. 13½ x 10. Constable. 12s. 6d. n.
[Noticed on page 61.]
- YOUR MEMORIC POWER AND HOW TO DEVELOP THEM.** By F. H. KESTELL. 7½ x 5, 151 pp. L. S. Fowler. 2s. 6d. n.
[Full instructions as to qualifications for, and method of, becoming a memorist.]
- WAGNER, BAYREUTH AND THE FESTIVAL PLAYS.** By FRANCIS GERARD. 7½ x 6, 200 pp. Jarrold.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

- THE PAYING GUEST.** By LUCY KNOWE. CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH. By W. K. TAYLER. (Comet Plays.) 8½ x 4½, 72 x 61 pp. Brimley Johnson. 6s. n.
- VICTORIA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS.** The Last Progress. 8½ x 5½, 23 pp. Virtue.

REPRINTS.

- REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.** By JULIAN, ANCHORESS AT NORWICH, A.D. 1373. Edited by George Warrack. 7½ x 5, 228 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[These visions of the fourteenth century Norwich mystic exist in two MSS., in the Bodleian and National and the British Museum. This is an edition, slightly modernized, of the latter, with introductions, bibliographical, leographical, and explanatory, and a glossary.]
- ENGLISH DRAMAS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.** New Edition. By J. A. FARRER. 8½ x 5, 101 pp. Longmans. 6s. n.
[First published 1895. This edition has many excellent full-page pictures from old portraits and prints.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House.

PROBLEM No. 203, by

K. VARAIN, Munich.

BLACK. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 11 pieces. White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 202, by A. TROITZKY. White K Kt 1; B at K B 2; Kt at K R 5; pawn Q B 2. Black (0 pieces)—K at K 5; Q at Q 3; Q Kt 3; Q R 5. White to play and win.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. C. W. and others. No. 201 is a revised version of No. 17, see "Literature," May 25. If this version proves also unusable must be dismissed as unsound, but now it will probably work.

L. H. G. and others—(1) To solve the ordinary problem moves, but look much deeper; (2) Rayner's "Chess," 1s.; Laws' 1s.; and Mason's "Principles," 2s. 6d., are all useful aids to begin.

THE RICE GAMBIT. Referring again to June 15, on this remarkable opening, Mr. Brooklyn Eagle, says that in his analysis Whites 18. Q-R 3 is Castles, and this leaves posted at R 3. The following is from the same

One of the experts, who think they can establish the unsoundness of the Gambit, is Professor Berger, of Grätz, Austria, who proposes to accomplish his object by the following line of play:—1. P-K 4, P-K 4; 2. P-K B 4, P-P; 3. Kt-K B 3, P-K Kt 4; 4. P-K R 4, P-Kt 5; 5. Kt-K 5; Kt-K B 3; 6. B-Q 4, P-Q 4; 7. P-P, B-Q 3; 8. Castles (this constitutes the Rice Gambit), B-Kt; 9. R-K sq, K-Bsq; This last move of Black's is Professor Berger's continuation, and on that basis he is playing what he terms "correspondence game" with Mr. Rice, proceed 10. R x B, Kt-B 3; 11. P-Q 4, Kt-R; 12. From this point White has continued with different results, but now Mr. Rice abandons challenges Professor Berger with 13. P-K 0 noted analyst will experience much difficulty with

BLACK. RICE



WHITE. White to play.

We give this interesting position, and analysis. Presumably if 13. P-K 6, B-P; the game can hardly be very good for White, or to surrender the piece. His Queen's pieces are and to say the least the King's side is weak and

GAME No. LXXXIX.—Played by the first the New York State meeting:—

FRENCH DEFENSE.

WHITE. 8 pieces. BLACK. 8 pieces. W. McCutcheon (Philadelphia). 8 L. L. L. (New York).

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 107. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish on page 76 a special article on Stevenson and his work, with several illustrations. On page 80 Mr. Arthur Waugh begins a series of articles on the Principal Movements of Victorian Poetry with a paper on "The Period and the Field." Next week we shall publish a special Victor Hugo number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's woodcut portrait of Hugo, besides other illustrations. Mr. Arthur Waugh will continue his series with an article on "The Poetry of Faith and Aspiration."

* * * *

It is announced that Mr. Austin Dobson has retired from the public service, and has been granted a Civil List pension. His length of service has been considerable, for he entered the Board of Trade in 1856 at the early age of sixteen, and has remained there ever since. The atmosphere of Whitehall seems to be favourable to delicate literary grace. Formerly the Temple was the home of the Muses, and youthful barristers, not cursed with a superabundance of work, took naturally to the profession of letters. Now it almost seems as though the Civil

that is graceful, delicate, and refined. Certainly no other writer has caught so thoroughly the spirit and diet of the eighteenth century. It is his period, and he has confined himself to it with almost monastic strictness. With the exception of a few scattered poems, it might be said that he never ventures without its borders. And he not only knows his period intimately, but has the uncommon talent of being able to do his knowledge under a light and humorous touch. Some writers are rare enough in these days: a scholarly writer is never dull is a veritable black swan in literature. Dobson's "Collected Poems," issued some four years ago in a single volume, are the delight of every lover of graceful verse. In prose his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," in three volumes, have long been indispensable to all who have a kindness for the gracious age.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"The Ashanti Campaign of 1900." By Capt. C. H. Arnold, D.S.O., and Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Montanaro, R.A. (Sandhu.)
 "Renaissance Types." By W. S. Lilly. (Fisher Unwin.)
 "The Hidden Model." By Mrs. Harrod (Frances Harrod Robertson). (Helmemann.)
 "Arrows of the Almighty." By Owen Johnson. (Macmillan.)
 "La Bella and Others." By Egerton Castle. (Macmillan.)
 "Love and His Mask." By Mémie Muriel Dowie. (Macmillan.)

* * * *

Will the true story of the Appin murder, which played so prominent a part in "Kidnapped" and "Cathriona," ever be known to transpire? Stevenson in his dedication prefixed to the novel says:—"To this day you will find the tradition of Appin in the favour of Alan's favour. If you inquire you may even hear the descendants of 'the other man,' who fired the shot, are still in the country to this day. But that other man's name, inquire please, you shall not hear; for the Highlander values a secret as much as himself and for the congenial exercise of keeping it." The tradition still remains. It is claimed that there are persons yet living who know who shot Campbell of Glenure, and that the secret has been transmitted from generation to generation. A railway is at present being constructed through the Appin country, and will connect Oban with Ballachulish, near to which latter place the murder was committed. Perhaps the opening up of the country and the inrush of modern life will have some effect in solving the mystery. Coupled with the belief in Alan Breck's innocence there is still among the Highlanders a strong sense of the injustice done to James Stewart. But, for that matter, there are persons who know anything of the subject and of the influence

includes several of historical importance in connexion with Jacobite affairs after the Battle of Culloden. There is a very interesting letter by John Macpherson of Buncher to James Macpherson, of "Ossian" fame, containing much curious political information, and also particulars about the celebrated Jacobite Amazon known as "Colonel Anne." This lady was the wife of Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who held a commission in the Royal Army. Notwithstanding her husband's position she raised 300 men of his clan to join Prince Charles Edward.

The extension westwards to St. Fillans of the Crieff and Comrie Railway will open up a part of Perthshire rich in literary lore. In the vicinity of Comrie is the eastern entrance to the ancient Royal deer forest of Glenartney, amidst the "hazel shade" of which Sir Walter Scott begins the eventful chase described in "The Lady of the Lake." Then the line about to be opened traverses Dunira woods, associated probably with the most exquisite of the creations of the "Ettrick Shepherd." At the eastern end of Loch Earn, and just opposite St. Fillans, is an artificial islet, known as Neish Island, which during the reign of James V. was the scene of one of those cruel tragedies at one time common in the Highlands. A remnant of the clan Neish which had taken refuge here was attacked during the night by members of the clan Maenab, who had carried a fishing-boat on their shoulders from Loch Tay to Loch Earn. The Neishes were all put to the sword with the exception of one youth, who escaped in the darkness, and whose descendants were known as McHdonies—children of the black lad. Strathearn has many such tales. Murrays, Drummonds, Macgregors, Neishes, and Maenabs stained the heather with each others blood, and were at one time the perpetrators and at another the victims of many a horrible tragedy. The present railway line stops at St. Fillans, but is to be continued westwards, along the side of Loch Earn, to Locheearnhead, where it will join the Callander and Oban Railway. The scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose" is laid partly in this portion of Strathearn, his castle of "Darlinvarach" being generally believed to be Ardvoirlich Castle, on the southern shore of Loch Earn.

The methods of anthology-compilers are sometimes remarkable. A correspondent, well enough known in the world of letters, has forwarded to us an enclosure which he received lately from one of these enterprising gentlemen. The title of a forthcoming collection of verse stands at the head of the sheet, and the author is politely requested to send a few of his "shorter poems to choose from, and also a brief memoir for insertion in the above work." A sample page is forwarded at the same time, and the flattering announcement is made that "each example quoted will be by some sweet singer, whose gifted song is worthy of being perpetuated in such a work" as the forthcoming anthology. This is well enough, and no doubt a little gentle flattery may not be amiss in lining your minor poet, who is notoriously a shy bird. The questionable part of the transaction lies in the intimation that an "Order Card" is enclosed, of which the wording may be held by censorious critics to have the air of a bargain. "Conditionally," it reads, "to my Memoir and examples of my Poetry appearing in —, edited by —, I herewith order" so many copies of the said work. The compiler who exercises this fine discrimination in selecting the highest examples of modern poetry is "A Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature."

THE LAKE AND THE STAR

All night the blue Lake lay at rest.

One star shone from the sky above
And the blue Lake's untroubled breast
Mirrored that star.

When each grey Dawn the Sun arose
And stars before him veiled the sky
She longed all day for the repose
Of starlit night.

"Star, who hast left the realms of sleep
With me to dwell, on me to smile
My heart shall be thy resting-place
For thou art mine."

One night a storm of wind awoke
The surface of her placid breast
Till on the strand her ripples broke,
In fierce unrest.

Dark clouds obscured the moon and stars
The star she loved shone down
As a caged lark beats prison bars
She beat the shore.

The white surf o'er her waters trail
Her bosom heaved by storm wind
While through the tempest she bewails
That one star, lost.

Yet shone that star with fiery glow,
Remote from her in its lone spot
Unchanged through shine or storm,
She knew it not.

BEATRICE

Edgar Allan Poe, as every one knows, wrote much of the best short literature, and even argued that "Parasitism" could only be enjoyed as a series of minor poems. Undoubtedly strengthened by the saddening experience of the Brooklyn library, the moral whereof has been put in the New York Critic. The statistics show the way in the pursuit of serious literature select company of those who tackle Hume with a light heart, what a small proportion persevere. Three dozen readers and more gathered round the first volume of "The Decline and Fall," and the gallant band has declined and fallen to a few. Of the two dozen who began Hume, but only a few persisted to the close. Fifty per cent. fell away on perusal of the lively romance of the "Vicomte de Brancas." What proportion the remnant bore to those who read the eleven volumes that recount the adventures of the Musketeers one hesitates to inquire.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, who died last Saturday, was characterized by some as "a belated Elizabethan." I say that he was one of those who preferred the reputation of the specialist. He did many things, but perhaps he was not particularly eminent in any one. He was a useful public servant, an art critic whose views were more commonly catholic and a busy

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The late Mr. R. H. Newell, an American author of some reputation as a humorist, was chiefly notable for the series of papers, signed "Orpheus C. Kerr," which he wrote during the Civil War. From 1869 till 1874 he was employed as a writer on the *New York World*, and for the following two years he edited *Hearth and Home*. Miss Eleanor Ormerod was well-known for her researches in entomology, on which subject she had published several manuals and text-books. She had received recognition from many scientific societies at home and abroad. Mr. John Farmer will perhaps be best remembered for his share in producing the "Harrow Song-book." Some of his songs, especially those he wrote to the words of the late Mr. E. E. Bowen, have already become classical. Certainly no other musician has succeeded better in capturing the spirit at once of the rollicking and sentimental sides of school life as represented in "Willow the King" and "Forty Years On."

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., has been laid up with a severe attack of selaticia.

The effects of the late Mr. C. S. Parnell are to be sold shortly by auction at Avondale. He had amassed, it is said, a very fair collection of books on engineering and kindred subjects.

Dr. Hume Brown, editor of the *Register* of the Privy Council of Scotland, has been appointed to the Sir William Fraser Chair of Ancient History at Edinburgh University.

Mr. Leonard Courtney's interesting article in the *Contemporary* on "The Making and Reading of Newspapers" has been reprinted in pamphlet form by the Social and Political Education League.

On Tuesday afternoon Messrs. Sotheby disposed of an important collection of autograph letters of Dr. Johnson. Two unpublished letters, to Mr. Chambers, fetched respectively £56 and £57. At the same sale a letter (1816) to Godwin from Shelley fetched £21.

"Sherlock Holmes" is due to make his reappearance in the August number of the *Strand Magazine*. "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is the name of the story.

The Swedish Nobel Prize, for the author who has produced the "most notable literary work in the sense of the ideal," will be awarded on December 10 of this year. The prize was arranged for under the will of Alfred Nobel, which also appointed the judges.

The printed books in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris are being rearranged. They are said to number about 1,200,000, and to occupy some two miles of shelving.

The man of letters has always been prone to prophesy. This can hardly be surprising when we consider how difficult it is to attain to fame in any more legitimate fashion.

The Prophetic There is always a chance, even if his books have no other value in the eye of the public, of the

near enough to the truth for the prophesy hunter—a fact should be encouraging to all future prophets. For in the of amusement it is the hits alone which count; and the tion of misses scored has, fortunately enough, no in posterity. The writer of fiction can thus sit down to paint the future. For one thing, a novelist need taken seriously; for another, he has the comfortable that if, drawing his bow at a venture, he chance to target once in a hundred flights, his one successful imply atone for the misdirection of the rest. And really a quick apprehension, an ingenious turn of mind, an acquaintance with modern scientific research, it is appropriate (this century of swift development) how frequently the of the story-teller are realized. M. Jules Verne, who charmed our boyhood, now finds himself occupying the position of the intelligent anticipator of events. Long record of Mr. Phineas Fogg, the hero of "Round the World in Eighty Days," was beaten by an actual traveller of blood, and the exploits of recent French "submarine" fair soon to rival those of Captain Nemo of the Nautilus—the veteran French author has always strictly confined to fiction, and has refused even to grant the interview statement of his opinions as to the future of M. Santos-Dumont's new airship. His English counterpart, as some have called—Mr. H. G. Wells—takes his prophetic gift more seriously; he contributes now and again serious articles to the periodicals in which his more fantastic descriptions of Martians and Selenites are replaced by sober anticipations of changes on the surface of the earth. A series of articles from his pen, running in the *North American Review*, which he has called "Anticipations: An Experiment in Prophecy." In fiction Wells is apt to let his imagination carry him so far that sometimes falls, perhaps, to visualize his conceptions they remain, at any rate, somewhat obscure to the reader; we may add, to the unfortunate artists who are called upon to illustrate his stories as they appear serially in the magazine. He is apt to journey into realms so remote from this earth into ages so distant from the present day, that we have no standard of comparison and are apt to find his descriptions cloudy and unsatisfying. In his "Anticipations" we do not venture so far afield, and we can consequently estimate his prophetic talent with greater ease. It is a very consistent talent, and Mr. Wells' Pegasus trots quite comfortably through the shafts of his review. It is none too common to find a novelist, and a novelist with so active an imagination as Wells, the author of "The War of the Worlds," discussing so eminently sane and practical a fashion on such subjects as "Locomotion in the Twentieth Century," or "The Diffusion of Great Cities." The author of "Looking Forward" might have discussed such topics with equal gravity than Mr. Edward Bellamy was a novelist rather by nature than by nature, and his imaginative faculty was of no violent temper. We do not know that the gifted author of "The Coming Race" ever condescended to expound to the public his periodical his views on the immediate future. And, although Mr. Wells does this sort of thing quite admirably, good deal better, no doubt, than would any of his fellow-novelists—we confess to some doubt as to the wisdom of proceeding. To deal seriously with the possible happenings of the next ten or twenty years, or even more, must seem accustomed to leap gaily over the centuries, something like the "Anticipations" of Wells.

Literature Portraits.—XII.

ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON.

His Versatility.

"To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and of old age," and Stevenson never grew old. In literature his tastes were catholic but changeable, and thus his collected writings



From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, by permission of the Proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.

form a complete library to fit all the moods of man. One apprehends that he never quite knew which literary form he loved best, and the resultant infinite variety makes him one of the most delightful companions in modern letters. By reason of the many sides of his character—those he develops especially for our entertainment, those he hides from us, those he half shows, and those we imagine he possessed—his work is continually interesting. He had the inestimable art of confiding a great deal but never telling everything.

The "Edinburgh" edition of his works is, one is inclined to think, the most enjoyable library produced by one man of our time. If you be for the gaiety and pathos of childhood, he will give you a thousand pictures of the shining morning face; if you be for art and letters, his essays, of which he once wrote in a humorous spirit:—

My other works are of a slighter kind;

Here is the party to improve your Mind!

will be difficult to match in the work of another; should you be

of journeys beyond the dreams of many travel and above this collection, there remain the which one would be inclined to defy the world being wiser, better, kinder, more loving, and more

Will he remain a Classic?

It has been said that during his lifetime Stevenson was a classic, the "Edinburgh" edition being the of his widely spreading fame. It is now little years since his death, and yet one wonders—assured? As a contemporary he was splendidly haunted by the idea that the most deadly of the may unsay some of our most heartfelt rhapsodies one to-day who would sing as did Mr. Le Gallie

Virgil of prose! far distant is the day

That at the mention of your heartfelt name
Shall shake its head, oblivious, and say:

"We know him not, this master, nor his

Not for so swift forgetfulness you wrought

Day upon day, with rapt fastidious pen,

Turning, like precious stones, with anxious

This word and that again and yet again,

Seeking to match its meaning with the word

Nor to the morning stars gave ears attend

That you, indeed, might ever dare to be

With other praise than immortality

Unworthily content.

Not while a boy still whistles on the earth

Not while a single human heart beats true

Nor while Love lasts, and Honour, and the

Has earth a grave,

O well-beloved, for you!

We have seemed to know him and so have honored

a character is way of understating but are we en posterity this tude? Last at out admirer of as of his work through Bourne town the author once given him he remembers there from 188 that in naming fore he wrote:

For love of

for the sake

Of those, my

countrymen

Who early

windy ocean

To plant a

where we

The surly land

cornucopia

I, on the left

inscribed

The name of

The would-be



FRONTISPIECE TO MISS MARIE FRASER'S "IN STEVENSON'S KAMOA."

[By permission of Messrs. Smith Elder.]

work live?" And yet the speculation, unprofitable as it may be, is always with us, especially in regard to those of whose reputation we are most jealous. Many, indeed, have attempted to appraise his position in letters of late years: the *pros* weigh equally with the *cons* and in the meantime new editions of his books are frequent. An appeal to the commercial test merely shows the hopelessness of an attempt to gauge his present position. If one might paraphrase a dictum of his it would be said the true services of his work are inestimable in money (or fame) and will never be paid for. His power to delight, certainly the people of his own period, was remarkable in a time not especially devoted to literature; his hold upon his public was that of the friend who had grown to be a lover; and yet we are haunted by the thought of that callous critic, Time. In the epilogue to Mr. Cope Cornford's interesting book, the result of an "enger study" of Stevenson, he says that—

With all Stevenson's brilliant endowment and all his amazing cleverness, the sane, serenely humorous vision of the great masters is denied him. Stevenson was no "natural force let loose." Rather was he the very type of the athlete in letters, with all his powers cultivated to their utmost, informed with a rare and brave spirit, running—with many flourishes and tricks of page—the race that was set before him with all his might.

And there can be no doubt that he lacked a certain largeness which we look for in the immortals. And yet he was often great and his dreams were greater still.

The "End of a Man's Desire."

But what of Stevenson the man, did his work and life bring him contentment? If the end of a man's desire be spiritual happiness, all the means he employs will be means to that end, and Stevenson has been so candid and so fully published that one should be able to judge, without especial personal knowledge, if his labours were crowned with the inestimable reward of peace. If ever an author was carefully read, diagnosed and dissected, digested, re-read, written about, talked of and known, as far as one human brain can know another, that man was and is R. L. S. Barring a certain amount of ill-health such as comes to many thousands of men who still have to labour, his life after the early days was a series of artistic victories, and after "Dr. Jekyll," of monetary conquests as well. Fame brought him all her wreaths and gifts. Fortune, although he constantly, and rather foolishly, complained of the want of means, was in no way niggard. His work was widely recognized, and his letters have made him deeply known to us, and the conclusion of the whole matter is this, that it were well for humanity, for the peace and joy of life, if the artistic temperament were blotted out in sneers. The letters from Vailima, if they prove anything of interest to literary people, make it quite clear that the whole business is vanity. A few hours in his garden and a little rest often seem to be Stevenson's whole desire, or rather, expressed wish; against this is the craftsman's indomitable literary ambition and the passionate following by the poet of *ignes fatui* whose dancing afar ahead were clearly visible to him even in the earliest days, when it was intended that he should rather fix his eyes on those Northern Lights which his forefathers had made it their business to build and tend. Failing the final authoritative biography, which is being prepared for us by able hands, the view that Stevenson often regretted his mode of life is forced upon us by his letters; as time wore on his passionate love of literature did not

a great deal of useful work, earned a fair wage, and would have been somewhat surprised and not a little disgusted with his Bohemian and gifted son. But in a thousand ways the fact



R. L. STEVENSON.

From a Crayon Drawing 1854.

[From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, by permission of the Proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.]

lived to write; the late Sir W. G. Simpson, "the immortal Cigarette" of the "Inland Voyage," Mr. James Ferrier, now dead, Mr. Charles Baxter, and Mr. Henley, were among those of the society in which he and in conversation and general interchange of ideas thoughts helped him to find his own point of view. Scottish too in his interest in ethics; as a moralist ever prominent and strenuous and, with perfect simplicity, modesty, ready to show all of us the right way and inclined to keep us strictly to it. He was of his country, too, in his romance; his dreams, his brownies, as he called them, were Scottish in their kind and fantasy. Born on the 13th of November, 1850, in Edinburgh, of which he has written many picturesque notes and a hundred cutting criticisms, he knew in his early life the meteorological purgatory of his native town.

"There," he said, "the delicate die



family
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The Land of Counterpane.

But there also he spent a sheltered and, according to Miss Blantyre Simpson's account, a by no means unhappy youth. In the nursery days he doubtless suffered, but his nurse and mother were always at his side, and his own verse would lead one



THE CHILD'S "GARDEN OF VERSE."
[By permission of Mr. John Lane.]

to suppose that his remarkable imagination created a world for him in which he reigned with delight. Stevenson, who was always at his best in penning a dedication, never wrote a more touching and beautiful one than that which precedes his volume of verse for children and, if such be possible, immortalizes his old nurse.

The "land of counterpane" was familiar to him through many a weary hour of childish illness. Those who can remember such days will remember also that they contained happy hours, when the imagination of the patient, taught by ill-health to seek for quiet delights, planned happinesses or wove tiny romances which were to befall him when he returned to freedom. What appears sometimes to be Stevenson's imaginative insight of children's joys and sorrows is often merely a recollection of his own experiences. How vividly do the following lines recall the happier moments of a sick child's life:—

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills.



And sometimes sent
my ships in fleets
All up and down among
the sheets;
Or brought my trees
and houses out,
And planted cities all
about.
I was the giant great
and still
That sits upon the
pillow-hill,
And sees before him
dale and plain,
The pleasant land of

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier;
But, for all that's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

Adolescence.

From a delicate and "diffident" childhood, often called "Child's Garden," Stevenson grew, one cannot say a rather awkward adolescence. Edinburgh was gipsy air, his taste in Spanish cloaks and hats. At the University he educated himself by the classes, and cultivated a system of the advantages offered him by his Alma Mater. He landed him a deal of trouble and landed him, one might say, a deal of diffidence at home. Anyway he was considered a Professor of Engineering, Fleming Jenkin, his friend, had to be jockeyed out of a certificate in eye. But if the elder Stevenson was encouraging enough to believe that his son would profess he soon learnt the truth, and at the all idea of his building harbours and lighthouses and he began to study law. In 1875 he was examined "with credit," as he says, and was called to the Bar.

About this time he made the acquaintance of a woman who was then a patient in an Edinburgh hospital. He frequently quoted, we cannot resist the temptation to quote, Henry's excellent portrait of the Stevenson period. Of late many have tried their hand at Stevenson as he emerged from provincial life to become a citizen of the world, but no one has so completely captured the poet of the "Apparition."

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight misshapen
Neat-footed and weak-fingered; in his face
Lean, large-boned, curved of back, and
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic gleam
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on
Of passion and impudence and energy.
Valiant in Velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist;
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter Catechist.

In spite of the lines being intended

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the first and only time that the master-passion of love closed its Titan grip fairly upon Stevenson. However nearly correct that may be, it is certain that the life romantic with him was mainly an affair of the imagination or, as with Wattson, of the spirit. Again, as youth retreated, the "Shorter-catechist" gained on the buffoon and poet, the Ariel and the Puck; in his home life he was evidently sincerely religious; perhaps something of his creed is expressed in "A Christmas Sermon." To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to keep a few friends, but those without capitulation—above all to keep friends with himself—these things were among his aims and desires but not entirely within the scope of his accomplishment.

All through his youth Stevenson pursued letters with avidity; his earliest games were not unlike his later stories, his dreams and fancies were developed, not changed, as he grew in years. During the time which he spent with his cousin Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, the period following his call, he probably tasted the essence and charm of that inquiet and delightful epoch, youth, which, as he said, is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life. "These two unknowns," he wrote, "the young man brings together again and again, now in the airiest touch, now with a bitter tug; now with exquisite pleasure, now with cutting pain; but never with indifference, to which he is a total stranger, and never with that near kinsman of indifference, contentment." In the days of which these lines may be said to be a picture, he learned to know life and something of the hearts of men. While sporting in the shade of that venerable city which he said he must always think of as his home even when most entirely bound to those "ultimate islands" of his final resting place, and again, while sharing the fortunes of his cousin in that once gay paradise of painters, the forest of Fontainebleau—of which he wrote with so graceful a touch—he was always and at all times preparing for his raid on literary fame.

Virginibus Puerisque.

In 1876, at the age of 26, "Virginibus Puerisque" proclaimed a new literary light. These essays contain some of his most delightful work, but, like "An Inland Voyage," the record of his canoe journey in Belgium with his friend Sir Walter Simpson, and the "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," of which he once wrote:—

It blew, it rained, it thawed, it snowed, it thundered—

Which was the donkey? I have often wondered!

like both these agreeable volumes, this book did little beyond, what was indeed well worth doing, delight the more acute and sensitive among literary people and give unbounded pleasure to Stevenson's own circle of friends. "The New Arabian Nights" appeared in London about this time, but even then the author's fame was not widely known. The "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," which is just now appearing, we believe, in a new edition, did not exactly wake the echoes, although it possesses a quite exceptional charm. He himself spoke of the essays as the "readings of a literary vagrant," and adds, "One book led to another, one study to another. The first was published with trepidation. Since no bones were broken, the second was launched with greater confidence. So, by insensible degrees, a young man of our generation acquires, in his own eyes, a kind of roving judicial commission through the ages; and, having once escaped the perils of the Freemans and the Furnivalls, sets himself up to right the wrongs of universal history and criticism."

The Writing of "Treasure Island."

was living with his father and mother, and, one presumes, wife and her then little son Samuel Lloyd Osbourne—into his vigorous collaborator at a house "long known as the late Miss McGregor's Cottage." On one occasion to amuse his young companion he made the island; "the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression," he wrote. "It contained harbours that pleased me like any, and, with the unconsciousness of the predestined, I the performance 'Treasure Island.'" This very characteristic method of feeling for an inspiration soon developed a desired result; Stevenson was quickly at work upon that was to end his struggles and make his name a household word.

It seems [he adds] as though a full-grown experienced man of letters might engage to turn out 'Treasure Island' many pages a day and keep his pipe alight. But, alas, it was not my case. Fifteen days I stuck to it, and then fifteen chapters; and then in the early paragraph sixteenth ignominiously lost hold. My mouth was empty, was not one word of 'Treasure Island' in my book here were the proofs of the beginning already waiting the 'Hand and Spear.' Then I corrected them, living



E. I. STEVENSON'S MOTHER, 1854.

(From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, by permission of the Proprietor [Illustrated London News].)

most part alone, walking on the heath at Weybridge autumn mornings, a good deal pleased with what I and more appalled than I can depict to you in words remained for me to do. I was thirty-one; I was the family; I had lost my health; I had never yet paid never yet made £200 a year; my father had quite bought back and cancelled a book that was judged was this to be another fiasco? I was, indeed, very despair; but I shut my mouth hard, and during the winter, where I was to pass the winter, had the room think of other things and bury myself in the novel Boisgobey. Arrived at my destination, down I sat on

That idea of being the head of a family and one who had lost his health did not leave him after a dozen such victories as would have made many a man contented for a life time. "The Black Arrow" followed "Treasure Island" serially in *Young Folks' Paper*, and, although it is said to have been very popular, I may own it is to me like the "Song of Rahéro," one of the few works of Stevenson which do not inevitably give pleasure; even in the *de luxe* setting of the "Edinburgh" many would find it difficult to read through. Essays in *Cornhill* and elsewhere were appearing about this time, and the work we have mentioned as being prepared more or less at Skerryvore was shaping itself and soon became of infinite interest to his circle.

"Dr. Jekyll."

But it was not until 1886 that his second success with the million was effected. "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" appeared to make its appeal to all classes of readers. It was short, a great quality in a hurried age; it was compact of exciting fantasy, it caught the reader at once and held him from start to finish. Its mystery, its force, its completeness sent it



GREYFRIARS.

[From "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," by permission of Messrs. Baileys.]

spinning across the English-speaking world. I remember seeing it produced in two well-known London theatres almost in the same week. The man in the street was at last familiar with the name of Stevenson; the bookstalls flamed with the covers of an enormous cheap edition. As Mr. Cornford says—in his life of Stevenson from which we have already quoted in the hope that all interested in the author of "Dr. Jekyll" will turn to it for the fullest information at present available—"The clergy at

largely augmented." After the publication of "Mr. Hyde" the profession of letters must, in order to become an easy one to Stevenson. Publisher service and the public eager for all he cared to write. "The Master of Ballantrae," which has been given in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, followed, and of an ever-increasing circle of readers. In Stevenson's works the plays are least generally read, but remain extremely interesting. When any one of his is produced on the stage it has received the praise of a few, and those who have had the privilege of seeing "Admiral Guinea" read by the accomplished actor, Welch, can have no doubt as to the dramatic power of which they are, at least, intermittently endowed.

Verse.

Thus we have seen Stevenson conducting the pen as he called it, in many ways; poet, essayist, playwright, historian, polemic, and intimate letter writer. His care and the natural power and grace of his style in everything he wrote with an interest to all, at least in any way, the same paths as he followed. Among the men of yesterday, almost of to-day, he is one of those who appeal to the literary man. Judged from the point of view of lasting art we believe that Stevenson the poet and letter writer will outlive the novelist and tell-tale. Although at the present time he is possibly better known as the writer of "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" than as the author of "Underwoods" and "The Child's Garden of Verses," "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," "My Portraits," or the early and later essays.

As Stevenson wrote in his dedication of "Underwoods" to a friend:—

Some day or other ('tis a general curse)

The wisest author stumbles into verse

but he was hardly the wisest author, and as he turned into the writing of rhyme there can be no doubt his art of poetry with no little of that "broken tenor" which he applied to all sides of literature. His candid friend says—he was always particularly happy in spoken criticism of his circle—to him of some of his "I cannot understand why you do lyrics so badly," "I am not afraid, and in the end his poetry like his prose is of an admirable high spirit with excellent lucidity. Poetry is the fine flower of the literary arts, the measure of a man's style and qualities. The inspiration of the highest were of course denied, but from the point of view of the agreeable comparison of a thousand moods, his verse is fully satisfying, a delightful ring, a gusto in his "A Song of the Ro-

The gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute;
And what would master gauger play
But Over the hills and far away?

Whene'er I buckle on my pack
And foot it gaily in the track,
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
I hear your fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way—
The self-same air for me you play;

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Then follow you, wherever he
The travelling mountains of the sky.
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road.

For one and all, or high, or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go ;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away.

In another mood, but with the same engaging and reminiscent music, are the verses beginning " It is the season now to go." The picture of youth and spring is as beautiful as will be found in many a classic :—

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two and two in fairyland.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazel'd brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared ;
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,
She strove against him in the race ;
He unabashed her garter saw,
That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops ;
Now they exchange averted sighs
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is
And sweeter she than primroses ;
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

This poem contains so many extremely happy lines that perhaps one may take it as among his most brilliant essays in verse, while the " Lines to Will H. Low," which we quote, give the final gauge of his qualities and defects as a poet :—

Youth now flees on feathered foot,
Faint and fainter sounds the flute,
Rarer songs of gods ; and still
Somewhere on the sunny hill,
Or along the winding stream,
Through the willows, flits a dream ;
Flits but shows a smiling face,
Flees but with so quaint a grace,
None can choose to stay at home,
All must follow, all must roam.

This is unborn beauty ; she
Now in air floats high and free,
Takes the sun and breathes the blue

Still with gray hair we stumble on,
Till, behold, the vision gone.
Where hath fleeting beauty led ?
To the doorway of the dead.
Life is over, life was gay ;
We have come the primrose way.

These verses, one has always felt, give his innermost of the subject of the avocation of art. The amusing and " Letter to a Young Gentleman who Proposes to Kill Career of Art " is, it sometimes seems, a trifle too cold to contain the real feeling ; it is admirable, indeed attractive, but it is not more than a brilliant piece of true meaning he gives to his friend and fellow artist—in branch of aesthetics ; it is this :—One must follow as best one can, with leaden foot through the wet wimpy lanes, she will ever evade us, but ever be before ; vision will sustain and reward us for all until at last we doorway of the dead and can say—

Life is over, life was gay ;

We have come the primrose way,

and be grateful for that much of victory. Fata



DRAWING BY STEVENSON.

[From the Studio, by permission of the Proprietors.

the unattainable, the might-have-been, frequently cold verse.

In a totally different connexion he speaks of " the beautiful brother whom we once all had, and whom we lost and mourned, the man we ought to have been, we hoped to be." To have loved art and lost the belief can reproduce our most cherished dreams—that appears been an attitude of mind that assailed Stevenson at all and under many changing stars. It added to his charm ; it gave to his humorous muse " die lachende Th Wrappen " which enables him so quickly to touch all hearts. This was a moral Stevenson did not tire of repeating youth," he said, " we have sights of that House Beautiful which we shall never enter. They are dreams and unsub-

bility of telling us the essential beauty of his dreams, it caused him to be so exquisite a craftsman that his very means to an end almost realize the ambition of perfection.

But in his verse as a whole he was by no means pre-occupied with telling us of his beliefs and hopes.



TO
ANY
READER.

THE CHILD'S "GARDEN OF VERSE"
[By permission of Mr. John Lane.]

What may be called his occasional poems often show him in a different mood. The wit, the social philosopher, the gay companion, pleasantest of friends shine in much of his lighter work. One recalls in this connexion his lines to Minnie (with a handglass).

A picture frame for you
to fill,

A paltry setting for your
face,

A thing that has no worth
until

You lend it something of
your grace.

I send (unhappy I that
sing

Laid by awhile upon the
shelf)

Because I would not send
a thing

Less charming than you
are yourself.

And happier than I, alas !

(Dumb thing I envy its delight)

'T will wish you well, the looking-glass,

And look you in the face to-night.

And what could be neater, more instinct with a polite and catholic charity, than the well-known envoy to "Underwoods" ?

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore !

This was the spirit of the man, the one in which he faced the world and wished it well.

The Essays.

The passage from his verse to his literary essays is a very easy one, for the same spirit is clearly shown in both classes of work. Apart from the interest one has in his personal point of view in regard to such diverse writers—Thoreau and Villon, Walt Whitman and Pepys, Charles D'Orleans and John Knox, the essays are stored with many pages dealing broadly with life in general and art in particular. For example, in the Walt Whitman article he says :—

We are accustomed nowadays to a great deal of pulling over the circumstances in which we are placed. The great refinement of many poetical gentlemen has rendered them practically unfit for the jostling and ugliness of life, and they record their unfitness at considerable length. The bold and awful poetry of Job's complaint produces too many flimsy

It would be a poor service to spread result, among the comparatively innocent of men. When our little poets have to be ploughman and learn wisdom, we must tamper with our ploughmen. Where a circumstance preserves composure of mind and tobacco, and his wife and children, dull and unremunerative labour ; where predicament can afford a lesson by the way his intellectual superiors, there is plainly as well as something to be gained by teaching. It is better to leave him as he is than to. It is better that he should go without the culture, if cheerless doubt and paralysis be the consequence. Let us by all means hide-bound validity of sensation and which blurs and decolorizes for poor na pageant of consciousness ; let us teach can to enjoy, and they will learn for themselves but let us see to it, above all, that we give brave, vivacious note, and build the man we demolish its substitute, indifference.

In such paragraphs as these throughout son, while considering, say, the character of David Thoreau or the life of that student, poet François Villon, manages to give us a good and hint at a good many characteristics be found in the men he criticized, but were his own many-sided and contradictory nature

Travel and Fiction.

After his poems and essays, his account small, such as the "Travels with a Donkey"



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are among Stevenson's most engaging work. In fiction "The New Arabian Nights," both series, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" hold the essence of romance in solution. These, and a few tales "Will o' the Mill," "Markheim," "The Lantern Benders," "Providence and the Guitar," "Thrawn Janet," "Some South Sea Stories," and others place him at once among the most entertaining and powerful writers of his period. The longer novels have been greatly praised, "Rob-Tide" written in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, is a remarkable piece of work even from the hand of Stevenson; "Weir of Hermiston" is concentrated and powerful; the Halloway series and the early stories full of excitement, painted with skill and polished to the last degree, but they are not for every taste. Life may be like that to Stevenson, but it is not so to all of us. As has been said, however, you may take away half of the writings of this author and leave enough to furnish forth an epicurean feast. His wit shines over all his work, but the laboured and lengthy novel does occasionally obscure the wisdom, lightness, and insight that show so clearly in his shorter works.

As a social philosopher his *dicta* are admirable; one recalls from the entertaining "Letter to a Young Gentleman" the phrase:

If a man love the labour of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him.

From the "Amateur Emigrant" this rather happy statement on a moot point:

To be a gentleman is to be one all the world over, and in every relation and grade of society. It is a high calling, to which a man must first be born, and then devote himself for life.

Of taking a wife he has said, "Marriage is terrifying, but so is a cold and forlorn old age."

His best, and best known, aphorism on the wedded state is, of course, that which says:—"To marry is to domesticate the recording angel," or, in a different mood—"To deal plainly, if they only married when they fell in love, most people would die unwed." Among his many qualities he was, in a sense, a fighter. He loved polemics and held that "the spice of life is battle, and that the friendliest relations are still a kind of contest." Was not this a cry of his heart:—

O to be up and doing, O,
Unfearing and unashamed to go,
In all the uproar and the press,
About my human happiness.

Like most accomplished writers, he could occasionally be intensely bitter at the expense of the million. "I have always suspected," he said, "public taste to be a mongrel product, out of affection by dogmatism," or, in another vein of equally caustic flavour "There is nothing so encouraging as the spectacle of self-sufficiency." But, after all, Stevenson is the last man one can attempt to create from his own or his characters' epigrams; he is far too many-sided for such a course to prosper.

Stevenson as a Journalist.

Owing to the very general interest literary people have taken in Stevenson's personality and artistic career, and owing, also, to the absence of any authoritative information in regard to some of the minor incidents of his life, a good many rather absurd stories and grotesque myths have grown about his name. Those

men. No sooner, however, had the article been read than an interesting chapter in the life of a man always a friend than *The Times* receives a letter from the manager of the in question *San Francisco Chronicle* in which he said:

The part of Mr. Bell's article regarding which I to speak with positiveness is that in which he states the circumstantiality that Robert Louis Stevenson, late in ber, 1870, arrived in San Francisco, and in the year following year was "given a job" in the city department *San Francisco Chronicle*, which he performed in a satisfactory manner that the item he was assigned to be given to another reporter to put into English was the readers of the paper and the latitude of California that later "he continued to write articles for the *Sunday* of the *Chronicle*, but there is no indication that he affectionately of them, for he never rescued them from files." Both these statements are absolutely false. managing editor of the *Chronicle* at the time, and I knew every reporter, whether on the regular staff or merely detail work. I also read and accepted all the scripts published in the *Chronicle* during the period mentioned, and can assert with positiveness that the *Chronicle* was honoured by the offer of one from Mr. Stevenson. I



HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH

[From "Pictureque Notes on Edinburgh," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

trust to my memory solely on this point, but have can account books of the *Chronicle* to be carefully examined no trace of Mr. Stevenson's name can be found in the he worked a single day for the paper, or contributed an or articles, there would be a record of the fact, for the of the *Chronicle* are methodically managed. To make doubly sure, however, I have questioned the then city of the *Chronicle* and others who were on the staff of the in 1870 and 1880, and they all unite in saying that absolutely no foundation for the statements I am here d as they have already been denied in the columns of the *Chronicle*. I wish to add something that should be on this point. The *Chronicle*, like most journals, trust the most of such facts as the connexion of that school

Mr. L. Cope Cornford's book in Blackwood's "Modern English Writers" Series, as well as Stevenson's own candid articles and letters, give a fairly full picture of his life and doings. His early education and illness, his University training, and his reading for the Bar, his own self-culture, and his intense passion for letters, stimulated, one fancies, by his gifted cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, prepared him excellently for the work he had undertaken. His romantic and unconventional marriage with a lady of intensely interesting character, if one may judge by the fragmentary allusions to her in his published writings; his enforced journeyings back and forth from climate to climate, and, finally, his settlement in Samoa, where he was at once the welcome guest, the friend, the master, and the entertainer of a people with whom he deeply sympathized, and whose rights he boldly championed, all these things show in his writings. "He has put into his books a great deal of all that went to the making of his life," wrote his cousin in an interesting magazine article some time ago, and, indeed, it is clear that not only the externals of his daily round were used for his artistic purpose, but the imaginings which haunted his youth and, doubtless, were with him all through life are employed in a thousand

especially in his work other than fiction, w readers to him with very pleasant bonds; those books with interest were, in the non-personal se friends who followed his fortunes with increasing

When at last, on December 4, 1894, his as he desired it, while he worked and in the choosing, the English-reading public was. Although proud of being a poet, he was prouder Scottish, as were all his race, and by a fellow Barrie, was written one of the most pathetic of th to his memory. The following verses give a th sorrow of his native land and her consolation:

I've ha'en o' brawer sons a flow,
My Walter made renown could win,
And he that followed at the plough,
But Louis was my Benjamin.

"The lad was mine!" Ereet she s
No more by vain regrets oppress't
Once more her eyes are clear; her h
Are proudly crossed upon her brow

He was a son of S
who could pity
delight in any p
His sympathies
all he asked wa
which he would
live, he would q
himself with a cir
series of home,
that "the wide
beneath which he
his Scottish birth
Gallienne sang, i
which we have al

High on his
Southern Sea
Our northern d
Strange stars
above his g
Strange leaves
tropic splend
While, far bene
ing mile on m
The great Paci
deeps,
Smiles all day
secret smile.

He may have b
thousand dreams

of a host of qualities and characteristics kn intimate friends, but, for those who have not had of knowing him except through his writing epitaph might be—He was a man of exquisite ac

Swanston, so dear to Stevenson, still lies a history. The hamlet is much as it was wh it as "one of the least considerable of hamlets of a few cottages on a green beside a hu houses far out on the road to Falmouth ganger started to play "Over the hills and



SWANSTON COTTAGE.

[Photograph by J. Paton, Edinburgh, by permission of the Illustrated London News]

pleasant ways in his works. It had always been his passion, his life, to write; and yet, at last, it appears to have become the burden of his days. One wonders whether his regrets and difficulties in regard to his last years of work were something of a literary pose, and if he made too much of the fact that—

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

Again and again, as we have said, his letters call out bitterly when some work has at last been accomplished: "But O! it has been such a grind. The devil himself would allow a man to

•ROBERT•LOUIS•STEVENSON•



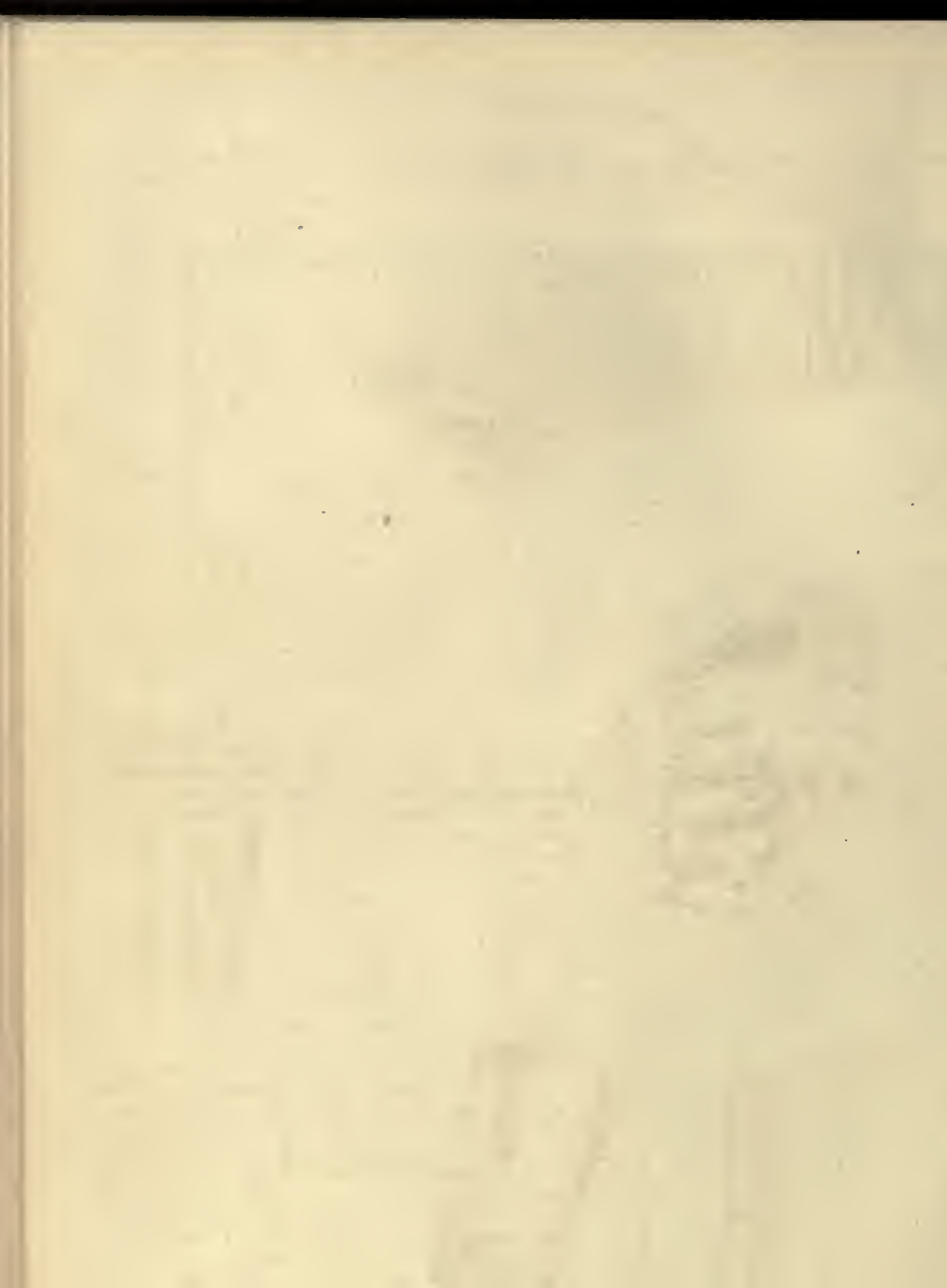
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BORN 13TH NOVEMBER, 1850.

DIED 4TH DECEMBER, 1894.

REPRODUCED FROM THE WOOD-CUT BY R.

(By special arrangement with Messrs. J. M. Dent &



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A VISIT TO R. L. STEVENSON.

A "Personal View."

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

It was late in May or early in June, for I cannot now remember the exact date, that I landed in Apia, in the island of Upolu. Naturally enough that island was not to me so much the centre of Anglo-American and German rivalries as the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, then become the literary deity of the Pacific. In a dozen shops in Honolulu I had seen little plaster busts of him; here and there I came across his photograph. And I had a theory about him to put to the test. Though I was not, and am not, one of those who rage against over-great praise, when there is any true foundation for it, I had never been able to understand the laudation of which he was the subject. At that time, and until the fragment of "Weir of Hermiston" was given to the world, nothing but his one short story about the thief and poet, Villon, had seemed to me to be really great, really to command or even to be an excuse for his being in the position in which his critics had placed him. Yet I had read the "Wreckers," the "Ebb Tide," the "Beach of Falesa," "Kidnapped," "Catriona," the "Master of Ballantrae," and the "New Arabian Nights." I came to the conclusion that, as most of the organic chorus of approval came from men who knew him, he must be (as all writers, I think, should be) immeasurably greater than his books. I was prepared then for a personality, and I found it. When his name is mentioned, I no longer think of any of his work, but of a sweet-eyed, thin, brown ghost of a man whom I first saw upon horseback in a grove of coconut palms by the sounding surges of a tropic sea. There are writers, and not a few of them, whose work it is a pleasure to read, while it is a pain to know them, a disappointment, almost an unhappiness, to be in their disillusioning company. They have given the best to the world. Robert Louis Stevenson never gave his best, for his best was himself.

At any time of the year the Navigator Islands are truly tropical, and whether the sun inclines towards Cancer or Capricorn, Apia is a bath of warm heat. As soon as the *Monouri* dropped her anchor inside the opening of the reef that forms the only decent harbour in all the group, I went ashore in haste. Our time was short, but three or four hours, and I could afford neither the time nor the money to stay there till the next steamer. I had much to do in Australia, and was not a little exercised in mind as to how I should, that time, be able to get round the world at all unless I once more shipped before the mast. I was, in fact, so hard put to it in the matter of cash that when the hotel-keeper asked three dollars for a pony on which to ride to Vailima, I refused to pay it, and went away believing that after all I should not see him whom I most desired to meet. Yet it was possible, if not likely, that he would come down to visit the one fortnightly link with the great world from which he was an exile. I had to trust to chance, and in the meantime walked the long street of Apia and viewed the Samoans, whom he so loved, with vivid interest. These people,

Stevenson delighted in them. Man and woman alike and the whole world in the face, and went by, proud, and with the smile of a happy, unconquered race.

As I walked with half a dozen curious whom the hazards of travel had made my companions, from the main road into the seclusion of a shade-palms, and as I went I saw coming towards me a man behind whom rode a native. As he came nearer at him without curiosity, for, as the time passed, I was reconciled by all there was to see to the fact that I met this exiled Scot. And yet, as he neared and I knew that I knew him, that he was familiar; and very I was aware that this sense of familiarity was not. It happens to a traveller, the awakened memory of a man was an individual, and a personality. I stopped and I met him, and suddenly roused myself. Surely this was Robert Stevenson, and this his man. So might the ghosts of the Friday pass one on the shore of Juan Fernandez.

I called the "boy" and gave him my card, and to overtake his master. In another moment my attention, this chief among the Samoans, was shaking hands. He alighted from his horse, and we walked together to the house. I felt a victim to him, and forgot that he was a writer. His writings were what packed dates might be to one who has never seen a date. His first time under a palm in some far oasis; they were a tumbler compared with sâraes. He was first a man and then a writer. The pitiful opposite is too common.

I think, indeed I am sure, for I know he could not be what he was pleased to see me. What I represented to him was hardly reckoned at the time, but I was a messenger from a great world of men; I moved close to the heart of this fresh from San Francisco, from New York, from London. He spoke like an exile, but one not discouraged. His physique was of the frailest (I had noted with astonishment his thigh as he sat on horseback was hardly thicker than my forearm), he was alert and gently eager. That soft, which held me was full of humour, of pathos, of tenderness. I could imagine it capable of indignation, and of passion. It might be that his body was dying, but his mind was elastic, and unspooled by selfishness or affectation. I had no regrets; they concerned the Samoans greatly.

"Had I come here fifteen years ago I might have seen these islands."

He imagined it possible that international intrigue might not have flourished under him. Never had I seen so much of a man who would be king. He owned, with a shyly comical air, that he had leanings towards buccaneering. The man was not what he was, but some shaggy-bearded shellback, appealing to his own physique was his apology for being merely a man.

We went on board the steamer, and at his request the steward show his faithful henchman over her. In the evening we sat in the saloon and drank "soft" drinks. It was pleasant to talk, and he spoke fluently in a voice that was

fact, the interests and anxieties of the Victorian period have entered into its poetry with an emphasis almost unparalleled in the history of English literature. The gradual advance of science, the consequent readjustment of disturbed dogmas, the enthusiasms and responsibilities entailed in the enlargement of national dominions—all these things have been reflected, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, in the poetry of the time; and often it is an oblique or indirect reflection that shows the prevalent tenour of thought most clearly. This is, indeed, the characteristic which distinguishes a literary movement from a literary school. A school of literature, and particularly a school of poetry, is easy enough to distinguish. It consists of a dominant leader, dictating a tone and attitude to a band of disciples; the band may be numerous and distinguished, but they add little of their own to the example of their master, and their discipleship is practically a phase of euphuism. But a movement is another thing altogether. In a movement there may be many and diverse spirits, suggesting widely different solutions to the same problem. They are combined only in their interest in the same aspect of thought or life, and in a certain harmony, which leads them indeed to pursue the problem towards the same goal, but not necessarily to pursue it along the same line. And in poetry their differences may seem, at first sight, even greater than their similarities. Difference of manner, variety of method, and all the changing complications due to metrical innovation, make it very difficult to trace with accuracy the by-ways and ramifications of a poetical movement. The student of literary movements, in short, has to be careful to avoid superficiality; he must not be too ready to assume that men who are alike in manner are also alike in spirit, or, on the other hand, that dissimilarity in method implies necessarily antagonism in purpose. The whole ground indeed is intersected and overrun with common rights and privileges, and the very inter-relation of interests is among the most fruitful sources of discussion.

It is not difficult, however, to discern certain main tendencies, and to the study of these the present series of articles will be directed. In confining ourselves to these we must, of course, court certain disappointments; for some of the most companionable poets of the period cannot be referred to any particular movement at all. It can hardly be maintained, for example, that the Victorian era has been marked by any conspicuous movement in the poetic drama: and the dignified and impressive figure of Sir Henry Taylor stands apart from an estimate which is concerned with tendencies rather than with individuals. In the same way William Barnes, our Victorian Theocritus, is really a law to himself, and can scarcely be referred to any definite fellowship of poets. And the list might be largely increased, including poets of a transition stage no less than those who have sustained an already falling note; so that many honoured names must necessarily be set aside in a discussion like the present. Still it is remarkable to see how many of the most individual poets of the time are clearly representatives of movements; and it by no means requires too curious an inquiry to trace their inspiration to its fountain-head.

The period, we have already noticed, has been one of continual change and intellectual restlessness. It has been marked by violent enthusiasms followed by reactions of disappointment. Political movements such as the Reform Bill, religious revivals such as the Oxford Movement and the Broad Church humanism of Maurice and Kingsley, have stirred warm anticipations which the subsequent course of events has not invariably realized.

started for the precise purpose of arresting what founders a menacing torrent of innovation, and through the period the criticism which they represented has been to abandon the citadel of convention. Almost every fresh movement in poetry has been opposed by the resistance of criticism; and consequently we find the rather strange existence of a poetry peculiarly susceptible to novel ideas side by side with a criticism strenuously threatened to the destruction of anything that seems to threaten innovation. The natural result ensues. Poetry draws its scattered elements closer and closer together; varying spirits combine to the same end, and the poetical movement becomes a cumulative power.

Victorian poetry, strictly speaking, began to flower years before the historical commencement of the Victorian period. The field had been gradually clearing for a fresh jubilation. From 1822 to the close of his life, the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" and "Yarrow Revisited" were Wordsworth's important publications. Coleridge died in 1834, and been silent nine years, Samuel Rogers' last great poem appeared as far back as 1828. In 1832 Crabbe and Scott both died, and with them two distinct poetic movements fell for a time into desuetude. Southey was occupied with congenial prose, and Moore's Irish melodies were a thing of the past. Then suddenly in 1833 appeared two little volumes, *Practical Mysticism* and *Practical Mysticism*, regarded, which heralded the new era. Tennyson's "Poems" and Browning's "Pauline" were published within a few years of each other, and with them Victorian poetry may be said to have put forth its shoots. Thenceforward for more than half a century English poetry was to flourish as never since the Elizabethan age. These two periods, indeed the Elizabethan and the Victorian—stand out in sisterly companionship of influence in the whole history of English poetry; but their characteristics are widely different. They differ both in the ideal which they espoused, and in the difficulties by which they were hindered. In Elizabeth's time the concern of poetry was the life of man and his relation to his fellows; in the Victorian period it has been the soul of man and his relation to his God. Differently as the different schools have viewed this, they are none of them very far removed from its anxiety whether they issue in aspiration and faith, in reflection and doubt, in emotion, or in tired reaction, they are alike to the vast expansion of ideas which modern science has brought upon the intellectual world. John Stuart Mill said of Browning's "Pauline" that its writer possessed a deeper self-consciousness than he had ever known in a sane human being, and it is this self-consciousness, self-analysis, or self-concern which was to be the dominant note of the poetry of the time. The inevitable outcome of this self-concentration, whether in the introspective seclusion of the thinker or in the struggle for increased influence in the worker, was a sort of enthusiasm and ill-regulated aspirations which were to dissolve themselves in disappointment. Movement in poetry, one "impossible loyalty" gave place to another, and the ideals of one generation became the contentment of the next.

How poetry has borne itself towards this turmoil of conflicting hopes and interests we hope to be able to trace in the succeeding articles. One thing, it is clear, we expect of it. So harassed and impeded by false cries and illusions, its makers cannot have the buoyancy, the happy fresh sense of life that lit up the energy of their Elizabethan

For one advantage which we derive from the study of poetic movements is this: we perceive with increasing certainty that the chain of intellectual vigour is unbroken, and that the continuity of poetry and the poetic spirit is perpetual. And even in so partial a study as that implied in the articles to follow we ought to be able to suggest, however inadequately, the way in which all true poetry, in spite of superficial discrepancies and apparent antagonisms, is really and indissolubly related. That, at least, is the object of the survey, be its shortcomings what they must.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ANOTHER ASHANTI BOOK.

THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN OF 1900. By Captain C. H. ARMITAGE, D.S.O., and Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. MONTANARO, R.A. (Sands, 7s. 6d.)

There have already been several books on the last Ashanti war—notably those by Lady Hodgson and Captain Biss—but this is the first, so far as we know, that purports to cover all the ground. The long siege, the march of Captain Aplin's reinforcements, the retreat to the coast, the holding of the fort by the remnant, the operations of the relief column, the punitive expeditions—all these matters are the subject of separate narratives collected in a single volume. And all the stories are told clearly, if not brilliantly, and without superfluous verbiage. There is little piling up of the agony; but we see what happened, and how it happened. It is too long and complicated a story to be repeated here in all its details, but attention may be drawn to the more salient points.

Perhaps controversial points should come first. It will be remembered that some of the garrison expressed the opinion that they might very well have been relieved earlier. The discomforts of their position naturally encouraged such a sentiment, but Colonel Montanaro's reply seems sound military criticism. He says:—

Captain Hall has been much criticized for not making a bold dash for Kumasi, but I fail to see how he could have done otherwise than he did. Captain Aplin and Major Morris, by cutting their way into Kumasi, did not raise the siege; by having more mouths to feed, the garrison suffered severely from short rations and even from starvation, whilst one hundred well-fed, able-bodied men could have held the Fort against any numbers of the enemy. It does not require any military education to know that it is useless to relieve a garrison unless you can either change the garrison and re victual it, or raise the siege, and by so doing open up the lines of communication. Captain Hall, therefore, deserves great credit for standing fast as he did at Esumaja.

The book is divided into two parts. Captain Armitage begins with the quest of the golden stool and ends with the arrival of the Kumasi column at Cape Coast Castle. Colonel Montanaro begins with the preparations on the Gold Coast and ends with the end of the war. Subsidiary episodes, for which Captain Aplin, Captain Parmeter, and Captain Bishop are the authorities, are incorporated in their proper places. On the whole, we should say that it is Captain Armitage who wields the most graphic pen, but his colleagues are almost as able writers. His story of his search for the golden stool, and of the night

Lady Hodgson seated on the Governor's palayer, and therefore looked on her as their "Queen Mothers." I was supposed to be the son of Hodgson's son. So sure were the Ashantis of the fall of the Fort and our capture that they had but somewhere in the depths of the forest. Hodgson and I were to have been escorted until the Ashantis could send us as a present to the White Queen, against whom, they said, they were to fight. The Governor, it is said, was to have been present.

Very vivid, too, is the description of the battle when the worst of the retreat was over:—

Our loads lay about in utter confusion, being dumped down by the carriers, who were like drunken men. The Governor and Lady boxes waiting for the tent which never arrived sought shelter in the wretched hut I had kept. The crush was so great that two huts, filled with occupants were with difficulty rescued. Everywhere, and from them arose suffocating as the damp wood splintered and crumbled. Trampling feet had churned the ground into ankle deep. And upon this steaming mass of torrential rain fell silently, pitilessly, as though to extinguish the wretched fires, round shivering groups of natives. To find one the question, and at nine o'clock, after seeing that Leggett were as comfortable as circumstances permitted, I crept into a hut four feet square, and, drenched and asleep in spite of the babel which arose from the carriers and refugees kept up an animated whole of that night.

Colonel Montanaro's part of the book contains an account of certain bush operations of which I have taken at the time by the Press. The lessons from the campaign are summarized in an appendix printed separately as a pamphlet. The peculiarities of bush fighting are, naturally, made clearer by actual narrative. It mainly consists of making a path through a thick bush and being sniped at from the bush, owing to the constant clearing, is this borders the path:—

This enables the enemy to carry out his operations with impunity, as he can creep up to within a few feet of the path, fire his gun, and be off through the forest before the part of the column which is attacked can recover from its confusion. This is nerve-destroying or so harassing to a column that it is almost impossible to maintain. Every man goes along the road feeling that he is being laid for at a range of a couple of hundred yards enough to nerve the bravest. During the Expedition, an officer, while being carried in the muzzle of a gun peeping out of the bush, saw his stomach and not a yard off. He could not outline of a savage pulling the trigger, and with astonishment that he simply lay still. The man, as he thought, empty the contents of his gun. He saw the flash of the priming as the trigger was pulled and made sure he was a dead man, but by a piece of luck the gun missed fire, but before

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thought he was a madman, and this being too much for their nerves they abandoned the stockade and ran. The white man whom the war chief so described was Major Melliss; but he apparently made a mistake in the number of white men who charged, as Melliss was accompanied by Captain Morrick.

Colonel Montanaro also has some interesting remarks on the hygienic aspects of the campaign. We read with interest that a wave of sickness which passed over the camp at Bekwal "was eventually put down to our living in the native huts," and he believes the unhealthiness of the huts to result from the Ashanti habit of burying their dead in their courtyards. The habit may have been a factor in the case, but hardly the chief factor. As recent researches have shown, the real reason of the unhealthiness of native huts is that there are always cases of malaria there, and that the anopheles mosquito which carries the infection of malaria imbibes and transmits it most busily in these abodes of filth. The book is quite the best Ashanti book that has appeared.

GREAT MEN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

RENAISSANCE TYPES. By W. S. LILLY. (Fisher Unwin. 10s.)

A book by Mr. Lilly on the Great Men of the Renaissance is for lovers of the period quite a literary event; and we may confidently predict that it will be as widely admired as it will be eagerly read. If his point of view on some subjects is not that of the majority of his readers, the circumstance should only add zest to their enjoyment. For even when they disagree with his conclusions they will find his philosophy bracing and suggestive, and none can be insensible to the charms of his style. Besides two chapters on the genesis and the results of the Renaissance, he presents us with five finished studies of typical great men—Michael Angelo, the Artist; Erasmus, the Man of Letters; Ruchlin, the Savant; Luther, the Revolutionist; More, the Saint.

At the risk of seeming ungrateful, we must remark that, even for the period from 1453 to 1527 to which the work is confined, Mr. Lilly's portrait gallery is far from complete. Why should we not have had Lorenzo, the Despot; Savonarola, the Reformer; Machiavelli, the Statesman; Aldus, the Publisher; Ariosto, the Poet? The reason seems to be that, except in the sphere of Art, Mr. Lilly has a bad opinion of Italians. Great men, he allows, have been among them. "But how few! The race is lacking in veracity, in virility, and therefore in originality." We may observe that this censure seems excessive in the mouth of one who implicitly condemns the northern nations for withdrawing their obedience to a central authority composed almost exclusively for four hundred years of Italians. But this is only by the way. We do not think that Mr. Lilly has done justice to Italy as the pioneer of the Renaissance, and this for two reasons. He has chosen to illustrate only the latest phase of the movement, when its effects were in full operation beyond the bounds of the peninsula; and he is personally more interested in the "genesis" of the Reformation, with which Italy's connexion is but secondary and indirect. In his lives of Michael Angelo, Erasmus, and Ruchlin, he shows a peculiar anxiety to prove that they had no sympathy with Luther's revolt against the Papacy. But that revolt was not so much a feature of the Renaissance as a necessary consequence of it; and on that ground among others we should dissent to the inclusion of

We do not recognize here that "general state of enlightenment of the human mind" which Mr. Lilly takes from Pater as a definition of the Renaissance; and our chief doubt is right in echoing Erasmus' lament that Luther hindered the progress of learning.

But we must demur still more strongly to Mr. Lilly's that to Luther alone is to be ascribed "the Protestant Reformation and all that came of it." Such a view is of quite unhistorical. It ignores the witness borne for long to the Vandals valleys and in eastern Germany against the traditions of Rome; it overlooks the patient efforts of individuals for a century to reform the Church from within. It also the fact that the Reformation was so far from being the work of one reformer that it took a separate colour from the character of each nation that received it. Some of the pleasantest of this volume are devoted to a comparison of two rival theories of history—the "Great-Man" theory of Carlyle, and the theory of Physical Determinism, of which Buckle may be taken as the chief exponent. We agree with Mr. Lilly that the more truth in the former; but his dictum about Luther's "Great-Man" theory run wild. The mine had long been constructed; the train was laid; all that Luther did was to light the match. And it is quite untrue to say that the distinctive doctrine of orthodox Protestantism to-day is Luther's teaching on justification; if we had to name such a doctrine should say it was the denial of Papal supremacy. Protestants were long preceded by the Eastern Church; many of Mr. Lilly's strictures upon Luther and his teaching cordially agree; but we think that Luther has no claim to be classed among the representative men of the Renaissance.

Of the other four biographies, the first two—those of Angelo and Erasmus—are in our opinion the best. Mr. Lilly is a reverent student of the Florentine master; and the quotations of some of his greatest works are as true and penetrating as they are happily expressed. Here, for instance, is a description of the glorious statues in the Medici Chapel of San Lorenzo:

Those tragic figures, in the wealth of profound meaning latent in them, resemble a Psalm of David: there is a deep undertone of fear in that divine shape of the Thinker; or, rather, all the dreads of human life, the inexorable fate, rise before him as he looks into infinity, and in his ears is the din of grossly material things. These are the works in which Michael Angelo has triumphed over the death of the hopes, so vigorous and rich in promise he sculptured his David. They are his monument, not ignoble scions of the evil-hearted race whose names they but to Florence, the "donna d'angelica forma"—ones of glory of her freedom, the joy of a thousand lovers, no more and in darkness, no more to be called "the lady of King."

The sketch of Erasmus is sympathetic and even generous, but it is somewhat lacking in proportion from an over-zeal to expose the misstatements of Froude. It is true that the latter's Life of Erasmus is one of his worst performances; his errors are well known to scholars, and the general reader should be aware by this time that they must not go to for facts. Even Mr. Lilly himself, like Homer, occasionally sleeps, as when he tells us that Erasmus spent nearly two months in Padua. His claim for Erasmus that he was "the educator of Europe in good letters" is sound enough; disparagement of Italian humanists as generally mere pedants is unjust. As great an educator as Erasmus, and, for his

typical "Saint" of the Renaissance. His attraction for Mr. Lilly seems to lie in the fact that he died a martyr to his belief in Papal supremacy; yet to those who think that other dogmas were more worthy of such a sacrifice other "judicial murders," as that of Lady Jane Grey, may seem at least equally "black."

The last chapter is devoted to the thesis that the direct result of the Renaissance was not to liberate the conscience in religion or to establish political freedom, but rather to reintroduce into Europe the Cæsarism of the antique world. In Mr. Lilly's mind there seems here, as elsewhere, to be a confounding of the Renaissance with the Reformation; but he goes on to show that the tyranny of the State over the Church before the French Revolution was as marked in Catholic as in Protestant countries. Surely then this would prove that the encroachments of the civil power were not the result of the Renaissance considered as a revolt against Roman jurisdiction. They may be referred to different causes, with which religious belief had little to do—as the rise of nationalities, the conception of the Church as identical with the nation, and the theory of the divine right of kings. The reformers certainly never aimed at religious toleration, yet the cause of freedom was ultimately served by their success. The notion that "the Catholic Church" has always insisted on the separation between temporal and spiritual is a strange perversion of history. If so, how was it that the Papacy became a secular kingdom? and why does it still maintain that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is necessary to his full spiritual authority? Such a view is as curious as the complacency with which Mr. Lilly ranks the Papal States along with England as one of the few bright centres of freedom in the dark despotism of prerevolutionary Europe.

THROUGH UNKNOWN ABYSSINIA

The name of Captain Wellby will be remembered as that of one of the many gallant officers whose lives the South African War has cost us. The posthumous appearance of his book of travel *TWIST SIRIAR AND MENEK* (Harpers, 16s.) reminds us of the loss we have sustained. He was not, indeed, a writer of conspicuous excellence; but he was a daring explorer who possessed in an eminent degree the talent of inspiring confidence and affection in his followers of the native races. The journey here described is a march from Zeila to Cairo through unknown Abyssinia—a tract of country more disagreeable than interesting including the exploration of a portion of the shores of Lake Rudolph. As the explorer came down the Nile he expected to find the French in possession; and he and the garrison of Nasser stared at each other suspiciously through telescopes before setting out to make each other's closer acquaintance. Then it was found that the fort was held by Lieutenant M'Ewen, with 100 Egyptian soldiers; and further on there were abundant evidences of the great organizing powers of the Sirdar, as well as of the officers whom he picked to serve under him:

In the Soudan there is no such word as "Can't," and there a single officer does the work for which elsewhere two or three officers and a native staff as well would be required. An officer is told to build a palace at Khartum. The railway, at the time, is hundreds of miles distant; wood, too, is, practically speaking, an unknown quantity at Khartum. There are no bricks, no stones: there is only sand and water. There

parted from them at Suez, where "It was to hear some of them say, on bidding farewell, our bellies are full, we will go with you again."

The book contains a brief biography of Colonel Harrington, the British Agent in Abyssinia, who emphasizes his great gift to natives, and shows to a certain extent how done:—

He came to Abyssinia when, owing to Italy in the Abyssinian War, the prestige of a low ebb indeed; so low that even European positions were not absolutely secure from typical of his character and disposition. Europeans who were in a camp of over 50 many of whom had never seen a white man about unaccompanied by any attendant, with able incidents ever happening to him.

One incident in his last journey I must—if proof, indeed, were needed—of his court. Near Lake Rudolph, in opening a tin of provisions he cut the forefinger of his left hand; blood so that he subsequently lost it. No medicine than Khartum, yet he marched miles in with a mortifying finger upright, during the whole miserable march, concealing his pain, so should not lose heart.

Colonel Harrington considers the journey "in African exploration." It certainly was so not in the value of the results achieved. His modesty of the narrator prevented him from giving idea of the difficulties which he overcame. It is remarkable for Captain Wellby's great reliance on his own trumpet; such modesty in an explorer is welcome.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Seven Hundred Years of Stocks.

Mr. Charles Duguid has written, and Messrs. Pennell and Dudley Hardy have illustrated, *THE STOCK EXCHANGE* (Grant Richards, 6s.). The chronicler Mr. Duguid writes well—not as Bagehot, but much better than most of the is not quite such as to compel the interest of a indifferent to the subject, but his book will of any reader who starts upon it with a reasonable curiosity. If it tends to dullness in places perhaps he found in the author's determination. Within a reasonable compass he has related knowable at least all that is worth remembering and share markets from the time of Edward II. Parliament forbade foreigners to "use or extension of 'brocage,'" to the present day. The matters alike are given the consideration due. It is full information about the Overend and Cornhill crises, and also about the patriotic demonstration of which it was announced that Mr. Kruger was a defaulter because he had not complied with his terms. There are also sufficient particulars about membership and change who have distinguished themselves on the London Stock Exchange and in other walks of

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LITERATURE.

he had entirely forgotten, having passed the limit long before. "I've made my sum, and I'm off to-morrow," said Horace Smith, contented, despite the sneers of his friend at the sum, who described it as merely on the road to fortune. Horace Smith retired to his literary career at Brighton. Heseltine, although he quadrupled his £50,000, eventually died a disappointed, broken-hearted man.

It is not often that one gets a true story with so good a moral. In our own time it is to the literature of sport that the literary members of the House appear to devote themselves most successfully. "The House on Sport," a volume which had contributions from Mr. Guy Nickalls on Sculling, from Mr. B. J. Angle on Boxing, and from Mr. G. Lacy Hillier on Cycling, made about £1,000 for the Referee Children's Dinner Fund; while the names of cricketers who are members of the House include those of A. E. Stoddart, K. J. Key, A. P. Lucas, Ivo Bligh, Burnip, and Hadow. Mr. Duguid may be congratulated on having written as satisfactory a book as the nature of the case permitted.

"Dr. Smollett."

It was right and proper and a happy thought to republish in Messrs. Constable's new SMOLLETT that author's relation of his journeys uniformly with his novels. He was a very typical Englishman abroad—much more typical than that more famous traveller, the Reverend Laurence Sterne, who covered some of the same ground a few years later. One does not picture him waxing sentimental over either a dead donkey or a *fille de chambre*, or admitting that they order any matter better in France or in any other foreign country. He is English, English all the way. He exults over the little English boy who was sent to school in France and made himself cock of the walk in a fortnight. He wonders why the King of Sardinia does not get Englishmen to man his navy. Of foreigners in general he holds that they have no manners and that their customs are filthy. He particularizes without reticence, giving us a clearer idea than any contemporary writer of what foreign travel in the middle of the eighteenth century looked like, felt like—and smelt like. One feels all the while that the only reason why he did not write to *The Times* about it was that *The Times* was not yet born. He badly needed some such medium for the expression of his opinion that the impositions from which he suffered were a discredit no less to the Government which permitted them than to the individuals who practised them. Missing it, he emphasized his views by taking landlords and postboys by the scruff of the neck and belabouring their shoulders with his cane, for all the world as though he were dealing with niggers in Central Africa. And they took his chastisement like lambs. It was very English. One can pass no other criticism; and one admires, with one's lower nature of course, though one does not approve.

As for the picture of travel that the book gives, one might search long to find a livelier picture of its discomforts. One has only to follow Dr. Smollett as far as Boulogne to realize the full difference between travelling to-day and travelling a little less

general conspiracy against all those who go to or come from the Continent." They charged Dr. Smollett six guineas to take him to Folkestone. He "sat up all night in a comfortable situation, tossed about by the sea, cold and languishing for want of sleep." At 3 o'clock in the morning they turned him into a small boat to be landed. But by the privilege of the watermen of Boulogne to put passengers and the doctor and his family and his luggage had to be ferried to another small boat in the open sea before he was allowed to set foot on the beach, and to pay another six guineas for the privilege. Then he had a mile to walk to his inn, where he got there "all the beds were occupied, so that he was obliged to sit in a cold kitchen above two hours until the lodgers should get up." From this to the end of the book *Marguerite* is clearly a far cry, indicating a progress from the comfortable to the uncomfortable. Nor is it any wonder that such a case should have been the subject of Dr. Smollett's grumbling. He was away from home for years, and he grumbled all the time. It is, in fact, a sustained Anglo-Saxon grumble that the book claims for itself in English literature. Dr. Smollett was a scholar. He was about the historical associations, and could quote Juvenal, Persius, and roll out classical allusions like a walking library. But that is nothing. Almost all the travellers of the eighteenth century, except the commercial travellers—could do that.

Dear Sir

My neighbour John Lewis Brocklebank, alias 'the Doctor' has just sent me a copy of the book which you have written. The book is very interesting and I have read it with much interest. I have not time to write you more fully at present but I will let you know the result of my reading when I have time.

Yours very truly
J. L. Smollett

Philippe de la Roche

interest lies in his realism—often quite unfit to quench his impenetrable Anglo-Saxon prejudices. He was so bad as the Scotsman who, having seen the Falls of Reichenfels, remarked that there was a greater curiosity at the shape of a peacock with a wooden leg; but he was no deal better. At any rate, he went through France like a bull through a china shop, and the resulting eminently readable, though not conspicuously literary, *Constable*, in reprinting it, have rendered a real service to serious students of the times.

SOME HOME TRUTHS ABOUT THE MAORI WAR, by J. L.

FICTION.

Character and Style.

THE HIDDEN MODEL (Helmemann, 3s. 6d.), by Mrs. Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson), is a remarkably original and powerful story. A very young and beautiful girl, Leslie Godwin, has, for a reason which the reader may discover, murdered a well-known man. Among a colony of artists is one famous portrait painter, Wyatt Hamilton, whose elaborate painting quarters contain a secret room. On this account and because of a certain sympathy between them, Leslie flies to Hamilton to gain a moment's rest before she gives herself up. Here the interest of the story begins. The author seems strongly opposed to the death penalty for murder and it is possible that she intended to add to the polemics of the subject. But the result of her essay is a poignant tragedy. Not the melodrama of the murder or the question whether the crime deserved capital punishment, but the psychic result of the act upon Leslie herself, and through her upon Wyatt Hamilton, makes the vitality of the book. Mrs. Harrod causes it to be convincing by her able characterization. Hamilton's mother and sister, the clique of artists and men of the world who watch the events, even the excellent servant at Hamilton's studio, all live. Another arresting point is that Mrs. Harrod has style; not always the most admirable style—but a style distinctive and noteworthy. Perhaps the following little description of a part of the secret room in which Leslie finds a shelter will give some idea of it:—

The washstand only was strangely beautiful, but unusual in that it seemed a part of the room, and was, indeed, hollowed out of the wall at the corner; a square sink of deep red bricks, and with a brass tap whose handle was a bestriding faun exquisitely sculptured; from its shadowy corner it gave a note of strange queeriness, and remotely dominated the room. The genius who had wrought that handle had surely planned this secret refuge and the garden without, when the house had already been far on its way to completion.

Or this paragraph which describes the sudden appearance of Leslie in Hamilton's house:—

The slender figure of a girl, beautifully dressed, stood in the doorway. Her face was devastated by a haunting terror, and behind this terror Hamilton perceived, through her stricken eyes, a living pain that was really awful—pulsating. A dissecting blade seemed on her tortured soul, to which the body had lent its senses that the flesh and spirit together should suffer dire outrage. Hamilton recognized on the instant's view of her that some awful thing had happened; suffering could not otherwise be so visible on the human countenance. Reserve, even in expression, is the instinctive refuge of suffering men and women; nothing but appalling disaster could so effectually strip the soul of its conventional shields.

These examples, however, contain no instance of one trick of Mrs. Harrod's, the old-fashioned one of underlining. We cannot recall it especially in "The Potentate" or "Odd Stories." The present book, however, suffers from it very distinctly. But this is a very small affair; as a whole, "The Hidden Model" is one of the most interesting and original

Carnaby" must, we fear, be advised to look to his first half-dozen pages of "Sirius" are sufficient to depress the most devoted admirer; and the although ingenious, is not very entertaining. The of the novelist is our especial delight, but there the (trivial) impinges upon the foolish. We search for those "sparkling gems of wit and wisdom and sarcasm" which her works are said to contain, clever phrases, and in one tale, at least, a little taste. One wonders if the following conversation considered Attie wit:—

"I am so sorry, Major Newdigate" (Lad dropped her dinner-napkin three times). sliding scale; I haven't the faintest idea what it sounds income-tax and death-dutiful."

"Pray don't regret the circumstance, my a pleasure for me to do anything for you, and pleasure is so intense as to be almost pain. think it would be a good plan if I sat under the throwing it back?"

"I daresay it would; and you would crouching under the shadow of the table—defiance and a dinner-napkin at me. A sort of to Ajax defying the Lightning, don't you know?"

"But it might slightly interfere with the conversation if Ajax were hiding under the table and dining above it. It is bad enough below the worse below the table, I should imagine."

However the story from which this is quoted becomes interesting and contains a good idea heroine, Josephine, inundates her admirer, Laurence, with well-watered wit he is easily pleased ready with some such reply as "You are awfully wish we could honestly say as much to the author. But it must not be supposed that there are no in her book. "Frank Wikeney's Bill" is a political of some cunning, with that wonderfully fresh in-law. "An Artistic Nemesis" is neat and conversations do not touch life. Without going Fowler's twenty-one stories we have no doubt hint our disappointment. But, on the other hand will perhaps find plenty to enjoy in "Sirius," not set the table in a roar nor the river a-flame.

Cinderella.

CINDERAS (Pearson, 6s.), by "Helen Mathers" is an excellent example of that clever lady's skill of seeing. She has observed widely since the days of "Rye." But the old plan is not lacking; in the beauty, and Cinderella—"Cinders," of course, is a vigorous couple of drawings of English women in recent fiction. Miss Mathers may occasionally fail to get at the heart of life, but those who are simple, straightforward, and interesting a story tells how "Cinders" fights "that half-dimpl eventually, after many adventures, comes by love will be more than commonly hard to please.

The Author of "The Sky Pilot."

A new book is promised in the autumn from the author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

SALE AT MESSRS. SOTHEY'S.

The collection of early printed books and incunabula which Messrs. Sotheby sold last week was remarkable for the number of illustrated volumes which it contained. Many of the illustrations, like those in the rare Savonarola tracts and other Florentine prints, were in exceptionally fine condition. It was no surprise to find prices running high. For the Venetian and the early French books there was also considerable competition. The sale, however, emphasized the low level to which the Plantin books have now fallen. A fine copy of the Horge, with its beautiful plates, printed by the famous Antwerp house in 1573, fetched only twenty-nine shillings. The following were among the more notable books sold :—

	£	s.	d.
Æsopi. "La Vita di Esopi Historiata." Venice, 1505	52	0	0
Ammon. "Charta Lusoria." Nürnberg, 1588	50	0	0
Appianus. "Romæ Historiæ." Venice (Ratdolt), 1477	3	3	0
Barberis. "Opuscula." Rome, circa 1475	27	10	0
Biblia. "Pistole Iazzione et Vangelii." &c. Florence, 1578	71	0	0
Boccaccio. "Il Decamerone." Florence, 1516	19	0	0
Bonaventura. "Incominciano," &c. Venice, 1500	40	0	0
(Capranica). "Incomincia el Prophemia." Florence, 1475	175	0	0
Cessole. "Libro di Guiccho." Florence, 1493	123	0	0
(Columna). "Hyperotomachia." Venice, 1499	30	0	0
Dante. "La Comedia." Bressa, 1487	27	10	0
Dante. "La Comedia." Venice, 1491	26	0	0
Horæ. "Officium Beate Marie." On vellum, Venice, Hertzog, 1493	395	0	0
" " " Venice, Stagninum, 1512	125	0	0
" " " Venice, Marcolini, 1545	54	0	0
" " "Officium Romanum." Venice, Scotum, 1544	55	0	0
" " "Heures a l'usage de Rome." On vellum. Paris, Simon Vostre, 1502	39	0	0
" " "Dive V'ginis Marie." Paris, Harlony, 1514	50	0	0
"Vita Epistolæ de Sancto Hieronymo Vulgare." Ferrara, 1497	39	0	0
Ketham. "Fasciculus de Medicina." Venice, 1493	61	0	0
Vavassore. "Esemplario de Lavori." Venice, 1532	40	0	0
"Libellus de Natura Animalium." Monte Regali, 1508	180	0	0
"Libro da Compagnia." Florence, 1493	70	0	0
Musæus. "Herone et Leandro." Venice, 1494. The first Aldine book, and in particularly good condition	40	0	0
Petrarca. "Rime Volgari." Venice, 1492	13	10	0
Ptolomy. "Cosmographia." Ulm, 1482	68	0	0
Ptolomy. "Cosmographia." Rome, 1490	20	0	0
Savonarola. "Tractato contra li Astrologi"	35	0	0
" " "Compendio di Revelatione," 1495	40	0	0
" " "Dialogo della Verità Prophetica"	150	0	0
" " "Tractato della Amore di Jesu Christo," 1492	40	0	0
" " "Tractato dell'humilita." 1492	39	0	0
"Thibault Académie de l'Espé." Elzevir, 1628	14	0	0
Tory. "Champ Fleury." A beautiful copy. Paris.			

Correspondence

THE USE OF FOREIGN PH
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—While there is room for difference of truest English spelling or pronunciation of cited, in nearly all cases analogy or precedent contentions and determine the proper forms. reasons in every instance would require a hope shortly to publish. I only plead for as much and as little ambiguity as possible, and the judgment on its merits, unbiased by personal or local prejudice. Anglicization should be the steady aim: let the little regard for ordinary readers who do not. Fortunately the vital genius of the language goes as in "closure," "employee," in spite of all the

With regard to the particular points called. The aspirate should be sounded wherever possible words but "hour," "heir," "honor," "honors": surely we have difficulties enough to surmount without seeking to introduce fresh confusion of "ou" in "tour"—as of "i" in "captain." Is established English, and is the correct and in "blouse," if only to distinguish this. In "fiancee" as in "financier" short "i" is euphonic and in the line of progress, like "fertile." The diæresis in "naïve" has a purpose not necessary, the accent in "dépôt" none. letter "z" should be used wherever possible. adopted it uniformly for the termination "already write "hazard," "assize," in default.

The forms "fantom," "fessant," "suffice" justified on every ground, and if asked; why I reply: why indeed? seeing that we "fantastic," "frenzy." But one step a omission of useless letters in Reims and B the pronunciation, but considering that the French is absurdly pronounced "antilleeze" it would substitute the correct form "Antillas" (Spain, for *reid* (or "egoism") being more "romantic" incorrect "t," that is mere childishness. Why instead of the affected *littérateur*? Then rather than the Italian forms *regimè, debutt* Indeed "Italian *renaissance*" is almost a terms, the proper phrase, if a foreign word being *rinascimento*. But I fail to perceive why "cortège," "accouchement," "message," any more "detestable" than "essence," "couch," "passage," "portrait"; or "debut."

I thought there could be no mistaking suggested pronunciations in my last paragraph is spelt with an "h" it should be sound words conformed to precedents like "scholar," "predict," "stalactites," or to ordinary usage. Thus when the same word serves as noun and verb should be (always wherever possible) on the former and on the second in the latter cases let the leaning be towards consistency.—

EVACUSTE

July 27, 1901.]

LITERATURE

"The Young Cricketer's Tutor" is styled an "unapproachable classic"; for many years it was also unprocureable save at a very high price. The issue of Mr. Whibley's edition afforded another proof of what is so well known to booksellers—namely, that the best way of killing the demand for a rare book is to reprint it in a cheap form. The fact that any one can procure this "unapproachable classic" for one shilling is sufficient to deter him from doing so. But perhaps readers of *Literature* will be more interested in the Homer of cricket than the average cricketer, who cares as a rule for nothing beyond halfpenny-paper gossip about his favourite game.

ALFRED NUTT.

. In using the phrase, that Nyren "did not even write his own book," the writer of the article had no intention of disputing his authorship. So far as the furnisher of the material can be termed the author of a book, Nyren is indubitably entitled to that name in respect of "The Young Cricketer's Tutor."

"L'AIGLON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Unless Mr. Stephen is referring, as I scarcely think, to the brilliant lines in Act I., Scene XII., of *L'Aiglon* he is surely making a slip in speaking of "the scene at Austerlitz." I conclude he means the scene at Wagram. Since writing my last letter to you on *L'Aiglon* another interesting point has been brought to my notice by Professor Gallo. History on the stage may be divided into three classes:—

1. The historical plays of the French classicists in which the subject is pre-eminently man—e.g., *Le Cid* and *Cinna*.
2. The historical drama of Shakespeare, in which the subject is particularized to the history of one main character.
3. That of the romantic school, which shows us a man in his personality. The heroes of this drama are not really dramatic figures, but what is interesting about them is the human. To this third class *L'Aiglon* belongs. In it the Duke is not truly dramatic. He is human, and his character displays a moribund psychology. Yet he is interesting to the educated, to the aesthete, to the historically inclined audience. Flambeau, on the other hand, pleases that portion of the audience to which the Duke's character appeals but slightly. In introducing Flambeau, Rostand is playing to the gallery.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

WALTER W. SETON.

Derwent-house, Anerley, S.E., July 22.

THE LATE MR. JAMES HAMBLIN SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your notice of this famous "coach" in *Literature*, July 20, you say that he "contented himself some fifty years ago with the modest position of 'Captain of the Poll.'" This was not the case. He was, in fact, thirty-second Wrangler, and sixth in the second class of the Classical Tripos in 1850, a year noticeable as being the last in which candidates for Classical Honours were required to have first attained Mathematical. I took my B.A. degree at the same time, and I well remember that Mr. Smith was unwell during the Classical examination. But for this illness, his name would probably have stood higher in the list.

Yours faithfully,

S. CHEETHAM.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of his cousin, Robert Stevenson*, which Messrs. Methuen will publish in the fall, will be uniform with the Edinburgh edition. Mr. Stevenson stayed with R. L. S. in Samoa for a year or two, and his biography was entrusted to him by Stevenson's family. The book is rich in unpublished MSS., letters, diaries of travels, reminiscences of friends, as well as a valuable fragment of an autobiography. A complete bibliography of Stevenson is also given. Another collection of unpublished works of R. L. S. is announced by Mr. Howard Wilfred Bell, of

Miss Ormerod's "Reminiscences," with which she occupied the last months of her life after giving up her ordinary work, were finished shortly before her death. The book is published by Mr. Murray—probably towards the end of the year.

A new edition of Samuel Richardson's novels is announced by Cresset and Sterling, of New York. Following a custom of publishers in the United States the only copies are twenty impressions on Japan paper in twenty volumes, and Holland hand-made paper in twenty vols., 1,212 on deckle-edge paper in eighteen vols., and a sworn statement that no other copies are or will be printed is given to prove it. The edition is edited by Professor Phelps of Yale University, who furnishes a life of the author and a special preface to each novel. Facsimiles of engravings which appeared in the original edition, 1742, and of letters by Richardson to Mr. Dancombe, are given. Richardson by Dr. Johnson, dated February 19, 1756, is also included in the edition.

The "Thoughts from Ruskin," selected by Mr. Attwell, which has been one of the most popular volumes in Allen's "Pensées" Series, is to be followed by two volumes, "Pen Pictures from Ruskin"—descriptive passages of nature and of art. The first series deals with descriptions of men and women, man's handiwork, and places, and is ready in the autumn; the second series, treating of plants, animals, and natural phenomena, is not due until next spring. Other autumn books announced by Mr. Allen are a new volume of essays by Maurice Maeterlinck; "The Road to Rome: Notes of Travel in Italy," by Hilaire Belloc, with sixty illustrations from drawings by the author; "Early Days of Venice: from the Origins to the Conquest of Constantinople in 1204," by F. C. Hodgson, M.A., and "The Celtic Revival: a History, and Other Essays," by Francis Grierson.

The "Original Papers" of the late Dr. John H. Hopkins, F.R.S., are about to be published by the Cambridge University Press in two volumes. Dr. Hopkins was killed with his children in an Alpine disaster in August, 1898. Prior to his death the whole of the papers included in the two volumes had been reprinted from various periodicals and books, and had been edited by Mr. R. Hopkins, who has written a memoir to accompany them. The first volume contains the papers on technical subjects; the second, those of a more general character.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are now publishing a new subscription, for Mr. Christopher A. Markham, F.S.A., on the "Stone Crosses of the County of Northampton." The crosses are described, and about sixty-six of them are illustrated, mostly from drawings by the author. In Northamptonshire two of the original crosses erected in the

Books to look out for at once.

- "Alice of Old Vincennes." By Maurice Thompson. Cassell. 6s.
 "Moses and Ben Israel's Mission to Oliver Cromwell." By Lucien Wolf. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 [Contains a reprint in facsimile of the three tracts published by Moses, with a history of the negotiations between the Jews and Oliver Cromwell which resulted in the foundation of the present Anglo-Jewish community. Three portraits.]
 "Roman Public Life." By A. H. J. Greenidge. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
 "The Transit of Civilization from England to America in the 17th Century." By F. Eggleston. Hirschfeld. 6s. net.
 "A Commentary on Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'" By Professor A. C. Bradley. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.
 [Aims strictly at explanatory interpretation, æsthetic criticism being avoided.]
 "A Book of Beltany." By the Rev. S. Baring Gould. Methuen 6s.
 [Uniform with his books on Devon, Cornwall, and Dartmoor.]
 "Tristram of Blent." By Anthony Hope. Murray. 6s.
 "The Skirts of Happy Chance." B. H. R. Marriott Watson. Methuen. 6s.
 "An Uncongenial Marriage." By Cosmo Clarke. White. 6s.
 "Women Must Weep." By Sarah Tytler. Long. 6s.
 "The Heretic." By R. J. Lees. Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII (1841-1901) By H. WHITES. 5s. 1. 147 pp. Dutton. 1s.

FICTION.

- THE "CHICOT PAPERS" R. K. HAZARD 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 pp. Arrowsmith. 1s.
 THE VIRGIN AND THE SCALES. By AINSIE DAWSON. 8 1/4 x 4 1/4. 212 pp. Arrowsmith. 1s.
 THE INNOCENTS ON THE BROADS. By E. R. SUFFLING. 7 1/2 x 5. 323 pp. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
 [Illustrated with a frontispiece and 100 Norfolk Brevets.]
 HIS LAWFUL WIFE. By JEAN MIDDLETON. 8 x 5 1/4. 317 pp. Dingley, Long. 6s.
 LOVE THE ATTEMPT. By FRANK CAMPBELL. 8 x 5 1/4. 345 pp. Dingley, Long. 6s.
 A BLACK VINTAGE. By M. GERARD. 8 x 5 1/4. 313 pp. Dingley, Long. 6s.
 MARY HAMILTON—Her Life and History. By LORD ERNEST HAMILTON. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 318 pp. Methuen. 6s.
 [One of the "Queen's Stories." A tale of the times of Bothwell and John Knox.]
 LOVE AND HIS MASK. By MRS. MURIEL DOWIE. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 312 pp. Heinemann. 6s.
 [A novel introducing scenes from the War in South Africa.]
 BOTH SIDES OF THE VEIL. By R. MARSH. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 303 pp. Methuen. 6s.
 [Illustrated short stories in Mr. Marsh's customary forcible style.]
 A HARVEST OF STUBBLE. By W. E. HOOPER. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 178 pp. Herts.
 MISTRESS NELL. By G. C. HAZELTON, JUN. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 205 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
 [A novel about Nell Gwynn based on a play by the author.]
 THE LITTLE TIN GODS. By JESSIE E. LIVESAY. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 332 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
 NO VENGEANCE. By MRS. C. KERNAN. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 322 pp. J. Long. 6s.
 JESSIE BEU MARLOWE. 8 x 5 1/4. 333 pp. Dingley, Long. 6s.
 HENRY BOURLAND. By A. E. HAYES. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 431 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY.

- TOPOGRAPHICAL AND PHYSICAL MAP OF PALESTINE. By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.S.E., and G. A. SMITH, D.D., LL.D. 11 x 7. T. and T. Clark. 12s. 6d.

LAW.

- THE CASE FOR THE FACTORY ACTS. Edited by MRS. S. WEBB. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 231 pp. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.
 [Mr. Humphrey Ward contributes a preface; the Editor and four other ladies supply a chapter apiece.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- INDEX TO THE PERIODICALS OF 1903. Vol. XL 10 x 7 1/2. 215 pp. "Review of Reviews." 16s. 6d.

ORIENTAL.

- DAWLATHIYA MEMOIRS OF THE POETS. (Persian Historical Texts, Vol. I.) Ed. by K. G. Brown. 9 1/4 x 6 1/4. Long. 18s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

- HISTORY OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT. Vol. III. By J. B. CAZIER. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- THE STUDENTS' ENGLISH LITERATURE. By A. H. THOMSON. 7 1/4 x 5. 833 pp. Murray. 7s. 6d.
 THE HOUSE OF DREAMS. By W. J. DAWSON. 5th Edition. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 135 pp. H. Marshall. 2s. 6d.
 LA BELLA AND OTHERS. By EDWARD CASTLE. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 220 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 [Short of verse with a plentiful seasoning of sword-play.]
 THE STORY OF ALFRED THE GREAT. 2nd Edition. By W. HAWKINS and E. T. SMITH. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. H. Marshall. 2s. 6d.
 THE BIBLE, ITS MEANING AND REFERENCE. 2nd Edition. By F. W. FARMER D.D. 9 x 6 1/4. Longmans. 6s. 6d.
 THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SYDNEY SMITH. By S. J. REID. (Cheap Edition.) 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. Macmillan. 1s. 2d.
 THE MARCH OF THE TEN THOUSAND. Trans. by H. G. Dakyns. 7 1/4 x 5 1/4. 264 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
 [A sketch of the Life of Xenophon and a translation of the Anabasis with maps and notes, reprinted with corrections from volume I. of "The Works of Xenophon"]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 231, by
A. C. WHITE New York.
BLACK. 13 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces
White to play and mate in two moves

PROBLEM
G. VAN BRO
BLACK.



WHITE. 9 pieces
White to play and

PROBLEM No. 232, by G. Reichen. — WHITE Kt at Q 5; Kt at Q 6; pawn at Q R 3. Black Q R 3; pawns at Q B 4, Q Kt 3, Q R 2, Q R 5, and win.

PAUL MORPHY, 1837-1884. — Much discussion is still proceeding, as to whether Morphy was a genius than our present champion, Lasker. We to attempt a settlement of the vexed question was born at New Orleans, June 22, 1837. He the moves early, because there are well-authenticated of the lad of 12 to 15 playing with father and gaining the upper hand. He graduated at Sp in 1854, and was called to the Bar in 1857, at w master of four languages. Morphy knew v intuitively, of the theory of chess; but the cor openings seemed to come to him "by inspiratio the age of 13, met and defeated Löwenthal, Frenchman Eugene Rousseau often, 1849-50.

In 1857, when his fame had been noised ab in the first American Chess Tournament and though Louis Paulsen was one of the players, came to Europe hoping to meet, among others, It does not appear that the English Cham anxious to play a match, or indeed any game American, who, however, among other hrl defeated Anderssen, Löwenthal, Harwitz (n noted), Mongredien. The match with Anders his greatest feat. In two years, 1857-58, plished all his real work and establish in comparison with which every other player's insignificance. Whether Anderssen, Zukert Lasker, or either of them, were, upon the cannot easily be demonstrated. He was a magnitude. His combinations were almost guished by accuracy and brilliancy combined.

Morphy returned to America in May, 1858, honoured. He issued a challenge to the w pawn and move—that is to say, Morphy w to any player. He then retired from chess, forthcoming. The later years of Morphy's shadowed by a species of insanity and b including the war between North and South, a positive morbid aversion to the game, and appears to have been limited to a few games, t with Mr. Chas. A. Maurian and one or two i Paris and New Orleans. Morphy died sudd town, July 10, 1884.

GAME No. XC.—Played by the Russian el

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 108. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish on page 102 a special article on Victor Hugo and his work, with illustrations. On page 100 M. Paul Bourget contributes a "Personal View" on Victor Hugo as a novelist. Mr. Arthur Waugh continues his series of articles on Victorian Poetry with a paper entitled "The Poetry of Faith and Aspiration." Next week we shall publish a special Carlyle number, and Mr. Waugh will carry on his series with an article on "The Poetry of Reflection and Doubt."

Messrs. Archibald Constable will shortly have ready a new Shakespeare in twenty volumes, which bids fair to be the popular edition of the twentieth century. The text will be a finally revised edition of the "Whitehall Shakespeare," which was itself remarkable for the beauty and clearness of its type and the lightness of its paper. Each volume will contain three illustrations, reproduced in Edinburgh from water-colour drawings by Byam Shaw, Patten Wilson, Leslie Brooke, W. J. Cowper, and other rising artists, and with a title-page and endpapers designed by Lewis F. Day.

and humour of the creator of Mrs. Poyser and Mr. Ho Stephen, who unites gifts as writers, critic, and biographer easily to be rivalled in combination, has a real recreation a living image of the woman of genius who so powerful an influence on her generation. The and somewhat laborious character depicted by Mr. C the whole of her, though no doubt it was the side most of in her latter years to the worshippers at her a living biography is but the due of one who after some phase of eclipse begins again to be universally recognised the least brilliant star in the great constellation of novelists.

Books to read just published:

"A Commentary on Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'"
Professor A. C. Bradley (Macmillan).
"Marrables' Magnificent Idea." By F. C.
(Blackwood).
"Alice of Old Vincennes." By Maurice Thompson.
"The Coward." By R. L. Jefferson (Ward, Lock).
"The Skirts of Happy Chance." By H. B. Watson (Methuen).

On Monday next the well-known firm of Simpkin, Hamilton, Kent, and Co. move into new premises street, Haymarket, that portion of their business hitherto been carried on in the premises behind Strand. These are doomed to disappear under the improvement of the Strand. The building which become the headquarters of book and periodical the West-end is of considerable historical interest none other than the old Royal Tennis Court built in 1673. The walls of the court remain very their original state, but floors, of course, have been making it now thoroughly suitable for the requirements of the book trade. Mr. Francis Hooper, R.L.B.A., acting suggestions of Mr. Herbert Kent, is responsible for the improvement of the rooms for their new purpose.

The news has just reached Paris and London of the publication of a circular of the Grand Vizier at Constantinople to Mussulman families to employ European governesses to give hospitality to French, English, or German *compagnie*. This may have seemed merely a picturesque instance of Ottoman nationalism. As a matter of fact, it afforded an instance of the power of a book to effect a revolution in a novel entitled "La Courtisane de la Montagne."

The book is a curious plea for a revival of Ottoman patriotism. No novel for years has had anything like the vogue which it is now obtaining in the East.

An uncommon feat in the publishing arena is now being performed in the offices of the *Queen*. Although the readers of that paper had already enjoyed a portion of "A Winter Pilgrimage," by Mr. Rider Haggard, it was only on July 20th that they first had the opportunity of reading Chapter I. The first half of the book is in fact being published after the second half. We do not know of any previous instance of this sort in the serial publication of the book. The portion that had already appeared proved so acceptable to readers of the *Queen* that, like *Oliver Twist*, they asked for more.

An interesting find is announced by the *Morning Post* concerning one of the most remarkable episodes in all literary history—the somewhat chequered friendship between Voltaire and Frederick the Great. A German historian, seeking for material concerning Carlyle's hero, has discovered several unpublished poems by Voltaire in the Royal archives at Berlin. One of these is quoted, describing a pilgrimage made by the philosopher in 1743 to Frederick's sister, the Margravine of Bayreuth, familiar to all readers of Carlyle's voluminous history. Here is a verse from the poem in question:—

Les pèlerins s'en vont dans leurs voyages,
Courir les saints et gagner les pardons ;
Plus dévot qu'eux, je fais mes stations
Chez des héros, des belles et des sages.
Voilà des saints en qui j'ai de la foi
Et l'Évangile où tout esprit doit croire.
Bayreuth, Berlin sont des temples pour moi,
Et c'est toujours le temple de la gloire.

The National Antarctic Expedition is eminently well found in point of literature. A few days before the gallant ship *Discovery*—may all good fortune attend her—left the East India Dock a large quantity of books were taken aboard which embraced "all sorts and conditions" of literature from the six-shilling "sensational" to the most abstruse of scientific treatises. In the living room of the crew there is a small book-case, standing opposite the clock with the legend on its face "Discovery leads to Discovery," containing some two hundred volumes. As may be imagined they consist entirely of popular literature, novels, and a few bound volumes of well-known magazines. Almost the first to catch one's eye, on account of its glaring red boards, is Jules Verne's "Antarctic Mystery." Mr. Panth occupies a good deal of space, and a more genial companion for a dark Antarctic night it would be hard to find. "Treasure Island," "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," and "Westward Ho!" are there, as well as representative stories of Dumas, Rider Haggard, Besant, Fenimore Cooper, Captain Marryat, and Guy Boothby, and odd volumes of the *Quiver*, *Good Words*, *Cassell's*, *Pearson's*, and the *Royal magazines*.

Mr. James Greville Clark, editor of the *Chronicle*, died on Sunday last at his residence in Caterham.

We are informed that Mrs. Cressel, an Australian writer of some note, is at present in London, having joined in the general exodus of Australian writers, known perhaps as "Gouli-Gouli" of the *Sydney Mail*.

The authorities of the British Museum Library have issued two supplementary volumes—"Brax-Brax" and "Bruys-Bzovius"—of the Catalogue of Printed Books.

Professor W. S. McCormick, the secretary of the University Trust, was formerly a book publisher. His firm issued, among other things, an excellent edition of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

It is stated that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's son is now on an adaptation of Henryk Sienkiewicz's novel "Fire," which he expects to finish in time for publication next year.

Dr. Carl Peters, the well-known explorer, has brought home news of some interesting archaeological discoveries in Mashonaland frontier. One of these is a figure of a man, supposed to date some 2,500 years before our era, which is covered with a number of hieroglyphic characters, as yet undeciphered.

The view from Richmond-hill, for the preservation of which Mr. George Meredith and others have fought, has been saved by the acceptance of an offer to sell the Richmond Estate to the London County Council for £70,000.

Among a recent gift of five pictures to the British Museum is a portrait of a man with the words "Rabelais" painted on the right-hand top corner. The painting is by Lagneau, and is stated to be a portrait of Rabelais, a resemblance to one or two rare contemporary portraits of the great French humorist.

A portrait of William Shakespeare, 22in. by 17in., from the collection of Lord St. Leonards, was sold at Sotheby's on Saturday last for £25 10s. The artist is unknown.

There are fourteen first class men in the 1880 List just published at Oxford—a record number. In 1870 there were not more than four.

The Trustees of the British Museum are about to publish more parts of their series of selected Babylonian inscriptions. The first volume contains considerable material relating to the Chaldean Epic.

In the High Court on Tuesday Mr. Utley, a solicitor, was awarded £200 damages against Sir Tatton and Lady Tatton for libel published by the latter in the *Review of the Times*.

M. Léon Daudet has been slightly wounded in a duel.

A memorial service was held on Friday at Westminster Abbey for the late Bishop of Durham, who from 1870 to 1890 was a canon of Westminster.

August 3, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

Examinations of all sorts are a fruitful source of jest, and from time to time you may see in the magazines articles from the pen of some fortunate examiner whose labours

Literary have provided him with a fund of good stories.
Examinations. Such articles are interesting and amusing to

the general reader, who likes nothing better than to witness the downfall of others, and derives a pleasant sense of superiority from the reflection that so much ignorance exists in the world. But the paper which Mr. H. C. Beeching contributes to the current number of *Lohman's Magazine* is of a different and a more serious cast than most. It does not consist merely of a string of disconnected anecdotes, but aims at the heart of a question very important to lovers of literature. It is now about three months since we published an article from his pen on "The Teaching of Literature," and in the present paper, which he calls "Some Notes on an Examination," Mr. Beeching amplifies and extends his views on the subject, fortifying them with a sufficient number of amusing examples. Should English literature be taught at all—and if it should be taught, are we at present teaching it in a reasonable manner? Briefly, these are the two questions, raised in the first instance, we believe, by Mr. Andrew Lang, to which Mr. Beeching essays to reply. Mr. Lang answered the first boldly in the negative, and so easily disposed of the whole matter. His arguments were, as we understand them, that many eminent men of letters have produced sound literature before literature, as a subject, was ever included in any school curriculum; that the works of recent writers who had received the doubtful advantage of a modern education were not conspicuously better than those of a former age; and, finally, that literary appreciation is an inborn gift that cannot be acquired by the aid of the most cunning of teachers. Mr. Beeching, on the other hand, holds that English literature should be taught, but that the present method of teaching is not the best. As a matter of fact, this is unfortunately true. The gentlemen who set examination papers are largely to blame for this. They demand, as a rule, for such an examination as that for the London University matriculation, a general acquaintance with the whole of English literature, and the inevitable result is that the pupil flies to handbooks where he can read about the great authors, and pick up his criticism ready made. Mr. Beeching takes Milton as one example of the melancholy results of this practice. It is a remarkable fact, he says, that almost all the candidates who attempted a life of Milton knew that his father was a scrivener, and that the poet was born in Bread Street, "though a few by a natural confusion said Milk Street." Most of them knew that he had three wives and that his daughters were unsympathetic. But beyond this he was as likely as not to be confused with other poets, such as Shakespeare, Byron, Spenser, Shelley, and Chaucer; and the lists of his works were amazing in their variety. When we consider how many lists of entirely unknown books had been committed to memory on the chance of their being asked for, this is perhaps hardly surprising. And the "literary judgments" were no less remarkable. "Milton wrote in very varying metres and used 89 per cent of Anglo-Saxon verbs" (which appears to be an imperfect reminiscence from the Tennyson handbook). "The 'Paradise Lost' like a stately temple is vast in conception but involved in detail." "Milton's style was sublime and comprehensive, and at the same time soothing." Mr. Beeching suggests, and we agree with him, that it would have been more salutary for these young people to have been set to master a single book of "Paradise Lost" instead of being

THE LESSON.

[Reprinted from *The Times* of July 29.]

Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end

Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times
Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than
kite.

We have had a jolly good lesson and it serves
right!

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet in
a tent,

But swingingly, over eleven degrees of a bare brow
From Lambart's to Dalagon Bay, and from Piet
Sutherland,

Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with a fall
no other land!

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and not
of Heaven!

We made an Army in our own image, on an is-
seven,

Which faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, eq-
mental attitude—

And so we got our lesson: and we ought to a-
gratitude!

We have spent some hundred million pounds to p-
once more

That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two a-
four:

And horses have four legs and men have two legs
four goes twice

And nothing over except our lesson—and very
price.

For remember (this our children shall know:
near for that knowledge)

Not our mere astonished camps but Council and
College—

All the obese, unchallenged old things that stiff-
us—

Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an a-
money could buy us!

Then let us develop this marvellous asset which we al-
And which, it may subsequently transpire, will
much as the Rand:

Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble
mood—

We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no e-

It was our fault, and our very great fault—and

VICTOR HUGO, ROMANCIER.

A "Personal View."

By PAUL BOURGET.

Il y a toujours un extrême intérêt à voir un artiste qui a excellé dans un genre quitter ce genre pour un autre et appliquer ses facultés à un type d'œuvres pour lequel il ne semblait pas fait. Il est rare que cette tentative soit suivie d'un entier succès, et, pour citer des cas d'ordre très différent et très inégal, assurément les fresques de Michel-Ange ne valent pas ses marbres, les mémoires scientifiques de Goethe ne valent pas ses poèmes lyriques, et tout près de nous les romans de Victor Hugo ne sauraient s'égaliser aux *Feuilles d'Automne* et aux *Orientales*, pas plus que les vers de Sainte-Beuve ne se comparent aux *Lundis*. Cela dit, il faut reconnaître que dans son effort pour s'adapter à des formes rebelles, le génie demeure toujours le génie. Sa vigoureuse énergie créatrice se manifeste même à travers les inexpériences et les insuffisances. Il dénature tout ensemble et il féconde ce genre dans lequel il a voulu couler sa pensée. Qui a pu regretter, devant les prophètes et les Sibylles de la chapelle Sixtine, que le statuaire de la Nuit se soit essayé à ce paradoxe audacieux d'une sculpture peinte ? Qui n'a admiré, dans les conversations avec Ecker-mann, les pages où l'auteur de *Faust* développe ses vues de demi-savant, mais si ingénieuses, sur les métamorphoses des plantes, sur l'unité de plan dans la création ? Plus près de nous, et dans un moins glorieux domaine, quel amoureux de la poésie Française n'a goûté le charme singulier de ces élégies analytiques que Sainte-Beuve a appelées les *Consolations* ? Qui enfin n'a senti en suivant, épisode par épisode, la tragique aventure de Jean Valjean dans les *Misérables*, qu'il était là en présence d'une création sans analogue, anormale, et, si l'on veut, monstrueuse—au sens que les Latins donnaient à ce mot—par beaucoup d'endroits, mais d'une telle puissance dans la conception et l'exécution qu'il manquerait quelque chose à l'histoire de l'art du roman, si ce livre n'avait pas été composé ?

Ce sont quelques-uns des caractères de Victor Hugo romancier que je voudrais fixer ici, en me bornant, pour plus de précision, à ces *Misérables* qui sont vraiment son récit en prose, le plus représentatif. Car, dans *Notre-Dame de Paris* le romancier en lui subissait encore l'influence de Walter Scott, et les récits qui ont suivi, *L'Homme qui Rit*, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, *Quatre-vingt-treize*, accentuent les défauts des *Misérables*, sans en égaler les qualités. Le premier de ces caractères consiste en ceci que Victor Hugo a, dans le choix des personnages, dans l'établissement du milieu, dans la matière même de son œuvre, accepté cette position qui est celle du roman moderne depuis Balzac et qu'il faut bien, faute d'un terme plus précis, appeler *réaliste*. Mais il l'a acceptée avec une imagination et une facture épique. Comme les maîtres du réalisme, un Balzac lui-même, un Stendhal, et, hors de France, un Dickens, un Thackeray, un Turgéniev, c'est un traquen-

c'est l'enfant d'une prostituée qui Valjean recueille et ramasse petite servante à tout faire dans une banlieue, coupe-gorge tenu par les Thénardières bandits. Et cette destinée de miséreux s'achève dans des obscurs complots politiques du règne de Louis-Philippe, noués dans des cabarets borgnes par des étudiants de bas agents, et aboutissant au combat des rues, comme une opération de police publique.

Vous retrouvez dans ces données, si vous êtes philosophe esthétique, le parti-pris des écrivains du dix-neuvième siècle, de ceux qui prétendent réduire le monde à un document, de ceux qui prétendent réduire le monde à un chapitre de l'histoire des mœurs. Mais ces données, ces données grossières et basses, sont manées et interposées entre des plus étonnantes génies lyriques qui se rencontrent, et voyez les se développer, se transformer, se magnifier jusqu'à devenir l'épopée de la révolution sociale. Ce forçat, qui est entré par le vol d'un pain dans une boulangerie et qui a été condamné à la peine de mort, celui d'un paillard d'argenterie dans une armoire, de plus en plus grandiose de l'âme plébéienne instinctive, que les sévérités implacables d'un système pénitentiaire jettent au désespoir et au crime, et qui, bienfaiteur attendri relève presque miraculeusement la lumière. L'évêque artisan de cette rédemption, n'est plus seulement un excellent prêtre, d'un caractère indulgent et doux. Il devient lui aussi un type, digne de prendre place dans la *Légende dorée* de sainte Agnès. La prostituée dont le forçat n'est pas elle non plus une simple créature dégradée et chez qui un sentiment animal de maternité s'élève à l'abjection d'un sort abominable. Elle apparaît comme une victime, presque sacrée par l'excès de l'injustice sociale, sur qui l'égoïsme de l'homme a exercé sa pire cruauté. L'enfant elle-même sauvée par Jean Valjean, ce forçat, c'est toute l'enfance, comme jeune fille pureté, et, une fois éprise, tout l'Amour. Tous ces détails, dans un décor, dans des événements, dans un "panorama" quotidienne s'amplifient jusqu'au symbole par une vision psychologique d'autant plus saisissante que, physique, elle, reste précise et nette comme une photographie. Telle description de Paris, celle par exemple de la traversée de Jean Valjean par la nuit pour échapper à la surveillance de Javert entre le boulevard de l'Hôpital et le cul-de-sac de la rue de la Harpe, cette description, dis-je, pourrait prendre place dans tout roman de détournement de rue y est indiqué, presque de maison, et l'individualité des héros qu'on croit, évoqués presque photographiquement dessinés autrement que celle des guerriers de l'Iliade ou des Sept Chefs devant Thèbes !

L'effet immédiat d'un pareil contraste est un effet qui produit chez le lecteur, suivant ses habitudes d'esprit, un enthousiasme excessif ou une réaction excessive, mais qui ne permet guère l'indifférence. Les impressions formées aux rigoureuses méthodes de la

insignifiante, cette délimitation sommaire, mais épique, est un enchantement. Si tout est démesuré dans le roman tel que le conçoit Victor Hugo, rien n'y est médiocre. Certes, les simplifications forcées des caractères risquent d'aboutir à d'étranges erreurs d'optique morale. Il existe peu de scènes, dans toutes les littératures, plus absolument fausses, pour n'en citer qu'une, que celle du Chapitre X., dans le premier livre, que le poète révolutionnaire a appelé :— " L'évêque en présence d'une lumière inconnue." C'est celle où il fait s'agenouiller Mgr. Myriel pour demander la bénédiction d'un Conventionnel mourant. Il n'est même pas besoin d'avoir sur l'imbiécillité béate ou sanguinaire de '89 et de '92 l'opinion aujourd'hui établie chez tous ceux qui ont étudié scientifiquement ces deux périodes, pour comprendre l'absurdité d'un pareil renversement des rôles. Il suffit d'admettre que toute mentalité a ses lois nécessaires et qu'un honnête homme comme Mgr. Myriel, du moment qu'il demeure évêque, croit à l'Eglise. Non seulement cette foi n'est pas conciliable avec l'étonnement admiratif que le romancier lui prête devant les pauvretés du Conventionnel, mais elle ne lui permet pas d'humilier devant un homme, si grand soit-il, une majesté qui, reçue par un sacrement, n'est ni humaine ni personnelle. N'importe. Cette hypothèse d'une solennelle rencontre entre deux principes incarnés, l'un dans un Juste, l'autre dans un mourant, pour déraisonnable qu'elle puisse paraître, a cependant une grandeur, du moins d'intention. L'écrivain s'est mépris sur la valeur comparative des doctrines que l'évêque et le Révolutionnaire représentent, mais il a vu l'importance du rôle que joue la doctrine dans les heures sérieuses de la vie. Il a affirmé, ce que les romanciers de mœurs semblent trop souvent oublier, que l'homme n'est pas mené uniquement par des intérêts et des sensations, et que la foi aux idées est un des facteurs essentiels de la volonté. Il eût certes été plus grand s'il eût été capable de cette vérité dans la perspective qui met à leur place les divers systèmes et qui ne confond pas une religion explicative de toute l'âme humaine, comme le Catholicisme avec un morceau de phraséologie électorale tel aussi médiocre que la *Déclaration des droits*. Mais il est grand encore, par cette conviction, si profonde en lui, que les drames les plus émouvants de la vie sont des drames de conscience.

Un artiste littéraire est toujours récompensé de sa bonne foi, même lorsqu'il se trompe. C'est ainsi qu'avec ces simplifications inacceptables, ces partialités violentes, et, il faut avoir le courage de le dire, ces surprenantes ignorances, l'auteur des *Misérables* a pourtant réussi, parce qu'il était sincère dans sa conception du roman, à composer un livre qui restera, d'abord comme le monument de la plus étonnante vigueur d'imaginative—rappelez-vous le *Champ de bataille de Waterloo*, le *Convent des Vierges*, l'anberge Thénardier tout de merveille ; et—résultat bien inattendu—il restera aussi comme un œuvre infiniment significative, et, au demeurant, documentaire au même degré que la *Madame Bovary* de Gustave Flaubert ou l'*Assommoir* de M. Emile Zola, les deux romans peut-être où l'esthétique réaliste a trouvé, chez nous, sa formule

même résumé dans des vers célèbres toutes les joies et aussi toutes les limitations de son génie quand il n'a qu'une âme.

Mise au centre de tout, comme un écho était cet écho à vingt ans, lorsqu'il composait *Ballades* et qu'il laissait passer dans ses strophes la France épuisée de guerres et de sang saluant dans ses princes héréditaires sa tradition et si peu de temps, hélas ! Il était cet écho, quand, célébrant Napoléon, à l'époque du renouveau de son parti, le poète qui suivit 1830, il l'était enfin quand, rallié à la cause de la démocratie, il écrivait sur ses pages républicaines des *Misérables*. Il s'est établi, au milieu du XIXe. siècle, en France, une conception presque religieuse de la Révolution qu'il faut comprendre bien se rendre compte de tout ce qui s'est passé et qui est si peu raisonnable en politique, dans ce pays-ci, cinquante dernières années. Nulle part de cette conception traduite avec un relief plus saisissant que dans ce discours tenu par les jeunes gens qui dressent la barrière, la partie, intitulée " l'Idylle rue Plumet et l'Épopée Denis," expliquent l'état d'âme des insurgés de la Commune, mieux que ne feraient des volumes d'analyse de sentimentalisme Jacobin qui circule d'un bout à l'autre de l'ouvrage est encore aujourd'hui celui dont s'éclairent les portions profondes du socialisme Français. L'étrange justice, anarchiste, d'après lequel sont mêlés l'évêque Jean Valjean, Fantine, Marius, Enjolras, vous le voyez encore aujourd'hui dans des discours de réunions publiques, des articles de journaux, sur des affiches qui portent l'année de 1901, mais qui réellement manifestent une disposition établie aux environs des années où Hugo conçut les *Misérables*. L'expérience et la réflexion paraissent bien démentir l'Idéal est aussi dangereux qu'il est faux. Fût-il plus faux encore et plus faux, il existe, il est indispensable pour la position exacte des poètes en France. Nous ne l'apercevons plus nettement que dans ce d'un poète qui a, sans s'en douter, et quand il croyait à Homère et Eschyle, apporté une contribution à la psychologie de son époque. C'est le cas de rappeler la comparaison qui assimile l'œuvre d'écrivains à une œuvre faite par derrière. Ils y travaillent sans en voir l'issue. Certes Victor Hugo eût été bien surpris, quand, à la fin de sa vie, il corrigeait de sa puissante écriture les épreuves des *Misérables*, si on lui avait dit que le meilleur de son talent consisterait à intéresser quelques dilettantes épris de fort et à mener de quelques notes essentielles un historien du genre de M. Taine ou de M. Lecky. Et peut-être est-il pas ainsi ?

Many visitors to Paris of a literary turn of mind a visit to No. 6, Place des Vosges, formerly known as Royale, where Victor Hugo lived from 1831 to 1848. Hugo's house in Chevreton-row, this seventeenth-century

Literature Portraits.—XIII.

VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo has placed it on record that his most precious gift to his day and generation was, in his own opinion, his personality. That, of course, is as it may be. Whether you agree with him depends upon many things, but mainly upon whether you are or are not a partisan of literary sacerdotalism. What is quite certain is that the gift in question was freely offered and eagerly accepted. This popular writer was as vain as a professional beauty, and was taken as seriously as an Archbishop. Wherever he went, and whatever he did, the centre of the stage was always left vacant for him, and he never failed to occupy it with dignity and gestures in the grand style. That he might be worthy of it, he studied and rehearsed, supplementing a personality that was naturally striking by the artifice of lies and false pretences.



VICTOR HUGO.

[From "Victor Hugo," by J. Pringle Nichol, by permission of Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein.]

The Hugo Family.

This seems a hard saying, but the facts are there and chapter and verse can be given. The man of genius on whom Victor Hugo aspired to model himself was Chateaubriand, and he differed from Chateaubriand in not being a scion of a noble house. His way out of the difficulty was to invent ancestors and boast of them. He gave out, and caused it to be recorded in at least four "semi-official" biographies—those written by Sainte-Beuve, by M. Barbon, by Alexandre Dumas and by his wife—that he was the descendant of an old Lorraine family, "noble since the year 1331." He spoke of certain lost documents which prevented him from giving as many details as he would have liked. It has

it, as George IV. came to believe that he had battle of Waterloo. But his original audacious legend throws a flood of light upon the man. Throughout his life it was his habit, without facts of the case, to strike any attitude that the pose was always life-like; the pose of a man at the same time a man of genius. We shall see examples of it presently.

Victor Hugo's father, Joseph Leopold Sigismond, as has been said, a distinguished officer in the army. He is famous as the man who ran to earth the last of the guerilla chieftains of that age—Charette, who was hanged, and Juan Martin, who was garrotted. While chasing Charette he fell in love with Sophie Trébuchet, the daughter of an armateur, incorrectly translated "armourer" in English biographies—and married her in 1800. He was a Royalist, and Victor Hugo afterwards gave out that of *Feuilles d'Automne*, that she had been Madame de Bonchamps and Madame de la Roche. This was a picturesque statement, but there was no truth in it. During the whole of the Vendean war Sophie Trébuchet never left the city of Nantes; and, like most of the bourgeoisie, she herself was surrounded by many priests and nuns, she herself was

The poet, who was her third child, was born in 1802, where his father was in garrison as *chef de bataillon*. The house still stands, and is indicated by a street, though the poet left it as an infant in long exile, and afterwards revisited it. His wanderings began when he was sent to Elba. As Dumas puts it, Victor Hugo was to live in the very island in which Napoleon was exiled. Then his father was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel and sent to join King Joseph in Italy. Victor Hugo went back to Paris with the child, and became lieutenant-colonel, having received further promotion. His family, who came and resided with him in a marble palace at Avellino. But Joseph Bonaparte, when he went to the Throne of Spain broke up the circle again, and went to Madrid, and his family to Paris. They called the Fenillantes, of which the astronomer Lalande. "My life," the poet has said, "was spent on amidst the flowers. In the garden of the family I rambled as a child, I wandered as a youth, watered the culling butter-cups, seeing no one but my mother and brothers, and the good old priest who perambulated his hook continually beneath his arm." This was who seemed so appropriate in later days when he evolved his sacerdotal manner, was really a man who had married his cook. It is not a very important fact, but it is thoroughly characteristic.

School Days.

In 1811, Colonel Hugo, believing Joseph Bonaparte to be established on a sound basis, summoned him to Madrid. They travelled with the treasure chest, and took nearly three months to reach the city. When they got there, the younger brothers, Eugène and Victor, were sent to school at the Jesuit College of the Immaculate Conception. It was not unnatural, they quarrelled a good deal with the pupils. Eugène got his face sliced open by a fellow-pupil, Belverano with a pair of scissors. Victoraven after years by bestowing the name of Belverano on his

August 3, 1901.]

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The boys were now at school at the Collège Decotto, and Victor Hugo's precocious genius was beginning to reveal itself. He had written a tragedy, a melodrama, a comic opera, odes, elegies, idylls, epigrams, everything. In his copybooks he had scrawled the sentence: *Je veux être Chateaubriand ou rien*. From his school, at the age of fifteen, he sent in a poem in competition for a prize offered by the Academy. "The piece ended," says Sainte-Beuve, with the lines:—

Moi qui, toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,
Do trois lustres à peine ai vu finir le cours.

"It struck the judges as so remarkably good that they could not believe in the three lustres, and thinking that the author was trying to impose upon them, they only accorded him a mention instead of the prize." The sober truth, officially recorded, is that the judges were perfectly well aware of the competitor's youthfulness, and only mentioned him because of it, as an "encouragement." Sainte-Beuve's attention was drawn to the discrepancy, and he replied, in a letter to M. Biré:—"Very likely my story is incorrect; but it is nevertheless authentic. The passage was based upon a statement made to me by Victor Hugo himself." Here, again, the hand of the artist is at work upon the Hugo legend.

Emotional Lyrics.

— Yet Hugo was a precocious poet, though not quite the infant prodigy that he claimed to be. He was famous throughout France before he was twenty-five—famous throughout Europe before he was thirty—famous alike as a lyric poet, a dramatic poet, and a novelist. His kingdom is among emotions rather than ideas. He is of the school of Shelley rather than of Matthew Arnold. Mr.

Près de vous, purs et sâles,
Ils accouraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'amour.

Whether one is prepared, or not, to go all the way with Swinburne, who writes that "nothing of Shelley's excels for limpid perfection of melody," at least one must admit that it is the true musical poetry that lingers in the throat. The note of sorrow is struck as surely and melodiously as the notes that follow:—

EN FRAPPANT À UNE PORTE.

J'ai perdu mon père et ma mère,
Mon premier-né, bien jeune, hélas !

Et pour moi l'enfer
entière

Sonne le glas

Je dormais en
deux frères

Enfants, nous étions
oiseaux ;

Hélas ! le sort eut
deux bûches

Leurs deux bûches

Je t'ai perdu
chère,

Tel qui remplit
orgueil,

Tout mon destin
lumière

De ton cercueil

J'ai su monter
descendre,

J'ai vu l'aube et
en mes cieux

J'ai connu la paix
la cendre

Qui me va mûr

J'ai connu les
profondes

J'ai connu les
amours,

J'ai vu fuir les
ondes,

Les vents, les

J'ai sur ma
orfraies,

J'ai sur tous mes
l'affront,

Au pied la poitrine
cœur des pleurs

L'épine au front

J'ai des pleurs à
qui pense,

Des trous à ma
lambeau ;

Je n'ai rien à
science ;

Ouvre, tombe



BUST OF VICTOR HUGO IN 1844.

From the Marble by David d'Angers.

[From the *Magazine of Art*, by permission of Messrs. Cassell.]

We find another emotion, again exquisitely rendered in the hymn of evensong:—

Un hymne harmonieux sort de ses lèvres et se répand

Quand la vie est mauvaise ou la rêve meilleure,
 Les yeux en pleurs au ciel se lèvent à toute heure ;
 L'espoir vers Dieu se tourne, et Dieu l'entend crier.
 Laissez tout ce qui pleure
 Prier.

C'est pour renaître ailleurs qu'ici bas on succombe.
 Tout ce qui tourbillonne appartient à la tombe.
 Il faut dans le grand tout tôt ou tard s'absorber.
 Laissez tout ce qui tombe
 Tomber.

Exquisitely chiselled lyrics. The method is an advance on the methods of earlier poets. Victor Hugo might well have been con-

tent to let his fame rest on them instead of on the attitudes that he struck. But the cult of the Muses and the cult of the Ego were never, in his case, separable ideals. Chateaubriand had called him "un enfant sublime," and he studied sublimity in all his doings, or at all events in the colour that he put upon all his doings. His life, in short, might be described as the parody of the saying that the man who wants to be a great epic poet must make his own life a great epic poem. For, however anxious Victor Hugo may have been to make his life an epic poem, he was always still more anxious to give the world the impression that that was what it was.

"Père de famille."

One notes this particularly in the part of the Hugo legend which deals with Victor Hugo's marriage. It is represented to us as a marriage romantically pre-ordained before the birth of either bride or bridegroom, at the bride's father's wedding-breakfast. "May you have a daughter," General Hugo is alleged to have said on that occasion, "I will have a son, and they shall marry each other. I drink to the prosperity of their household."

There is not the faintest reason to believe that he ever said anything of the kind, but the story improved the legend, and therefore it was woven into it. The wedding took

with vainglorious arrogance by Sainte-Beuve, who in a rare book bearing the title "Livre d'or" relates the whole story of the intrigue from the

En entrant, je la vis, ma future maîtresse,
 À côté du génie un peu reine et déesse.

Letters have been published which show Hugo regarded the situation. He seems to have been pained than indignant. The liaison terminated in 1837; and, though Victor Hugo was glad, confident morning again, Victor Hugo's was, to a certain extent, patched up. "He kept his peace in 'Sainte-Beuve et ses Inconnues,'" " "



BUST OF VICTOR HUGO, 1894.

From the Bronze by Rodin.

[From the *Magazine of Art*, by permission of Messrs. Cassell.]

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she sat in the shadow of the great en
 heavy folds. Her forehead was of marble,
 colour, her eyes almost lifeless. I drew my

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system. Many of his plays were far from being great popular successes—though popular success comes to the poetical drama more frequently in France than in England—but the production of one of them was always a great literary event. Hugo, with an enthusiastic following behind him, was fighting the classical traditions of the French stage in the interest of romanticism. His purpose was to free the rhythm of the Alexandrine from restrictions which made for monotony by the introduction of the movable caesura and the "enjambement"—or "runnlogon"—of sentences without regard to the limitations of the couplet—and by the use in verse of the ordinary words of common speech. "Je mis un bonnet rouge au vieux dictionnaire" is his own proud account of the achievement. But the battle was hard and violent. The great field-day was on the first production of *Hernani*. There are many accounts of the incident, most of them too long to quote; but the events of the evening are nowhere better summed up than in the "Life" written by Mr. J. Pringle Nichol:

Both parties felt instinctively, on the eve of the representation of *Hernani*, that the real day of battle between them had come. The "classics" understood that the drama was to be, so to say, a gauntlet thrown in their face, and prepared themselves to protest noisily against its anticipated literary audacities. The "romantics," on their part, organized bands of young men, mostly authors and painters, enthusiastic for the new artistic development, and to these were distributed tickets of entry with *Hierro*, the Spanish word for iron, stamped on them, symbolizing the firmness they were expected to show in proclaiming in the teeth of all opposition their admiration for *Hernani* and their zeal for the "romantic" cause. On Thursday, February 25th, the pit entrance of the Théâtre Français was, from an early hour in the day, besieged by a multitude of strangely-attired, unconventional-looking youths, eager to applaud the new tragedy, and to terrify, if possible, its opponents among the audience. Conspicuous among these fervents of the faith was Théophile Gautier, eighteen years old only, but already an author, and an *Hugolâtre* intransigent, with his long hair streaming over a doublet of rose-coloured satin. The young men entered early, taking possession of the galleries and pit, and beguiling their time of waiting by singing songs of the hour and by pleasantries in use at the artists' studios. When the higher-priced places began to fill, and each well-known upholder of the old order was saluted with sarcasms and jeers, it became evident that the evening was going to be stormy. Hardly had the curtain risen on the traditional three knocks than the "classics" of the balcony and boxes found their worst anticipations realized. It was apparent that the plot and action of the piece were quite away from the traditional lines, and that its style was not *le style noble*, to which French audiences had hitherto been accustomed when they went to hear musical tragedy. The

bold-headed, and, apparently, slightly-deaf gentlemen in the boxes misinterpreted this into "Viel as de y l'aine."—"Old ace of spades! he loves her," unjustly, began to bellow his exasperation—too much! Viel as de pique. *Le cochon!*" Nothing one of the poet's partisans, determined to approve at a retorted loudly:—"Viel as de pique, it's capital! local colour. Bravo, Hugo!"

In spite of interruptions and the constant clamour on this evening, and many subsequent to it, *Hernani* succeeded. It ran through a goodly number of representations made the sensation it was intended to make. Balzac wrote to a friend after its seventh performance:—"The of romanticism has, by the mere fact of *Hernani*, advanced a hundred miles."

Another way in which Victor Hugo served the drama was in insisting that the playwright and player should be master in the theatre. English players who groan under the tyranny of the actor-manager, actress-managers, and are expected to alter lines,



THE STUDIO, HAUTEVILLE HOUSE.
(From Good Words, by permission of Messrs. Isidore.)

scenes, to suit their whims and caprices, must find so very refreshing in the story of the passage of arms. Victor Hugo and Mlle. Mars. While the play was being performed to the company that lady proposed emendations with her full of chocolate almonds. Hugo politely refused to make. She repeated her suggestions at rehearsal, declaring that play would be hissed if they were not accepted. She remained courteous but firm. When the rehearsal was followed the actress into her dressing-room and invited resign her part. She was amazed and indignant;

glimpse of the worship—one might almost say the ritual—in Madame Ancelet's "Les Salons de Paris," published in 1858:—

When Hugo, with bent head and dark and thoughtful eyes, recited in his powerful but monotonous voice a few stanzas of a beautiful ode which he had just composed, could one use such words as "admirable," "superb," "prodigious"—words which had just been spoken in his presence in honour of some mediocrity? It was impossible!

So there always ensued a silence, lasting for several seconds. Then one rose and approached him with visible emotion; one grasped his hand; one lifted one's eyes to heaven. The crowd would listen, and a single word would be heard to the great surprise of the uninitiated, and this word which echoed in every corner of the room, was—

A Cathedral!

Then the orator would return to his place and another would rise and exclaim—

A Gothic Arch!

A third, after looking round, would hazard—

A Pyramid of Egypt!

Then the assembly would applaud and relapse into awe-struck silence. But this was only the prelude to an explosion of voices all repeating in chorus the sacramental words which had just been separately pronounced.

Nor was it only from a clique that the poet received this veneration. Gradually the whole of the cultivated world claimed leave to join in incense-burning, and Mr. Pringle Nichol tells us that

When, on summer evenings, he stepped encircled by a band of worshippers, on the balcony of his house, dressed, as always, simply, in grey trousers, a black frock-coat, and a turned-down collar, he could not fail to observe that the Place Royale was generally sprinkled with strangers, Parisians or provincials, with occasionally among them an Anglo-Saxon tourist, come on the chance of a glimpse of his pale close-shaven face with its fine eyes and magnificent forehead.

The time came, however, when Victor Hugo's plays ceased, at all events temporarily, to attract. *Les Burgraves* was a hopeless failure. On the eleventh night the house only held £53 2s. 6d.; whereas at the Odéon a classical play was drawing houses of £220 and upwards. It was becoming evident that, if Victor Hugo wanted to keep his name before the public, he must make some new departure. Whether for this reason or for some other reason, he plunged into politics.

An "Adaptable" Politician.

His political opinions may, perhaps, be best described as "adaptable." It is, at any rate, the fact that he was a warm supporter of every régime that did anything for him. He was a warm legitimist under Charles X., who gave him a pension, a warm Orleanist under Louis Philippe, who gave him a peerage, and an advanced democrat under the Republic, which made him a Mayor. Napoleon III. did nothing for him, and he forthwith went into Opposition, with the results which we shall see. Yet there is no reason to believe that he was consciously inconsistent. Whatever his attitude, he always justified it by the same passionate appeal to the same abstract virtues. He was quite prepared to sing the praises of Napoleon—he began to sing them. He supported Louis Bonaparte's candidature for

d'un Crime," that the poet organized and led to resist the massacre of citizens. He tells us omnibus that was stopped on its way by a rain, he put down the window, and shouted "Vive Bonaparte! Those who serve traitors are traitors!" On which story M. Biré remarks sardonically:

Victor Hugo has not altogether invented omnibus. Only the part which he attributed precisely the part which he played. M. Arnaud (of Arlège), who, after having read "L'Histoire d'un Crime," said with a smile to M. Albert de Rousigné:—"It was I, not he," lowered the window, put my head and hands out, and began to harangue the regiment protesting, with all my force, against the Constitution and the treachery of the press. All this time, Victor Hugo, sitting beside me, the tails of my coat, and saying, over and over again, "Be quiet! Be quiet! You will get us all massacred."

Be that as it may, Victor Hugo judged it wise to disguise himself as a workman and flee to England. On January 9, 1852, he was formally expelled from France in the interest of the general security.

His ejection was, in many ways, the best that could have happened to him. The heated atmosphere of the strife was no more favourable than the cold of exile to the production of the best work of his life. In exile he had time to take stock of his things out, and turn them over in tranquillity. It is true, were hurled from his retreat in the time of the poet discharging his thunderbolts with the force of an Olympian Zeus. But it did not take him long to forge them. He once more had leisure to write "L'Islande" dated from 1823, and "Notre Dame de Paris" in 1831. Now, after an interval of about thirty years, he wrote "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," "Quatre-Vingt-Trois," and "Les Misérables."

His Literary Position.

These are the works for which Victor Hugo is best known. They have been selected as works of genius by a general and uncritical multitude, but by judges whose authority is not to be despised. The *Edinburgh Review*, while praising "Les Misérables" as "this series of improbable and incongruous collection of rambling disquisitions and dietary amplifications," admits that it has certain quarters, as "the great prose epic of the century." The *Quarterly Review* so accepts the verdict. "In dealing," we read, "with all the emotions, fears which go to make up our common human nature, Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius. Mr. Swinburne, of course, is even more enthusiastic than the *Quarterly*, and says that 'it would be the very impertinence for any man's presumption to attempt a classification or registry of his five great romances in order of actual merit.' He speaks of him as the greatest Frenchman of all time."

That verdict, at all events, cannot stand. The essentials of greatness are obviously wanting. He habitually lies, not, as Napoleon habitually lied, but merely to titillate

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genius and insanity—a reflection which gains point from the fact that there undeniably was madness in the Hugo family—it would be unjust to say that close inspection reduces them to sound and fury signifying nothing. But it is just as certain that they appear of less and less importance to the student of literary history as time goes on, and that the really great literary influence of the age of Victor Hugo was not Victor Hugo, but Balzac. From Balzac descend Flaubert, de Maupassant, de Goncourt, and Zola. From Hugo only Mr. Hall Caine descends.

Exile.

Victor Hugo's exile was to last for eighteen years. First he went to Brussels where, being far from wealthy, he occupied a single room in the Grande Place, and dined with other exiles—Emile de Girardin, Edgar Quinet, Emile Deschanel, &c. at a little restaurant near the Galeries Saint Hubert, where a banquet of several courses was served for one franc, "bière comprise." He began to write his book on the *Coup d'Etat*. "I attack Louis Bonaparte," he wrote, "at this hour when he is firm upon his feet, and master of his country. He is at his apogee. So much the better. That is what I want." But, after this preliminary blare of trumpets, he delayed the publication of the attack until Louis Bonaparte was not only fallen from his high estate, but actually dead and buried. M. Biré suggests that it was not safe to try to impose the Hugo legend until certain witnesses were out of the way. In spite of the delay, some of them have spoken, and their evidence, as we have seen, discredits the legend in many of its particulars. He published, however, "Napoleon le Petit," the MS. being copied by Mme. Dronet, the actress, who accompanied the poet to Brussels, while his wife and daughter stayed in Paris, arranging for the furniture to be sold by auction. According to the Hugo legend, the book made such a sensation that the Belgian Government got frightened and passed a law—the *Loi Faider*—to give itself the power to expel him. The statement is made in "Pendant l'Exil." As a matter of fact, the law was directed against quite other proscripents, who had attacked Napoleon in the *Bulletin Français*. Victor Hugo thought that their crown of martyrdom would become his, and he put it on. But the truth is that he had already left Belgium when the *Loi Faider* was introduced.

He went first to England, thence to Jersey, thence to Guernsey, where he lived for many years in Hauteville-house, which he bought for £1,000. He had not entirely escaped from politics. From time to time he launched his thunderbolts, making his voice heard like that of a Hebrew prophet admonishing an Israelitish king. But he had time to get back to literature—to write novels as well as poetry, to read and criticize Shakespeare. Though he sometimes stooped to the arts of the charlatan in order to keep his name and personality before the world, he lived, on the whole, a tranquil and even a dull life. Many pilgrims have given us glimpses of it. Perhaps M. Assolins is our best witness.

his look-out. Passing the word of command to his which he had made the slave of his genius, he set work tranquilly at a *chef d'œuvre*, as his accustomed now he had written his hundred verses, or his of prose. . . . Then, his legs feeling a little at had formed the habit of standing when he wrote and about when he composed—he descended his staircase heavy hangings muffling the noise of his footsteps, and his great thoughts, giving himself a rest from the remainder of the day. . . . How often has he not re- "A little work wearies one; plenty of work amuses

The Return to Paris.

During all these years Victor Hugo was increasing literary reputation and at the same time impressing with his strangely magnetic personality. On every occasion he made himself as conspicuous as a man whose coat would be in the stalls of the opera. And this without tiring the fickle Parisian populace or getting laughing pains. When the war broke out, and it was seen that the Empire would fall, people actually found time to other—What will Victor Hugo do now? What he



THE RED DRAWING ROOM, HAUTEVILLE HOUSE.
[From *Good Words*, by permission of Messrs. Isbister.]

to return to Paris, where he could hardly have been with more enthusiasm if he had been a conquering fresh from rolling back the tide of the invasion, as he remained during the siege. The fragment of his diary published by M. Paul Meurice, shows us how naturally old age as in his youth, he stepped into the full glare of limelight, taking the centre of the stage:

We arrived in Paris at 9.35 o'clock. An immense crowd awaited me. It was an indescribable welcome. I spoke first from the balcony of a café and thence from my estate.

When I took leave of this ever-growing crowd escorted me to Paul Meurice's. In the Avenue de

I copy the following from a newspaper :

M. Victor Hugo had manifested the intention to leave Paris unarmed, with the artillery battery of the National Guard to which his two sons belong.

The 144th Battalion of the National Guard went in a body to the poet's residence in the Avenue Frochot. Two delegates waited upon him.

These honourable citizens went to forbid Victor Hugo to carry out his plan, which he had announced some time ago in his address to the Germans.

"Everybody can fight," the deputation told him. "But everybody cannot write '*Les Châtiments*.' Stay at home, therefore, and take care of a life that is so precious to France."

I do not remember the number of the battalion. It was not the 144th. Here are the terms of the address which was read to me by the Major of the battalion :—

The National Guard of Paris forbids Victor Hugo to go to the front, inasmuch as everybody can go to the front, whereas Victor Hugo alone can do what Victor Hugo does.

"Forbids" is touching and charming.

M. Biré, however, tells a story which forms an interesting gloss upon these last remarks. It was at Bordeaux where Victor Hugo, in a képi and a red shirt, was sitting on a Committee of the National Assembly. He told of his desire to march against the Prussians, and appealed for confirmation to Admiral La Roncière Le Noury, who had commanded the marines during the siege :—

"Yes," he continued, "my noble friend, my gallant friend the admiral, over there, will tell you that I wished to share his dangers, that I repeatedly asked leave to do so." The Admiral, unable to stand it any longer, turned to his neighbour, and whispered, making a screen of his hand : "It isn't true, it isn't true. Why, one day I asked him to lunch in my fort, and he was afraid to come."

Once more we see the Hugo legend in the making, and observe that it was not the disciples who made it but the master.

The End.

Victor Hugo was now 60, and the remaining years of his life, though marked by literary activity, were outwardly uneventful. After the Commune he went to Belgium, but was expelled because his visible sympathy with the Communists made him a centre of disturbance. On his return to Paris, however, he was unmolested ; and his home in the Avenue d'Eylau, subsequently re-christened the Avenue Victor Hugo, "became," says Mr. Pringle Nichol, "at once the quasi-sacred centre of literary Paris and a shrine to which curious strangers from all corners of the earth made pilgrimage. Here, on his days of reception, came Jews, Turks, Peruvians, and Chinamen, to each of whom in turn, after shaking hands with his wonted elaborate courtesy, he said a welcoming word." On his eightieth birthday there was a demonstration in his honour, "when a large fraction of the people of Paris assembled beneath the balcony where stood the poet between his two grandchildren, Georges and Jeanne." He died in 1885 from the result of a chill caught by riding on the outside of an omnibus ; and a procession of 150,000 people followed him to the grave, whither he was borne, according to the directions given in his will, upon a pauper's hearse.

Thus he died, as he had lived, more theatrically than any man of letters had ever lived and died before him. The qualities of the charlatan and the man of genius were strangely and

have kept the eyes of Europe focussed admiringly for so long. Victor Hugo stepped into the centre in the twenties and was still standing there. Even Voltaire, whose case furnishes the nearest parallel, whose influence still lives, while that of Hugo has long been away, enjoyed a less protracted pontificate than

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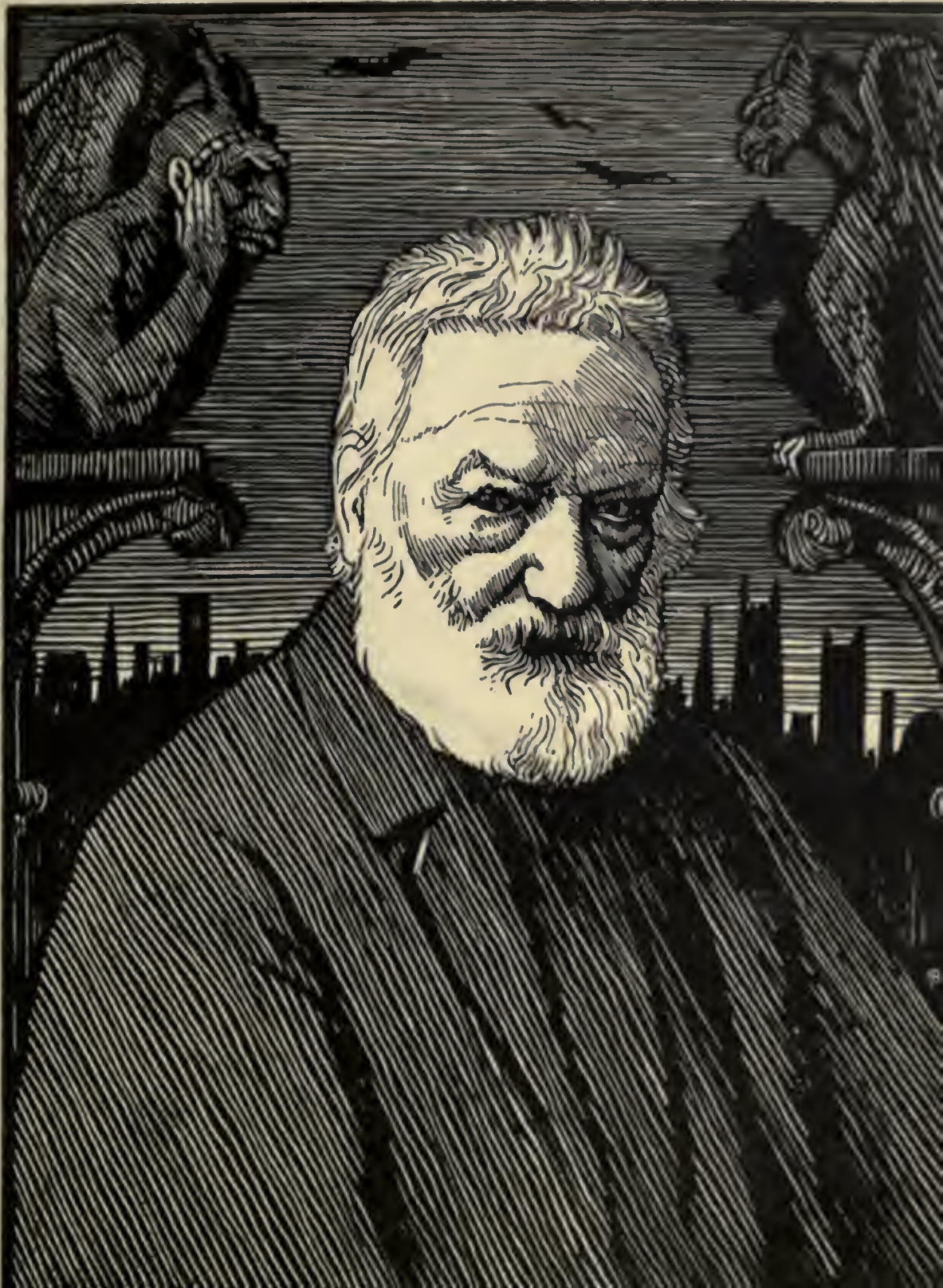
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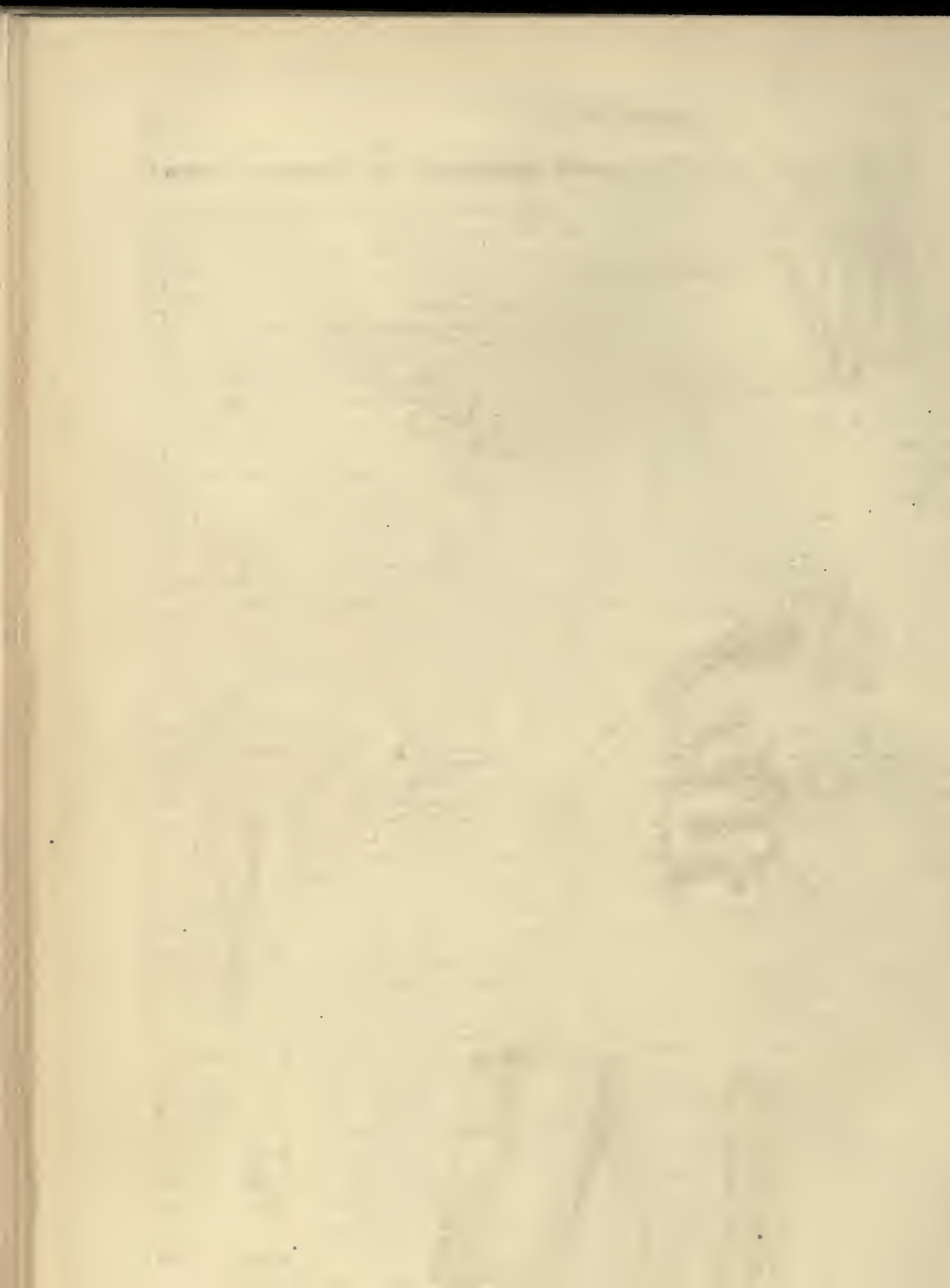
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to be trusted when it cannot be checked. The nearest approach to an official biography is M. Alfred Harlion's "Victor Hugo et son Temps," 1882. This is a beautiful picture-book, but it accepts and perpetuates the Hugo legend with unmerited simplicity. Of the critical biographies the best are those of M. Edmond Biré, who has devoted a considerable series of monographs to the subject, all written in the tone and temper of an leoncelast. Their titles are :-

"Victor Hugo et la Restauration," 1869.

"Victor Hugo avant 1830," 1883.

"Victor Hugo après 1830," 2 tom., 1891.

"Victor Hugo après 1852," 1891.

Another valuable volume of personal recollections is "Victor Hugo intime," by Madame Hugo's cousin, M. Alfred Asseline; and the memoirs of contemporary French men of letters are naturally full of references. See the memoirs of Théodore de Banville, Maxime du Camp, Alexandre Dumas the elder, Théophile Gautier, Eugène de Mircourt, Auguste Vacquerie, and M. Zola's "Documents littéraires : Études et Portraits," 1881.

There are also some English lives :-

"Victor Hugo : A Sketch of his Life and Work." By J. Pringle Nichol (Swan Sonnenschein's Dilettante Library).

"The Life of Victor Hugo," By Frank T. Marzials (Walter Scott's Great Writers Series).

"Victor Hugo : A Memoir and Study." By James Cappon (Blackwood).

Critical studies of Victor Hugo's works abound. A full bibliography of them, compiled by Mr. John P. Anderson, will be found in Mr. Marzials' book mentioned above. The list fills fifteen columns, and there is a further list of magazine articles filling thirteen columns. The most notable French authors on the list are :- MM. Brunetière, Jules Claretie, Émile Faguet, Henri Houssaye, Jules Janin, Le Comte de Lisle, Louis Veuillot, and Alexandre Vinet. Among English books on the subject the one which stands out pre-eminently is :-

"A Study of Victor Hugo." By Algernon Charles Swinburne (Chatto and Windus).

But the student may also be referred to various volumes of collected essays, in which essays on Victor Hugo are included. As, for instance :-

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SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN POETRY.

II. THE POETRY OF FAITH AND ASPIRATION.

The Victorian era was, as we have seen, broken up by numerous and conflicting movements, and at first sight interests and expectations which they arouse seem un-reconcilable. But, upon closer examination, it will be found all these diverse enthusiasms are related and very related to two main distinguishing characteristics of the two waves that steadily advance until they fill and flood, were, all the creeks and inlets of contemporary thought, advance of science and the advance of the democratic spirit, one widening the intellectual horizon and illuminating sort of hidden corner of tradition and authority, the breathing energy and ambition into the dry bones of an and decadent section of society—these two great movements emancipation either absorb or direct all the other interests of the period. The spirits which are frankly revolutionary, in antagonism with tradition and authority, they absorb those which are jealous of old forms and loyalties, they absorb, but they still direct them, turning the force of their thought, and forcing them at least to weigh, and in degree to recognize, claims which had never before entered into the serious consideration of literature and life.

And of all scientific systems the one most characteristic of the period is, of course, that of Evolution. The Victorian was indeed well advanced before Charles Darwin set forth "The Origin of Species" what may be called the first true evangel of Evolution, but the ideas which he there crystallized had long been in the air, and their gradual growth may be traced in the spiritual, no less than in the scientific, life of the time. And side by side with this theory of phylodivergence and intershifting, this doctrine (one might call it) of universal brotherhood, there was steadily growing a new principle of individual emancipation and liberty, fostered in literature by the careless, happy optimism of Macaulay on one side, and on the other by John Stuart Mill's own earnest doctrine of utilitarianism. The Reform Bill of 1832 promised an enlargement of interests that seemed to herald an indefinite millenium, the people was at last to get its thought was free, and the old order overwhelmed. Under such towering waves it was natural that much of the old and aspiration should go down: natural, too, that some reconciliation should be made, and some attempt to reconcile the present theory with the earlier and still, happily, current belief in the natural attitude of man is not so much one of revolutionary compromise; and the characteristic attitude towards religion is one of temperate reconciliation. And so it is surprising to find that the most prominent and distinctive poetry of the epoch is that in which the theory of evolution is implicit, in which some of its corollaries are deliberately accepted, but which, at the same time, accepts them unconsciously, and directs its whole endeavour to the raising of man's ideals above the material sphere of interest, permeating the material world with spiritual significance. This is what we call the poetry of Faith and Aspiration, and we find it, supported by the fortunate longevity of its leaders, the most constant and characteristic movement of the age.

But here at the outset we must discriminate, for this tentative phase of poetry is not to be confused with religious or devotional poetry, strong and fruitful as

anxiety, conceived in the very intensity of contemporary interest, is another thing entirely ; and of this the period affords us three eminent examples, singularly different both in scope and method, so different, indeed, as to seem at first sight completely diverse, and yet all closely united in faith in the progress of man and in that continuity of spiritual energy which postulates the immortality of the soul.

Tennyson, Browning, and Coventry Patmore — It would be difficult to choose three contemporary names suggesting more various and divergent trains of thought. In method they are altogether dissimilar. Tennyson's exquisite lyricism is as unlike Browning's rugged but penetrating bursts of music as both are to the elaborately constructed, cumulative harmonies of Patmore's full-toned odes. Nor do they differ less in personality. Tennyson is eminently social, almost universal in sympathy ; the progress and life of the people is his perpetual theme, even his most intimate poems end upon an impersonal note. Browning, on the other hand, is concerned exclusively with the individual soul as the microcosm, dissecting and analysing the motive, probing the personality, and arguing from the single example to the generalization. Finally, Patmore is self-centred, introspective ; by far the most self-conscious of the three, and by far the narrowest in interest ; and yet rising on the wings of self-realization to heights of spiritual ecstacy sublimely unclouded by controversy. These are widely different natures indeed ; and yet they are closely related in a brotherhood of purpose. And first, let us consider them with relation to the dominant theory of evolution.

For evolution, as a scientific theory, Tennyson entertained apprehensions, not for its own sake, but for the difficulties which accompany it in the common mind. The thoughtless man would make it a stumbling block, while to the intelligent it should be a "sounding watchword."

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

Many an Æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born,
Many an Æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn.

Only that which made us meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,
Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul,
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the whole.

The theory, he saw, was capable of infinite spiritual expansion ; its danger was that, confined to the material sphere, it might lose all spiritual significance and stifle human ambition. So, with a really wonderful adroitness, he fitted it into his scheme till it became its inseparable part and parcel. To Tennyson the secret of the world was the law of order, the gradual progress by steps of slow improvement ; and into this theory the doctrine of evolution very naturally fitted. "I believe in progress," he said once, "but a progress conserving the hopes of man"; and, as Professor Dowden has very pertinently pointed out, the whole fabric of his philosophy is symbolized in the decoration of Merlin's Hall in "The Holy Grail." For

Four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt
With many a mystic symbol, gird the hall :
And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
And in the second men are slaying beasts,
And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
And on the fourth are men with growing wings,
And over all one statue in the mould

orderly progress that the individual must follow the general plan of hope and aspiration. But I fear for the individual altogether. He must realize into shape like clay upon the potter's wheel.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor ! and feel
Why Time spins fast, why passive lies our
Then, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past g

Fool ! all that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall ;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be :
Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter

Here again is, haply, the evolution applied now directly to the individual. Even find it in "Evelyn Hope"

No, indeed ! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make
And creates the love to reward the
I claim you still, for my own love's
Delayed it may be for more lives yet
Through worlds I shall traverse, no
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking yo

Had we space, instances might, of course indefinitely, but we have already enough to tendency, and its distinguishing difference using its life here as a *palaestra* or exercise-facilities and emotions, is hereafter to grow comes to the measure of the perfect man. faculty must be neglected, no healthful end the perfection of nature will be the harmony

In Patmore we find a rather different interest we have said, by far the most self-conscious poets, and his natural tendency to introspect his adoption of that form of the Christian encourages self-analysis and self-judgment. Too, he gathered its most beautiful and inspiring of the universality of the divine Love, which is sort of pantheism of the affections, seeing in God, and God everywhere in Love. With him have full sway, as being manifestations of and it is in moments irradiated by the presence the poet feels himself closest to the God of Love itself. Here, too, though scientific theory possible from the poet's interest, the sense development is faintly perceived and recognized has always been recognised, in the Christian understood.

I, trusting that the truly sweet
Would still be sweetly found the truth
Sang, darkling, taught by heavenly
Songs which were wiser than I knew
To the unintelligible dream
That melted like a gliding star,
I said "We part to meet, fair gleam
I shall find you in the light of day"

Sole vigour left in her last lethargy,
 Save when, at bidding of some dreadful breath,
 The rising death
 Rolls up with force ;
 And then the furiously gibbering corpse
 Shakes, panglessly convuls'd, and sightless stares,
 Whilst one Physician pours in rousing wines,
 One anodyne,
 And one declares
 That nothing ails it but the pains of growth.
 My last look loth
 Is taken ; and I turn with the relief
 Of knowing that my life-long hope and grief
 Are surely vain,
 To that unshapen time to come, when She
 A dim heroic Nation long since dead,
 The foulness of her agony forgot,
 Shall all benignly shed
 Through ages vast
 The ghostly grace of her transfigured past
 Over the present, harass'd and forlorn,
 Of nations yet unborn.

This is apparent pessimism ; but at the close the depression is relieved by hope, by the sense of the evolution of national history, and of the permanent influence of English character and ideal. Tennyson, too, felt the dangers of democracy, and was often gravely depressed by it, but he, too, and much more emphatically than Patmore, ended in confidence of the progress of the human race.

Light the fading gleam of Even ? light the glimmer of the dawn ?

Aged eyes may take the glowing glimmer for the gleam withdrawn.

Follow Light and do the Right for man can half control his doom—

Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

And Browning, indomitable optimist, was still more confident. For this is his picture of himself.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

And if in these three voices Browning's seems the only one unquestioningly confident, it is well to remember, as we tried to indicate in the opening article of this series, that the period through which these three poets moved into honoured age was one of more than ordinary expectation and disappointment. The popular ideals of the forties and the fifties are already withered and laid aside ; and these men, who saw the era set out with such high hopes, may well have been given pause by its failure to realize their promises. And there were moments when they all—yes even Browning—were depressed by the course of events, and uncertain whether the spiritual future of the nation was not to drift upon the rocks. Nevertheless, they emerged in confidence. They were confident in the permanence of those ideals which had been proved in the past, confident, too, of the survival of spiritual energy, and of the immortality of the soul. In this, of course, they were by no means alone ; the poetry of their time was rich in high aspiration and in fidelity

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BOOKS ON DANTE.

Mr. Vernon's Readings of the Commedia.

Mr. Warren Vernon has at length after many years remitting and curious labour brought his *Readings of the Commedia* to a close. The present volumes, *Readings of PARADISE* (Macmillan, 21s.), consist of text, translation, commentary, and full critical and exegetical notes. The editions of the *Paradiso* within the last few years is apparently in inverse ratio to its popularity, which may be taken as a sign that Dante scholars are resolved to bring in readers to the highways and market places. Each commentator, feeling the neglect of this poem is altogether undeserved, seeks a reason for its non-popularity. Mr. Ruskin, in his preface, said that the *Inferno* was preferred because its theme was more horrible and morbid ; Mr. Butler sees in the incident and human interest the barrier that warns away readers. And Mr. Vernon thinks that the poem may be too modern "unbelievers" because of its metaphysical theology. This strikes us as an unfortunate remark. All to-day inevitably unbelievers in Ptolemaic Astronomy, very few even amongst Roman Catholics can accept of science or theology which the poem expounds. But we do not think that this indifference can as a matter of fact be explained in terms of belief : indeed the bibliography prefixed to the edition is itself a sufficient refutation of this statement. Dante is studied and revered by men of all habits of mind and creed ; and whatever the reason there can be little doubt that the acceptance or non-acceptance of any religious faith does not supply the differential. The difficulty is in the matter itself ; for, although the poem abounds in lyrical passages of exquisite and delicate beauty, yet these can only be intellectually enjoyed when the architectonic construction is known. Now that Dante is being read as a whole, the *Paradiso* will take its place along with the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, and students will work at the metaphysical theology as an intellectual exercise knowing that only at the cost of this labour will the structure and grandeur of the poem be revealed. The difficulty is a purely intellectual one. In the first instance, as much so as the study of the calculus or conic sections. There can be no question that there are aridities in the *Commedia* regarded merely as a sensuous poem, but the student will find even the arid places worth the labour if only for the lyric ardour which frosts the texture of the poem as the sun's rays frost the morning mists. The trouble is in no way remarkable, the object being to make the intelligible rather than to give a version which might be pleasant reading to those ignorant of Italian. And it lays no claim to high literary excellence. It is at least clear and workmanlike, as the following passage—the best known in the whole Comedy—will show.

"Thou wilt have to abandon everything below tenderly, and that is the shaft which the bow of exile will let fly (i.e., the first sorrow of exile). Thou wilt experience how bitter (lit. salt) tastes the bread of other people's stairs. And what will lie heaviest on thy shoulders will be evil and senseless companions with whom thou wilt have to walk in the gloom of exile."

politics of his time was something more than negative. Sometimes the translation falls below the level of the notes. For instance, after reading that "avernare" has two meanings (1) to hibernate, and (2) to sing in the spring (as in xxviii., l. 118), that is, to un-winter, we turn to the translation of

"L'Altro tornare. . . .
Perpetualmente Osanna averna,"

only to find the beautiful metaphor entirely veiled in

"The next Triad . . . is perpetually singing Hosannah."

Similarly, in the translation, the wind which leaves the sky "splendido and sereno" is called the North West; but in the two passages referred to in the notes from Virgil and Boethius it is the North East wind which clears the skies. Sometimes an infelicitous word mars a whole sentence. "When they descended into the flower from rank to rank they deposited something of the peace and burning love which they had won while they fanned their sides."

Again, for a defect of another type, take the translation of

Ciò che non more, e ciò che può morire
Non è se non splendor di quella idea
Che partorisce, amando, il nostro Sire.

(xiii., 52-55.)

"That which cannot die, and that which can die, are naught else but the beaming of that Idea to which our Sovereign Lord in His Love gives birth (i.e., things both corruptible and incorruptible are the emanation of Love in the Mind of God)." Does not the Italian mean, in effect, that all things organic and inorganic are made according to the conceptual model or form existing in the mind of God, and that therefore all things are copies, or reflections of that form and not a beaming of or emanation from it? If so, the above translation does not bring out the full meaning of "splendor."

If, however, Mr. Vernon's translation sometimes falls below the level of his own notes he can tell of many pitfalls avoided. Such an one is concealed in "mesceere"; how many translators have resisted turning this by "to mingle," whereas the true meaning is "to pour out," as Mr. Vernon conclusively shows by examples of its use in Tuscany. Also how natural to translate "Solve il tuo caldo disio" by "Unloose thy warm desire," before we have read (p. 137) that "solvere il disio" = "saziare il disio," and that accordingly the meaning is "Satisfy thy ardent wish."

We are sorry that Mr. Vernon did not write for this volume an introductory note on Thomas Aquinas' philosophy, so much of it at least as is necessary for understanding the *Paradiso*; as it is, the reader who is supposed to be unable to understand Italian is expected to read mediæval philosophy in mediæval Latin.

Cary's Translation.

The chief merit of Cary's translation of the "Divine Comedy" is the notes, and now that these notes have been revised for an edition of Cary in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library" by Mr. Paget Toynbee, who has also entirely rewritten the purely biographical part of the life, the young Dante reader may accept unreservedly the facts and figures as giving the latest conclusions of expert students. The *INFERNO* (1s. 6d.) is well printed and is much more attractive than the editions of this classic with which we are all familiar. It is a pity, however, that the engraving for the frontispiece is taken from the picture in the Duomo at Florence of Domenico di Michelino, as this is the third time it has been used recently. Would it not be well to

literary world at the beginning of the nineteenth century, confessed in a letter to Cary that she could see no famous simile (canto iii., 79-85), a translation of which was sent her. In another letter she expresses "longevity of Dante's fame." Horace Walpole's *Inferno* is equally curious. "Extravagant, absurd in short a Methodist Parson in Bedlam." To Scott the poem appeared unhappy and "the personal strange mode of revenge, presumptuous and unkind was not until after Coleridge had made special (February, 1818) in one of his lectures to the "truth its success was assured. The frontispiece is from a drawing of the Bargello fresco before it was given full recognition by the painter Marin.

Dr. Carlyle's Translation.

When Dr. John Carlyle hit upon the idea of a text of the *Inferno*, together with a translation, and notes, he was told that he would "make a pocket book such as has not been seen in this country." The classic translation (first edition, 1849, second, 1861, Oelsner, by permission of Messrs. George Bell and his edition of the *INFERNO* (Temple Classics, 1s. 6d.) in plan and form with the *Paradiso* in the same Oelsner is responsible for the notes and for the style in the translation made necessary by the rejection of reading; but all such changes are enclosed in brackets. Two very illuminating short essays instead are appended, dealing with the "Chronological System of the *Inferno*—a fuller treatment of which will be found in an appendix to his and Mr. "Essays on Dante," being translations from Dr. "Dante-Forschungen." We have noted the following "porte" for "porta," p. 38. Par. xv. for Par. "ruthlessness" for "brutishness," p. 395; and "Incontro," p. 104.

Biographies of Dante.

Mr. Paget Toynbee draws almost entirely from DASTE (Methuen, 3s. 6d. n.) from the Florentine and biographers Villani, Compagni, Boccaccio, supplements their mainly narrative matter with the writings of modern Dante specialists, on the less, that a thing once well said ought to be said whole rather than said again less well. The little of good things, and the general reader will find them from Villani particularly delightful, quite apart from interest he might have in Dante. Considering already some half-dozen thoroughly sound English editions of the poet, it might appear that room for this new selection, which are long enough to express so much grave charm and child-like interest in life's chronicle historians, to say nothing of the use of the volume on the Original Portraits of Dante and *Ritraggio di Dante*, which have been taxed heavily on the account of Dante's Remains at Ravenna discussion on the "Mask," the supposed Giotto portraits of the poet. The story of Dante's life leading his exile is related with great precision, although should have added an interrogation mark to the story while Dante was still absent at Rome, the "maker" Charles arrived in Florence. Mr. Toynbee

Toutoune invaders, Emperor and Pope, Ghibelline and Gueff, and later Whites and Blacks, all play their part in this struggle; but it is not until we are in possession of this illuminating principle that we are able to discover the vital elements in the conflict. If Dean Church's account is retained it is scarcely fair to the "general reader" to pass on to the Buondelmonti incident of 1215 without comment, seeing that an acute stage in this civil war was probably reached a hundred years before on the death of Matilda, Countess of Tuscany. Later on, Mr. Toynbee plunges us into the Bianchi and Neri dispute in this manner:

Florence at the time of Dante's election to the priorate was in a dangerous state of ferment owing to the recent introduction from Pistoja of the factions of the Blacks and the Whites, which divided the Gueff party in Florence into two opposite camps, and were the occasion of frequent brawls and bloodshed in the streets;

and adds,

These factions, according to the old chroniclers, originated in Pistoja in a feud between two branches of the Cancellieri, a Gueff family of that city, &c.

We ask, is it quite fair to the "general reader" for whom Mr. Toynbee has written this book to give the idea that the febrile condition of Florence at this time can be explained in terms of merely accidental irruptive forces? It is not that the naïve accounts of Dino Compagni and others are not needed; but just as the author adopts modern critical methods in discussing the portraits of the poet, so one naturally expects that here and there a corrective principle, gathered from the modern historians, would be slipped quietly into a footnote or incorporated in an introductory paragraph. Many readers, we feel sure, will date their interest in mediæval literature, politics, and life from their reading of this book, even if that interest does not urge them to the special study of Dante's writings.

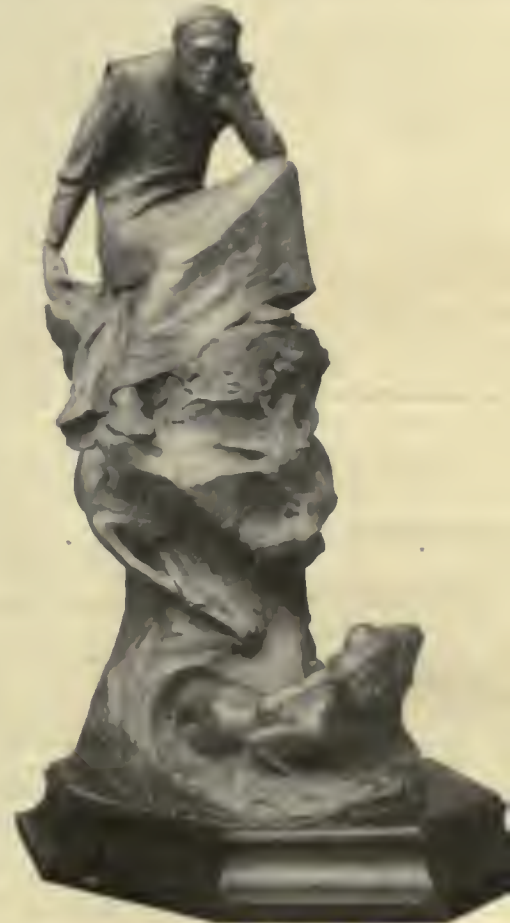
The tenth volume of YALE STUDIES IN ENGLISH is a translation of the Lives of Dante by Boccaccio and Bruni (The Earliest Lives of Dante, H. Holt and Co., New York), by J. R. Smith, of Yale. The translation from Boccaccio is the first complete version in English, as Mr. Wicksteed omitted from his volume "certain disquisitions, inserted by Boccaccio in his Life of Dante," containing neither "biographical material nor bearing upon any disputed points in Dante's character." Of Bruni's life, besides the present translation and Mr. Wicksteed's, there is another, still unprinted, which was read for the first time at the Walworth Free Library on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust of Dante. The short account given by Filippo Villani (before 1348-c.1404) of Dante's unsuccessful Embassy to Venice is also included. According to Villani it was from the effects of a fever caught during this journey that Dante died at Ravenna a few days after his return. The text used for the Boccaccio is Maeri-Leone's edition, 1888, and for the Bruni, Lombardi's, 1822.

A Commentary on the Commedia.

Commentaries detached from the narrative and music of the original seem, like the Shades in the Sixth Cornice of "Purgatory," "twice dead" (cose rimorte), thrusting upon the reader ashes for beauty and the heaviness of learning for art, but only apparently, for—pace Mr. Lang—a highly allusive poem unannotated is at best a fragment. Neither æsthetic sensitiveness nor intelligence can, unaided by scholarship, hold the pass of interpretation. Dante over and over again bids his

to increase his intellectual enjoyment of the poem and to deepen its conscious charm. By means of summaries, of difficult passages, topographical, biographical, and philological notes the author succeeds in attaining his purpose, making "Dante's meaning clear to the reader of his age." On an average there are six pages of commentary to every page of text, but surely space might have been found for more diagrams, and an index of proper names, although this is followed by Dr. Moore's, for which Mr. Paget Toynbee has written a very admirable index. Mr. Tozer has evidently another an unnecessary luxury.

As the space at our disposal forbids detailed critical comment merely on a few matters which the turning of the page suggested, Mr. Tozer translates Canto II. 11. 43-5, of the *Commedia* as follows:—"There (in Heaven, where Christ is present in two Natures) that verity which we hold by faith will be made manifest by means of a process of reasoning, but will be self-



DANTE IN RAVENNA.

[Reproduced from the Gold Medal Statue by F. Derwent Wood.]

the primary truths which man believes," adding, in the final clause, "it will be known by intuition." Primary truths as the sense of personality, of right and wrong, which come to us without any conscious process of reasoning. Our knowledge will then be immediate, not mediated. But surely Messrs. Wicksteed and Oelsner are right in this as a reference to Aristotle's theory of knowledge.

Again, why is no reference made to Mr. Butler's fascinating appendix to his edition of the *Purgatorio* on the dreams in Canto ix., xix., and xxvii.? The explanation there given differs so essentially from the orthodox interpretation that at the least the author might have alluded to it. On what authority does Mr. Torer translate "Non vede più dall'uno all'altro stillo" (*Purgatorio*, Canto xxiv., l. 62) by "finds no further distinction than this between the two styles"? Again, why in the face of Mr. Gardner's note is "e risplende" translated by "yet it shines"? In conclusion, why do Mr. Torer and other commentators quote Aristotle from the Greek text rather than from the Latin translation with which Dante was probably familiar?

The Cornell Collection.

IN THE CATALOGUE OF THE CORNELL DANTE COLLECTION PRESENTED BY WILLARD FISKE, compiled by Theodore W. Koch (Ithaca, New York), the story of this collection is interestingly told by Mr. Fiske himself. In his search for Petrarch books in April, 1892, Mr. Fiske came across a copy of the last Stagnino Edition of the *Divina Commedia* bearing the date 1536. He purchased the book and sent it to the Cornell University Library. This was the earliest acquired volume of the collection—now numbering some 7,000—above catalogued. Later he visited the book marts of Europe and purchased every Dante book he could get hold of and forwarded it to the University. In an incredibly short time the library reached its present colossal proportions. "My gift," he modestly observes, "of such a considerable collection to Cornell University was thus really the result of my unwillingness to refrain from a delectable self-indulgence, or, in other words, of my inability to evade temptation and free myself from the enthralling spell of bibliomania. This robs the giver of any special credit and renders gratitude unmeet. One might as well land—or thank—the prodigal spendthrift for the sums he expends in his rounds of dissipation." One wishes that some other bibliomaniac would in a like spirit spend his wealth and leisure for London's sake, the University of which owns some half dozen Dante books. The catalogue runs to 600 pages, and besides the usual catalogue information contains occasional criticisms, the names and dates of the journals in which reviews and letters on disputed passages occur, and a valuable appendix of 30pp. dealing with iconography alone. As an example of the thoroughness with which the work of cataloguing has been done we select the following under "Blake."

Blake, William. Illustrations of Dante; seven plates designed and engraved by W. Blake.

In Alex. Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, 1863, vol. I., pp. 331-335, is given an account of Blake's work on Dante, with a small cut of the illustrations to Inf. xxxii., 79, and in vol. II., pp. 216-223, a descriptive list of ninety-eight Dantesque sketches mostly unfinished. Plate 13 in Volkmann's "Iconografia dantesca," 1897, reproduces the illustration to Inf. xxv.; see also pp. 97-99 of the latter work. See also Yeat's *W. B. William Blake and his Illustrations to the Divine Comedy*, 1896.

It will be seen that this catalogue is invaluable to Dante students and deserves a place next to Teynbae's *Dante Dictionary*.

No sale-room glamour surrounds the name of Victor Hugo. He did not play at printing as did Robert Louis Stevenson, nor, save for their plates, are works by him eagerly sought. Not for the last fourteen years at any rate have copies of "Odes et Poésies," 1822, and "Han d'Islande," 1821, the two earliest works from his pen, occurred at auction in this country. In 1869 an edition princeps of "*Les Misérables*," 1862, a work issued in ten languages, was valued at £1 11s., this indicative, for one thing, of the considerable number of copies in existence. A

OTHER NEW BOOK

The Garden.

"It is with a sort of angry helplessness, instinctive feeling of self-defence, that one to accumulated, such elaborate horrors, and tries to whatever little pursuit happens to lie nearest. So speaks Miss Emily Lawless in *A GARDEN* (D. 7s. 6d. n.). The diary extends from September, September following, and, unfortunately for the the period of our most lamentable disasters in So relationship is of the author's rather than of our robs the book of merit from the point of view. It is a diary with an occasional reference to the gar portion of the book is made up of trite comments African war, and we quite sympathize with "V when asked if there was "anything fresh," ends the authoress's chatter about "regrettable " more profitable channel by asking, "Is Ance flower with you yet?" What is said about the g said before and what is said about the war need n Miss Lawless is, moreover, none too careful to phrases, and even her quotations, such as "the r all the fulness thereof," are misquoted. She much of a gardener or she would not confess tha called a weed by its proper botanical name in her couch-grass, the common and easily-overcome gardeners, was too much for her. It is a book of c with easy references to Ojibway Indians and p questions such as "These Crowfoots—why no crowfeet?" Crow's feet, perhaps, but never cro

A BOOK OF FLOWERS, by Nellie Benson and (Grant Richards, 1s. 6d.), is the seventh of the " for children. In the preface Eden Coybee th Hilderic Friend for his delightful book on Flower Lore," but it is to small purpose. The l tains a very few pages of text printed in larg literary matter is of the smallest importance. It by twenty or more drawings printed in colours. represents with moderate faithfulness a flower flower there is a child. It is an affectation of sim please the idle eye. It is misleading to place a daisy between winter jasmine and the snowdrop. reasonable relation whatever.

Mrs. Leslie Williams in her *A GARDEN* (John Lane, 6s. n.) gives a pleasant and chatty acco and successes in an ordinary "oblong" garden. If she is content to move in more generally than Mr. Wells in his "Suburban Garden," enthusiastic, and this chronicle of her trials and pleasant reading for other workers in like case. but scanty honour in this Eden, and as the Dr figures in mock severity before the reader. gardener at heart, and he likes his gardening more or less, as circumstances allow, but ce minimum of cost; whereas the true garden enth incapable of thrift in face of a seed list or ea modest list of plants forming a suggested colle cold greenhouse is to be commended as a sens for a first attempt at glass gardening, and glenator "About buying Plants" will still

Mr. Cook has spared no pains in compiling this book. Among many excellent chapters one may perhaps be allowed to select three—those on Bulbous Plants, the Rock Garden, and Roses. These are mines of information, and with the precise directions and clear diagrams given every reader should be inspired to take his own Rose cuttings and even attempt his own budding. The directions for the Cultivation of Fruit, again with the help of careful diagrams, are particularly clear and apposite, and should be of much assistance to the gardener in grafting and pruning. Insect pests, soils, manures are in turn treated trenchantly by Mr. Cook, and a collection of Useful Hints will save many a headache to the enthusiastic amateur who too often gains his experience first hand. A Calendar of simple monthly work and a Gardening Chart bring this valuable work to a close, the latter admirably fulfilling the purpose of the author, "to compress as much useful information into as small a space as possible and to give the beginner a ready guide to matters of garden importance." The illustrations are plentiful and whole-page reproductions are given on almost alternate pages, and should serve as incentives to effort when showing the perfection attainable by careful cultivation. The pictures in the chapter on Bulbous Plants are perhaps as pleasing as any, but with such a wealth of choice it is difficult to make a special selection.

FICTION.

A Non-Combatant.

ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY (Macmillan, 6s.) is a powerful book, in some ways. The title, for example, is rather forcible; the green and white cover, with golden arrows bursting from the clouds, arrests the eye at some little distance. You open the book, and find a first chapter of disappointing Baltimore flirtation, slangy, with no apparent motive, in an aggressively American style. Possibly you stop here—and miss a book that is worth reading. For Mr. Owen Johnson has got hold of some interesting characters, and has contrived to paint in John Gaunt a decidedly uncommon portrait of the strong and silent man. He exploits at least one fundamental trait of humanity not often handled by the novelist. And, since we must have the American Civil War once again—the backbone of four-fifths of present day American literature—he displays some little originality in placing his hero in the Commissariat department, and some ingenuity in proving to us that there may be at least as much action and interest in this usually despised position as at the front. John Gaunt's methods with the fraudulent contractor (who was very much to the fore about that time) provide plenty of exciting reading, and expose him to quite a sufficient amount of personal danger. Mr. Johnson handles his love-scenes prettily. His English is—very American. But he has the essential qualities of a story-writer. We grow to feel a certain affection for some of his characters—which is always a good test of their drawing—and Marjory is a very charming heroine. The conclusion is not original, but it is satisfactory, and it would be difficult to suggest a better way. The book has already, apparently, had some success in America.

An American Novel.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's *NEW YORK* (Sands, 6s.) is a painstaking

let him read the first fifty pages of "New York," undertake that, no matter how high his spirits, be reduced to a normal state. The author is not always so, but he is quite skilful enough to make us miserable. George is at last to be made happy with Doris Jewell to rejoice. George and Doris have worked in the stricken districts of New York for many days, and after experiences this is how the woman speaks:

"I have been thinking of all the mad sin I George, over yonder, beneath some of those dim rays of the folly, too—the infinite selfishness—fashion—struggling pretension, overbearing plutocracy, etc., aristocracy. I have been thinking how evil things good lies abased. All the darkness and melancholy pierced me! And yet I cannot despair. Then change, George, however long delayed. It may take in coming, but the real result is sure. I will tell. She leaned closer to him, with parted lips. "All that gross worldliness there are higher, wise spirits at work. I know of one—so do you know of

A woman of such pretentious style will hardly be, but the author of "New York" appears to believe I can congratulate Mr. Fawcett on one more excellent earnestness and sincerity, but there are other gifts—humour for example, which would be of equal service. Intense "purposefulness" displayed in this work.

Madame Jeannette.

Some years ago Mr. G. S. Street produced a novel, "The Wise and the Wayward," in which he exposed, in a sub-cynical fashion, the meanness and folly of his general and of one self-satisfied lady in particular. Neatly and smartly done, and on the whole, it did not leave too unpleasant an aftertaste, because Mr. Street has a grace of humour, which is capable of casting a far more over much that less dexterous hands might make. But here comes "Lucas Cleve" with *PLATO'S HEAD* (John Long, 6s.), and proceeds to tell very much the same in a less pleasing manner. In the place of Mildred, who was a creation, we have Amelia Ventry, a monstrosity—and not at all the sort of monstrosity respecting people would care to meet. Lucas Cleve for character: she has drawn the Rollit family vividly if bitterly; but she spoils her picture, in our thinking too common fault of using too pronounced colours, persistently at bold effects, and the result is too of violence. The same error of judgment is apparent in her writing. Sometimes her desire to be forcible at a leads her to write high-flown nonsense—"when the swelpling in the roseid ooze," we read on page 45, for. As for the story itself, it is a tragedy that, told with restraint, would have been more moving. There is a lack of acuteness in the psychology, and a good deal of empty phrasemaking, and a perpetual straining after smartness, clever, and will very likely find a good many readers who does not leave a pleasant taste in the mouth.

Fraternalia.

Fiction has not infrequently dealt with the subject of a model colony in some form or other, and *A WOMAN OF THE FUTURE*, by Caroline A. Mason (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is a truthfully and unsparingly, and not without force

Hargess, and his mother are excellent. John Gregory, the revivalist preacher turned working reformer, is a commanding figure, perhaps not quite adequately realized. The Ingrahams are admirable, with the exception of Oliver, whose air of melodramatic villainy is rather out of place in so serious a picture, for the book is pitched in a sober key. It will hardly be popular, but it is a sound piece of work.

Anatole France in English.

M. Anatole France is, of all modern French writers, the most difficult to translate into English. Perhaps that is why publishers have shown so little desire to publish translations of his books—though we had "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" in 1891. Readers who enjoy M. Anatole France can, as a rule, read French authors in the original. Still, many who do not read French would be glad to know more of M. Anatole France, and they will be grateful to Mr. Charles Carrington, the Parisian publisher, for giving them an English version of *THAIS*, the most perfect, perhaps, in form of the numerous works of M. Anatole France. The translator would probably be the first to acknowledge that he has not quite conveyed the essence of the writer's style, but he has given us a sincere piece of work, one that will enable English readers to get a notion of the abundance of ideas and felicity of phrase which mark this history of the penitent courtesan. There is a good introductory sketch of the author, with a list and an appreciation of his works. In *form* this version of "Thais" is far superior to the French edition.

Bedlam Broken Loose.

Mr. F. T. Jane is a remarkable writer. We have read a good many of his works, and we have come to the conclusion that, when once fairly started on a story, he loses all control over himself. At the beginning everything goes well enough. Here, for example, in *EVER MOUNT'S* (Macquosen, 6s.) Mr. Jane has apparently sat down with a copy of "Lorna Doone" in front of him and the fixed determination of producing a Devonshire romance after the manner of Mr. Blackmore. For the first chapter or so he adheres to this laudable resolve, and we have quite a promising scene. But then begins the story, and Mr. Jane grows madder and madder; his dialect becomes more and more pronounced; there is the most astonishing mixture of modern slang and rustic Devonshire; his characters play hide and seek among church tombs, attack each other with sword and pistol and any weapon that comes handy, and pay generally no more attention to the laws of the realm than if they were living in the Middle Ages. Mr. Jane mingles farce and tragedy together, and the worst is he does not seem to know which is tragedy and which farce. The central idea of the story is sound enough. In capable hands it might have been made quite interesting. But the author has chosen to let loose an asylum of lunatics in his pages, and it becomes quite impossible to take their actions seriously. There is a pretty frontispiece by the author, for Mr. Jane can draw considerably better than he can write.

Miss Florence Warden.

OSCAR TOO OTTEN (*John Long, 6s.*) masquerades as a novel, which is, to put it mildly, not quite fair upon the reading public, since it is merely a collection of three stories of that awkward length which cannot fairly be described either as long or short. Miss Florence Warden is the author, and the stories in themselves are much what might be expected from her practised hand, which is to say that they aim at curdling the blood, that

OBITUARY.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

With the death of the Bishop of Durham, who Saturday last at Auckland Castle, the last of the friends, theological and episcopal, has passed. Lightfoot and Archbishop Benson, both his juniors, Dr. Westcott had still several years of active work. With his death a particular generation, and a class of theological writers seems to have ended. I need hardly say, another distinguished man, was more particularly linked with that of Dr. Westcott. In private pupil, he, like Archbishop Benson, had Dr. Hort. A fifth name, not so well known, respected and beloved, might be added, that of Ellerton, once Rector of Barnes, a hymn-writer, literary gifts and a man of singular charm of character, long friend of Dr. Hort.

Brooke Foss Westcott was the son of Mr. F. Westcott, a scientific man and secretary to the Gardens at Birmingham. He was born in 1838. At Edward's School he was four years the senior of those remembered in later years with what awe he used first class saying their lesson, Westcott leaning in hand, "the only boy who was permitted this." It is clear that Westcott, as well as Benson and Lightfoot, drew lifelong inspiration from that king of schoolmasters. It may not be fanciful to trace to the same influences which were shared by the three friends, in so very unlike—the preference of Greek to Latin, excessive care for the minutiae of verbal scholarship, different ways, the failure to attain to a genuine English literary style. In each case, in the three impressive writers, effect was produced by what to be said, not by the manner in which it was said, unpolished, almost rough, directness, Benson's quaintnesses of phrase, and Westcott's elaborate minute and mystical, seemed at times to obscure the message which they desired to express.

These three, with Dr. Hort, were the most prominent indeed the leaders, of what came to be known as the School, on which they impressed in a remarkable way the prominent of their own characteristics. This school had warm recognition in Germany as well as at home, speaking races, was in a sense the correlative of the school of historians, the school of Stubbs and Green and Bryce. It was not primarily concerned in history at all. It may seem at times to have lacked historical discrimination. On the other hand, it was equally accurate in investigation, and its investigations were minute. It broke new ground in the details of manuscripts, in textual criticism, and in exegesis. How far it was pioneer rather than permanent is open. Critical questions have entered upon a stage on which Lightfoot and Hort and Westcott did go. But the work that they did forms a distinct chapter in the theological literature of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Westcott's career combined the four different kinds of labour in which an English clergyman finds occupation. He was for twelve years a parish priest, for years an assistant master, for twenty years a

of the place and work of Cathedrals in the corporate life of the Church. As a University Professor he exercised an influence as profound, though not perhaps as popular, as that of Lightfoot. His appointment in 1890, at the age of sixty-five, to the great see of Durham was a choice, like Lord Beaconsfield's of Dr. Lightfoot, thoroughly justified by the result. Dr. Westcott revealed, as Bishop of Durham, unsuspected gifts as a ruler and a remarkable power of dealing with critical social questions. His interests indeed were markedly special. This may be seen in many of his books and notably in his later expositions, probably the clearest and most directly impressive things that he wrote, of the principles of the Christian Social Union, of which he was President. Side by side with his social, may be placed his very keen missionary interest. This in its literary aspect may be traced in what is perhaps his greatest literary success, the "Religious Thought in the West." Here we can give it no more than a passing allusion.

The main literary work of Dr. Westcott's life falls into two classes, textual and exegetical. Of the former the great monument is the edition of the New Testament in the original Greek with introduction and appendix, written in conjunction with Dr. Hort, and published originally in 1881. This was one of the few books of the last century to which the term "epoch-making" may be applied without exaggeration. While even now it is too soon to estimate its ultimate influence it may be certainly said that it will stand side by side with that of the *Novum Instrumentum* of Erasmus. The method of textual criticism adopted was distinctly one of induction. The lines on which it proceeded have been, we may venture to say, in spite of the vigorous persistence of still living opponents, generally accepted by scholars.

While the work that Dr. Westcott thus did in conjunction with Dr. Hort will probably be of more permanent stability, his more purely literary undertakings were naturally more popular. His "History of the New Testament Canon," his "Bible in the Church," and his "Introduction to the Study of the Gospel" have each of them at least some elements of enduring value, though the last does not occupy the same position in relation to critical questions of the day that it did when it was published thirty years ago. His commentaries on the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John and on the Epistle to the Hebrews have a combination of merits which will secure for them a long life. These are, besides the care with which the text is prepared (though in the case of the Gospel we have no full text from the editor's hand), the extraordinary minuteness of investigation and comparison with which the exact shade of meaning that may be attached to each word is elicited or suggested, and the singular beauty of poetic and spiritual insight with which the meaning of the writers is elucidated. Sometimes it must be felt that in his passion for correspondences, and correlations, and parallelisms, Dr. Westcott tends rather to overlay than to illustrate the text; but it is impossible to deny that no commentator has shown a more deeply sympathetic insight into the hearts—if it may be so expressed—of the Biblical writers than he shows in regard to the enthusiastic poetic spirit of the Evangelist and the prophetic and expository fire of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Particular interpretations may seem to be too elaborate, or at times incomplete or perverse, but as a whole the work is that of a scholar who both in accuracy and in sympathy reached the point of genius.

Writing of Dr. Benson and his youth together, Bishop Westcott said "We saw visions, as is the privilege of young-

"Westcott and Hort" first appeared in two volumes twenty years ago, and four years later came in a smaller edition in one volume. It has always sold steadily in both forms, while the first edition has been reprinted no fewer than nine times. Its first appearance in 1885. In the more expensive two-volume edition it now appears with the correction of a few errors, the addition of some supplementary notes required by the discovery of various important documents since the first edition was published. "For the rest," wrote Dr. Westcott in the preface to the last edition, "I may be allowed to say that the arguments have been advanced against the general principles maintained in the introduction, and illustrated in the text, since the publication of the first edition which were considered by Dr. Hort and myself in the long course of work, and in our judgment, dealt with adequately." Dr. Westcott's first book "Elements of Gospel Harmony" came into the "Introduction to the Study of the Four Gospels" in its eighth edition—was published just half a century ago, won the Morrisonian Prize. Most of his other earlier books are also classics; his "General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament"—his second publication, 1853, is its seventh edition; "The Bible in the Church," 1874, is its tenth edition; "The Gospel of the Resurrection," 1880, is its sixth edition; and "The Revelation of the Holy Spirit," 1884, is its fifth edition. His Essays in "The History of Religious Thought in the West," which appeared as a volume in the "Evo Series" (1891), as well as in several ordinary editions, were included as fragments of a design which he formed very early in his life, being "that a careful examination of the religious teaching of representative prophetic masters of the West, help towards a better understanding of the Power of the Christian Creed." Several of these Essays appeared in the "Contemporary Review" as long ago as the sixties. Among his works published by Macmillan are his Commentaries on St. John's Epistles and the Epistle to the Hebrews; his volume of "On the Religious Office of the Universities," 1873, "Strength to Strength," 1891—three sermons in memory of his schoolfellow, friend, and predecessor in the Bishopric of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot; "The Historic Faith," 1890, (second edition), "Christus Consummator," 1887 (third edition), "Social Aspects of Christianity," 1887; "The Gospel of 1893; "The Incarnation and Common Life," 1893; "Christian Aspects of Life," 1897—most of which have been printed. Messrs. Macmillan also publish a volume of selected writings of Dr. Westcott, edited by the Rev. S. Phillips, entitled "Thoughts on Revelation and Life." "The Psalter," arranged by Dr. Westcott for the use of churches, published by the Cambridge University Press; and his sermon on "The Gospel According to St. John," reprinted as "The Speaker's Commentary," by Mr. Murray.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The University of Tokio has acquired the library of the Professor Max Müller, which includes some unique Sanskrit manuscripts and many fine illustrated works. As public subscription could not be voted for its purchase, the Japanese Parliament, being in recess, Baron Isawaki generously purchased and presented the collection. So another important library has been added to the East, and it is time to recognize that the East, in competition for knowledge with us, America has many literary treasures from this country, and now a still young in western ways, enters the arena.

The annual meeting of the Library Association, to be held at Plymouth this month, promises to be successful. Among the subjects to be treated are "Modern book production affects libraries," "Reference Libraries," "Technical Libraries," and "Methods of Cataloguing"—a subject on which "quot homines, tot sententiae" is the rule.

Among the questions discussed at the meeting of the

cient mental food. Numerous cases each containing from fifty to one hundred volumes have been shipped to South Africa, to form travelling libraries among the hospitals. The books have been purchased, by means of Lady Sarah Wilson's fund, after very careful selection. This matter of selection is important, for although the invalid, in his enforced quiescence, is ready to read almost anything, the rubbish which has been sent out in the name of charity is creditable neither to the hearts of the donors nor the heads of the recipients.

The foundation stone was laid on July 25 for a new Public Library in Wells-street, Camberwell. Lord Llangattock has presented the site, while the cost of the library will be defrayed by Mr. Passmore Edwards.

Preparatory to writing his life of Edward Edwards, Mr. Thomas Greenwood has been spending some time at Niton, Isle of Wight, where Edwards ended his days. He has also visited the place in Essex where Edwards' mother and sisters lived and died. It is not creditable to the library world that no single memorial exists of the fellow-worker of William Ewart in the founding of our public library system. Even his resting-place is unmarked, but Mr. Greenwood proposes to place a simple monument over the grave.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.

"The Tactics of the Submarine," since the recent exploits of the *Gustave Zédé* have revived interest in this subject, will no doubt be one of the most widely read articles in the *Monthly Review*. Mr. Hilliard Atteridge, the writer, has himself once been under water in a French submarine boat, or "submergible" boat as he would prefer to have it called. He is a firm believer in the future of the modern submarine, which he maintains should attack with everything but her dome immersed, and at night, thus doing away with the necessity of reconnoitring through that very imperfect engine, the periscope. Other possibilities of successful attack are opened up by the towing method, employed in the recent French manoeuvres; and it has also been proposed to convey small submarines, of the *Goubet* type, on board of cruisers. Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes to the same number an essay "In Praise of Walking" that recalls now and then the delightful chapter on "Walking Tours" in "Virginibus Puerisque"; while Mr. Nisbet Bain has an interesting article on "Maurus Jökai," and Mr. Havelock Ellis discourses on the respective abilities of the Fair and the Dark.

Macmillan's pursues its accustomed path, gathering flowers a little out of the beaten track. "The Letters of Elizabeth" are not concerned with the sprightly lady whose "Visits" appeared some little time ago, but with a certain Elizabeth Girling, daughter of a farmer at Weston in Norfolk, who flourished about 1700. The writer clips some pleasant extracts from her correspondence, addressed to various members of her family. "Sabrine Corolla" is a dreamy essay on the Salopian atmosphere, rather prettily written, and Mr. H. T. Sheringham has a pleasant and interesting article on fly-fishing. In the same publishers' *Temple Bar* Mr. Crockett continues his serial, "The Firebrand," and Mr. J. R. Mozley contributes a personal note on the late T. E. Brown, poet, humorist, and master at Clifton.

Mr. Andrew Lang's musings in *Longman's* this month deal in his customary fashion with many varied topics—Mr. Howells and his views of literature in Society, one or two picturesque anecdotes in the field of Psychical Research, a few remarks on

starving villagers by the organization of a number of port companies, and the utilization of the gipsies in Punjab. Sir Hubert Jennings continues his *Reminiscences*, and Ada Cambridge has a "Thirty Years in Australia." An important article by the Rev. William Groswell in "The Layman" is for the suppression of Latin in South Africa. He is all for the suppression of Latin and the sole use of English as the official medium of instruction.

The *Italian Review* contains an article on the League, by "Argus," or, to give him his real name, Gaetano Lino. Italy was the first country to form in starting an association of this kind, but it has since languished until the naval battles of Cavallotti aroused interest and impressed public opinion. Lino himself produced a book which treated of the war—an Italian "Battle of Dorking," in fact, but of course on land, and to-day the league numbers some 100,000 members. There is some talk now of holding shows of Italian maritime industries and commerce in Milan. To the same number "Violet Fane" contributes—"Victoria."

Correspondence

THE USE OF FOREIGN PHRASES TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. A. Philipson, of July 22 on "Foreign Phrases," says that the word "dépôt" has no purpose. But this, surely, is not the case. The word "dépôt" has an historical value, as the letter *x* has been omitted.

"Dépôt" is, of course, derived from the French word "deposer," the past participle of which would be "déposé."

Our word "deposit" preserves the *x*, and is, of course, doing.

I am, yours faithfully,

GEORGE

Grosvenor Club, Bond-street, W., July 29.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am afraid I shall have to wait for your promised book for answers to most of my queries. I say that I am convinced by the replies which you have given in your second letter, but I will only make one rejoinder.

Mr. Philipson defends the diacresis in "naïvety" on the ground of usefulness, and I am, of course, in a cunflex in "dépôt" on the ground of usefulness altogether at variance with him. "Depot" is a word to the eye the word as it is generally pronounced should either amend his pronunciation, and amend his spelling and write "depo."

Yours faithfully,

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The deepest sympathy has gone out to Messrs. George Bell and Sons, the publishing firm of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, on the death of his daughter, Miss Mildred Bell, who died of the Alpine disaster last week. Mr. Bell was a member of the firm for many years, and his death is a great loss to the firm.

- "Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget." Edited by Stephen Paget, one of his sons. Longmans.
- "The Life of Sir William Hunter." By F. H. Skelue. Longmans.
- "Mary Rich (1625-1678), Countess of Warwick: Her Family and Friends." By C. Fell Smith. Longmans.
- "Some Recollections of Henry Schomberg Kerr, R.N., S.J." By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford. Longmans.
- "The Women of the Salons, and other French Portraits" (including Madame de Staël, Madame d'Épinay, Madame de Sévigné, and the mother of Napoleon). By S. G. Tallentyre. Longmans.
- "Noble Women of our Time" (twelve biographical studies). By F. D. How. Isbister.
- "Robert Browning." By the Rev. Stopford Brooke. Isbister.
- "Robert Louis Stevenson." By Graham Balfour. Methuen.
- "The Life and Times of George Joachim Goshen, Publisher and Printer, of Leipzig, 1752-1829." By his grandson, Viscount Goshen. Murray.
- "Felicja Skene, of Oxford." By Miss E. C. Richards. Murray.
- "The Autobiography of Sir Harry Smith, of Aliwal." Edited by G. C. Moore Smith. Murray.

Mr. Thomas Wright of Olney—Cowper's biographer—is now busy writing "The Life of Edward FitzGerald." He has a large quantity of unpublished material relating to FitzGerald and his circle. Mr. Wright has, we understand, ascertained many new facts from Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire people who knew FitzGerald and his friends personally. Mr. Wright's large edition of "The Letters of William Cowper" will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It will contain practically two hundred more letters than Southey's edition. An edition of "The Letters of Daniel Defoe" are promised by the same author.

One of the most important books of the autumn season, so far as Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein are concerned, will be a "Victorian Anthology" under the editorship of Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff, whose voluminous "Notes from a Diary" abound in personal references to the principal poets of the Victorian era. The coming volume will include a large collection of poetry, limited, however, to examples which Sir Grant Duff considers really representative. Where necessary there will be introductions to the different selections by the editor, who also contributes a general introduction to the volume, besides personal and descriptive notes. The living poets, as well as the dead, will be represented.

Mr. Walter Skeat, sometime scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, and late of the Federated Malay States Service, will follow up "Malay Magic" (Macmillan), published last year, with a volume of translations entitled "Fables and Folk Tales from an Eastern Forest." The Cambridge University Press will publish it during the autumn, with illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend. The tales were taken down from the lips of the Malay peasantry during the Cambridge Expedition of 1899, through the remoter States of the Malay Peninsula.

Military books again promise to play a prominent part in the autumn publishing season. One announced by Messrs. Longmans—"Historical Record of the 14th (King's) Hussars"—takes us from 1715 to the present South African War, for which the regiment embarked at the end of 1899. The author is Colonel Henry Blackburn Hamilton, who served in the Afghan war as aide-de-camp to Sir Samuel Browne, and with his regiment in the Boer war of 1881, and now commands at Ventersdorp with the local rank of brigadier-general. "The War of

Murray by Colonel John Biddulph, was not only the first of the Indian Army, but the man who first recognised the genius of Clive. Clive served under him at the capture of Devkota in Tanjore in 1740, and it was on this occasion the friendship began which lasted between them through Lawrence dying in London in 1775 very shortly after death. Hannah More wrote the epitaph on his tomb in the village church of Dunchidock, near Exeter, erected by the family, who also set up the tall monument to his memory on Haldon Hill not far away. The monument in Westbury Abbey—erected by the East India Company and surmounted by a bust of Lawrence by Taylor—bears the inscription: "Discipline established, Fortresses protected, Settlements extended, French and Indian Armies defeated and restored in the Carnatic." A few letters of Lawrence are included in the British Museum Addit. MSS.

Our congratulations to Mr. Austey on the happy performance of his *Man from Blankley's* at the Prince of Wales Theatre. It is probably owing to the success of the dramatized version that Messrs. Longmans have just announced a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Austey's book, "The Man from Blankley's and Other Sketches," with the illustrations, by Mr. J. H. Partridge, which must have simplified the task of putting the play on the stage. The work originally appeared in *Punch* and was republished in book form eight years ago.

Mr. Herbert A. Farley will, in future, represent Sir Pitman and Sons, Ltd., in the provinces, and will take over the commercial, shorthand, and elementary school publications firm in succession to the late Mr. E. W. Tyrrell, who died suddenly in June last. The leading feature of the new publications next autumn will be the revised edition of "The Instructor" ready in September next.

"A Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman Period" by the Rev. R. L. Ottley, will be published on the 20th inst. by the Cambridge University Press. In dealing with the patriarchal and nomadic times the author has followed the plan of K. H. Rieu's "History of the Hebrews." Seven maps are included.

Helen Mathers is issuing immediately her novel, "Wildfire," at 1s., paper, type, and number of pages identical with the 6s. edition, the only difference being the cover, which is of cardinal red paper.

Messrs. Longmans' new list is peculiarly strong in books of psychological research. Beside the long-expected work in two volumes on "Human Personality, and its Survival after Death" by the late Frederic Myers, they announce a book by Horace G. Hutchinson on "Dreams and their Meaning," in which he reviews the various theories and speculations on dreams, and a volume on "Intuitive Suggestion," by Dr. Thomas, author of "Spiritual Law in the Natural World."

Among the other new books announced by Messrs. Longmans are "The Epistles of Erasmus, from his First Letters to his Fifty-second Year, Arranged in Order of Time," English translations being printed with a commentary on the chronological arrangement and supplying further biographical matter—by Francis Morgan Nichols; two volumes by the late Dr. Creighton, "The Church and the Nation," a reprint of a memoir of Sir George Grey, privately published in 1881, with the memorial sermon preached by Dr. Creighton in Embleton Church, Northumberland, on December 23, 1881, an introduction by Sir Edward Grey; "The Old Palace of Whitehall" by Dr. Edgar Sheppard; "Laisurables of the 17th Century" by the Rev. T. H. Passmore; "The Ministry of Grace" by the Bishop of Salisbury; "Ordination Addresses," by G. H. Rieu.

Books to look out for at once.

- "American Diplomatic Questions." By J. B. Henderson. Macmillan. 16s. net.
 (Deals with the dispute over the Fur Seal and Behring Sea Award; the later-Oceanic Canal Problem; the relations of the United States and Samoa; the Monroe Doctrine and the question of the North-east Coast Fisheries.)
- "The Origin of Thought." By D. Nickerson. Paul. 6s. net.
- "Fortune's Darling." By Walter Raymond. Methuen. 6s.
- "A Drone and a Dreamer." By Nelson Lloyd. Heinemann. 6s.
- "Episodes of a Desert Island." By Author of "Miss Molly." J. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL.

ROMAN PUBLIC LIFE. By A. H. J. GREENIDGE. 8-5½. 643 pp. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

ART.

ANIMAL STUDIES. No. 1. By C. REID WILKINSON. 7½x9½. Stewart & Co.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE SAINTS AND MISSIONARIES OF THE ANGLICAN ERA. Second Series. By the Rev. D. C. G. ADAMS. 7½x5. 431 pp. Methuen. 6s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

EUCLID'S ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. Books I-VI and XI. Ed. by C. SMITH and J. H. REYNOLD. 7x4½. 400 pp. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD. By F. HOOVER and J. GRAHAM. 7½x5. 257 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

FICTION.

- THE STORY OF EVA. By WILL PAYNE. 7½x5½. 378 pp. Constable. 6s.
- THE WOODING OF SHEILA. By BRUCE RIVA. 7½x5. 301 pp. Methuen. 6s.
- THE COWARD. By R. L. JEFFERSON. 1x5½. 205 pp. Ward Lock. 6s.
- [A novel of] (reprinted) (Ed. by the author of "Across Siberia on a Bicycle")
- ZYL-FARHOF and OTHER STORIES. By J. C. SHANNON. 7½x6. 161 pp. Simpkin Marshall. 2s. 6d.
- ALICE OF OLD VINCENTS. By M. THOMPSON. 7½x5½. 419 pp. Cassell. 6s.
- [A novel that has sold largely in the United States. It deals with the capture of Vincennes by Colonel George Clark during the American Revolution.]
- THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. 7½x5½. 325 pp. Methuen. 6s.
- [A story of modern times full of whimsical adventure.]

HISTORY.

- THE TRANSIT OF CIVILIZATION FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By E. EGLESTON. 8½x5½. 344 pp. Hirschfeld.
- [Contains an examination into the civilization of the seventeenth century, the mental outlook of the early colonists of America, and other kindred subjects.]
- PRIMITIVE MAN. By DR. M. HOERNES. (Temple Primers.) 6s. 1, 135 pp. Dent. 1s. n.
- [A translation by Mr. James Legge from the German of Professor Moriz Hoernes.]

LITERARY.

- A COMMENTARY ON TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM." By A. C. BRADLEY, LL.D. 7½x5½. 223 pp. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. n.
- ROBERT BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS PREACHER. By A. C. FLOOD. 7½x5½. 132 pp. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. n.

MEDICAL.

A MANUAL OF MEDICINE. Vol. III. Ed. by W. H. ALLDWIN, M.D., &c. 8-5½. 417 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CRANKINESS. By LOUIS DE VAUX MATTHEWMAN. 6s. 5. 100 pp. Philadelphia: C. 11.00

NATURAL HISTORY.

FAMILIAR BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS. By W. F. KIRBY, F.L.S., F.E.S. 9½x7½. 144 pp. Cassell. 6s.

A JOURNEY TO NATURE. By J. P. MORRIS. 6½x5. 315 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d. n.

POETRY.

- STRAY VERSES. By G. H. DUNSTON. 7-6½. 20 pp. H. Marshall. 2s.
- [A volume of verses on a literary and religious subject.]
- THE LAST MINTER and other Poems. By J. R. ARKUNGHAM. (The Breviary Series.) 6-7½. 67 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. n.
- GRANVILLE, A QUEEN OF THE WEST. By C. B. PASTER. 7-6. 203 pp. James. 1. 6s.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- MENASHAH BEN ISRAEL'S MISSION TO OLIVER CROMWELL, 1649-1666. Ed. by LUCAS WOOD. 7½x10½. Macmillan. 21s.
- KENILWORTH. (School Ed. of Scott's Works.) 7½x10. 400 pp. Black. 1s. 6d.
- THE STORY OF THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH. THE STORY OF ROBBY. (Small Readers for Young People.) 6½x5. 87-86 pp. Black. 6d. each.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House.



PROBLEM No. 208, by Alfred de Mussel. — K at K Kt 8; R at K R 7; Kts at K 3 and (2 pieces)—K at K sq; Kt at Q Kt sq. Three

PROBLEM No. 209, by W. A. Shinkman. — K at K B 3; Q at Q K 5; R at Q 6. Black Q B 7; B at Q B 8; pawn at Q B 6. White

PROBLEM No. 210, by W. A. Shinkman. — K at K 2; Q at K R 6; R at K Kt 7; bishops at at Q B 6. Black (2 pieces) K at Q 4; pawn at

SOLUTIONS.—Problem 189, Jespersen (3) followed by Q-B 8, &c. No. 190, Lissner (2) 191, L. Müller (3), key P-B 8-Kt. Thus: P×P; 2. R-Kt 4, &c. Key threatens 2. Q 3. R-Kt 4, mate. No. 192, Troitzky. White: R-K 5; 2. K-B 5, &c. No. 193, Warde No. 194, Obermann (3), 1. Q-R 2, P×R; 2. P-Q R 2, B-Kt 8; 2. Q-R 3, &c. Or 1. &c.; 2. P×P ch, &c. Near tries by Q- No. 195, Stratégie—White draws by 1. 2. Kt-Kt 6 ch, P×Kt; 3. R-R sq ch, is put (stalemate). Other variations. No. 1 Q-Q Kt sq. No. 197, Karstedt (3), key generally by 2. Q-Q 6 ch, P×Q; 3. B× Reichelm—White wins by R-Q R 7, &c. "Vexillum," key Kt-K 6, threatening 2. Q

Correct solutions as follows:—M. L. Br 189, 193, 197; L. G. Hunt (Liverpool), 195, M (Grand Rapids), 176, 177, 179 to 181, 183, J. D. Tucker (Hkley), 193, 194, 196, 197; Art 179, 182, 184, 191, 193; R. L. Antrobus, 1 A. C. W. (Bromley), 175, 180 to 199; White P: 175; W. M. Seely, 191.

NOTES BY CORRESPONDENTS.—A. C. W. sends the following 194, Reichelm.—1. R-Q R 7, R-K 3 (best); 2. K-B 6, R-K R 4, K-K 6, R-K 8 ch; 3. K-B 7, R-Q R 8 (9), 5. R-K 7, R-K 8 (best); 7. Kt-K 4, R-K Kt 6; 8. K-B 6, R-K 12, Kt-Kt 5 ch, K-R sq; 11. Kt-B 7 ch, K moves; 12. R-R 8 mate. At move 8 it looks as if White could win the R by 5... K-H 2; 9. Kt-R 6 ch, K-R 3; 10. R-R 8 ch, K-Kt 4; and draw. If Black Rook avoids K R 3, the following is the line: 2. R-Q B 7, R-Q R 3; 4. R-Q Kt 7, R-Q B 3; 5. Kt-K 6, K-Kt 2, 7. Kt-K 8 ch, &c. Of course, if Black Rook check 11th and White wins easily. This is a very fascinating numerous chances of playing in stalemate. A complete analysis but I think I have indicated the correct play in some of the chess

GAME No. XCI. Played at Jönköping:—

WHITE	BLACK.	WHITE.
W. Klein	M. Andersson	W. Klein.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	22. B-B 3
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-K B 3	23. Kt-B sq
3. R-P 3	P-Q 1	24. Kt-Q 3
4. K Kt-B 3	Kt-P 3	25. Q-K 2
5. R-Q 4	P-Q 4	26. Kt-K 6

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 190. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish on page 121 a special article on Carlyle and his work, with illustrations. On page 134 Mr. Arthur Wough continues his series of articles on Victorian poetry with a paper on "The Poetry of Reflection and Doubt." Next week we shall publish a special illustrated Ibsen number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's wood-cut portrait of Ibsen.

* * * *

On page 132 we publish an article on Welsh Literature à propos of the National Eisteddfod of Wales, held this week at Merthyr Tydvil. This curious institution still shows signs of much vitality after a chequered career of some seven centuries. The first Eisteddfod—the word means originally "session"—of which we have definite information was held at Caermarthen in 1451, but it is pretty certain that the meetings took place at least as early as the thirteenth century, and tradition boldly carries them back to the sixth. The existence of the Eisteddfod to-day is a standing witness of the intense patriotic enthusiasm of the Welsh. It is supported chiefly by the working classes; it depends upon no great organization, and it possesses no permanent endowment. And the poets whose verses are recited are sprung almost entirely

articles are contributed to an encyclopædia. Mr. Justice Joyce gave an injunction, holding that the right in the articles did not belong to the publisher in the absence of any special agreement, and an inquiry was ordered as to damages.

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Books to read recently published:—

"Tristram of Blent." By Anthony Hope. (Murray.)
"Asia and Europe." By Meredith Townsend. (Cassell.)
"Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." Vol. V. By George Brandes. (Heinemann.)
"A Daughter of the Veldt." By Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain. (Heinemann.)

* * * *

The resuscitation, in the current number of the *Strand Magazine*, of that popular favourite Sherlock Holmes on the question of literary ethics of some interest. Has a man the right to revive a character whom he has once declared done to death? From the point of view of literary propriety, of course, every right; he can do what he pleases with his own creation. But Dr. Conan Doyle's action in the case of the famous detective is somewhat disquieting. We shall not know, so to speak, when we are safe; and fascinating characters long since comfortably buried in the pages of some novel, may spring up to confound us on every side. We know, for instance, that Mr. Guy Boothby is now giving us "Farewell" in the pages of a contemporary. But having no guarantee that the mysterious doctor, whose fathomless eyes and black cat used to stare at us some time since from the pages of a hoarding, is really going to bid us farewell in earnest? he will appear again, to undergo a fresh series of adventures. The fact is, a popular character study is now so profitable that few authors can afford to let him rest quietly in the

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"The Hound of the Baskinville," in which the detective appears once more, is not the usual type of Holmes story. It is on a larger scale altogether, and the August number of the *Strand* does not carry us very far into the mystery. But the opening is gruesome enough to please lovers of the weird and terrible. Dr. Watson drops quietly again into his accustomed attitude as the admiring chronicler. But the story at present looks more like developing a new direction of psychical research than of the ordinary mundane detective work.

question their taste, but you must not quarrel with their details. When a critic of "The Story of an African Farm" complained that there were no lions in it, the South African author could retort that that kind of African romance was best written in Piccadilly, and be sure that the laugh would be on her side. The fashion, however, was not always so. Time was when imagination was opposed to knowledge and preferred. While a romantic world was full of Hugo's "Les Orientales," it took an Oriental professor to object that making Oriental poetry without knowing the East was like making rabbit pie without the rabbit. And when Tom Moore complacently recorded the compliments he received for his description of Cashmere in "Lalla Rookh," the very point he was proud of was that he had never set foot in the country. It is quite in this old-fashioned spirit that Mr. Shorthouse seems to be complimented now.

A SONG.

I.

Along the liquid sand she came,
Beneath the azure skies ;
With tripping feet all rosy-pink
Between the seaweed and the brink—
A maiden with a lovely name
And lovely, lovely eyes.

II.

The salt-spray 'neath the sunny south
Flash'd in her wind-blown hair ;
And on her cheeks a blush was born—
The blush Aurora brought at morn,
When, softly kissing face and mouth,
She left her roses there.

III.

And from her parted lips a song
Came blowing on the breeze ;
Waking the wond'ring world to hear
A message from the Golden Year—
How "Life is sweet and love is strong"—
In merry words like these :—
" Song of the ocean swell,
Rain of the silver-spray ;
Fairy-forests under the wave,
Emerald-isle and coral-cave ;
Pebble and pearl and lilac shell
Strewn on the golden bay.
Song of the sapphire deep,
Song and silence and sigh ;
Tides that ebb and tides that flow,
Waves that wake and winds that blow ;
Give me a heart that pure shall keep—
Love that will never die."

H. J. S.

A bust of Arthur Rimbaud has been unveiled at Charleville. It is the work of M. Palerne Berrichon, who wrote a curious study of Verlaine's friend. Rimbaud was a sort of Villon, a vagabond of genius, who led the most miserable of existences, and has left one fine poem, "Le Bateau Ivre." He was the inventor of the theory of the colour of the vowels. If all the candidates for a single compartment in the national anthologies

of the ordinary issue becomes XXVIA of the year and the pages are also differentiated by their initial letters. Thus the number of pages in each appears, to the casual observer, to be the same, and the chapter must be hunted some time before it is found. When it is found, the careful reader of "Sister Mary" is a book that must be read with head or left hand inclined to think that its omission from the list is merely because it was thought to be inessential to the story of Evelyn Innes' soul no jot further. The paragraph at the end which perhaps gives some idea of the subject of Sister Mary John's attitude towards the world as a whole the chapter is rather for the bibliophile than as a whole the chapter is rather for the bibliophile than not too harsh a word for the collector of literary curiosities the lover of the art of fiction.

A well-known Bulgarian writer and poet, Schopow, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for refusing to perform compulsory military service.

Mr. Carnegie has offered to provide money for the purchase of a free library at Montrose on condition that the Libraries Act is adopted and a suitable site provided.

It is reported from New York that Mr. Carnegie offered \$150,000 to the City of Montreal for a new library provided that the city authorities guarantee an annual sum for its support.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written to contradict the statement that he was engaged upon two books dealing with the late Queen.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will preach the special service to be held in Winchester Cathedral on the occasion of the commemoration of King Alfred the Great.

The new Rector of the Edinburgh Academy is Mr. Hawthorth, of Clifton and Queen's College, Oxford. He has been for seven years an assistant master at Rugby.

Mr. C. A. Pearson, it is stated, has purchased a new paper, and intends bringing out next week the New York Times to be run on the same lines as the Daily Express, but with a different editorial.

Dean Farrar attained the age of seventy on Wednesday. It is forty-three years since "Erle, or Little Erle," the first of his numerous works, was published.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, we read, is at work on a new play having for its subject Joan of Arc.

The Westminster Gazette has submitted a candid review of "Visits of Elizabeth" to a working man, with a candid review. The result appeared in the Westminster about three-quarters of a column of very depreciating criticism.

"The Book of Beauty" in Punch this week is upon the style of Mr. Henry Harland. There is a "Literary" column for a ladies' paper.

M. Edmond Rostand, in spite of being forbidden by his doctor, is said to be engaged upon a novel regarding the writing of prose as coming under the law.

It is said that Yvette Guilbert is writing a new play, and that she is preparing to publish it.

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Literature Portraits.—XIV

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mr. Asquith, in his address delivered the other day to the University Extension students at Oxford, took occasion to say a few words as to form and expression, and that indefinable quality, on which so many professors have written so many widely differing opinions—style. He lamented that we were starting the twentieth century with so few to guide us in the right path. The great masters of style—Tennyson, Froude, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson—are dead, and to all appearance there is no one to take their place. In the meanwhile he suggested that each of his hearers might, in his humble degree, do something to maintain the purity and to prevent the debasement of our language. He added that never had the need for such a task been more patent or more urgent. The mistakes of the ignorant are hard to endure, but the strange terminology of the scientist is almost equally afflicting. "The uncouth and pseudo-classical terminology of the men of science," the "tortuous and nebulous phrases" of the philosophers, the "pretentious conventionalities" of the art critic, and the "slipshod slapdash of the newest school of journalists"—these are all equally repugnant to the educated man. It was not amiss that Mr. Asquith should put in a plea for clearness, simplicity, and naturalness of expression; and, in that connexion, that he should say a word or two in favour of the study of Greek. But it is an open question whether the assimilation of any amount of Greek would produce any appreciable effect upon the purity of the English language. In all ages men of culture have been apt to pin their faith upon some master of style, dead or living, and to lament any deviation from the strait path that was sufficient for him. Some purists even at the present day would have us use no word that was not sanctioned by the authority and example of John Dryden. It does not matter whom we select as our model; the result of any hard-and-fast rule of this kind must always be to cramp the language rather than to purify it, and to substitute for freedom and a necessary growth an affectation of archaism. We have nothing much to say against the little experiments in measured diction, such as Mr. Vivian's revival of the *Rambler*, which serve now and again to recall pleasantly enough the style and manner of a bygone age. They have, if not their use, at any rate their archaeological interest. But the "purity of the language"—that much-abused term—is not to be safeguarded by any amount of scholarship. In fact, it is not to be safeguarded at all. So long as English is a living language, just so long will it continue to grow, and to develop, and to add to its resources; and the most that the scholar can do is to put a drag upon the wheels of its progress. After all, the "slipshod slapdash journalist" has also his useful function to perform. He is the advance guard; his lively fancy (which may sometimes, we admit, be too lively for the taste of some of us) invents the store of new expressions from which our language by degrees selects the fittest and adopts them for her own. We may speak of slang and of barbarous locutions, but what is slang to-day may in a few years have become a classic phrase. It would not be easy to point to a single man of genius, from the days of Shakespeare downwards, who has not been accused in his time of designs against the purity of the language. Turn to the letter from Sterling to Carlyle, which is quoted at length in the next article, and note how many of the words condemned there have now become usual enough in good literature. It is the man of genius who picks up the disregarded gold from the rubbish-heap of contemporary conversation and issues it stamped with

Thomas Carlyle has been more written about, a widely different aspects, than almost any human being of the last century. Lives, memoirs, reminiscences, and applied to the number of two thousand, more or less, concerning man and his work, afford at all events some indirect influence that he has exerted upon the mind of the Victorian. The consequence of this mass of still accumulating biographies is that few readers of books, whether in the British Empire or America, have not some superficial acquaintance with the facts of Carlyle's life. They know probably that he was of Scottish birth; they connect with him, rather loosely, some barbarous-sounding names as Ecclefechan and Craighall; they have a vague idea that he studied in Edinburgh, and that the lady whom he shamefully ill-treated, came to London to see the "French Revolution" in such spare hours as



[From the "Carlyle's House Catalogue," by permission of Mr. George I.]

devoted to dyspepsia and quarrelling with his neighbours. Thanks to Mr. Froude, and to the controversies that he stirred up over the publication of his "Life" and "Reminiscences," Carlyle has become indubitably the best-known literary man of his day. And, whatever may be the ultimate fate of his books, those books that preached the Gospel of Silence and of the need for solitude, and with so many passages of heart-stirring eloquence—of the man himself will always remain one of the most fascinating and absorbing in the history of English literature. His life, for success was as long and as bitter as that of John

(about which the curious may read in the interesting "Carlyle's House Catalogue" published by the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust), was purchased by the committee of the said trust in May, 1895, and has since then been open to visitors as a sort of Carlyle Museum. It is rather curious to look back now, even at this modest distance of time, and to note the difficulties which beset Mr. George Lumsden, the moving spirit in this enterprise, in the execution of his very laudable resolve. For some reason or other, almost every newspaper in the kingdom threw cold water upon the project, refused to notice it at all, or damned it with faint praise. It was left for the *Speaker*, almost alone among the more important papers, to come forward with an article of generous and eloquent approval. It is perhaps hardly worth while, now that the whole matter is a thing of the past, to resuscitate the arguments that were used on either side in this forgotten controversy, but it may be as well to quote here Carlyle's own opinions on the subject of memorial houses, as given by Mr. Reginald Blunt in his excellent little book on "The Carlyle's Chelsea Home." These are a few of the disjointed records of his visits to the homes of Luther, Goethe, and Schiller:—"Goethe's House;—were in Goethe's room; a little

hours and more, Schiller's for one. . . . Schiller still more affecting; the room where he was exactly like the model, the bed where he died, and his dead face. A poor man's house, and a brave at his post there." Elsewhere, too, Carlyle has keen appreciation, the visits he paid to the spears, Johnson, Newton, Smollett, Burns, and pictures of the dwellings of Steele, of Elizabeth of Sterling, as well as of those of Goethe, Schiller hung upon his own walls at Cheyne-row.

Carlyle's Parentage.

But for the present we may leave the Carlyles to retrace in a few words the less-known history of his life. He was born on December 4, 1795, "in a room, 9ft. by 5ft., over the arch at Ecclefechan, where his father was a stonemason, who had become a smith, and his mother, whose maiden name was Janet Aitken, a domestic servant. His kindred were Annandale. In the fifteenth century there had been a Thomas Torthorwald, from whom, in later years, a Dundee traced Thomas Carlyle's descent with apparent document caused much amusement when it was shown at Cheyne-row, but Carlyle himself—no mean general—was inclined to believe in the correctness of this fact. He was not the man to lay any stress upon it, even if it was sufficient that in his mother he had "the fairest descent—that of the pious, the just, and the good; that his father was a man who walked 'as in the light of heaven, and hell, and the judgment,' although he had a predilection for the society of the two devils. His mother he learned to read, with his father he learned arithmetic at the age of five. From him, too, he still more valuable lesson—the importance of the doing of conscientious work. There are few passages in his life more touching than those in his "Reminiscences of James Ecclefechan, Mason," where he speaks of the success of his father accomplished in his own sphere of action.

The force that had been lent my father expended in manifold well-doing. A portion of his beneficent traces of his strong hand and strenuous heart that he undertook but he did it faithfully and I shall look on the houses he built with a reverence. They stand firm and sound to the heart of the district. No one that comes after him will be able to do what he did. He was the finger of a hollow eye-servant. They were for me of the gospel of man's free will.

It is easy to see from what source Carlyle's intense hatred of all scamped work, of shams, and of the "eternal verities." In his own words he was always steadfast in his refusal to write to make any concessions to the supposed taste of the public. He believed himself, says Mr. Froude, to have a capability for literature than for any other occupation. He did not on this account take his profession any too lightly. When matters were almost at their worst, and an offer of employment on *The Times*, through the intervention of Mr. Froude, he refused solely from a fear that he might be associated with sentiments that were at variance with his own. It was impossible for him to wear harness—"It was as required by booksellers and editors," says Mr. Froude:—



Your most obed^t

Thomas Carlyle

(From the "Carlyle's House Catalogue," by permission of Mr. G. Lumsden.)

garret not much bigger than my dressing-room—and wrote our names in silence." "Eisenach with its Wartburg where Luther lay concealed translating the Bible; there I spent one of the most interesting forenoons I ever got by travelling. . . . They open a door, you enter a little apartment, a very poor low room with an old leather-tipped window, to see the most venerable of

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And it was not industry and exactness alone that he learned from his father's example; some of his marvellous command of words came also from the same source. Edward Irving, after a conversation with James Carlyle on one occasion, turned to the son and said:—"I have often wondered where you acquired that peculiar, original, and forcible manner of expressing your ideas. I have discovered that it is an inheritance from your father."

Education.

Carlyle's education was continued for a short time at the village school, then by Mr. Johnstone (the "burgher minister") and his son, and afterwards at the Annan Grammar School. It was clear enough by this time that he was no ordinary boy, and it was decided to send him to the University with a view to his ordination to the ministry—the common goal of a promising son even in the poorest Scottish household. Accordingly, he walked to Edinburgh—a distance of some eighty miles or more—to attend the classes there. The November term of 1809 saw him arrive, a boy of not quite fourteen years; as an old man of seventy he referred to this early journey in his inaugural address, on being installed as Rector of the University. Young as he was, he



MISS WELSH.

(From the Miniature by Maclean, 1823.)

(From the "Carlyle's House Catalogue," by permission of Mr. G. Clay.)

formed friends at Edinburgh who were ready to believe in his future. Character and intellect alike were far above the level of the ordinary undergraduate. He read widely, and "Tristram Shandy" is said to have been his favourite book about this time. He contemplated an epic. To fill up the time before his ordination, as well as to earn some much-needed money, he started school-teaching, and returned for a while to Annan as first mathematical tutor, at about £70 a year. The projected ordination was never to take place, but in 1814 he went so far as to deliver an exercise—a "weak, flowery, sentimental" sermon in English—and at Christmas, 1815, he composed a Latin discourse on the question *Num delur religio naturalis*.

able as further evidence of the faith that his friends already had in the future of the struggling schoolmaster. Already, she said, his abilities were beheld by his acquaintances "with wonder and delight," and in time they must be known to the world. "Genius will render you great" were her final words; "may virtue render you beloved!" Something, no doubt, must be allowed for a natural tendency to gild a refusal of this kind with ornament, but the predilection remains a remarkable one from a young lady concerning a man who was as yet wholly unknown to fame.

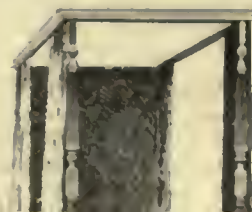
Edinburgh and Craigenputtock.

In September, 1818, Carlyle returned to Edinburgh, having saved £90 by his interlude of scholastic life, and now to qualify for the bar. Here he obtained his first work, being employed by Sir David Brewster to write articles to the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia." Through agency he obtained a tutorship with the Bullers at £100 a year—money which he expended, with characteristic generosity, supporting his brother John as a medical student and a farm for his brother Alexander. He translated "Meister" and a less interesting task—Legendre's "Geometry" for which last work he received £50. Irving, now recommended him to Mr. Taylor, proprietor of the "Edinburgh Magazine," who employed him to do a series of "Portraits of Genius and Character." He was now fairly started in his literary career; his marriage, over the sequel of which unnecessary ink has been spilled, was soon to take place. On October 17, 1820, he married, at Templeland, the lady formerly known as Jane Welsh Carlyle, and the pair set up their first home (after a considerable amount of argument the bride's mother) at Comely Bank, an Edinburgh suburb. The next four years he spent there and at Craigenputtock, where he wrote most of the "Miscellanies." Jeffrey, founder of the "Edinburgh Review," made his acquaintance and treated him with great consideration, obtaining for his brother-in-law the post of a qualified doctor, the post of travelling physician to the Countess of Clare. From Jeffrey, too, he borrowed the MS. of "Sartor Resartus" in his bag, the first descent upon London.

"Sartor Resartus."

Begun about the October of 1830, and intended for a magazine article, "Sartor Resartus" (as it was called) was not the best imaginable introduction to London publishers. However, it had been finished in July, 1831; Mrs. Carlyle had pronounced it "a genius," and she was a less partial critic than are most literary men. Carlyle set out with it to try his fortune. An interesting bibliographical note by Mr. A. W. P.

Macmillan's new edition of the graphic description of the he met with at every turn with whom the book had at first, was worried with troubles, his literary adventures out of town, and he returned with a manuscript confessing that he had not been able to read it.





THOMAS CARLYLE, AGED 50.

[From "The Carlyle's Chelsea House" (Bell), by permission of Mr. Reginald Blunt.]

hundred to one." They did decline. In the meantime, however, Jeffrey's influence had been exerted with Murray, and Carlyle received an offer to print an edition of 750 copies on the half-profit system. It seems that Carlyle understood that Murray wished him to try elsewhere first, and accordingly he took the book to Colburn and Bentley before coming to a definite agreement—a fact which caused Murray to withdraw his offer unless he could first "get it read by some literary friend." The report of the "taster" in question is that which Carlyle appended to later editions of the work; it was "slightly prefixed" to the edition of 1838, and temporarily withdrawn twenty years later. The opinion, well-known as it is, is possibly worth quoting once more:—

The author of "Teufelsdröckh" is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy, and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. Is the work a translation?

The Reform Bill was then lying heavy upon the minds of men, and books were not easy to sell. In May, 1833, Carlyle wrote again to Fraser, proposing to cut the book up into strips and publish it in his magazine, and the offer, after some doubt,

(£82 1s. in all), but declined to republish in book form. However, some sixty copies were made up by the printer, and thus as "a readable pamphlet of 107 pages without break," it did actually appear, bearing on the title-page the words "Reprinted for Friends." It was not a real English edition was produced, 5000 copies. Messrs. Saunders and Otteley on the half-profit system did the "beast" (as Mrs. Carlyle was wont to call the abused work) at last "get itself published," pronounced by the author dingy and ill-managed, or nearly correct, as to printing.

It has been said, not altogether without reason, that "Sartor Resartus" is a rare example of a prose work from its want of metrical form. Carlyle was indeed a poet without the gift of song, and his thoughts and images scattered in such profusion that pages missed their mark at first, and are, perhaps, so fully appreciated as they should be, for that there has always been a scarcity of readers appreciating fine prose. "Sartor Resartus" has fine thought and noble diction, but they lie in a part unknown, or known only to the few. The passage at the close of Book III., chapter IV., which I believe was the one selected by the late Sir John Lubbock as his most memorable utterance. We have only the last paragraph:—

So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself its portion of the Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, the new generation APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in one grinding in the mill of Industry; climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Selfishness, dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war and in peace; and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his spirit falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a victim. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering torrent of Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND throng in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing monster, emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. E



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are levelled, and her sons filled up, in our passage; can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that It is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!"

And, in rounding his own noble prose with these lines from Shakspere, it is difficult to avoid thinking that Carlyle felt the inadequacy of his own vehicle for the thought he had to utter.

The Question of Style.

We have devoted so much space to this one book because in a sense it is the most characteristic of all Carlyle's works. It exemplifies, in full measure, his most admired virtues and his most abused faults; it contains many passages of noble eloquence and deep thought, and also much that the most devoted student of Carlyle may be excused for finding somewhat wearisome. He was saturated with German literature, which he had been one of the first to introduce into England, and his own account of Richter would serve well enough as a description of "Sartor." "The style and structure of the book appear alike incomprehensible. The narrative is every now and then suspended to make way for some 'Extra-Leaf,' some wild digression upon any subject but the one in hand; the language groans with indescribable metaphors and allusions to all things human and divine; flowing onward, not like a river, but like an inundation. . . ." This would be true enough of Carlyle's own book. He notes elsewhere that, for the benefit of Richter's own countrymen, there was published before his death "K. Reinhold's Lexicon for Jean Paul's Works." There has not been, to our knowledge, a Carlyle Lexicon for English use, but others besides his early reviewers have no doubt wondered what the writer meant by "Baphometic fire-baptism."

There are possibly still many who regard Carlyle's style as a mass of affectation who seriously think that the man whose literary conscience forbade him to write a word that he did not feel, even in those days at Chelsea when money was urgently needed, had deliberately adopted an uncouth manner for the sake of attracting the attention of the public. As a fact, few men have ever written more naturally. His offence lay in using his own natural voice instead of the conventional manner of the age. He spoke very nearly as he wrote, and his private letters are to the full as "mannered" as his books. It is interesting to look back now and read Sterling's letter, published in the "Life of John Sterling," and to notice how many words and phrases which he condemns there as novelties have become part and parcel of our language. Carlyle, after all, was a Scot by birth; he had read widely in German literature; and it is not surprising that a man with his training, and with his passion

repaying by their value the disadvantage of novelty must be added new and erroneous locutions; "whitherso" for all the other, and similar uses of the word "orienta" for pearls; "lucid" and "luculent" as if they were different in meaning; "bulks" for coverings, it being a word hardly used, and then the husk of a nut; "to luxure a man of misapprehension" talented," a mere newspaper and hasty work, I believe, by O'Connell.

I must also mention the constant recurrence of a certain quaint and queer connexion, which gives a somewhat repulsive mannerism to many sentences; these the commonest offender is "quite"; which



[From "Sartor Resartus," illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. By permission of Messrs. George Bell.]

almost every page, and gives at first a droll kind of effect, but soon becomes wearisome. "Nay," "manifest," "enough significance," "faculty" (meaning a man's or moral power), "special," "not without," haunt the ear as if in some uneasy dream which does not rise to the

John Sterling, fervent admirer of Carlyle as he was, was still a citizen of his age, a contemporary of Lamb and Hazlitt and other upholders of the traditional English prose. But, unlike most of the other critics, the spirit touched him in spite of the "barbarous language." The style of the "French Revolution" troubled John Carlyle almost as much as that of "Sartor" had troubled Sterling. There "actually was some profit" in these admonitions, wrote the author. They reminded him at any rate that there were always two parties to a good style—the contented writer and the contented reader.

Carlyle's Humour.

Humour is undoubtedly the conspicuous quality in all Carlyle's writings—but it is a humour of a different type from any that had previously appeared in English literature. It resembles that of Jean Paul rather than that of Sterne. It has his depth, and his light-flashing unexpectedness; it has also, in full measure, that fine tenderness and sympathy which is inseparable from all true humour. In certain of its qualities it bears some resemblance to that of Swift. It has the same element of simplification—of reducing everything to its lowest

London and its Inhabitants

It was on June 10, 1834, that the Carlyles came to London, in the Chelsea home at 21, Cheyne-row, numbered 5—which is indissolubly associated with the readers of the "Life" and "Reminiscences" to London, it has been said, at a time when the nineteenth century was about at its height. Shelley and Byron and Keats were dead; decadence; Wordsworth was living far off in solitude among his mountains. It would be more perhaps, that the chief surviving names in English literature were hopelessly alien from Carlyle's school of thought. He hesitated to put into plain language his opinions in and out of season, and his opinions were expressed with an extraordinary power of getting to the root of the matter, which makes his descriptive flashes the most valuable portraiture that literary history affords. It is that when he went into society "at the Bull and Austins", and in a gradually increasing "stared at as if he were a strange creature." Suddenly, into a London filled with elegant



AN INTERIOR AT CHELSEA

[From the picture by Mr. Tall, reproduced from "The Carlyles at Chelsea Home," by permission of Mr. Reginald Hunt.]

terms—of stripping off all occasional and unnecessary trappings and displaying the essential facts. But although he had sometimes a touch of Swift's savagery, he had none of his coarseness. His humour, as he says of Richter's, is the product "not of contempt, but of love, not of superficial distortion of natural forms, but of deep sympathy with all forms of nature." Leigh Hunt, who was one of Carlyle's earliest London acquaintances when he came to Cheyne-row, was keen-sighted enough to perceive his deep underlying tenderness. "I believe," he wrote, "that what Mr. Carlyle loves better than his fault-finding is the face of any human being that looks suffering, and loving, and

this Diogenes, a modern seeking for truth. "His conversation is to quote or to quote on. 'Froude,' 'wrote. His unsparing singular in one who came with him, startling though it was, no doubt asked for him in his mind and when contemptuous, 'too young a man by far for to whom he literary La Blessington priestess, expected to pathetic we Ishmaelite, glance was

Carlyle's of seizing t was never displayed t

descriptions of celebrities whom he met—some in his diary, sometimes in his correspondence, respect admirable—incisive, humorous, and bear stamp of truth. They bring the man before than reams of wordy analysis. Take this of Wordsworth:—"I will warrant him one of the stiffest Parliamentary athletes anywhere to be met with present—a grim, tall, broad-bottomed, yellow-brown like precipitous cliffs, and huge, black, unweariable-looking eyes under them; a prominent nose, and the ugriest shut mouth I have an

formation of the London Library, and the eminent mathematician had failed to display any interest in the scheme. "Did you ever see him?" he writes to his brother; "a mixture of craven terror and venomous-looking vehemence; with no chin, too—a cross between a frog and a viper, as somebody called him."

Some Literary Judgments.

The inside of a man—his solid worth or his lack of it—was equally patent to this keen vision. He has several illusions to



[From the "Carlyle's House Catalogue," by permission of Mr. H. Lumsden.]

The Study.

Macaulay, and from these we can form, on the whole, an admirably just opinion of the rising star of literary England of that day. "Of Macaulay I hear nothing very good—a sophistical, rhetorical, ambitious young man of talent." A later impression is less unkind, or more softly phrased:—"An emphatic, hottish, really forebode person, but unhappily without divine idea." And another is substantially the same:—"He has more force and emphasis in him than any other of my British coevals. Wants the root of belief, however. May fall to accomplish much. Let us hope for better things." Considering that these two men stood back to back, so to speak, surveying opposite poles of thought, these criticisms display almost more than Carlyle's customary insight into character. The two men rarely met, but one occasion is thus noted in the Journal:—

March 11, 1848.—Friday last at Lord Mahon's to breakfast; Macaulay, Lord and Lady Ashley there, &c. Niagara of eloquent commonplace talk from Macaulay. Very good-natured man; man eased in official mail of proof; stood my impatient fire-explosions with much patience, merely hissing a little steam up, and continued his Niagara—supply and demand; power ruinous to powerful himself; impossibility of Government doing more than keep the peace; suicidal distraction of new French Republic, &c. Essentially irremediable, commonplace nature of the man; all that was in him now gone to the tongue; a squat, thickset, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty. These be thy gods, oh Israel!

It is tempting to go through the whole gallery of portraits—Bulwer Lytton, the "dandiacal philosopher"—"intrinsically a poor creature this Bulwer; has a bustling whisking agility and restlessness which may support him in a certain degree of

of men who had no facts to tell him, or who packed up matter "into epigrammatic contrasts, startling stage clapsnets that will get a plaudet from the galleries." Coleridge, too, sunk into dim nebulous obscurity at no facts were to be got, but merely misty theories. ment of Coleridge—"that mass of richest spices put a daughill"—was expressed at greater length in his on "Table Talk":—

. . . A great possibility that has not realized itself did I see such apparatus got ready for thinking, and thought. He mounts scaffolding, pulleys, and tackle all the tools in the neighbourhood with labour, with demonstration, precept, abuse, and acts—three bricks, honour the man. I pity him (with the opposite of course in him one glorious up-struggling ray as it were perished, all but ineffectual, in a lax, languid, character. This is my theory of Coleridge—very from that of his admirers here. . . .

but not so very different, we imagine, from that of now, and certainly more illuminating than many longer careful dissertations.

Carlyle as an Historian.

The writing of the history of the French Revolution long been in Carlyle's mind before the scheme attained definite shape. He had, as Mr. Froude says, "written a subject, on Voltaire, on Diderot, and on Cagliostro," and by him, still unpublished, his account of the episode of the Diamond Necklace, which contains one of the most eloquent poetical passages he ever wrote. He settled down to the work within a few months of his arrival in London. His first book (the original first volume) was completed on May 7, 1835. The story of its destruction in Mill's house, bringing of the news, and of Carlyle's words as it closed on the distracted philosopher after a stay of two hours, is too well-known to need repetition here. The book had to be begun again, and, what was worse,





MRS. CARLYLE.

[From "The Carlyle's Chelsea Home," by permission of Mr. Reginald Blunt.]

have left him), and with a certain amount of not unnatural complaining. The fact was, the practice of literature was always distasteful to Carlyle; he was the most conscientious of men; and the writing of history (in which a conscientious man can barely hope ever absolutely to satisfy himself of the truth) was the most laborious form of literature that he could well have undertaken. He searched "dry-as-dust" records until his patience exploded in fiery denunciation of the compilers of rubbish-heaps; he seemed to make no progress towards the goal; he saw himself swimming in *vacuo*; and now and again, in despair, he turned the key upon his unfinished manuscript and strove to banish it from his mind. It was finished on January 12, 1837, "on a damp evening, just as light was failing. Carlyle gave the MSS. to his wife to read, and went out to walk. Before leaving the house he said to her:—'I know not whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest; but this I could tell the world—You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man.' " Here is the secret of the book's vitality. It was a history written in contempt of all form and precedent, unlike any history that had ever been written before. It was a man talking about real men and women, not about pasteboard figures in Royal trappings. Carlyle formed his own conception of each and all of the actors in that dramatic epoch, and projected them vividly upon the pages of his book. Some of his conceptions may have been wrong, but they were all most eminently life-like. And, whatever may be the faults of the "French Revolution" as an historical work, it will live for this reason. It is filled with humanity; it is not a

In fact, with each succeeding work Carlyle became more acutely—and finally it resolved itself into letters, with more or less voluminous comments. In fact, the book completed itself without his help. In fact, the book so completed can seldom be entirely so different way, the monumental "Frederick," is hardly a model of arrangement. Conscientiousness may be carried too far, and it is something of a reader to find, in Book II., a sudden plunge back into the misty antiquity of Brandenburg and Henry the Fourth, thorough, but is it necessary? "Frederick" is the painfully produced of all his works, veritably, far the most heartrending enterprise he had ever undertaken. It contains as fine a gallery of portraits as any of the very massiveness of its scheme must prove widely read. Yet Emerson could say of it that it was the wittiest book that was ever written; would think the English people would rise up in the author for by cordial acclamation, and sign him with oak leaves, their joy that such a home to them." Most of us to-day are content to take such on trust, and allow it to rest quietly enough a stone to the author's reputation.

Some Remarks on Philosophy

And what, in fine, of Carlyle's philosophy? apt to judge a writer of this sort, after a lapse of persistence of his opinions in the world; and, views on slavery and some of his more extravagant on the right of the strong to command obedience, sway thought at the present day, they cheerfully, false guide. The value of Carlyle's philosophies, is not to be reckoned by the abstract random precepts. He was a great moral force, genius," said Emerson, "is his moral sense, his sole importance of truth and justice." He brushed the fine-spun webs of the Radical school, the elaborations of Mill and Bentham, and pierced down to the immutable laws. To quote from an essay published in the *Daily News*, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, men to study less the truth of their reason, truth of the assumptions upon which they reason, views, even when unsound, were generally a wholesome antidote to the commonly received day. No man ever has formulated, and no formulate, a scheme of philosophy that shall stand through the ages. What was true in Carlyle

became part of the thought; what was lost or is perishing. "Still and similar rhaps



seriously now by no living man; we do not believe, at the opening of the twentieth century, in the divine right of the strong to rule the weak; but we do recognize, through his teaching, the value of a regard for realities, of reverence for human worth, and justice, and truth, and of sound and conscientious work. And, as happens with but few writers, the life of the man is a faithful exposition of the cardinal principles that he preached.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

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CARLYLE AS SCHOOLMASTER.

It is doubtful whether any of Carlyle's Kirkcaldy contemporaries were alive, but till within comparatively recent years were old men who remembered him and the flogging boys, they received from him. It was a curious piece of fate that Carlyle should have been chosen for the school started or revived as a rival to that presided over by Irving. For one of the chief objections to Irving, if not the chief, was his severity; while Carlyle, it appears, was less severe. One of Carlyle's pupils became in time of Kirkcaldy, and throughout life was his firm friend. Carlyle made few friends during the two years he lived in Kirkcaldy; in fact, it is questionable if he ever had any friend from Provost Swan. He wrote of the people of the town: "a pleasant, honest kind of fellow-mortals, some quietly fruitful, of good old Scotch in their works more vernacular, peaceable, fixed, and almost genuine mode of life than I had been used to in the Bord reason why he made no friends among them is indicated plainly by himself:—"I always rather liked the people from a distance chiefly, chagrined and discouraged by one had." He was "moody and retiring," and Irving to have been his sole companion. The two often rambled together in Fifeshire. In the space of two years, however, "got tired of schoolmastering," an occupation was congenial to neither, but was especially distasteful to Carlyle.

It is a long time now since the movement for an

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM CARLYLE.

Mr. A. Edmund Spender, of the *Western Morning News*, has sent us a copy of the following letter, written by Carlyle *à propos* of his work on *Cromwell*. It is from a private collection of autographs in the possession of Miss Champenowne, Wood Manor, Totnes, and has never before been published. The name of the recipient does not appear, but he was evidently the author of a history of wages about the year 1844:—

Chelsea, March 23, 1844.

My Dear Sir,—Thanks for your newspapers and news. I was afraid you had abandoned your project of a history of wages, in which, I suppose, some labour is already invested. It is always good for a man to have some main current running through his field of speculation; it wholesomely draws off so many things, and yields some good issues far better than one expected, at last. I am so far from having done with Oliver Cromwell, it is yet odds with him whether I have got him fairly begun! No business ever fell to my hand a hundredth part so difficult.

It is like the summing up of the general stupidity of England for two centuries past, this state in which I find the hero Oliver. All books ever written upon him are torpedo monsters and belong to the realm of Nox and Erebus; how to write one now that shall belong to the other realm is not easy!

This book of the Chatham Society is what causes me to write to-day. If it be such a volume as I hope, it may save me many a headache in the British Museum.

Lancashire, Ashton, Stanley Brereton, &c., &c., especially Latham House and Chester, and the siege of Manchester, and massacre of Bolton, these are things I do not wish to omit—and they lie among the Museum "Pamphlets on the Civil War," some 40,000 or so in number!

Can you send me a correct table of contents of this Chatham volume; then the price of it if it is to be sold, or the way to borrow it, beg it, or do all to steal it, if it prove suitable and not saleable!

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER FROM CARLYLE TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, APRIL, 1831.

*My scriptory were still lies in the scales,
 while way inclining I cannot say, except in the
 spirit of a Prophet that ever prophesyeth evil.
 On Saturday I shall perhaps know more. Meanwhile,
 as ever, it is our part to defy the Devil, whether
 he come in the shape of Bookreller or another. I
 like to say always: A fig for thee Nicholas!*

Upon letter to Wilkie I shall write my

WELSH LITERATURE OF THE V
ERA.

A "Personal View"

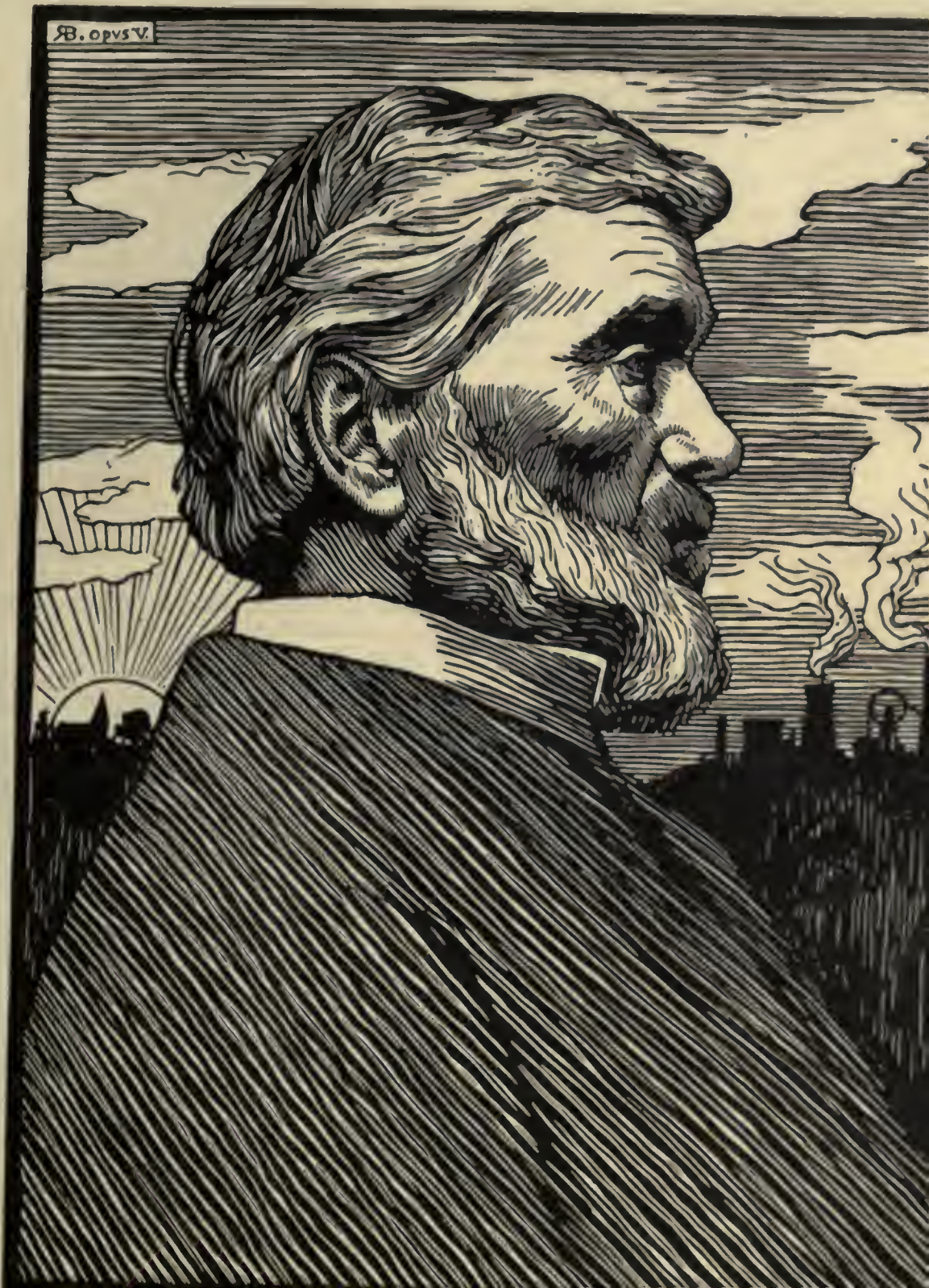
By T. RHYD JONES.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod held this week the century naturally directs the thoughts to a survey of their literature in the recent in common with other units of this heterogeneous has caught the inspiration of the period which with the passing of our beloved Sovereign, an extreme conservatism, has felt in the isolation of the quickening influence of the intellectual activity powerful neighbour. Still, this external impetus and thought is confined mainly to the latter century. The privileges of higher education have been extended to the Principality, and, while the gifts of other nations have been fostered and disseminated in Universities, the genius of the Welsh people has solely by its own primitive and imperfect insular atmosphere created by the Eisteddfod and the stagnation of Welsh religious life have not been conducive to growth and cosmopolitan character of the life of Celtic neighbours. Its prose has suffered from the limitations of its religious prejudices, while the traditional alliterative measures have sadly fettered the muse. The gift of the Welsh nation, however, has attained a standard of excellence in the whole range of its history, from the time of Aneurin and Taliessin in the far past to the period under our notice.

The literature of a nation is a true reflection of its thought, and the most cursory examination of

Welsh writers during the last century reveals that theology is the predominant factor of the period. Prejudicial it may have proved to the intellectual outlook of the people, it has been the one source of inspiration to its prose and its wealth of hymnology, which has come of its religious revival, has exerted a greater influence over the imagination of the people than all the fanatical woven alliterative poetry of the past. Even the product of the Eisteddfod is a purely national institution, imbued with the same spirit of its most successful efforts almost invariably sacred; it has produced very little of a secular character during the last century, but has a claim to permanency.

Towards the beginning of





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healthier tone to Welsh religious thought, and prepared the ground for the next phase in the development of its literature, of which Dr. Lewis Edwards was the directing genius. The publication of his essays in the "Traethodydd" gave to Welsh prose the much-needed impulse of a vigorous and cultured mind, and his literary and theological contributions are among the most precious legacies of the last century to Welsh literature. The philosophical and many-sided character of his writings directed the literary instincts of his countrymen from the mere rut of religious controversy to the broader and richer pastures of international thought, and Welsh peasant folk were made acquainted for the first time with the glories of Shakespeare and Goethe.

A still more interesting feature in the further development of Welsh prose was the acknowledgment of fiction as an accepted factor in its literature, with which innovation the name of Daniel Owen is indissolubly associated. Though not the pioneer in works of this kind, he was the first to succeed in overcoming the strong religious bias which then existed in the Principality towards light literature. Calvinism has had a most depressing influence upon the lighter aspects of Welsh life and thought. "Anything approaching the novel," as one writer justly remarked, "met with the stern and uncompromising censorship of the Church, yet right from the heart of this intolerant and colourless Puritanism, that viewed all traces of mirth and gaiety with suspicion, arose this prince of Welsh humorists. It was the dawn of a new era in Welsh literature, and had come as a godsend to lend hue and colour to the oppressive sadness of Welsh religious thought." As an interpretation of Welsh character his works deserve to rank with those of Barrie and Ian Maclaren in Scotland, and no better tribute could we pay to his art and genius, and the influence they have exerted over local prejudices, than the fact that there is scarcely a Welsh home but where "Rhys Lewis" figures as prominently as the essential family Bible or the hymn poems of Williams Pantycelyn.

In addition to the prose works which were the immediate outcome of the religious movement in Wales, the Eisteddfod has been productive in works of a more national and literary character. For centuries it has been the nursery of the literary gift of the people. In the absence of academic honours as an incentive to intellectual effort, the Eisteddfod has served as the people's university, whose prizes constituted a popular method of rewarding merit; a rough-and-ready degree of the people that gave a certain *status* to talent and learning. Such conditions, though invaluable as a stimulus, have not been conducive to high-class literature, and fragmentary and immature productions are the natural result of what oftentimes prove to be uncongenial themes with insufficient time allotted to their treatment. Still if it has not given birth to a literary prodigy, or led to new avenues of intellectual activity, it has produced, on the whole, much good literature, and accumulated a mass of material which will be of the utmost service to future historians and litterateurs. Until quite recently we had to thank the Eisteddfod for the only work which lays any pretence to a complete and

all the finer creation of the human heart. It was eminently becoming the religious movement of the thoroughly leavened Welsh national life, and prelude to the renaissance of letters in the nineteenth century. Other contemporaries scarcely less gifted furthered this period of promise, and the names of Elen Fawcett, Hiraethog, and a host of others are as familiar to us as Byron and Tennyson are to lovers of English poetry. Thus far it was the majestic strain of ode and epic that was the most prominent feature of Welsh poetry, but the people, who revelled in the hymn tunes of "Pantycelyn" more or less indifferent to those laboured products of master slingers. It was the lyric muse of John Ceiriog that stirred the heart of the nation to an appreciation of secular poetry in Wales, by his inimitable love songs and pastorals. He touched a chord that had lain dormant since the days of Dafydd ap Iwan, and his message affords the first indications of the Welsh muse outgrowing the narrowness of its provincial conservatism, and fraternizing with the kindred spirits of other nations. His "Myfanwy" is a very forcible of the love rhapsodies of Burns and Moore.

* O Love! in the violet and rose,
I see but thy beauty and grace;
Morn's splendour and night's starry eyes,
But mirror the light of thy face;
When the star of the morning grows bright,
Hangs clear 'twixt the sky and the sea,
All nature is blessed in her light;
To this soul, O my love, thou art fairer, O sweeter,
A thousand times purer to me.

"To the Welsh muse, heart is more than mind," remarks truly one Welsh writer recently, and Ceiriog's message is eminently such as appeals to the heart. By his genius of nature his poetry finds a ready response in the hearts of the illiterate peasant folk, whose humble life he has made the glamour of his muse.

Natur oeddi ei gân drwyddi.

The charm of flower and stream and the haunting of home and childhood were the themes he most dwelt upon. A greater contrast to Ceiriog's playful mood can not be imagined than that of the mystic muse of Islwyn, who inherited Ceiriog's love of nature, but with an infinitely deeper insight into the heart of things. His poetry is absorbed in a deep religiousness which pervades Welsh poetry of the nineteenth century, but the spiritual element that is woven into his poetry finds expression, not in mere narrative, but in a deeper interpretation of life and nature. In his musings he has much in common with Wordsworth, reminded in the following of the latter's enthusiasm for mysticism.

* Are the stars o'erhead
Things as divine and glorious as poetry
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
And grandeur? 'Tis in us the stars have been
And poetry's self is but the memory

* These range from an admirable encyclopaedia, known locally as the "Gwyddoniadur," of which a second edition was published in 1896 in ten massive volumes containing 10,000 articles, and in the production of which £20,000 had been expended, to publications of the magazine type. Nor is the love of reading among the Welsh public on the wane, for quite recently no less than 20,000 copies of a 3s. 6d. Welsh book were sold, which is a remarkable sale for a miniature nation like the Welsh. The chequered history of its periodicals is not the least interesting phase of its literature. The limited circulation, which is further contracted by the various sectarian interests, is mainly responsible for the unstable character of its journalistic enterprises. Towards the end of our period it had gained greater stability, and there were published in the vernacular two quarterlies, two bi-monthlies, 28 monthlies, and 25 weeklies, making a total of 32 magazines and 25 newspapers. In addition to these there were 11 dailies and 79 weeklies published in English. The majority of Welsh magazines are connected with the various religious denominations, and its newspapers likewise generally represent some sect or industry.

The religious awakening that has so deeply influenced the literary productions of the Welsh people in the past is being gradually superseded by the educational movement. The former has inspired Welsh poetry with a grand moral sublimity, and quickened not merely the moral sensibilities, but the intellectual powers of the people. Still it has not been an unmixed blessing. Welsh Puritanism has proved a stern parent, and the effects of its well-intended restraints are only too apparent in the stunted growth of every phase of Welsh life and thought. In its relation to literature its bias and intolerance have seriously retarded its natural growth and development, and it is only the genius of a rare spirit such as Daniel Owen or Ceiriog that has succeeded in overcoming its set prejudices. The admirable system of higher education to which we have already alluded is gradually leavening the literary instincts of the people, and the broadening influence of English and other literatures is becoming more pronounced in the current productions of Welsh writers. Under the fostering care of education, with its added privileges and wider sympathies, the literary propensities of this undeniably gifted people will find a fuller exercise, and its immature peasant literature will become an important factor in the European literature of this century. Signs are not wanting of this cosmopolitan tendency. In Elved we have a representative exponent of the modern spirit in Welsh poetry, and a still more remarkable instance of this may be found in a charming collection of lyrics just published, which bear ample traces of their author's acquaintance with the trend of German as well as English thought. Another outcome of this educational movement is the tendency to adopt more generally the English language in the expression of its literary gift, a departure which has been so worthily anticipated by Sir Lewis Morris in poetry, Mr. George Meredith in fiction, and Mr. Ernest Rhys in the fields of criticism. The recent publication of "The Welsh People," which has already been reviewed in these

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN

III.—THE POETRY OF REFLECTION AND

The intellectual and poetic movement which we now consider is of peculiar interest, since it differs in kind and essential respect from almost all the other movements of the period. Movements, whether political or literary, are usually ruled by a common enthusiasm either constructive or destructive, directed towards the achievement of some positive end, or the support of some definite and stimulating ideal. There is not only of movements of advance, but also of retreat; reaction itself is addressed to the amelioration of a fixed and appreciated wrong, and it is as easy to see upon which the retreat is based as that to which the advance was directed. But the intellectual and poetic movement which now comes under our consideration is neither of action nor of reaction; its attitude is essentially undefined. It stands midway between spiritualism on the one hand, and scepticism or resignation, on the other; it resigns much, without resigning all, and it is without its own bearings, halting between two opinions, and therefore doubtful.

And its interest and importance are very much increased by the fact that, while it is representative of a tendency very wide-spread and penetrating, that tendency is confined, and inevitably confined, to a narrow area indeed. The tendency, we say, because the natural attitude of the reflective mind is one of hesitancy and dissension; on the other hand, the expression of such hesitancy or at any rate in poetry, is rare; since the expression invites enthusiasms, and prosperous influences, while it withers and desiccates undisciplined and indecision. In the present movement, which we call of Reflection and Doubt, two names only stand out prominently, representing two attitudes, divergent but both the spiritual aspirations of their day; and in Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough we find the quintessence of an intellectual movement which is spreading at the present time far more widely than either of their own, and which is continually re-echoed in a helpful addition, in the "minor" verse of the young generation. This movement has, therefore, an unusual interest to the student of tendencies, since it is inextricably mixed with the advance of culture during the last fifty years; the influence of that reverend University, whose motto is to go out into all lands, as her sons increase in number and achievement. This is, indeed, the Oxford movement, and it follows, no less certainly than it reverts from, the great Oxford movement, whose beautiful influence to-day testifies to the integrity and vitality of which it was founded.

"There were voices in the air when I was a child," says Matthew Arnold, and they were voices of great persuasive power. It is only when we consider the apathy into which the Church had fallen towards the close of the eighteenth century, when we recall the divorce from heaven which extended itself throughout the forms of public worship, that we can form any idea of the sudden access of war which that movement instilled into the religion of the day. Nor was the revival one of form alone, or even of doctrine alone. The outward symbols of beauty

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Newman and Pusey, voices of decision and energy like those of Hurrell Froude and W. G. Ward, and it is not surprising that they carried men along with them. Still, even from such beneficent and spiritual influences there could not but be reaction; and when it followed that opposition and dissension split the ranks and separated the brotherhood, it was inevitable that questionings and hesitations should arise. Newman was lost to the Anglican fraternity, and with his secession the whole movement was exposed to misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Storms began to beat against the citadel, and in the mists of the reflective the natural question formed itself, unanswered at least to their satisfaction—"You talk to us of authority, but where is your authority grounded? Even yourselves, it seems, are divided upon its claims. Is there, after all, any authority that is impregnable?"

Then again, and with a different import, there were voices in the air at Oxford, voices of "men contention-test." Arthur Hugh Clough, who had at first followed the Tractarians, "like a straw," as he himself said, drawn by the wind, was among the first to break with their influence. But their parting was a parting of friends. There is nothing of revolt or of violent separation in that breaking up of association which inspired the Oxford poetic movement; and, in bidding farewell to his friend Ward, Clough did so with a breadth of outlook full of hope in the future.

But O blithe breeze; and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.
One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold, where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last unite them there!

This is certainly not the poetry of scepticism, and Clough's position with regard to the central movement of spiritual ideas has been often misjudged by the thoughtless. His nature was, in fact, one of singular candour, "of Homeric simplicity," as Arnold described it, and he could tolerate in himself no compromise with insincerity. No "light half-believer of a casual creed," he was unable to reconcile himself to the authority of religion, but it was no part of his intention to wage war on that account against those who could. His whole attitude to life was warm and genial. He loved the open air and the healthy life; he was rich in enthusiasm for the aspirations of his fellow-men, and if he chose to be a law to himself, he was at any rate content to keep that law in strenuous and virile obedience.

Come back again, my olden heart
I said, Behold, I perish quite,
Unless to give me strength to start,
I make myself my rule of night:
It must be, if I net at all,
To save my shame I have at call
The plea of all men understood,—
Because I willed it, It is good.
Come back again, old heart! Ah me!
Methinks in those thy coward fears
There might, perchance, a courage be,
That fails in these the manlier years;
Courage to let the courage sink,
Itself a coward base to think,
Rather than not for heavenly light,
Wait on to show the truly right.

sincere and manly isolation from that current spiritual which, could he have gone with it, he would have himself fully adorned. His abnegation of it is remote from a trick of singularity; it is centred in a spirit that is itself and open to the world, lending a fresh and compelling to Tennyson's familiar and often perverted sentiment.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

When we turn to Arnold we find ourselves face to face with very different temperament and a different art. technique Arnold possessed almost all the qualities which lacked, and his workmanship—deliberate and exquisite—highest order of literary finish. His detractors, in the worst, could only say that he is an academic poet to his admirers, a body which probably now includes all who flatter to judge of poetic excellence at all, would justify that the classic spirit which Oxford lives to keep alive taken to itself fresh fuel, and combined classicism with "on one far height in one far shining fire." The little he said against Arnold's method may be said in very few words. It is perhaps arguable that the classic convention has occasioned into over-elaborate assumption of the poetic. Some of the similes in his longer poems are beaten out of the limits of similitude, and present the appearance of excrecences than of illustrations. There was, furthermore, a tendency to overwork the dignity of classic allusion; that fine picture of the Sicilian shepherds in "Thyrsis" suggestion upon suggestion until the poem was only a culty drawn back to its English atmosphere, and the vein to the main theme was affected with a sense of violent strain. These trifling foibles gave his work an occasional mannerism, to which some critics, unacquainted, perhaps, with the source of the illustrations and the traditions which he sought to maintain, have not been slow to take. But this said, and said with all due reserve, remains nothing but admiration for Arnold's manner, and for the delicate felicity with which he rates and contrasts effects, whether pictorial or in language which seems almost infallibly at his command sustains the highest traditions of reflective and analytical and adds to the tradition just enough of modern use to make his medium recognizable as his own.

In all this he is entirely different from Clough. He differs from him just as radically in temperament. Vigour, the modulated optimism, springing like a flower from Clough against the intervention of depression, the part in Arnold's composition.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
cries the one; but to the other the struggle, made determinedly as it is undertaken, seems always to be a failure and oblivion. "Thou waitest," he says to his self.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! and
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, or clearly willed,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfilled
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day
Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?
Yes we await it!—but it still delays,

and effectual to ourselves, but look at the majority of our fellow-creatures. What does all our intellectual effort do for them?"

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing.

And then, to console themselves for a purposeless and effortless existence here, they promise themselves every form of material and spiritual satisfaction, "hersafter in a better world than this." This was the self-satisfied, smug doctrine of compensation which Arnold could not away with.

Fell'd by our fellowmen, depressed, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, *Patience*; in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne.

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor, routed leavings? or will they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! The energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing only he,
His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

The mere recital of that noble sonnet would serve to remind us, if indeed we needed such reminder, that Arnold's dissatisfaction with existing conditions of life and faith would by no means lose the name of action. His melancholy, of which perhaps criticism has always made enough and to spare, was no anemic plaint of a spoilt child of fortune; and in purpose, if not in expression of purpose, he and Clough were close-knit brothers. The difference was that each saw, as it were, one aspect of the disease of life, and each prescribed one remedy. To Clough the compensating joy lay in the life of humanity; to Arnold the anodyne was the life of ideas.

Sit, if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
says Clough,

Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around
What'er befell,
Earth is not hell;
Now, too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathe beneath the Heaven's high cope,
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope,
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
Or at least faith unbelief.
Though dead, not dead,
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished.
In the great gospel and true creed,
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.

He sees the consolation of life in the common emotions of mankind, while Arnold avoids them, to live for cultivation of the beneficent idea alone.

A fugitive and graceful light he seeks,

So do these twin-brethren of the Oxford spirit supplement one another, until in combination the perfect stature of the Gentle Mother's strenuous son. The ideals for which they stood, and the path they would have steeped life, did not immediately acquiescence. Clough's reputation was chiefly for years Arnold's favourite depreciation of himself as a popular author "had more than a rhetorical significance in the ideals which they established we seem to of that spirit which Oxford is diffusing more widely and if it is to the spirit of Clough that we owe University activity against the miseries of the world. Arnold's example that informs the thought of Oxford and abroad with a certain reserve towards unbridled ecstatic enthusiasms, but also with a perpetual faith in the permanence of the idea, and in the value of the life that sets itself some high ideal, and seeks it without remission—

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade."

And this movement, which was at first a reaction against the ecclesiastical movement which preceded it, actually came, with the process of time, to work with its old dissentient; so that even those who were at first and Arnold just that stimulus of spiritual aspiration found in Tennyson and Browning and in them still a counterpart in that intellectual aspiration from religion can never be divorced. In Arnold's case, "we are all seekers still," and the surest consolations are found in those few and dauntless spirits, who, with a strong infection of our mental strife, "keep us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to beauty, in a word, which is only Truth—see side."

ARTHUR

CURRENT LITERATURE

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS.

The Diamond Necklace.

A book on Marie Antoinette is always welcome so when, like *L'AFFAIRE DU COLLIER*, d'après Documents, by Frantz Funck-Brentano (Paris: Hachette), it is written by the erudite historian of the French Revolution, "Drame des Poisons," and contains entirely new material. When the mass of perverted or invented facts, popular and legendary accretions, is removed, the famous story in the light of a clever swindle, important only in rank of some of the personages involved in it. The swindle was the work of a woman of noble origin, pretty Madame de la Motte, an authentic descendant of the Valois Kings, with something in her blood of intrigue, whose adventures, when thrown out in the searchlight of history, make us think of Beck's wriggling into a front seat in the ever-thronged Paris. To complete the likeness with Thackeray's hero along with her an officer of broken fortunes, featured, M. de la Motte. Nothing is wanting in the picture where splendour mingles with unpaid bills at the Mont-de-Piété the pawnbroker's shop of the

the *fleurs-de-lys* in the Atlantic. But for the last hundred years the nobility has been sadly deteriorating; this latest selon of a noble house is an effeminate prelate, indulging in all the freaks of fashion, and accepting without a protest of common sense the prodigious impostures of Ungliostro. A certain Mlle. de la Tour, whom later impostors would have called a medusa, was once made to see Marie Antoinette in a crystal globe containing pure water:—

"Il lui demanda ensuite," proceeds the report of the girl's examination before the judges, "si elle ne voyait pas un vieux bonhomme vêtu de blanc, qui se promenait dans le jardin, qui venait pour l'embrasser; elle dit qu'elle le voyait. . . . Puis Ungliostro l'avertit qu'elle allait voir le Cardinal à genoux, tenant en main une tubulure dans laquelle il y aurait un petit écu. . . . La jeune fille dit qu'elle voyait effectivement le Cardinal. . . . Alors le Cardinal, très unlué, dit que c'était incroyable, extraordinaire. . . . Il avait l'air pénétré de joie et de satisfaction."

As a *chansonnier* put it:

Mais le Pape, moins honnête,
Pourrait dire à ce nigaud:
Prince, à qui n'a point de tête
Il ne faut point de chapeau!

The Cardinal's credulity is diverging, no doubt, but it is none the less distressing to think that the fate not only of a dynasty, but of a great country, was in such incapable hands.

Louis de Rohan, for reasons which it would be too long to explain here, was not in favour with the Queen; this Madame de la Motte knew, and she soon made the Cardinal believe that the disfavour was due to a misunderstanding that Marie Antoinette was anxious to dispel. A forged correspondence was then established and led to an interview in the Park of Versailles between the Cardinal and the Queen, whose part was played by one of Madame de la Motte's accomplices. Finally the Queen was supposed to have commissioned her forgiven liege to purchase a costly necklace, made for the notorious Du Barry, which the old King's untimely death had prevented her having. Once in possession of the jewel, Madame de la Motte broke it up and began disposing of the diamonds, some of them being sold even in London. When the bills fell due, at "the quart d'heure de Rabelais," as the French say, the whole swindle came to light. Rohan was arrested on the charge of forgery and lodged in the Bastille. After a protracted judicial inquiry, the Cardinal was acquitted, and Mme. de la Motte sentenced to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned for life.

M. Funck-Brentano's book is a plea, not only for the Queen, over whom suspicious long hung, but for the Cardinal, generally looked upon as an accomplice. The reader will, no doubt, be convinced that the author is quite right, and readily acquit the Cardinal on the score of weak-mindedness; as to the Queen, she needs no justification, after the eloquent vindication which M. Labori—ere long destined to play a foremost part in a judicial affair as momentous in its consequences in the nineteenth century as was the *Affaire du Collier* in the eighteenth—some years ago enthusiastically undertook. Of course the Queen was the only real victim of this unfortunate affair. During the long months pending the trial, pamphleteers assiduously bespattered her with calumnies; and in true heartless Parisian way, the people applauded every insult heaped upon her, whom they envied for her beauty, her happiness, her high rank. The shortsightedness of her natural protector, the King, is not astonishing in one of such shallow capacities, who, instead of

instances will suffice; he has been patient enough to by inferences drawn from forgotten deeds, Madame de la Motte's drawing-room at the apogee of her eluquered career the help of a Paris jeweller, to reconstitute the *faux* necklace, a photograph of which is inserted in the work and below. English readers will learn with interest Funck-Brentano is preparing as a sequel to this work the death of the Queen; a fact which perhaps accords inadequate *dénouement* of the story. We learn what the jewellers who made the necklace and of some implees in the swindle, but Madame de la Motte weeping but not repentant, in a cell at the Salpêtrière.

Victor Hugo's Love Letters.

It is a difficult question to determine how far it is to disclose a writer's private life. Perhaps the right said by Matthew Arnold when our conception of a man was shattered by the publication of the poet's letters in that case something might have been said for public



THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

[From "L'Affaire du Collier," by permission of M. Hachette.]

the letters existed every one knew, and misgivings contents roused curiosity. An idealist poet leading a life might prove an interesting study, if it did not light on the poet's work. We can also conceive of a private correspondence revealing a character who from us, that of Virgil, for instance, whom some so withstanding his tender lines, to have been a Alexandrine.

family being related to a Foucher family, Victor often met Adèle Foucher; he was seventeen, she a year younger. On April 26th, 1819, they declared their love, and forthwith, like the most ordinary pair of lovers, wrote lyrical effusions to each other. After three years' courtship, the usual difficulties of dissatisfied father and heart-broken mother and meagre resources being overcome, Victor and Adèle were married on October 12th, 1822. The only tragic incident is the death of the poet's mother, one of the chief obstacles, be it said, in the way of the pair. The comic element is afforded by General Hugo, the poet's father, whose readiness to give the consent required by the French law is explained by his own desire to have his son's forgiveness for having married again, in an almost clandestine manner, three weeks after his first wife's death.

The letters do not shed a single ray of new light on Victor Hugo's character. They are chiefly made up of the namby-pamby sentences that an ordinary youth, with a turn for literature, dashes off with a vast amount of self-satisfaction. Between the lines appears a pretty, intelligent girl, a little arch, perhaps, in spite of a great display of shyness, as befits a young lady brought up in strict bourgeois and Catholic principles. Theirs, after all, is the story of a very commonplace Luxemburg garden idyll.

Strange to say, Hugo speaks little of his work, of his future plans, of his assurance of glory—an evident proof, of course, that these letters were never intended for publication. However, he commits himself twice to a definition of poetry that seems to have startled Adèle, brought up in classical literary principles.

En deux mots, la poésie, Adèle, c'est l'expression de la vertu; une belle âme et un beau talent poétique sont presque toujours inséparables. Tu vois donc que tu dois comprendre la poésie; elle ne vient que de l'âme et peut se manifester aussi bien par une belle action que par un beau vers.

The opinions even of Victor Hugo at seventeen are not very interesting.

Having conscientiously read this latest of Victor Hugo's posthumous publications, we must record our impression of its absolute worthlessness. There was only one person who could read these letters over with interest—she to whom they were addressed. Madame Hugo had carefully hidden them away, and it has been a most unwarranted sacrilege to remove them. No doubt when young Victor penned them in the Rue des Petits-Augustins, with his head all in a ferment about grandiloquent dramas and odes and ballads, he was, as Chateaubriand called him—by the way, more for party purposes than from solid conviction—an *enfant sublime*; but, after all, he was only an *enfant*, and he spoke and wrote like an *enfant*.

A Modern Bachaumont.

The fifth series of the biographical sketches and interviews which the son-in-law of M. Sarcey, M. Adolphe Brisson, has been publishing annually has just come out in Paris, under the now well-known title *PORTRAITS ISTIMES* (Colin). M. Brisson is a sort of modern Bachaumont, the famous author of the indispensable "Mémoires Secrets." As a matter of fact, nothing could be less secret than the revelations of M. Brisson; he has all the audacities of the modern interviewer, but happily so much good humour and so wide a knowledge of men and things that he never gives offence. His curiosity ranges from Thérèse to Eusapia Palladino, and from Mr. Kruger to M. Bourget. During his visits to the members of this motley throng he almost always succeeds in making them say many things worth hearing, placing them the while in characteristic surroundings. A general impression of the French scene is much gained. Most of these

D'EXERCICE DANS L'ANCIENNE FRANCE. A study of the amusements of Frenchmen is the last that was to be expected from the very bookish, historical of "The Novel in Shakespeare" and of "Shakespeare in France Under the But in his breezy picture of the wayfarer's land in the fourteenth century there were pages proving that such a subject as that of sports in France would not be uncongenial to M. Jusserand. Moreover, it is pre-eminently timely. It may be described as a legitimate way of being a Frenchman.

Most of the sports revived in France of a certain spirit of Anglomaniac snobbishness are French games transported to England, and, for M. Jusserand usually explains, temporarily forgotten their origin. The very word *sport*, now used in reality, an old French word to be found in Rabelais, the purists need not hesitate to use this word being too English. The ancient form of the French word, *desport*, or *desporter*. M. Jusserand takes up the games which most resembled war; the tournament, which, in the sixteenth century, had almost of the tourney, the *pas d'armes*, a picturesque exercise in the defence or attack of a passage, a bridge, a city gate-way. On all these violent and really dramatic events, M. Jusserand is the most complete and most interesting of historians, while his publishers have contributed illustrations. One of his most interesting chapters is with the privileged and sacred animals, the dog and the cat. But, it is not only the violent, open-air sports that attract attention. One long chapter deals with the "jeu de la balle," the game of "soule," and of "crosse," the French cricket, and, no doubt, of the Indian variety, the "United States as an importation from Canada, and the "crosse." "Pall mall" preserves the name of former "jeu de mail," which was a game in vogue in England when the Stuarts affected French manners, and this game, which the doctors of Montpellier as a panacea for all maladies, is but a variety of "crosse." Few of us are aware, no doubt, of the "chicane," which is almost as English as it is French, the name of the "jeu de mail" as played amidst the difficulties of the open country, and comes from a rather Persian word *tehaugan* (tehaugan) designating the game of the Byzantine Emperors, a sort of polo, which the Crusaders brought from the East, and which the Crusaders found in Constantinople. There are long chapters, all short, on sport in the sixteenth century, sport in the seventeenth century, and sport in the eighteenth century, leading up to an "epilogue" in which M. Jusserand sums up his conclusions after his long and fascinating inquiry. His conclusion is very favourable to French capacity for sports, and his achievements of French automobilists and ball players have weakened M. Jusserand's arguments.

French Military Gentus.

M. Théodore Duret, the art critic, the historian, from 1870 to 1873, the collector, moreover, of the Japanese illustrated books sold recently to the National Library, has published a brilliant little book entitled *ESQUISSE DE L'HISTOIRE MILITAIRE DES GAULOIS ET DES FRANÇAIS* (de la Revue Blanche). The task he sets himself

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the Germans, who have always waged war to obtain land, the French crusaders as well as Napoleon's Republican troops have launched forth on adventurous quests with vigour and dash, winning victories of which they were utterly unable, owing to their temperament, to reap the benefits, and which they have rarely put to any practical end. The thesis is not an absolutely new one, but the originality of M. Duret's book consists in the closeness of the demonstration, and he must be considered to have proved his point.

"Gazouiller un patois d'hirondelle barbare."

Such is the ambition of Mary Duclaux—Madame James Darmesteter—the writer of *GRANDS ÉCRIVAINS D'OUTRE-MANCHÉ* (Calmann Lévy, 3f, 50c.), and the "patois" is excellent French, with now and then some charming metaphor savouring more of Ruskin's mother-tongue than of Voltaire's crisp diction. There is an unmistakable foreign ring in the following sentences, faultless though their construction may be:—"Le Mené, Thécel, Pharés du surmenage cérébral est écrit sur presque toutes les tombes des Rossetti"; "cet homme paresseux, qui n'a jamais cessé de clamer le *mea culpa* de sa paresse, a laissé une œuvre considérable." Yet the fact that such sentences appear in the *Revue de Paris* before being published in book form is sufficient proof of the unceasing disrespect shown in France for time-honoured Academic formulas of style. The subject-matter of the book is no less new to French readers than the style. The four articles on the Sisters Brontë, Thackeray, Robert Browning and E. B. Browning, and Rossetti are not critical articles for readers acquainted with the writers criticized, but introductions to the study of their works. Perhaps the first essay, that on the Sisters Brontë, is the most successful. Of course the author knows her subject thoroughly, and she uses entirely new material—Charlotte Brontë's letters to Miss Nussey, recently published by Mr. Shorter in his "*Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*," which were not accessible to her when she wrote *Emily's life* in the "*Eminent Women Series*." Through the essay on the Sisters Brontë blows the bracing wind of Yorkshire Moors, some of which is sadly needed among the crowd of Paris men of letters cramped up in stuffy little *édicules* where the germs of an alarming psittacism are so prone to develop. To think and to write according to the bent of individual talent once the threshold of school and University has been left is an ideal far removed from the present French reality. The signs are many of the breaking-up of the old seventeenth-century constitution according to which the Republic of Letters in France is still governed. Shakespeare, out of the precincts of the reviews that M. Brunetière edits or inspires, is no longer looked upon as a barbarian. Foremost in the work of emancipation has shone the *Revue de Paris*, giving hospitality to all forms of art, from Tolstoi and d'Annunzio to Rudyard Kipling.

The French Revolution.

M. Aulard, Professor at the University of Paris, has comprised the results of his studies of a quarter of a century in the *HISTOIRE POLITIQUE DE LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE*. This book is the precise narrative of the efforts to apply from 1789 to 1801 in French institutions the principles of the Declaration of Rights. To produce this volume M. Aulard has chosen for study merely the political facts, a limitation of his task which has already swollen his book to the dimensions of an encyclopedia. For twenty years M. Aulard has been doing naught else but re-reading the laws of the Revolution, the newspapers, the speeches, the election programmes, the biographies of the persons who played a rôle in it. The result is this monumental

great mistake to say "the Revolution did or did not do that thing," the truth being that the Revolution was ideal which Frenchmen tried to realize partially, and since then, certain writers have sought to confound, the often incoherent application of it, or with even by its very enemies with a view to destroying it. M. Aulard seeks to stem the vogue of M. Clémentel word, *le bleu*.

DR. WESTCOTT'S LAST BOOK.

LESSONS FROM WORK. By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. (Macmillan, 6s.)

A doubly pathetic interest attaches to this book. Dedicated to the memory of Dr. Westcott's wife, "for years my unfailing counsellor and stay," it was published a month of its eminent author's end of life on earth. In spirit will it be accepted, we feel sure, by admirers of the genius and lofty character. But it needs no apostrophe, as it were, of the last twenty years of strenuous life, it has the notable marks that belong to of old men's experience. It is a summary of much been long taught. It is none the less inspired by vision of the future. As a young man Brooke Foss Westcott, as he and he repeats it in his "*Lessons from Work*"—saw in his old age he dreamed dreams, but dreams that were remote from the world in which he lived.

The papers of which this book is made up, essays, speeches, are not, we are told, selected with any design but "they are bound together by one underlying theme, each case (wrote the Bishop) I approached my subject with the light of the Incarnation; and I have endeavoured to first to fast how this central fact of history—the life of Christ—illuminates the problems which meet us alike in our work and in our boldest speculations." The central theme of Christianity was indeed, to the last, the golden thread running all Dr. Westcott's life and work. There is some autobiography in the book, in the charge with which it is introduced in the sermon preached at the commemoration of him at Trinity College, Cambridge, last December—two years after the same preacher had preached in the same church on the same subject—and "at the end" the Bishop's words come out with a special distinctness. The words which seem to us especially characteristic:—

At the close of life, when we look back over our career, the conflicts and controversies which we have assumed assume new proportions. We can discern more clearly before the essential questions which they involve and the disturbing exaggerations caused by the secondary. We become conscious of the illusoriness of partial vision, learn to distrust speedy results. And if we are tempted for less in the near future, our confident expectation "the times of restoration of all things" is strengthened by vision of a continuous movement in the affairs of the world, a clearer sense of its direction. At the same time, which we have long dwelt, which we have often laboured to express, which we have tested in the stress of life, pass on with irresistible force.

There is much that is familiar in the book—devotion to the detailed study of the Scriptural text, keen and enthusiastic advocacy of Christian mission,

Physical Science. Two generations ago the conflict between them was a commonplace of controversy. Now that both of them are better understood it is felt that a conflict between them is impossible." There is a fine restatement of the principles on which the Bishop's work for Biblical study and criticism has been based. This and much more that is suggestive and interesting will be found in "Lessons from Work." It is a book which very fitly sums up a life of devotion to duty. It is one which will be read with deep interest by those whose interests are as wide as those of its author, and rise from social difficulties to their solution in the light of Christian principles.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Protecting our Protectors.

Although not literary in subject the monograph on *TYPHOID THE DESTROYER OF ARMIES AND ITS ABOLITION* (Ballière, Tindall, and Cox, 1s. 6d.), by Dr. Leigh Canney, M.D. Lond., is of wide general interest, and merits the attention of those engaged upon Army reform or that still wider public who are desirous for the protection of humanity from disease. Dr. Canney has shown clearly that there was no escape in any war during the past century from the most severe penalties consequent on water-borne typhoid. This he attributes very largely to the absence of effective protection or purification of all drinking water in war. He shows how in all European countries, and even in Egypt, epidemics entirely cease with protected water. The Army alone among large bodies of men, he says, continues on active service without full protection, and hence the enormous casualty lists from South Africa. He believes, and it seems with reason, flies and dust to be very weak media for conveyance of typhoid, and that if an army starts free from typhoid, it will remain so in all probability until the germs are taken in by unprotected water. He therefore insists upon the need of a Royal Water Corps Section of the R.A.M.C. charged with the responsibility of preventing typhoid, dysentery, and cholera in war and in peace. The method suggested, that of boiling, is simple, rapid, and, it would seem, effective in the hands of such a corps as is proposed. According to his plan the fuel adds 1-750th to the daily transport only. If Dr. Canney can prove, as we understand from a note is his intention, that in camps using nothing but boiled or protected water for drinking purposes, flies and dust are powerless to originate an epidemic, then there can be no doubt that it is urgent Thomas Atkins should be made acquainted, as speedily as possible, with the action, methods, and purposes of a Royal Water Corps, to be backed by the whole disciplinary strength of the Army such as is suggested. The divergent views at present held of "air-borne" and "water-borne" typhoid seem to hint that it would be of great value to humanity if the medical profession, in conjunction with representatives of the R.A.M.C., should appoint a committee to enquire into the precise facts upon which the "air-borne" theory is or may be based. Although Dr. Canney's subject is a highly technical one, his views on preventable disease are set forth in a manner which will interest all readers who desire to inform themselves upon a point of poignant interest to thousands of Englishmen at the present moment.

The Author of "The Peep of Day."

Even to some of those who have outlived the theology of

twenty-sixth year, and she was two or three years when she became intimate with no less remarkable H. E. Manning, the future Cardinal. This she and her friends argued and corresponded *ad libitum*, to Miss Ryan's surprise, Manning either though already "converted," or believed her unable to be so. In 1832, "by her mother's desire, Miss B. commenced correspondence with Mr. Manning." Perfect as it has been said, is not incompatible with the lack of a so-called "after life," when "chafed" by the *Quarterly Review* Mortimer wrote "Let me be foolish, for Christ's eyes of the world"; and it is to be feared that times had the prayer, as she would have said. But she belonged to a section of English society which transmitted to its descendants a moral fibre of iron, the root of which cannot have been nourished by it. It is unfortunate that the simple annals of Mrs. Manning should have been narrated so baldly as they are, for surely the narrowest career in the religious world brought to a woman so gentle and so refined, and whose experiences capable of being recorded in a manner even those "worldly" persons of whom her niece evidently believes the population of Great Britain is composed. For instance, we suspect the Rev. Thomas Manning of having been something much more human than the preaching automaton depicted in these pages.

Nottingham Records.

NOTES ON ST. MARY'S PARISH REGISTER 1566-1812, by John T. Godfrey (Nottingham: 1891). This consists of a series of extracts, with annotations, of the principal old parish church of Nottingham. It contains much biographical matter relative to old Nottingham and is sure to be appreciated in the district. It contains a great deal of quaint details or illustrations of the social life of the time, which will not find much to gratify their tastes. Perhaps the most notable notice is that which tells of the habits of Harriet, an eccentric widow of good property, who died at the High Pavement, aged seventy-nine, in 1775. As a child, she entertained the idea that the Christ would be observed on the Saturday. By way of her belief the good lady insisted, with the greatest regularity, going to church at St. Mary's every Saturday in the best apparel, and would do no kind of work that day, but she attended worship, but in her ordinary clothes, and devoted the rest of the day to her secular occupations.

FICTION.

ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW BOOKS.

Anxious admirers of Anthony Hope's earlier work will be forward eagerly to each new novel of his in the "thrilling" romance like "The Prisoner of Zenda" may possibly heave a sigh or two of modified regret at the loss of a chapter or two of *TRISTRAM OF BLENT* (Murray). Mr. Hope will probably, however, become reconciled to them when they have finished the book. Indeed, Anthony Hope seldom dull. As it was said of David Garrick, "He could act on a gridiron—some have given 'act a gridiron,' possibly an even harder word, doubt, could Mr. Hawkins write agreeably about

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LITERATURE.

best piece of work, the most artistic, that the author has yet done. The Tristrams are well in the centre of the composition, so to speak; they hold our attention from the first, and dominate the rest of the dramatic personæ, as is right and fitting. Mother, son, and wife—all three are finely imagined, original, and, above all, singularly interesting studies. They surprise us with a hundred unexpected turns, but they are always true to themselves to their own very remarkable Tristram nature. And every single one of the large and varied group of people whose fortunes are mixed up in theirs—Mina and her uncle, Neeld, the respectable barrister whose editorial proclivities make him a confused participant in the great secret; Sloyd, the estate agent with irreproachable dress and hat of preternatural glossiness—they are one, and all sketched in with the deftest of hands and the keenest observation. It is a great deal to have accumulated so excellent a gallery of living and lovable men and women. For it is perhaps not the least charm in Anthony Hope's latest novel that there is not one of his characters but has something amiable in it. "Tristram of Blent" is a novel without a villain. Even Major Duplay, whom the hardened novel-reader will be disposed to mistrust at first sight, develops ultimately into a gentleman not without his good points.

The book is excellently well written. That, of course, goes without saying. There are some dramatic moments in it which remain in the memory; we might instance the meeting of Tristram and Mina on the bridge, and again, perhaps, the appearance of Mr. Disney at the critical moment of the interview with Lord Southend and Lady Evenswood. But the real interest of the book lies in the unexpected turns which the remarkable blend of stubbornness and pride in the Tristram character gives to a not uncommon plot. Another man, or woman, would have taken this idea and made nothing of it; Mr. Hawkins has worked it into a story that will stand as one of his best. It is a thoroughly good piece of workmanship from start to finish.

An Ex-Bookmaker.

Mr. Percy White has cleverness enough and to spare. There are not many writers—even in an age when everybody writes—who have so completely mastered the art of delicate innuendo as he, who can convey so much in so few words, or so deftly conceal a sting in the end of a sentence. *THE GUR OF THE BOOKMAKER* (Hutchinson, 6s.) is probably as clever as any of his novels, and this is no light praise. But it fails to get hold of the reader; the grip of Alf Harris, *alias* Mortimer Gordon, the bookmaker who so judiciously invested his winnings on the Turf, lies stronger upon his son than upon us. Here is a character out of the common run, admirably executed, and yet there is something lacking in it. The fact is, Mr. Percy White can draw manners à *merveille*—better than he can draw men and women. His characters are deftly painted; they act and speak naturally; you cannot lay your finger upon any error in the novelist's judgment; but you suspect him of some lack of humanity. He manifests no sympathy with them, and in consequence they fail to arouse sympathy in us; we feel that he is regarding them, with a sub-cynical smile, as amiable and on the whole quite interesting puppets. They are—and it may be added that they get through their parts excellently well. And the book is a good piece of work, skilfully executed; of which the sole fault is that it fails to touch the heart.

The Wisdom of the Simple.

Books about company-promoters and their kind have been

son, make a pleasant group, drawn with insight and full of harmless malice—a family raised suddenly from means to great wealth. And Clara Lett is a creation of novelist might be proud. But we are not prepared to say any one of Mr. Constable's figures is thoroughly life-like in bulk of them are something more; they convince in spite of caricaturist's touch, which is a pretty sure sign that he has the right stuff in him. And they are all amiable at least they all have their good points—even Mrs. Storro and the man Cockshott. The financial part of *Marrable's* recent idea may or may not be sound, but the moral by Mr. Constable are unexceptionable. Simplicity throughout—which is all as it should be, although perhaps we are not very close to the realities of life. An exceptionally interesting novel, and we were as sorry to bid adieu to Walter Souple, that sanguine but simple gentleman, the author himself.

An American Novel.

The third issue of Mr. Heinemann's Dollar Library to give us the fruit of the American "graft on the English literature," is entitled *HER MOUNTAIN LOVER*, in Mr. Hamlin Garland's well-known, cheery, cowboy style how Jim Matterson, "the real thing—cowboy, traller," is sent by his partner in a mine, "Doc" Randall, to London to effect a deal. First, however, the doc and "switched him on," as they say in the Dollar Library, pretty and familiar type of frank and free young Yankee Bessie Blake. Jim in London is a wonderful figure, as a serious flirtation in England. But it seems after "the girl was only foolin'," Bessie, however, has to be explained and has to explain a little affair of her own "only foolin', too; and so Bessie and Jim each belong to other and Mr. Garland has furnished a simple, quite story.

SALE AT MESSRS. SOTHEY'S.

The last important book sale of the season took place at Sotheby's last week. The rare Caxton was of especial interest, while the profusely-illustrated volumes on the art of extra-illustrating carried to excess. The following were among the principal books sold:—

Symonds. "The Renaissance in Italy." 7 vols. First ed. Alken. "The National Sports of Great Britain," 1821. First ed., with the coloured plates in perfect condition.
Hawkins. "Life of Edmund Kean," 1800-1887. 2 vols. extended to 3 vols. by the insertion of many portraits and views.
Shakespeare. "Works." Boydell's ed. 9 vols. "Pericles," "Poems," "Biography" by Knight and "Portraits" by Norrils; the 13 vols. extended to 44 vols. by the insertion of some 10,000 plates play-bills, &c.
Geneste. "Some Account of the English Stage, 1600 to 1800." 10 vols. extra illustrated and enlarged to 28 vols. by the insertion of many hundreds of portraits, play-bills, &c.
Montaigne. "Essays," 1603. First ed.
Shakespeare. "Poems," 1640 (imperfect)
Spenser. "The Shepherd's Calendar," 1597; "Colin Clout," 1595; "Fowre Hymnes," 1596, in 1 vol.

Bergomensis. "De Plurimis Claris Mulleribus." £ s. d.	
Ferrara, 1497. With the plates in excellent condition	28 10 0
"Promotorius Puerorum." Pynson's print of 1499. A good copy of this very rare first ed. of the first English and Latin Dictionary	205 0 0
Shakespeare. "The Second Folio." A perfect copy, though somewhat stained, and measuring 335mm. by 218mm.	136 0 0
Caxton. "The Royal Book," 1487-88. A fine and perfect copy. The appearance of this book in the auction-room is an excessively rare occurrence. Only five perfect copies are known to exist, and the other four are in public libraries. The last perfect copy sold at auction was in 1829, when it was bought by Lord Spencer for £61 19s. In 1889 a slightly imperfect copy was sold for £305	1,550 0 0

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—II.

The *Notional Review* is chiefly remarkable this month for Mr. A. P. Sinnett's article called "New Light on Shakespeare." The Baconian theory of Shakespeare's plays crops up so regularly about this time of the year that many will probably pass this paper by without a second thought, preferring not to plunge again into so hackneyed a controversy. But Mr. Sinnett tackles the subject from a new point of view. His theory, or rather the theory of Mrs. E. W. Gallup, explains the cipher more intelligibly than any previous writer has done. It is, in short, a bilateral cipher which is not a cryptograph of the kind that the user must have in his mind all the time he is composing, but one that could easily be arranged subsequently, while, for example, correcting the proof-sheets. And this, of course, may mean that the cipher was not necessarily the writer's work at all. Mr. Austin Dobson has in the same number one of his charming essays on Old London, "St. James's Park" being the subject selected for his paper. Other interesting articles are "A Plea for Re-opening the Rand," by Mr. P. J. MacDonell, and on "The Execution of Marshal Ney," by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett.

"How America really feels towards England" is the subject of an article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. S. E. Moffett, of the *New York Journal*, which is deserving of some study as a sufficiently candid expression of the way in which the bulk of the people regard us. "Four years ago," says the writer, "America's attitude would have been one of sympathy for the Boers, intensified by hostility towards England. Now it is one of sympathy for the Boers, checked by friendship for England." But the friendship, Mr. Moffett is careful to point out, is based solely on self-interest, and will last only so long as the policies of the two Governments are consistent. In the same number Mr. Sidney Low criticizes the War Office Report, and calls attention to the danger that may come with reform. Mr. Henniker Heaton takes up again with zest the congenial task of belabouring the Post Office, in an article termed "Postal Pettifogging," and Mr. T. A. Brassey calls attention to the difficulty of carrying on the business of the Empire in the House of Commons, and suggests local legislatures for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, together with an Imperial Parliament.

The *Fortnightly* contains some reflections by Miss E. L. Banks on the published love-letters of Victor Hugo and Bismarck. Certainly the latter never intended the publication to take

had left to take part in the relief of Kimber Howard, "Henry VIII.'s Lord High Admiral," another informative article by Mr. Percy Cross. Mr. Carr Laughton throws further light upon English ships at the attack at Trafalgar.

"On the Monks' Island," in the *Geophile* is an account of St. Honorat, off Cannes, to a branch of Cistercians who follow a Trappist rule. Dr. A. H. Japp contributes "Study of Nightjars," at home and abroad. Hills has a paper on "The fight at Bow, 1648," which, with the exception of the siege of the last struggle of the Royalists against the forces. "The Evolution of the Modern Geophile" is a title of a scholarly article from Mr. Daniel John.

Mr. William Orpen is the subject of an *Artist* from the pen of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, reproductions of some of the author's best pictures, "The Fracture" and "A Lady in Black," last year. And in a second article on "Modern Photography" Hans Baluschek's work is analysed, and there are on amateur photography and on furnishing at

Mr. Arthur Tomson writes pleasantly of the ancient town of Dorchester, and illustrates some picturesque drawings. "Caravaggio and the Pieta of the Vatican" is the title of a study by Mr. John Ayseough, while Mr. Francis James is selected for treatment. In the *Magazine* Sinding, a Danish sculptor, and Mr. Walter painter, are discussed—the latter by the same who treats of Mr. Francis James in the above tion.

The *Bulminton* of this month has some coloured plates. The pictures in this popular steadily improving in number and quality, but is hardly so strong as usual. The *Century* is a good number, both in matter and illustration.

The article of most general interest in the *Review* is by Mr. W. W. Glenny, on "The Thames."

We have also received *Cassell's Magazine*, *Idle* (Midsummer Fiction Number), and the *La*

Correspondence

THE APPIN MURDER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I note that in your issue of the reference to Stevenson's "Kidnapped," you touch a problem—namely, "Who was the real murderer Glenure?" Perhaps the most prevalent suggestion by the novelist, (too) is that the murderer was Cameron of Mamore. I have thought, then, that some interest to let you know that last year I made an old and very full report of the trial of James almost compels one to think that "the man who was neither a Cameron nor James Stewart" was the latter's son. So clearly indeed is this conclusion borne out by the evidence, (1) Whether a fact

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Carlyle's "French Revolution," edited by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and "Oliver Cromwell," with an introduction by C. H. Firth, and notes and appendices by Mrs. Lomas, are to appear in three volumes each in Methuen's Standard Library. The latter includes numerous new letters of Cromwell. Messrs. Ward, Lock have also arranged to bring these two works out in one-volume form in the new series of the Minerva Library—a series which has just included "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," and "Heroes and Hero-Worship" in one volume. All these books, by the way, appear in Messrs. Ward, Lock's series of "Nineteenth Century Classics," edited by Mr. Clement Shorter. The finest edition of Carlyle's works, of course, is the Centenary Edition, edited by H. D. Traill, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Mr. C. H. Firth is also the author of a volume on "Cromwell's Army" for Messrs. Methuen.

Other works announced by Messrs. Methuen are "A History of Russia from Peter the Great to Alexander II.," by W. R. Morfill; "A History of the British in India," by A. D. Innes; "A History of English Literature: From Its Beginnings to Tennyson"—a translation from the German of L. Engel, by J. H. Preece; "A History of the Police in England," by Captain Melville Lee; "A History of the Old Testament," by G. W. Wade; and "Regnum Dei: The Bampton Lectures of 1901," by Dr. Robertson, the principal of King's College, London.

Mr. Gosse and Mr. Heinemann have already done much to acquaint the monoglot English reader with contemporary Continental fiction by their "International Library" of "Spiritual Baedekers." They have now another series in hand to be called "A Century of French Romance." It is to consist of twelve selected novels to illustrate successive phases in the evolution of modern French fiction. The volumes will have the advantage of fine paper and print, and will be illustrated with coloured plates by living French artists. Each will have an introduction by a well-known critic, a biographical note by the editor, and a bibliographical appendix on the portraits by M. Octave Uzanne. The series will contain "La Chartreuse de Parme," by Stendhal; "Les Deux Jumeaux Mariées," by Balzac; "La Tulipe Noire," by Dumas père; "Mauprat," by George Sand; "Carmen" and "Colomba," by Mérimée; "Notre Dame," by Hugo; "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," by Feuillet; "La Dame aux Camélias," by Dumas fils; "Madame Bovary," by Flaubert; "Le Nabab," by Daudet; "Renée Mauperin," by the Goncourts; and "Pierre et Jean," by Maupassant. Stendhal's "introducer" will be Mr. Maurice Hewlett; Balzac's, Mr. George Moore; Dumas père's, Dr. Garnett; George Sand's, Mrs. Craigie; Mérimée's, Mr. Arthur Symonds; Hugo's, Mr. Lang; Feuillet's, Mr. Henry Harland; Dumas fils', Mr. Gosse; Flaubert's, Mr. Henry James; Daudet's, Professor Trent; the Goncourts', Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly; and Maupassant's, Lord Crewe.

The selection is a good one so far as it goes, but it is not possible to exhibit the French fiction of the period adequately in a dozen volumes. It would take the whole dozen to exhibit Balzac alone on anything like an adequate scale. Even Stendhal is not fairly represented without "Le Rouge et le Noir" to supplement "La Chartreuse de Parme," which is, nevertheless, the best single choice. Then two phases of George Sand, the first and best known and the last and most faultless, are not illustrated by "Mauprat." Moreover, Maupassant's essential virtue is best shown in his short stories. However, for what we are about to receive, we ought, no doubt, to be truly thankful, and there is a welcome infusion of new blood in the introducers. Mr. Maurice Hewlett ought to find himself particularly well suited with "La Chartreuse de Parme," and Mr. Harland with Feuillet's light and graceful work.

bulk of Mr. Henley's posthumous work as definitely revised. Mr. Nutt will also publish a volume of "Views and Lyrics" by Mr. Henley, to form a companion to the "Essays in Verse" which originally appeared in 1890. The new collection comprises the appreciations contributed by Henley to the memorial catalogues of the Glasgow and Edinburgh Exhibitions of 1885 and 1886 (including the whole of Romanticism in painting in the Nineteenth Century); from the Raeburn of 1890, from the Dowdswell collection of French and Dutch Romanticists, 1890, and from the contributions to the *Magazine of Art*, the *National Observer*, and the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Mr. Nutt also announces an edition of Sheridan first printed from his MSS., with a fragment of his comedy, *A Journey to Bath*. The new edition is by Mr. W. Fraser Rae—whose life of Sheridan appeared two years ago—with an introduction by Sheridan's grandson, the Earl of Dufferin and Ava. The same publisher has another volume in hand on "Shakespeare and Music," by Louis, who gives a collection of the chief musical allusions in Shakespeare, with an attempt at their explanation and derivation, together with much of the original music. The number of Mr. Nutt's series of "Arthurian Romances presented in Malory," will be "Morien," translated for the first time from the original Dutch by Jessie L. Weston. It forms an episode in the vast thirteenth century compilation as the Dutch Lancelot, which has preserved a number of the romances, the French originals of which have disappeared. All, save the few students who have glanced at the 80th of the thirteenth century Dutch original, "Morien" is practically unknown. Uniform with the series of "Arthurian Romances presented in Malory" will come a collection of "Lais of Marie de France," translated into English for the first time, with notes and an introduction, by Edith. Another of Mr. Nutt's announcements is that of a reprint of the first English version of "The Pleasant Historie of Lancelot du Lac," a Spanish romance, wherein is contained his marvellous and life-drawn out of Spanish by David Rowland of Arundel, London, 1586. *Lazarillo de Tormes* is the original of the Picaresque novels.

Mr. Clement Shorter was recently taken to prophesying a great revival of Dickens. He has not yet waited for his revenge. The other day we announced the Imperial Edition of Dickens, to be issued by the Publishing Company with Mr. Gissing's "Character Studies." Now we understand that the Oxford University Press has arranged with Messrs. Chapman and Hall for a complete edition of Dickens to be printed on the famous Oxford India paper. Oxford Dickens will be in seventeen volumes—bound in cloth and leather—and will include all the original illustrations. The publication will begin in the autumn.

"John Henry Newman," in the Westminster Biographies, will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul in the early autumn. The life has been written by Mr. A. R. Waller—who has written the new Hazlitt for Messrs. Dent in collaboration with Arnold Glover—and Mr. G. H. S. Burrow.

Messrs. Sampson Low are inviting subscriptions for a new History of the Meynell Hounds and Country, 1780 to 1880, by J. L. Randall, illustrated with forty full-page photographic plates of portraits, hunting scenes, and maps of runs published in two volumes, uniform with "The Annals of Warwickshire Hunt."

"The Universal Obligation of Tithes," written by a well-known barrister, dealing with the subject among all nations and from the earliest times, will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. W. B. Clive has removed to 157, Drury-lane, W.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Children of the Nations." A Study of Colonial Problems. By P. Riggall. Heinemann, 10s. 6d.

- "Botticelli." By E. Steinhilber. (Monographs on Artists.) Grevel, 1s. n.
 "The City Temple Pulpit Sermons." Vol. 5. By John Parker. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. n.
 "Essays from the *Centurion*." By Walter Pater. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.
 "De Omnibus." By Barry Pain. Fisher Unwin. 1s. and 2s.
 [The life and philosophy of the omnibus conductor as told by himself.]
 "The Eternal City." By Hall Calne. Heinemann. 6s.
 "Souls of Passage." By A. E. Barr. Unwin. 6s.
 "By Rock and Pool and Other Stories." By Louis Becke. Unwin. 6s.
 [A collection of reminiscences and recollections of fishing and natural history in Australia and the South Seas.]
 "The Striking Hours." By Eden Phillpotts. Methuen. 6s.
 "The Devastators." By Ada Cambridge. Methuen. 6s.
 "Four Leaved Clover: an Everyday Romance." By "Gray Maxwell." Heinemann. 6s.
 "Sir Hector: the Story of a Scots Gentleman." By Robert Macbray Constable. 6s.
 "The Skipper of Barmalg." By Gabriel Setoun. Constable. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

DRAMA.

- APHRODITE AGAINST ARTEMIS. By T. STURGEON MOORE. 7½x5½. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n.
 [A drama after the Greek fashion and in blank verse.]
 HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR. By R. MARSHALL. 7x5, 152 pp. Heinemann. 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION AND RURAL KNODUS. By C. C. ROGERS. 7x5, 47 pp. Humphreys. 6d.
 ELEMENTARY GEOMETRY PLANE AND SOLID. By T. F. HOLGATE. 7½x5, 442 pp. The Macmillan Company. 6s.
 HENRY V. [School Shakespeare.] Ed. by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. 7x5½, 206 pp. Blackwood. 1s.

FICTION.

- JOHN HENRY. By HUGH McHUGH. 6½x4, 96 pp. Heinemann. 1s.
 SISTER CARRIE. By T. DREISER. (The Dollar Library.) 7½x5, 357 pp. Heinemann. 4s.
 [The adventures of a country girl in Chicago.]
 TOM FLAHERTY'S GHOST and Other Tales. By MAJOR J. SHORE. 7½x5, 295 pp. Simpkin.
 FOR ALL TIME. By C. R. FENN. 7½x5½, 300 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
 A MODERN SLAVE DEALER. By A. P. CROUCH. 7½x5½, 308 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
 THE CONTINENTAL DRAGOON. By R. N. STEPHENS. 7½x5½, 289 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

HISTORY.

- TIME TABLE OF MODERN HISTORY. A.D. 400-1870. By M. MORISON. 12x15, 180 pp. Constable. 12s. 6d. n.
 [Contemporary events in different countries arranged in separate columns, opposite their respective dates.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- TRANSACTIONS OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY. Vol. V., Part II. 9x7. Blades, East, and Blades.
 THE FEEDING OF ANIMALS. By W. H. JORDAN. FARM POULTRY. By G. C. WATSON. (Rural Science Series.) 7½x4½, 450+381 pp. The Macmillan Company in a cloth.
 A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH AND WELSH SURNAMES, With American Instances. By C. W. BARTLEY. 8½x7, 227 pp. Frowde. 21s. n.
 [With a preface by his brother, the Bishop of Carlisle.]

PHILOSOPHY.

- THE THERMAL MEASUREMENT OF ENERGY. By E. H. GRIFITHS. 7½x6, 125 pp. Cambridge University Press.

POETRY.

- A BOOK OF VERSES. By MR. J. G. WILSON. 7½x5½, 76 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

- AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC QUESTIONS. By J. B. HENDERSON, JUNR. 8x6, 529 pp. The Macmillan Company. 14s. n.
 RECONSTRUCTION IN MISSISSIPPI. By J. W. GARNER. 8½x5½, 422 pp. The Macmillan Company. 12s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- BAM WILDFIRE. By HELEN MATHERS. 7x5, 490 pp. Simpkin. 1s.
 A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. Third Ed. Vols. I. and II. By T. H. DYER and A. HANSELL. 7½x5½, 470+481 pp. Bell.

SCIENCE.

- ORIGINAL PAPERS. By the late J. HOPKINSON. Two vols. Ed. by R. HOPKINSON. 8x6, 284+300 pp. Cambridge University Press. 21s. n.
 [Technical and scientific papers chiefly on electrical subjects.]

THEOLOGY.

- JUDGES AND RUTH. Handbooks to the Bible and Prayer-book. By REV. G. H. B. WALTON. 7½x5, 200 pp. Livingston. 2s. 6d.
 ROMANS. (The Century Bible.) Ed. by A. K. GREGG. 6½x4½, 322 pp. Edinburgh.

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WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
W. Schwann.	A. E. van Foreest.	W. Schwann.
1. P-K B 4	P-Q 4	15. Q-R 5 ch
2. P-K 3	P-K 3	16. Q-R 3
3. Kt-K B 3	Kt-K B 3	17. K P x P
4. P-Q B 3	P-Q B 4	18. Q x Kt P
5. B-Q 3	Kt-Q R 3	19. P x P
6. B-R 2	B-K 2	20. B-Q 2
7. P-Q 4	P-Q Kt 3	21. Q-R-Q B sq
8. Castles	Kt-K 5	22. B-B 3
9. Q-Kt-Q 2	P-K B 4	23. B-K 3
10. B-R 4	B-Q 2	24. Q-R 3
11. K x Kt	P-Kt	25. B-K 3
12. B x Kt	P-Kt P	26. B-Q 2
13. B x B	Q-B	27. Q-Kt 3
14. B-B 2		White resigns.

GAME No. XCIII.—played in the Monte Carlo
SICILIAN DEFENCE.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
Tschigorin.	Mieses.	Tschigorin.
1. P-K 4	P-Q B 4	40. R-Q B sq
2. Q-Kt-B 3	P-K 3	41. K-R 2
3. Kt-B 3	Q-Kt-B 3	42. Kt-Kt sq
4. P-Q 4	P x P	43. Q-K 5 ch
5. Kt-Kt	K-Kt-B 3	44. P x Q
6. K-Kt-Kt 5	B-Kt 6	45. K-Kt sq
7. P-Q R 3	B x Kt ch	46. K-R 2
8. Kt x B	P-Q 4	47. Kt-Q 2
9. P x P	P x P	48. B-B 7
10. B-Q 3	B-Kt 5	49. B-B 6 ch
11. P-K B 3	B-R 4	50. P-Kt 3
12. Castles	Castles	51. B-B 6
13. B-K Kt 5	Q-Kt 3 ch (a)	52. P-Kt 8 ch
14. K-R sq	Kt-K 2 (b)	53. K-B 4
15. B-K sq	Q-Q 3 (c)	54. K-K 2
16. Q-Q 2	B-Kt 3	55. P x P
17. Kt-K 5	Q-Q 2	56. Kt-Q 6
18. Kt-Q 4	Kt-B 3	57. R-Q R 6
19. B x Kt (d)	P x B	58. R-Q Kt 8
20. Kt-K 2	Kt-K 4	59. K-K 3
21. Kt-Kt 3	Kt x B	60. K-K 2
22. P x Kt	Q-Kt 4	61. Kt P ch
23. Q-R-Q sq	K-R K sq (e)	62. Kt-Q 6
24. R-K B sq	Q-R-B sq	63. K-Q 2
25. P-B 4	P-B 4 (f)	64. K-B 3
26. R-Q B 3	K-R B 3	65. R-Kt 6
27. Kt-K 2 (g)	R-Q B sq	66. K-Q 3
28. Kt-Q B 3	Q-Kt 6 (h)	67. Kt-K 8 ch
29. P-Q 4	P-Q Kt 4	68. Kt-Q 6 ch
30. Kt-K 2 (i)	B-R 7	69. Kt-K 4
31. Q-Kt 4	Q-K 6	70. K-Q 4
32. R x B	K x R	71. Kt-B 3
33. Kt-B 3	Q-Q 7	72. R-Kt 8 ch
34. R-K Kt sq	K x P	73. R-Kt 7 ch
35. Q-R 5	K-Kt 2	74. P-R 6
36. Q-R 7	Q x Q P	75. B-K 6
37. Kt-Q P 1	P-Q 7 (j)	76. K-Q 3
38. Kt-B 3	R-Q B 3 (k)	77. K-Q 4
39. P-R 3	B-Q 6	78. P-R

and White resigned on the 85th move (m) (i)

BLACK. MIESSES



- (a) This piece does not take the b3 square.
 (b) R x P.
 (c) Most careful.
 (d) It is probable that after defend accuracy, Black is ground lost by his.
 (e) An it is essential to his sup. for pos.
 (f) Black is able to

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 20. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish on page 147 a special article on Ibsen and his work, with illustrations, followed by a "Personal View," entitled "Ibsen in England," by Mr. A. B. Walkley. On page 155 Mr. Arthur Waugh continues his series of articles on Victorian poetry with a paper on "The Poetry of Emotion." Next week we shall publish a special illustrated Ruskin number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's wood-cut portrait of Ruskin, and Mr. Waugh will carry on his series with a paper on "The Poetry of Reaction and Artifice."

Authors and artists alike are notoriously unbusinesslike people, and perhaps it is as well that the question of copyright has been taken up so diligently on their behalf by others. The International Congress on this subject which has been sitting at Vevey got through quite a lot of work on Monday. Among other things a resolution was voted for the repression of false signatures to works of literature and art—by which we understand that the Congress proposes to make the offence a matter of criminal instead of civil law. All non-authorized execution or reproduction of works by telephones, phonographs, or similar machines was declared to be illegal. A discussion was then held

at Oxford the other day, in his course of lectures Extension students on "The Making of England." It is glad to notice that the lecturer put in a kindly word of thanks for the famous story of the cakes. The tale was apparently, within a century of Alfred's death; it is itself particularly improbable; it is told of no other history; and there is no apparent reason why it should have been invented. The spirit in which a story of this kind is accepted as possible because it is pretty and not altogether incredible is none too common among historians, who are generally only too apt to exert all their energies in overlooking some harmless legend. After all, it is these stories which make history human, and that help to keep the more important facts fixed in the memory. Without the burnt cakes a school children would remember much of Alfred's history.

Books to read, recently published:—

- "Two Moods of a Man." By Violet Fane. (Nimmo.)
- "Hush-Whacking and Other Sketches." By Hugh C.M.G. (Blackwood.)
- "A Book of Brittany." By S. Baring Gould. (Methuen.)
- "From Squire to Prince." By W. Phelps Dodge. (Unwin.)

The proposal to carry a light railway up Yarrow Valley is likely to meet with vigorous opposition. Sir Walter Scott's "The Ettrick Shepherd," Wordsworth's "Christopher and others have in a sense hallowed its fairy-haunted Readers of "Marmion" are familiar with the countess's vicinity of St. Mary's Loch and Newark Tower, and the "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is also in the Yarrow. Norman Macleod declared his highest idea of earthly happiness to be a long summer's day spent with a few chieftains in Yarrow, and Wordsworth wrote—

"Where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow,
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow."

The Dramatic Artists' Association of France has received a considerable windfall under rather extraordinary circumstances. A ticket, carrying with it a prize of £1,000, lottery, could not be traced although its legitimate owner had widely advertised for. At last it was discovered that a missing ticket was included in a packet of some thousands others which had been purchased by the banking firm of Rothschild and which had hitherto been unaccounted for. On drawing the money, Messrs. Rothschild presented it to M. Coquelin on behalf of the association.

Claretie has just published a curious letter from Bulwer Lytton proving that there was a time when Paul de Kock had a vogue even among men of letters. The document, which M. Claretie bought at one of Charavay's sales, dates from 1836, about the period of "Oliver Twist" and "Mr. Pickwick":—

Dear Sir,—Allow me to express to you my sentiments for the honour you have done me by the letter handed me by my friend Comte d'Orsay. I am charmed to see that my opinion on the tendencies of your works is such as you would wish. Perhaps, and to speak frankly, might I regret that this tendency of a rich imagination should go beyond the bounds of morals and serve as a means of leading the vulgar into error, and that in particular your opinions on morality between the sexes should be utterly different from that which is generally accepted in this country—where it is the only morality current. I do not say this to you as a reproach, but it is because I have found it somewhat difficult to obtain a just appreciation of your merits. The most striking is that fine kindness of heart and the profound and often seductive philosophy that form the real essential of a comic vein which is more vigorous and more powerful than that of any author that I know. In the *Edinburgh Review* of January next I shall try to give body to my opinions on your talent, in a way agreeable to you. If there are any restrictions it will be the fault of my editor, not mine; but I hope that there will be no restrictions. Genius was given to man as a compensation for his inevitable misfortunes and torments—and your work regards life in so amiable and indulgent a way that I see well enough that it is the reflection of a joyous character and of a satisfied heart. Excuse me for writing this letter in English, but I do not know your language well enough to express to you in French my enthusiastic admiration and my profound respect. I am, dear Sir, your obliged and devoted, E. LYTTON BELWIM.

M. Claretie recalls several mots of Paul de Kock. One day the novelist said to him :—"I am accused of being read only by the kitchen-maids. *Mon Dieu*, I should be enchanted to be read by the chimney-sweeps. That would prove that the chimney-sweeps know how to read." Bulwer Lytton was not a kitchen-maid nor a chimney-sweep. We find it a little difficult, perhaps, to understand to-day how the author of the *Quo Vadis* of his time could have felt for Paul de Kock so naïve an admiration.

THE HAUNTED GARDEN.

Along the desolate terrace once arrayed
In stateliest bloom, frail bramble-roses blow,
Peering from vagrant sprays, forlornly low,
Through the grey ruins of the balustrade,
O'er the rank grasses of the laurel glade,
Blithe trysting-places of lovers long ago,
A bodiless sadness hovers, by the glow
Of sunset only the intenser made,
As twilight musters, with its shadows sere
And awesome soundlessness, across the brain
There creeps a formless, indefinable fear,
A sense of shapes phantasmal, fraught with bane,
Of furtive footfalls suddenly gliding near,
And stifled murmurs that to meaning wane.

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

students, we are sure to find either lawless nothing effeminate nanby-pamby weaklings."

Several interesting manuscripts of songs of the Scottish National Bard have been acquired of the Burns' Cottage and Museum and Monn. Among these is the Gibson-trailg copy of "T" which a sum of 210 guineas was paid in 1887, purchased by the trustees for £100. It is written of a large folio double sheet, and bears two ink of the Excise stamp. The other manuscript of "Holy Willie's Prayer," for which the price paid was £200. For the whole of the remaining MSS., the price paid was £100.

It is proposed to secure the erection of a statue to the late Robert Buchanan at Southend. The committee sent to act as treasurer of the fund, and subscription list forwarded to him.

Professor Baron von Nordenskjöld, the world-famous explorer and author, died on Monday evening, at Helsingfors, and was created Baron by the King of Sweden on his return from discovering the North-West passage.

Owing to want of space at the Bodleian, the library is now considering the question of ceasing to claim copyright in such as tracts and Christmas cards, and other small publications. Last year the various items acquired numbered 114.

A Cromwell library of 114 volumes has been purchased by the parish of Naseby.

A society has been organized in France of the "Arouetistes," for the purpose of holding a festival in honour of Voltaire.

Madame Durand and her staff on *La Presse*, are proposing to undertake a theatrical tour of the provinces of France.

Count Leo Tolstoy, who has now completely recovered from his recent illness, has just finished his new pamphlet on the question, which is called "The Only Way," and is about a hundred pages long.

A prize of £1,500 has been offered for an essay on "What do we learn from the principles of the theory of evolution in reference to the internal political development of States?" The essays must be written in French and sent to Professor Haeckel, of Jena, by Dec. 1, 1895.

The name of the late Sir Walter Besant's new novel, to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is "No Other Way," the previous title having been recently used by another novelist.

Messrs. George Newnes have issued a new quarterly, the *Ideal*, which is to be issued, to be sold at ten guineas a number, or at thirty-eight guineas a volume. It will contain forty pages of text with illustrations, and at least eight full-page etchings or other fine art reproductions.

. August 17, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

In our insular fashion, we have been accustomed now for many years to regard the French newspapers as hardly worthy of serious comparison with even the lightest *Journalism* and most flippant of our English dailies. The few in France, who make a practice of reading them are no doubt wiser, but the majority take their opinion from the scraps of abuse and absurdity which they see from time to time quoted in their own particular morning paper. To these we commend an article, in the current number of the *Cornhill*, on "The French Press," written by one who evidently knows his subject well, and has several illuminating comments to make on the nature and methods of Parisian Journalism. Among other things, he points out that the licence, against which we are so fond of declaiming on this side of the Channel, is there possibly necessary to the welfare of the State. The community in France is, in fact, so highly organized; the machinery of Government so vast and complicated an affair, that an outspoken and disrespectful Press makes, perhaps, the best form of social safety-valve. Violent personalities and scandal-mongering have their use; as in the case of the famous Panama scandals they may sometimes be, in a community so organically centralized, the only means of calling attention to grave abuses threatening the welfare of the State. The trouble is, that the habit of reckless and forcible language, when once acquired, is by no means easy to throw off. This accounts very largely for the length and virulence of certain "campaigns" against this and other countries, arising often from quite trivial causes. The slightest initial impulse may set the pens going, and the wave of hostile sentiment once propagated does not readily die out. And the power of such organs of opinion as the *Petit Journal*, for example, from which the majority of the lower middle class take their political views ready made, is not easy to realize in this country. The French journalist is eminently persuasive. He is no mere purveyor of news, but a rhetorician, an artist, who cares as much for the arrangement of his thought as for the thought itself. Until quite recently, with readers and writers alike, it is not too much to say that form and style have been everything, while accuracy and freshness of information have been almost totally disregarded. A thing well said, an article well composed—these are what his audience still look for rather than laborious research for the truth, and these are what make the success of a writer or a journal. The majority of the Parisian papers are organs of a small set, with well-defined opinions, and the whole theory of their writers is to supply their *clientèle* daily with such matter as they have been accustomed to digest, arranged as wittily and forcibly as may be. But together with these exists a small band of more important journals, such as the *Temps*, the *Matin*, and one or two others, that display unmistakably the influence of broader-minded ideals. American and British methods of journalism we may flatter ourselves—are at length finding imitators. There is now growing in France a sense of the need of obtaining accurate information, and the action of the *Matin*, in sending M. Stéphane Lauzanne to London, under a special arrangement with *The Times*, is a striking instance of this. The traditional qualities that used to make all French journals good reading are not dead, but a wholesome desire for obtaining accurate information has been grafted on to them. The French Press is still the most literary Press in the world, but it no longer aims solely at producing brilliant "copy." It has acquired, at all events in some instances, a healthy appetite for solid fact. And this revolution is not only making the French Press daily more worthy of its mission, but must tend in time to the establishment of more useful and

Literature Portraits.—XV.

HENRIK IBSEN.

The Reformer and the Critics.

Mr. Gladstone vehemently protested against Mr. Gladstonian, and if Dr. Ibsen has not actually claimed not an Ibsenite he has done the same sort of thing, to have laughed a good deal at those who have made of his works into an acronastic cult. There have, in fact, been times when he has had some cause to cry out against irresponsible enthusiasm of highly excited friends against the neglect of cultured persons. But when most original if not most brilliant, intellects of our time find the drama as his medium, when a serious and powerful and stern reformer chooses, in our day, the stage as his hall and actors and actresses as his means of grace, to anticipate that his appeal will primarily fall upon the somewhat feverish and emotional people. To read old controversies which raged about the production of a play as, for example, *Ghosts*, in London, is to plunge into an atmosphere of passion and venom such as our modern Press has rarely known. In the last ten years of the nineteenth century his name was a war cry. As one looks over the early Ibsen plays given in London, one is shocked at the wise men of the dramatic world reduced to the philosophic utterances and vituperation such as are rather with the consideration of vestry politics and criticism of art. When the play we have mentioned by the Independent Theatre, the exhibition of modern part of the Press, to any who had watched its various hundred interesting situations, was really remarkable who had blessed a thousand and one nights of Gaity blushed like a Worcestershire orchard before harvest the severe, educational, and powerful play of *Ghosts* strenuous exposure of false ideals and biting statements usually unwelcome truth must indeed have appeared timid and unthinking as a peculiarly subversive piece of work. Imagine the man who had sat through twenty years of first nights of the London play; the sentimentalism, the external patchwork, the artificial folly and vulgarity that made up the plays that came overlapped the Robertson period. Think of the night Taylor, of Boucicault, of Byron, and a dozen of the Picture the vitiated, satiated critic; the bored, the the believer in a host of ready-made rules and conventional practised conjurer with a bag-full of *clichés*; conceive one face to face for the first time with the intellectual the reformer, and one can readily perceive that a new situation is created. The Mrs. Gummidge of the Press the day before yesterday with passionate regret, the world beware of this Norwegian, who, they asserted dangerous and dull—an impossible combination. In most interesting monographs on this dramatist's work "Quintessence of Ibsenism," Mr. G. Bernard Shaw quotes an informative collection of adverse criticisms from the by Mr. Archer entitled "Ghosts and Giberings," the latter writer has also given in his introduction to the edition of *Ghosts*. Although it is even more than the reputation of those who attacked Ibsen now in these descriptions of the plays of Ibsen.

and in Scandinavia, as an utterly despicable writer, but time proves, as Disraeli once wrote, that worthless people are often merely people worth knowing.

An Indirect Influence.

Without any intention or wish to "sedulously ape" Ibsen many European playwrights, including our own, have been, perhaps unknowingly, influenced by his work. The most unlikely people in the world have been touched by his far-reaching genius. Just as, in a sense, Wagner was the direct descendant of Mozart, and Ibsen of Schiller, so from these reformers have sprung schools whose methods are totally different but whose spirit is traceable to the once abused qualities of now accepted masters. The life of art is like that: fastidious classicism begets the large and independent spirit of the reformer and the reformer passes on his work to a race who water down, polish, cut, re-set, exploit his principles, and make them possible for the service of an always conservative majority. One must remember that the advocate of new spiritual modes of life, who employs, as his method of regeneration, so conventional a form of art as that of

avoided, and the world insists on advance despite warnings of the easily pleased. Although he acknowledged a reform in playwriting has taken place, dramatists have drunken of the Ibsen fountain deep; the result has been seen in many plays by some who once considered the master to be an egoist and a bungler, a gloomy sort of cranky being, and even a "Norwegian pest" whatever that may mean. Those who can see in plays which, perhaps faintly, but still have the broadening and invigorating influence of Ibsen, have been won to his side without being aware of the extent of the influence of the Norwegian dramatist has induced a general movement of ideas and an impetus towards a consideration of hitherto foreign to our stage. As Mr. Shaw has

There can be no question as to the effect produced on an individual by his conventional acceptance of current ideals as compared to the vigilant open-mindedness of Ibsen. It at once greatly deepens the sense of moral responsibility. Before conversion the individual anticipates the way of examination at the judgment bar rather than such questions as, Have you kept the law? Have you obeyed the law? Have you paid your rates and taxes regularly; paid your rates and taxes to the authorities; contributed, in reason, to charitable institutions; tried hard to do all these things; but still hardly as our ninety-nine moral cowards in the hundred. . . . Substitute for such a technical examination which the whole point to be settled is, Guilty or not guilty, one in which there is no more and no less responsibility than for incontinence, for subordination than for legality, for piety than for impiety, for short, for the standard virtues than for the standard vices, and immediately, instead of lowering the moral standard by relaxing the tests of worth you raise it by increasing the stringency to a point at which no mere Pharisee cowardice can pass them. . . . What Ibsen insists upon is no golden rule—that conduct must justify itself by its own happiness, and not by its conformity to the conventional. And since happiness consists in the fulfilment of the individual which is constantly growing, and cannot be satisfied under the conditions which secured its fulfilment, he claims afresh the old Protestant right of individualism in questions of conduct as against all the conventionalism of the so-called Protestant Churches themselves including

What Meredith accomplished in fiction, what Wordsworth in portraiture, Rodin for sculpture, Ibsen has accomplished in drama. But it has come as rather a disappointment to the public of the 'nineties to find that the men who were at last by them as regenerators, saviours of the art of art had been in their midst these many days a picture of Valparaiso Bay dated 1850. "Richard Feverel" first appeared in 1859, and already writing in 1850? Among workers in the art these men are acknowledged masters, but the indirectly influenced, is not admittedly convinced as takes place is slow and in the meantime may be faced. Ibsen has been spoken of as a passive individual liberty who strives to arouse men from their slumber of themselves (that, in itself, may be a sad thing) one who is an uncompromising moral reformer who



From a photograph presented to Mr. W. Heinemann.
[Reproduced in Mr. W. Archer's translation of *Little Eyolf* (Heinemann)]

the dramatist, is at a great disadvantage; the more so if, like Ibsen, he is obviously angry with the world at large and the ways of men, and unhesitatingly insults and belabours those whose best interests he has at heart. Darwin desired to popularize a theory which the vanity of humanity made very unwelcome, but he approached the world in so agreeable a spirit that converts to his creed were abundant. Ibsen, whose task has been infinitely

August 17, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

Done Into English.

The translations have not always given perfect satisfaction ; in the early days the characters of the social dramas produced on the London stage appeared often to speak English with a foreign idiom and to express their, to the unaccustomed ear, far-reaching sentiments in halting and unconvincing words. Mr. Archer has tested the thousand difficulties of the translator in his admirable work of preparing so many of Ibsen's plays for English readers. For example, in one of the prefatory notes, he tells us that the Norwegian title of *Ghost* is *Gengangere*, literally *Again-goes*, or, in French, *Revenants*, and what is true of this one word applies with equal weight to hundreds of others. The perplexities we mention are, however, removable like most other difficulties by the use of infinite care, as is demonstrated by a comparison of the first editions of Mr. Archer's translations with the later one recently issued. " Nothing would have been easier," the editor of the first edition of the plays wrote, " than to make the translation read smoothly by the simple process of ignoring difficulties."

" Let me," he adds, " give a trifling instance of my meaning. A friend who has been good enough to read the proofs of *Hedda Gabler* objects to Miss Tesman's first speech in the last Act: ' Here you see me in the garb of woe,' asking ' Why not simply, Here you see me in mourning ? ' My reply is that in the original Miss Tesman uses a slightly stilted and formal, I might almost say romantic, phrase (Her kommer jeg i sorgens farver), and that, rightly or wrongly, I hold myself bound to indicate this. Very likely ' the garb of woe,' may not be the phrase best adapted for the purpose ; but the mere word ' mourning ' gives no hint of a verbal nicety which Ibsen certainly introduced with a deliberate intention as befitting the character of ' Tante Julie.'"

This remark strikes at a characteristic in many of Ibsen's plays—his use of highly " romantic " language at one moment and of absolutely " realistic " phraseology at another with a well considered effect. Mr. Archer, who has long spread the evangel of Ibsen's teaching far and wide, has said that so far as he knows Ibsen is the first writer of modern (and (so-called) realistic plays whose works have been completely and faithfully rendered into English. Among the translators and editors of these are Mr. Gosse, Mr. Charles Archer, the late Mrs. Marx Aveling, Mr. L. N. Parker, Mr. Havelock Ellis, and others. But Mr. William Archer has borne the burden of the day and far out-run the rest in his attempt to make Ibsen widely known. In a preface to the plays he says :—

My fellow workers and I have done all that lay in our power to represent, as literally as difference of idiom would allow, every finest shade of the poet's meaning. I dwell on the fact that this is the first enterprise of its kind in English, in order to remind any reader who may be dissatisfied with the result that we had no precedent to guide us, and that he has no standard with which to compare our efforts.

The compliment paid to Ibsen by this series of translations is as high as it is deserved and as valuable to society at large as to all those interested in the narrower world of stagecraft. The following plays have been translated into English and published here from time to time :—

Lady Inger of Ostrast.
The Vikings at Helgeland.
Love's Comedy.
The Pretenders.
Brand.

Rosmersholm.
Pillars of Society.
Hedda Gabler.
The Wild Duck.
The Master Builder.

St. John's Night, The Feast at Solhaug, and Olaf Lili his well-known dramas will have been named.

Poetry.

The poetic feeling of Henrik Ibsen is shown in his dramas in verse have been greatly admired, but we suppose that the translations with which one is familiar give a poor idea of the originals. Those fragments of plays which Mr. Edmund Gosse has done into English Norwegian for Mr. Jaeger's volume do not give sense of beauty or the lyric spirit, but, on the other hand, Gosse's translations which appeared in his collection " On Viol and Flute," and published as long ago as 1884, are of no small interest, although, as the translator has said

... verses lie like gems that hide
In coffers sealed from English eyes.

As they are not very generally known at the present time, we quote from them here.

III.E.

Agnes, my exquisite butterfly

I will catch you sporting and winging
I am weaving a net with meshes small,
And the meshes are my singing.

III.C.

If I am a butterfly, tender and small,
From the heather-bells do not snatch
But since you are a boy, and are fond of a
You may hunt, though you must not catch.

III.E.

Agnes, my exquisite butterfly,

The meshes are all spun ready ;
It will help you nothing to flutter and flap
You are caught in the net already.

III.C.

That I am a butterfly, bright and young,
A swinging butterfly, say you ?
Then, ah ! if you catch me under your net
Don't crush my wings, I pray you.

III.E.

No ! I will daintily lift you up,
And shut you in my breast ;
There you may shelter the whole of your life
Or play as you love best.

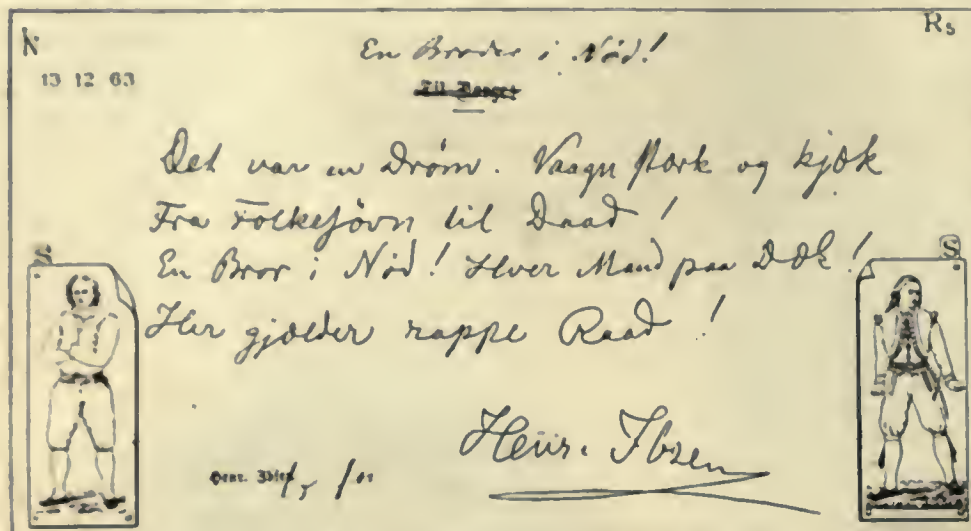
This song may have lost something of the charm of the original translation, but the second has a more unusual charm.

In the sunny orchard-closes,
While the warblers sing and swing,
Care not whether blustering Autumn
Break the promises of Spring ;
Rose and white the apple-blossom
Hides you from the sultry sky ;
Let it flutter, blown and scattered,
On the meadows by and by.

Will you ask about the fruitage
In the season of the flowers ?
Will you murmur, will you question,
Count the run of weary hours ?
Will you let the scarecrow clapping
Drown all happy sounds and words
By the rustle of the leaves
When the wind is blowing

With my living, with my slaying,
I will tear the hedges down !
Sweep the grass, and heap the blossom,
Let it shrivel, pale and brown !
Swing the wicket ! Sheep and cattle,
Let them graze among the best !
I broke off the flowers ; what matter
Who may revel with the rest !

Work then in patience, till you see
The confines of your Holy Land
That Palestine of poesy,
Where Agnes waits for you, and
Pull on with strenuous arm and ear
The sandy bar will soon be pas
And grassy odours from the shore
Proclaim you home at last !



"SPECIMEN OF HANDWRITING AT THE AGE OF 35.
The Figures at the side are Sketches of Theatrical Costumes made by Ibsen when Manager of a Theatre.
[Reproduced from *Johannes*, 1894.]

Mr. Gosse, however, is in much better vein later in his book when he addresses the poet in Dresden. The stanzas are very pleasant which begin :—

And while I wait for your new song
To waft its fragrance o'er the sea,
I hold the memories that belong
To you, to Norway, and to me ;
I wander where the wild swan calls,
And where the dark lake lies and shines,
And watch sonorous waterfalls
Rush whitening, through the pines.
You in the city of sweet names,
Where Raffaele and Correggio meet,—
I by the dismal-tided Thames,
In dreary square and sultry street,—
Both, by one magnet drawn, extend
Our thoughts across the northern deep,
Till both our beings mix and blend
Where jarls and vikings sleep.

And later on he expresses a desire which has been fulfilled to some extent when he sings :—

But oh ! to win my people's eyes
To stand with me—to gaze, admire,
To praise the statue's form and size,
That is the goal of my desire ;
But, friend, you dream not of the weight
Of insular phlegmatic pride,
The sturdy self-sufficient hate

no doubt as to Ibsen being an artist. It is his to wake the soul by tender strokes of skill, but rather to arouse the intelligent clear light of his horrible but splendid motive and the weight and strength of his life as it is. To do this he was by technician of the highest accomplishment ; the fact of a strong case has been the death of his plays show the all-pervading magic of in the school of great endeavour. When literary monument of the revolutionary force was given to the world in 1850, and written under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme, twenty-two years of age, and from that present day, when he is in his seventy-connexion with the stage has been of the c The number of his plays is legion, but a mainly of interest to English people are

This was said many ago, and Ibsen has 1 Mr. Gosse's prognostic confines of his Holy far distant.

Before Ibsen's written he had penn amount of verse— German war, a ques him deeply, and in which he greatly bl—and a poem to Hu out his long career turned from the wr the production of he tells us, found exercise refreshme increase of hope.

The Master

If art be order, nious results, obtai powerful principles thought to be the c

Dette er min b
skrift nu for tiden.
Kristiania, den 4 Sept
Henrik Ibsen

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remarkable exception to the general laws of development, to which all else in living nature and in the intellectual world is subject; but in fact these laws admit of no exception. One of these laws is that a faculty is developed by using, but is dormant or degenerated if it is left idle. This law is as inevitably true of dramatic inventiveness as of any other faculty. If it were put to the test, it is probably more true of this than of any other branch of literary work, since skill and technical practice are of greater moment in dramatic writing than in any other class of literary art. . . . The importance of the fact that Henrik Ibsen became intimately connected with the stage at an early age cannot be too much insisted on. But for this connexion he never would have acquired that mastery of dramatic technique which is so justly admired in his plays. He continued to direct various theatres in the North for ten years, and rehearsed above a hundred plays. He could have had no better school. Of course, they were a very various series of pieces with which he thus became practically acquainted; Shakespeare and Holberg, Oehlenschläger and Heiberg, his own and Björnson's youthful plays were represented; but, above all, he was influenced by the constructive art of the French dramatic writers of the day, especially that of Scribe, though from the literary point of view Scribe's pieces did not greatly appeal to him. At the same time he did not particularly devote himself to study theoretical works on the drama. He read Heiberg's prose writings, especially the well-known essay on the *Faudeville*; and during his tour abroad Herman Hettner's book *Das Moderne Drama*, then just published, fell in his way, but this was the whole extent of his theoretical reading." In Christiania he had had the opportunity of seeing a sound, though not very brilliant, school of acting. This was at the Danish theatre which was closely connected with the once flourishing period of the Danish stage, whose admirable qualities were no doubt advantageous to a young writer. But it was Ibsen's experiences, sometimes of a painful and disappointing character, as director of the Norwegian theatre at Christiania following upon his five years of apprenticeship at Bergen that, one apprehends, formed the sound basis of his dramatic skill and originality of presentation. In England, at least, whether rightly or wrongly, we are inclined to judge Ibsen only by his modern plays, and, viewed as a technician alone no doubt he will be ready to stand or fall by that series which has been translated into our language. The whole mass of his historical dramas and the romantic plays is, from the point of view of stagecraft, one long and highly interesting preparation for the plays of modern life with which we are familiar.

An Actor's Playwright.

In stageland, in the world the other side of the curtain, they have a way of saying that such and such a part is "actor-proof." Hamlet, it is pointed out, cannot be spoiled by any actor, it plays itself. When this can be said of any rôle it is a high compliment to the dramatist who has imagined the character, and, although it does not absolutely apply to the men and women of those of Ibsen's plays produced in London, it is true of them in a very remarkable degree. Here, new actors have made their early fame in his dramas, and men and women of long standing, sunken, as we thought, in convention and over-loaded with the artificiality of long experience, which is at once so effective and so intolerable, have redipped, as it were, in the fountains of artistic youth and astonished and held spellbound an audience of critics by their renewed vivacity and freshness, their sincerity

and again grasped the opportunity of giving us a taste of qualities in an Ibsen play. It is at present reasonable to suppose the public does not desire to patronize such dramas as *The Wild Duck* or *John Gabriel Borkman*, but all the artists of the theatre who have seen a play or two by this author are found ready and willing to undertake one of his created rôles, and what have done so the result has often been a remarkable revelation of unsuspected talent. Without, we trust, being likely to be remembered in this connexion the remarkable performance of Kate Phillips in *The Wild Duck*. Here was a lady of reputation of long standing as a spirited *soubrette* type of conventional stage type who showed to wonderful advantage a powerful character actress in a part written by Ibsen. Mr. James Welch as the hero of, say, *In the Soup*, and recently his Vilhelm Fokdal in *John Gabriel Borkman*, is testimony to the extraordinary skill of Ibsen and the possibilities of and pathos that may lie hidden in a popular comestrian play. The last-named play (one, by the way, which was particularly prolific even for one of Ibsen's dramas in the development of talents of actors) Mrs. Beerholm Tree was seen to great advantage as Mrs. Wilton, whose famous exit, "Oh, I know what to do, I assure you," will be remembered, though the other part played by this gifted and versatile lady.



CORNER OF IBSEN'S STUDY
When Living in Viktoria Terrasse, Christiania.
[From *Juleaften*, 1894.]

might easily be extended. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was prepared to play a comparatively small part in *Little Eyolf*, as well as one, for all parts in Ibsen's plays are important; Mr. Glyn Jones produced *An Enemy of the People*, and, as we have seen, all actors who have once seen one of Ibsen's dramas are desirous to play in them. This is not because Ibsen is a revolutionist of art, a poet and speculative philosopher, but because these ladies and gentlemen know at a glance that the parts as Dr. Stockmann, Gina Ekdal, or Ulrik Brekkeskjold, wrought by a master hand, and, notwithstanding the pathetic attitude of the public towards the plays, the unsympathetic attitude of their author towards the public

nobler ones is not very much sought after by the average playgoer. The plays of Dr. Ibsen have had therefore to be thrust before the public by a number of unusual contrivances. Mr. Grein's idea of the Independent Theatre has been a powerful agent, but the private enterprise of such artists as Mr. Vernon, Miss Achurch and Mr. Charrington, Miss Farr, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Lee, has also done much to hand on the light. *A Doll's House* showed the public that a new power in the dramatic world had arisen, and *Ghosts*, which, in a certain way, completes and supplements the theory of the earlier play, showed that it was intended to use that power without mercy in the cause believed to be true. The old use of the playhouse as a place of entertainment was called in question; that the stage should be used as ground on which reforms might be suggested and a cure for life's *malaise* thought out or discovered, shocked the easy-going patrons of the drama who, on account of an unfortunate epigram of long ago, are supposed to have the right to give the drama's laws, and they considered this forcing of the realities of existence upon the stage an inexcusable piece of bad taste. By the time these two plays had done their work an Ibsen audience had been pronounced immoral, and a play by Ibsen, the protagonist of a new and stern morality, decreed anathema. Thus the undeserving, the trivial, and the partially endowed among playgoers were frightened away from the study of Ibsen, and it was not until Miss Robins' adventure at the Vaudeville Theatre with the careful and skilful production of *Hedda Gabler* that the world of English letters began to awake to the fact that the clouds of vituperation which at one time obscured the sun of the Norwegian dramatist were clearing off, and that now, at last, his work might have some chance of being judged without prejudice. The caste of *Hedda* was an excellent one, and all who valued the art of acting were satisfied on that score, and soon able to view even an Ibsen drama with some inclination to fairness.

For a while, indeed, his works were almost in vogue; one heard phrases quoted from his plays in general conversation, and even the newspapers knew something of his ideas, and could speak of "the law of change" and "the younger generation knocking at the doors," or at least owned that Ibsen could be "frightfully thrilling." All the plays (except, perhaps, *Pillars of Society*, when it appeared first at a Gaiety matinée), *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabler*, *An Enemy of the People*, *The Lady from the Sea*, *Rosmersholm*, *The Wild Duck*, *The Master Builder*, *Little Eyolf*, the fourth act of *Brand*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, and *The League of Youth* have been produced with great care, and although by no means widely popular, delighted those who were able, while still seeing faults in his work, to appreciate Ibsen's fine purpose and enjoy his technical skill.

His Present Position.

"As the originator of the analytical modern drama," says Mr. Jäger, "Ibsen has now a high position in literature of the nineteenth century throughout the world; and the great attention which his later works have attracted, not only in Germany but in England and America, sufficiently proves that his importance is becoming recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. Since Holberg no Scandinavian writer has filled such a place in Germany as Ibsen now does; his work is actually marking a turning-point in German literature, for a whole crowd of young writers and critics have uplifted it as a banner round which they are rallying against the old school of German dramatic poetry. But the multitude have not as yet fully

ery of the protagonist, and that is a voice peculiar misconception.

In Stockmann, the principal figure in *A People*, indeed, one is tempted to see Dr. Ibsen the Burgomaster is reasoning with him in re closures he intends to make, and warns him that, has no right to have any individual conviction fact of Ibsen's attitude towards life starts into with their easy-going morality and selfish views of Stockmann, he flashes out, "It's I that have the town at heart! I want to lay bare the evils later, must come to light." . . . That is the author of *An Enemy of the People*, *The Wild Duck*, *Hedda Gabler*, and the rest of the dramas as known to the English stage and playgoing public and arresting a cry it is. If, as an entertainer compare with the writers of a thousand comedies and humourist there is much to long for, does not "spiritual distinction" make amends, and is the stage so catholic as ours for the reformer and merry-andrew, for a picture of the tragedy and the soul as well as of the comedy of bad manners, play of stage-land people performing honorable possible actions in an artificial atmosphere. I own, on looking back at the history of the English stage so determined and hard a reformer as Ibsen does chance of a welcome. We have seen a good work and, as has been said, our playwrights by many of the good qualities they possess. The public who are sufficiently interested in the question of this Norwegian taking so much trouble to reform the matter with the best of all possible worlds, are hurrying Dr. Ibsen? "Damn the Reform Bill," the mouth of *Coningsby*. "If the Duke had not Lord Grey on a coal committee, we should need the Reform Bill," and the public wonder what "a disagreement first caused the author of *An Enemy of the People* to searify society. This attitude is, no appropriate, and the causes of the bent of a play are always a fair and informing study. The "Life of Ibsen" quoted will do much to satisfy these inquirers, and the graphic, the mystery of the man is not made ap

Biographical.

Of recent years there have been several authors published, but in 1888 when "Henrik Ibsen Et litterært Livsbillede," by Mr. Henrik Jäger was considered a remarkable honour for a writer among us and hale and hearty. This work was published in Copenhagen on his sixtieth birthday, and is the first biography which can claim to be authoritative. Ibsen himself supplied the author with a great number of facts, and who would trace the working of his mind through his struggles and later victories cannot do better than read this volume which has been published here in an excellent edition by Miss Clara Bell.

Born in 1828, Dr. Ibsen's early life is now known. The struggles to which his circumstances and to which he was subjected until he had come to forty years of age, shaped his thought and method of work. Pessimists may find the unambitiously cheerful, but it is from such struggles that develop. Ibsen's forefathers were Danish so

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About this time Ibsen adventured upon the world and became an apothecary's apprentice at Grinestad, where he found himself in that hostile attitude to his neighbours which he has continued with tolerable consistency in a wider world ever since. Here he began the study which led to his writing of his early work, *Catiline*. When this drama was published there were not many interested people ready to buy the firstling of a promising brain. Later, when Ibsen was living with a devoted fellow-student in Christiania they sold to a bookseller the whole stock of copies, "the remainder," as the booksellers say, for what supplied them with the necessities of life for a few days. The necessities of life were very few and hardly come by in these and for many days. Such trials Ibsen bore with stoicism, for his nature was naturally strong and slow and his health at this and all times of that wonderful and God-given quality that never knows a day's illness or an hour of pain. While at Grinestad he was said to go about like a "seven-sealed mystery," and there can be no doubt that with his mind busy with the "wild horror" of his poetry, his political enthusiasms, his dramatic intentions, and his studies for the examination at the University of Christiania, he made but a distrustful and unsympathetic member of the small local society. In 1850 he arrived at Christiania with the intention of getting into the University; he was coached by Hellberg and had among his fellow-students his, afterwards, fellow-dramatist, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Ibsen profited by the teaching of his excellent coach, but owing to the short time at his disposal he did not matriculate, but subsequently took the degree of Doctor of Philology *hon. causa*. The early years in Christiania were full of exciting artistic and political labours, but Ibsen's private affairs did not flourish. The dramatist, lyric poet, political satirist, critic, and journalist had, however, attracted some attention, and when a new theatre was established at Bergen the post of stage manager, with some such offices as poet and theatrical instructor thrown in, for £267 a year for five years was offered to and accepted by him.

At the end of this period he returned to Christiania as director of the Norwegian theatre, but revisiting Bergen in 1858 to be married. From 1858 to 1861 was a time of storm; his position at the theatre was a difficult one and some of his own plays produced there were intensely unpopular, especially *The Comedy of Love*, which may be considered the forerunner of that series of social dramas with which English readers are familiar. This play was quoted against him when he asked for a State bounty, but later, after some highly characteristic unpleasantness, the State Council granted him a sufficient sum, and in 1861 he left Christiania for Berlin, for Trieste, and, finally, for Rome. After this time his work continued to gain in power, and by slow degrees those plays which have become of more than European interest came into being. In 1866 and 1867 the lyric dramas *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* appeared, in 1873 *Emperor and Galilean*, in 1877 *Pillars of Society*, *A Doll's House* in 1879, *Ghosts*, 1881; *An Enemy of the People*, 1882; *The Wild Duck*, 1884; *Rosmersholm*, 1886; *The Lady from the Sea*, 1888; *Hedda Gabler*, 1890; *The Master Builder*, 1892; *Little Eyolf*, 1894; *John Gabriel Borkman*, a little later; and *When We Dead Awaken* last year. This list is the story of Ibsen's later life and is far more important and of fuller interest than anything one can know of his private affairs. His home life, it has been hinted, but not by his authenticated biographer, was not altogether a happy one. Perhaps it is hardly to be expected that a philosopher, who is at work arranging the happiness and improvement of mankind, should be able to find time for his own private life.

The father and son have been said not to enjoy each other. Indeed, as far as one may judge from the society that surrounds a great man's name, Dr. Ibsen appears to his own society to that of a circle of friends. One, of the enterprising journalists who have attempted to give him a somewhat awful picture of his present condition from what Mr. Jørgen has to tell us, this side of Ibsen appears to have been exaggerated. At one time the journals and literary magazines were full of articles upon his work, his message, and, above all, his meaning; have proved of somewhat ephemeral interest, and the chief value to the English student of his work is the translations already mentioned. "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," which is one of the most keenly treated treatises on the author and his series of epoch-making plays, once, if one may incidentally adventure an opinion on Mr. Bernard Shaw's most valuable addition to literary articles on his plays by Mr. Archer and Mr. Walk



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may be found in their collected criticisms; Mr. Henri "Life," which is especially valuable in regard to days and work of Ibsen; Dr. Brandes' essays on "Ibsen" volume published by Mr. Heinemann; a "Commentary on the Works of Henrik Ibsen," by Mr. W. G. Sebald.

expressed in the lines from *Catiline* translated by Mr. Gosse, which begin :—

If but for one brief moment I could flame
And blaze through space, and be a falling star ;
If only once, and by one glorious deed,
I could but knit the name of Catiline
With glory and with deathless high renown,—
Then should I blithely, in the hour of conquest,
Leave all, and hie me to an alien shore,
Press the keen dagger gaily to my heart,
And die ; for then I should have lived indeed,

to make the poet attractive to the "general" has done a good deal to explain Ibsen to the dramatist. "Had Ibsen died in 1867," he says, another great poet, would have gone to his grave ever rationally understood his own meaning year an intellectual expert—a commentator, as we have gone to Ibsen and offered him the explanation he himself must have arrived at before he could write *The Wild Duck*, he would, perhaps, have repented as much disgust as a maiden would feel if any one enough to give her the physiological rationale

meeting a fairy prince. It is only this that comes to the creative artist with absolute truth, and he receives an answer to his "What do I mean?" That is the very question which his own intellect, which had no part in the poem, may be asking him. And the intellect—this restless life in it—takes it from dead machinery, and what the lesser artists but little, is one of the greater sort." Thus Mr. Shaw defines his mind as to what Ibsen's plays mean the plots of the plays to illustrate the real slavery of to-day is slavery to money and at the same time shows that the "discoverable and perfectly defined poet's work by no means depends on the truth of his own intellectual consciousness. This ambiguity in some of Ibsen's subsidiary charm to many intellectuals who have exercised their skill in finding meanings for occasionally obvious imposing ingenious theories upon statements. These commentators see Professor Rubek (of *When We Dead Arouse*) "sadly and earnestly"—"There is something behind everything you say," and the some pet idea of their own at the end. Another class of writer has attempted amusing on the subject of Dr. Ibsen that although the Norwegian poet can be to be a humorist, except of the bitter character, he has been the cause of a great amount of fun in others. English writers have produced some amusing travesties of his. Mr. Anstey, who as a playwright may have learnt something of the art of the author of *Little Eyolf*, has given us a volume collection entitled "Mr. Punch's Poet" to be the condensed, revised, and slight edition of the master's best-known benefit of the earnest student. *Rosmers House*, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Wild Duck*, effort to continue *The Master Builder* his book, which is made funnier by the of Mr. Partridge, who has himself, if rightly, played, very seriously, an Ibsen. Mr. Anstey has said in his ironic way "Ibsen" may well benefit the earnest Norwegian dramatist.

The work of such a man as Ibsen for parody ; if we can laugh at some

Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Sole Lessee . . . Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.

SPECIAL MATINÉE

FOR THE FIRST TIME

December 7th, 1894,

AT 9 A.M.

LILLE EYOLF

SKUESPIL I TRE AKTER AF HENRIK IBSEN

PERSONERNE:

Alfred Allmers . . .	Mr. H. L. Brækstad.
Fru Rita Allmers . . .	Miss Elizabeth Robins.
Eyolf	Mr. Wm. Heinemann.
Froken Asta Allmers . . .	Mrs. H. L. Brækstad.
Ingeniør Borghejm . . .	Mr. Edmund Gosse.
Rottejomfruen	Miss Brækstad.

Handlingen foregår paa Allmers's ejendom ude ved fjorden, et par mile fra byen.

Manager Mr. Fred. Harrison.

ADMISSION—TWO GUINEAS.

PLAYBILL OF THE COPYRIGHT PERFORMANCE.
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and sympathy, which only a small minority of the playgoing public at present possesses. To the rest the higher drama is as disagreeably perplexing as the game of chess is to a man who has barely enough capacity to understand skittles. Consequently, just as we have the chess club and the skittle alley prospering side by side, we shall have the theatre of Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, and Ibsen prospering alongside that of Henry Arthur Jones and Gilbert, of Sardou, Grundy, and Pinero, of Buchanan and Olmsted, as naturally as these already prosper alongside that of Pettit and Sims, which again does no more harm to the music-halls than the music-halls do to the wax-works or even the ratpit, although this last is dropping into the limbo of discarded brutalities by the same progressive movement that has led the intellectual playgoer to discard Sardou and take to Ibsen.

Here Mr. Shaw presents what he believed to be the position of the Ibsen play with unusual clearness, but by labelling it "intellectual" he has unintentionally helped the growth of that attitude of indifference which is at present shown towards Ibsen and his works. We may permit our neighbours without a sense of humour to call us many things, but to assert in so many words the intellectuality even of a tiny minority is to make that little knot of people blush and look the other way. Thus it happens that, while the spirit of Ibsenism has informed many of the more skilful and arresting plays during the last decade, the dramas of the master are rarely, far too rarely, seen on our stage.

But Ibsen will come again; his influence although widely felt is by no means universal, and if for a time he should suffer eclipse, we may be sure the law of change will work in his interest and that of society:—

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

The influence of a genius whose work is of so much value to humanity may be subject to the fluctuations of fashion and be the sport of ephemeral enthusiasm, but it will survive. It will outlive its weaker side, and flourish in the face of discord. Ibsen is a name that will deserve to flame in the forehead of a greater age than ours and light a people—sublimed, spiritualized, freed from a thousand conventions—to higher truths and more ethereal happiness.

EGAN MEW.



A Sketch by Ibsen of "Public Opinion under the Tash."
[From *Juleaften*, 1894.]

Few tourists in the country would deny the invaluable assistance of the Ordnance map. The difficulty of obtaining them has often been remarked upon and the Government has been accused of lack of business capacity in that, having gone to great expense in providing a thoroughly good article, it has not taken any further trouble in putting it before the public. We

IBSEN IN ENGLAND.

A "Personal View"

By A. B. WALKLEY.

What is the history of Ibsen's influence in theatre? Is it another Decline and Fall? Or are a of it likely to survive as permanent additions to our dramatic energy? One need not have been over-tired from speculations of this kind a few years ago, nineties the Ibsen quarrel was like the temper of gentleman in "Pickwick" who forbade his patient t—"werry fierce." It has calmed down now, and whether we are for or against, take Ibsen coolly. In ficially, it looks as though the question "What do y Ibsen?" might now be answered in the old Thacker "We don't think of him." How many Ibsen perform there been in London since the production of *John Gahr* in the summer of 1897? Is there a single theatre which includes a single Ibsen play in its repertory? not Mr. William Archer recently had to admit the *Society* has been acted in Germany over twelve hi and in England exactly twice? Nevertheless, it is sign the admission is made in a new edition of Ibsen's p. Evidently Ibsen is still read. Nor is any serious dran in London that is not on all hands, overtly or tacitly reference to Ibsen's ideas and Ibsen's technique. ' do not see him "materialized" on the stage, his s to be hovering in the air. He is like Napoleon in *L'* is absent in the flesh, but still, posthumously, trouble as the Napoleonic idea. In that sense, then, at any it is the most important sense—we may say, *petit bo rucore*.

He has certainly had an uphill game of it. anything surprising in that? The Ibsen drama, is imported drama. Just as Crummles was not a so Ibsen—there is no getting away from the fact Englishman. Our ancient and inbred prejudice against accompanies us to the playhouse, where we do not lea vestibule with our hats and coats. Dr. Johnson's frien that, so far as he could see, all foreigners were fo intellectual ancestor of many a stalwart anti-Ibsenite a comparatively brief period in the last reign, our i imported drama have made no very imposing show. after the Restoration we had plays of Molière. The imported to satisfy any popular demand. The Theatre was dependent on the Court or those who tone from the Court, and the Court—we all know wh tone from France. At the outset of the last century a vogue—this time a popular vogue—for stage T Kotzebue "boomed." It was the time when the a Mansfield-park rehearsed *Lovers' Vows* in Sir Thomas study, and Miss Fotheringay played Mrs. Haller in *T*

Scribe and Labiche and swallowed Sardou whole. But note that either there was nothing essentially "foreign" in the French plays we imported or we got rid of the foreign element in the process of adaptation. The serious French theatre of the period—the comedies of Augier and the thesis plays of Dumas fils, based on characteristically French notions of the family and of sexual relationship, regular or irregular—we left severely alone.

In other words, the foreign importations which the English playgoer has received without protest have been plays of amusement. You must, of course, understand amusement in its wider sense, including the "luxury of woe." And here you touch the *differentia* of Ibsen's case. Ibsen's plays (those, at any rate, which have been seen in this country) are not plays of amusement. They are plays of discipline and chastisement. Ibsen is a satirist. He "knocks" the orthodox conventions "endways." He "gives furiously to think," raises awkward questions, and spares nobody's ewe lamb. In a word, he makes you thoroughly uncomfortable. There is, I admit, a sense in which even this is "amusing." There is amusement of the keenest in seeing a piece of work thoroughly done; you have intellectual exhilaration and the pleasure of tasting irony of peculiar flavour and piquancy. But that is rather an esoteric form of amusement, the amusement of connoisseurs. In this sense the most austere work of art is amusing, an *Œdipus Tyrannus* or a *Paradise Lost*, and even works which are not of art when they are capable of being viewed aesthetically. Do not the surgeons talk of a lovely tumour and the mathematicians of an elegant demonstration? An excellent French critic, the late M. J. J. Weiss, remarked "C'est beau, un beau crime!" and before him De Quincey had discussed, not entirely in a vein of paradox, murder as one of the fine arts. If you are a true connoisseur you cannot help admiring the neatness and dexterity with which blows are delivered, though, as the recipient of them, you may be howling with pain. That is the case with Ibsen's blows. He hits us hard, but his "science" is delightful. "With such a being as man," however, "in such a world as the present," connoisseurship of this kind is not for the million. The average man is disinclined to receive with enthusiasm the candid friend who tells him plain truths for his good. Ibsen showed us the seamy side of our pleasant vices, the egoism of respectability, with many other ugly things in our inmost selves, and it was only natural for us not to like it.

In this respect the English opposition to Ibsen merely fell into line with the general opposition which he at first provoked in every theatre in Europe wherein his plays were performed. But obviously that is not the whole story. It will not account for the fact that Ibsen has been far less successful with us than with Continental playgoers; it will not account for Mr. Archer's typical instance of two English performances of *Pillars of Society* as against twelve hundred in Germany. If we have had our general human reasons for resisting Ibsen, we must also have had our special reasons for resisting him as True Born Englishmen. No doubt the opposition was largely factitious. Ibsen

old ladies in country villages to buy another nail to steal spoons. There is no need to cull of the English Press, which by this time, I feel sure, of its early blundering in the matter. Two Americans (America proving in this respect a little more than England) will suffice. A leading lady in Washington according to the *New York Critic* (cited by Mr. Ibsen) to allow an Ibsen reading in her house on the could lend no countenance to "that foul-mouthed recognizes no law, human or divine." And in an *Evening* book, Mr. Ade's "Fables in Slang," I find a Lady Bountiful who, detected, "said she was benevolent any more—so she joined an Ibsen course, is meant as a joke; it represents, a vulgar notion that Ibsenism somehow covered a revolt, of being "agin the Government." I found for this error in the untoward circumstances taken up by the "cranks," the half-baked, and After *A Doll's House* the Women's Righters, not for a propagandist, were riotous Ibsenites, and certain brilliantly misleading opusculi by Mr. Ibsen fancy that for a moment the Socialists were in delusion that they had found a new prophet.

The important fact remains that there is Ibsen peculiarly unpalatable to the English taste. Mr. Leslie Stephen has put it, there is a "graininess" in the average Englishman. Compromising way, and the policy of "muddling through" so distrust of ideas and logic. Ibsen's people are popular phrase, to go the whole hog, to be explicit if not logical. "Women," writes Lord Chesterfield in his letters to his son, "are all so far Machiavelli; they are never either good or bad by halves; they are strong, and their reason too weak, to do anything but what they feel." Whether this be generally true or not, it is true in regard to the conduct of many of Ibsen's characters that conduct proceeds rather from a passion than from idealism than from any weakness of reason. Ibsen is a poet as well as a satirist, and his poetry is in the form of symbolism. Now, if symbolism has had little successes on the Continent it has had none in England. "drive at practice," stick to plain facts, and not to Hilda Wangel's "harps in the air" and the "homes for happy human beings" and the "the allegorical Wild Duck. Then, again, Ibsen's people, more especially his womenkind, are unduly We have no precise English analogues for them. What at a loss to "place" them. Nora Helmer easily enough and Hilda Gabler, but not Hilda wants her kingdom on the table, or Mrs. Solness dolls, or the child in the *The Wild Duck*, or *When We Dead Awaken*. These may be Norwegian are certainly not English, and we feel *dépayssés*.

lend ourselves to the process of "detachment" requisite for ignoring the queer, un-English side of Ibsen.

To sum up: while it is safe to assume that Ibsen will continue to be read, it is quite possible that there is no future for him as an acted dramatist in this country. But his indirect influence on our drama can hardly cease to be operative—until the next theoretical revolutionist appears. No one who has once become aware of Ibsen can ever again tolerate the pre-Ibsenian formulas. Our serious playwrights must, willy-nilly, go to him to learn their business. What one of them has already learnt from him will be plain to any playgoer who has seen *The Notorious Mrs. Elphinstone*. Here Mr. Norman Hapgood, an able dramatic critic and author of a recent volume on "The Stage in America," hits the right nail on the head. "The neglect of the dress of beauty," he says, "is what makes some of Ibsen's plays rather technical experiments, instructive to playwrights, than forms precious to humanity." Just as there are poets' poets so there are dramatists' dramatists; and of these Ibsen is incontestably the greatest.

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN POETRY.

IV.—THE POETRY OF EMOTION.

The reader who has done me the compliment of following me so far will no doubt have been struck by one prevailing characteristic in which the poets we have been considering are related to one another—a characteristic which lies at the very root of their relation to their art itself. In their attitude to life and its problems they display wide differences of opinion and conviction, but in the method in which they apply their art to the consideration of life they are closely affiliated. And if we try to define this characteristic, we can perhaps best do so by saying that their object is to irradiate life by ideas, to test emotion by ideas, and in all distractions of mood and circumstance to let the idea measure the force of the instinctive sensation and stand as the final arbiter of its sincerity and value. Poetry, as we know, has been variously defined, and never quite satisfactorily; but it may perhaps be said without fear of grave contradiction that there are three principal aspects of poetry, in the right combination of which the highest form of poetic excellence will be found to consist; while their confusion results in partial and confined attainment, through the presentation of but one side of the poetic quality, or of the different sides insufficiently assimilated. Poetry may deal with three separate activities of the human mind; with ideas, with emotions, and with moods. When poetry is defined as "a criticism of life," the framer of the definition has in mind chiefly the poetry of ideas; when it is described as "emotion remembered in tranquillity," the description is directed chiefly to emotional poetry; and when we are told, as we often are nowadays, that the sincere reproduction of a moment's spiritual experience is the proper concern of the poetic art, this third and final definition applies almost exclusively to the poetry which seeks to reproduce the writer's mood without any reference to its truth or value.

Now, the highest order of poetry will be found, under analysis, to combine elements from each of these three classes,

applicability to all human nature. For example, to moment to the poets whom we have already taken as Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Browning's "Petrarch-like poems charged with acute personal emotion," the conformity of those emotions to a generalized life, the universal applicability of their sentiment lift them out of purely emotional poetry into that of the poetry of ideas, give them a certain philosophical force of permanent life. So long, we may say, as man regards with emotion, on the one side, the death of a dear friend, and on the other, the death of his own death, so long he will feel, under certain conditions, the idea, as these two poets have felt in these particular poems. Here, therefore, the emotion is irradiated with the life of ideas, and the poetry is raised by it above the levels of circumstance.

Emotion, then, is of the essence of poetry, but it is necessary that the emotion should be, as it were, universal, and for this process a certain remoteness from its source is obligatory. The mind must be detached from the emotion before it can appreciate its significance; precisely what Wordsworth meant when he said that "emotion remembered in tranquillity." The writer who writes with a noble rage, smarting under wrong, may produce poetry of great individual and historic interest, but of little or no immense topical influence, but he will scarcely produce an utterance to a permanent truth. Now, the poetry which we next to consider was poetry of this secondary order, a sort of reaction against academic calm and even philosophical analysis. It was intensely human, sincere, eager; and in its day it had a broad and humanizing influence. It was not poetry of the highest ideal, because it was in a hurry, too keen to be proclaiming itself at once, too little remote from momentary sensation. Much of it can never be read without a responding emotion in the reader, and very little of it has that high note of universal truth which is found only with the perfect co-operation of the transcendent with the permanent idea.

Of all the movements in Victorian poetry this movement is the most clearly defined and traces its origin immediately referable to political and social causes, and has strongly marked characteristics common to almost all its followers. It is therefore something of a paradox that the considerable poet which it produced should stand apart from the general movement, and should be distinguished by its gifts of unusual breadth and vivacity. And yet, if we consider the emotional poetry of the Victorian period, it is impossible to deny that it drew much of its eager and chivalrous sympathy from the tender, womanly character of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "Headlong" was the word which her Italian master gave her in the schoolroom, and so long was the spirit of the movement of which she was the conspicuous star. She had, indeed, an intellectual firmer and surer than any of her companions; but, the inspiration of the cause was upon her, she was, and at times as incoherent, as ever the Delphic priestess, the example which she set in the neglect of form was far-reaching and insidious. Her character was so womanly, her attitude to life so sensitive and humane that those who were naturally drawn to her were inevitably entangled in the web of her mannerism; and a worse model it would be hard to choose. Her passion for fantastic and unnatural adjectives, her slipshod licence in the matter of false rhyme and as

phrase, "humanly acceptive" and stimulating. She was moved less by the immediate interests of the hour than some of her contemporaries in the movement; but, like Sydney Dobell, she was passionately zealous in the cause of Italian freedom, and she shared with James Thomson a yearning sympathy with the suffering and restriction of the working classes. To this enthusiasm we owe "The Cry of the Children"—one of the most vigorous occasional poems in the language.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary";
"Our young feet" they say, "are very weak";
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek;
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

The eager sincerity of the feeling rings out above the jarring assonances and jolting metre; and it is this patent sincerity that gives a haunting charm to almost everything she wrote.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake;
He giveth His beloved sleep.

This wells up from a pure heart fervently; and the fountain of her verse, troubled as it generally is upon the surface, is often lucid and fresh at its depth.

Say never, ye loved once:
God is too near above, the grave beneath,
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,
For such a word. The eternities avenge
Affections light of range.
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—Loved once!

This is Mrs. Browning at her best, and here emotion is so nervously felt and expressed as almost to seem transferred into the region of pure ideas. But there is just a little too much protestation, just that rhetorical emphasis of the argument that dulls the edge of poetry. One is reminded of Coleridge's treatment of broken affection; and, setting the two passages over against one another, one feels in the earlier poet a certain wistful tenderness that rings more true than all Mrs. Browning's earnest eloquence.

Alas! They had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Perhaps the contrast which these two passages suggest indicates fairly justly the case against the poetry of emotion. Here, once again, "The lady doth protest too much"; and with a sincere over-emphasis which is nevertheless a violence to art.

This is, indeed, the differentiating characteristic of the emotional movement, which seems to sway with every phase of

penetrating expression. But his very facility was an abundant vocabulary led him into excesses of emotion; his picture was apt to become a blurred mass of colour.

O Love! I am unblest,
With many doubts oppress

I wander like a desert wind without a place of rest
Could I but win you for an hour from off that star
The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death has
Than the melancholy world doth know—things deeper
You could teach me, Barbara!

There is true emotion here, but the expression is
And that was exactly the fault of so much of the
kind. Some of its insufficiency was no doubt due
to treat in poetry radically unpoetic subjects,
attention to the necessary art required. Thus
(B.V.), a poet of perverted imagination, desired
to be an emotional realist, as his own poetical creation

Singing is sweet, but be sure of this,
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss.
Statues and pictures and verse may be good
But they are not the Life for which they

The result, however, of emotional realism in poetry is
encouraging when it lands us in such barren pictures
instead of Heath.

Here we will sit, my darling,
And dream an hour away;
The donkeys are hurried and worried
But we are not donkeys to-day.

Through all the weary week, dear,
We toil in the work down there,
Tied to a desk and a counter,
A patient, stupid pair.

And the two Chartist poets, the two Joneses, Ernie and
become flatulent in political enthusiasm, and come
affections. Here, for instance, is a Chartist march

Sharpen the sickle; how full the ears!
Our children are crying for bread!
And the field has been watered with orphans
And enriched with their fathers' dead.
And hopes that are buried, and hearts that
Lie deep in the treasuring sod;
Then sweep down the grain with a thunder
In the name of humanity's God!

And here is a poem of the domestic affections:—

A pleasant sail, my child, my wife,
O'er a pleasant sea, to many a life;
The wind blows warm, and they dread no
And wherever they go, kind friends are
But wife and child, the love, the love,
That lifteth us to the saints above,
Could only have grown where storms have
The truth and strength of the heart to part

Of these the former is turgidly conventional
affectedly unimpressive, but they are perfectly fair
poetry of the movement. For when, as in the case of
the muse takes broader pinions, her flight is
fitful. Dobell had illimitable ambitions; in "The
essayed the cause of Italian liberty, while in
sought to follow a human soul in its journey from
the physical to the spiritual, and in the end to find

The effect sought here is clear enough to divine, but the effect is far from attainment. Here, as elsewhere, there is quite insufficient consideration of the method which must underlie all artistic representation.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to indicate the nature and restriction of this broad stream of emotional poetry which flowed so turbulently and overpoweringly through the middle of the Victorian period. It found reinforcement from half the unmeasured enthusiasms of the hour, and, being essentially topical in its tone and sentiment, it enjoyed no inconsiderable popularity. To the student of poetry to-day it is chiefly interesting historically. For in a fashion it carries on the Byronic movement, and is itself a symptom of that growing democratization of literature which some of us believe to be a dangerous menace to the future preservation of the literary spirit in England. Fortunately it has not been allowed to pass unchallenged, and the movement which we shall next have to consider vindicated so thoroughly the claim of form in poetry as almost to have obliterated the influence of formlessness from the verse of the present hour. While the emotional movement was at its height, English poetry, despite the unbroken example of Tennyson, was perilously threatened by a wave of lawlessness which, had it spread more widely, must unquestionably have played havoc with the taste and judgment of the younger generation. But literature is generally justified of her children; and the reaction which followed, a reaction of much art and a little artifice, has restored the balance. Nowadays, whatever the danger of poetry may be, it is at least not likely soon to revert to flaccid metre or sentimental excess.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE YOUTH WAGNER.

Wagner was not a youthful prodigy in music. No angry parents discovered him playing at midnight in a pitch-dark garret on a forbidden piano in his nightshirt. Nor, when he did play, would his listeners request him, as Mozart is said to have been requested, to remove his ring lest there should be magic in it. His sister Rosalie might rehearse her songs in peace, without any fear that he would snatch the music from her and play it forthwith, without any practice.

This is the first point that must strike the reader of Mr. Ashton Ellis' excellent translation of the opening volume of Herr Glaserapp's standard "Life of Wagner" (Kegan Paul). In the account of Wagner's boyhood there is little definite forecast of his great musical genius. There is, however, enough evidence of the overflowing spirit and energy combined with the acute sensibility of his artistic temperament. "I never could be angry with him," said his sister Cécilie in after years, "for he either had his mouth so full of childish jokes that I was forced to laugh against my will, or his eyes so full of tears that I myself must cry." The glimpses which Herr Glaserapp gives us into the intimate life of the brother and sister in their childhood are the more pleasant to linger upon as one hears so much from old musicians of the abruptness and arrogance of Wagner's character. The German artist, Kietz, painted more than one pretty little incident of those early days. One picture shows Wagner in the brotherly act of sharing his footgear with his sister.

Impatient to welcome back their mother, Cécilie and her brother have rushed off to the landing-stage one afternoon ;

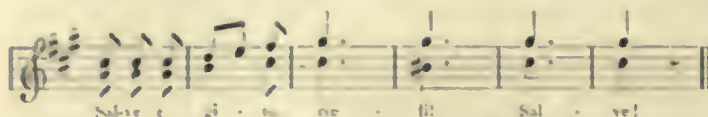
comes out strongly. In later life he insisted on the presence of his dog in the orchestra, till one day it took the measure of the double bass as a personal attack and was banished. So at the age of nine Wagner insisted on and kissing the tired horses that took him on his journey from Dresden to Elstleben. But a story that his school days seems to us to be most of all characteristic of the man.

One day . . . a holiday was proclaimed to the work in school. Wild with excitement at the rare opportunity, he rushed out into the street, shouting and throwing the air. On the impulse of the moment Richard caught these, and flung it right up to the roof of the school. Among his admiring schoolfellows there was one who cheer, however the one who had lost his cap. As never bear to see anybody in tears, with his usual self-resolve young Wagner ran off to recover the misadventure into the building, upstairs to the roof-loft, out the ventilator, he emerged on the roof. The youngest below huzzaned, but held their breath when they saw the intrepid urchin scrambling down the steep incline on his back. Some hurried off to fetch the porter. When the man they crowded after him as he edged his ladder up the stairway. Meanwhile the climber had secured his cap, crawled back in safety, and managed to creep back the alrhole into the pitch-dark garret.

This was Wagner all over. Figuratively speaking, all his life flinging a cap over the house-tops. So many pinnales of misunderstanding for the perilous, slippery his boyish adventure, and we have a prophetic allegory Richard (cœur-de-lion) who was never to be thwarted by the obstacle that stood between him and his end. It is the intrepid revolutionist in music, poetry, philosophy.

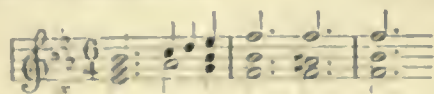
But in which of these spheres was he to make his fame? Was he to be poet, musician, philosopher, or politician? At the age of thirteen he translated twelve books of the out of school, and at fourteen he wrote an enormous opera based on *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. The excessive number of characters forced him to reintroduce most of the characters as a plot device in order to keep the last act going. Such bagatelles, in addition to elaborate sketches for dramas on the Greek model, and study of classic mythology, were scarcely compatible with musical education. Meanwhile, there were, of course, seeds of a love for music in the boy. *Der Freischütz* made an overwhelming impression. As Weber passed by the Wagner house at Dresden, on the way to conduct the opera, would whisper to his sister, Cécilie, "My! that's the man alive! How great he is, you haven't the weeniest idea! But which attracted him the more, the legend or the music? In *Der Freischütz* it would be difficult to say. It was not till he was seventeen and first heard Beethoven's symphonies performed in Leipzig that he decided to be a musician. "I knew no more, really was intended for (he afterwards wrote in the "Pilgrim to Beethoven"; and the Pilgrim here undoubtedly speaks of Wagner himself); I only remember that one evening I heard a symphony of Beethoven's for the first time, that it set me on fire, I fell ill, and on my recovery had become a musician. But even then he does not seem really to have made up his mind. His biographer has yet to tell us how, at the age of eighteen, in the midst of the excitement of his life as a University student at Leipzig, his people had great trouble with him

really be made. The music of the first period advances gradually into the second, and so forth. With Wagner it is quite different. There is little connexion between the composer of *Rienzi* and the composer of the *Nibelungen Ring*. But curiously enough a close examination of some of his quite early work, written before *Rienzi*, reveals a suggestion here and there of the composer of the *Tannhäuser* period. There is a remarkable passage, quoted in the life before us, from *Das Liebesverbot*, in which the



[By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul.]

composer anticipates a well-known theme—that of the pardon motif in *Tannhäuser* :



[By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul.]

It was not until the performance of *Rienzi* that he met with any real measure of success. It followed upon ten years of comparative failure, culminating in the bitterness and penury of his two years' sojourn in Paris. The history of these struggles is admirably told by Herr Glasenapp. With his unrivalled knowledge of all that concerns his hero, his account of Wagner as conductor at Würzburg, Königsburg, Magdeburg, and Riga—before his journey to Paris—presents an intimate picture of the conventional opera house of the 'thirties. Wagner does not—as his later life would lead one to expect—make much battle against these conventions. *Rienzi* is sufficient evidence that his Muse was actually Italianized for the time. And Wagner the critic was at times as much unlike his later self as Wagner the composer. His youthful admiration for French and Italian composers is almost laughable when contrasted with his final views. He is "uplifted" and "ennobled" by Mehul's "Joseph," and contrasts the broad melodies of Bellini with the stiffness of German music. The revolution that he afterwards wrought in music was equally a revolution in his own ideas.

It is not, after all, to be wondered at if it took Wagner some time to reveal himself in his true colours. The music-drama which he was to create is the most complex form of art conceivable. It required a poet as well as a musician and

listening to Wagner's music we are carried beauty of sound from the elaborate conceptions dramatist at that moment we are not true carry out his design a long literary training necessary. His youthful vacillations between were to serve their turn when the two arts were poet-musician.

Whether Wagner really was a poet is a ver- cyde once remarked that he was a greater poet. But of his importance in the history of litera- no question. His "Ring" as it is popularly the old German epic, the *Nibelungenlied*, and the before the eyes of the whole musical world. imparted a new interest to the beautiful old leg- of the swan. In *Tristan und Isolde* he brought to the German stage. *Tannhäuser* he discovered. It is through Wagner that the story has beco- the world in general. He took characters that in the dust of old legends and made them hous- lions if an English composer were to unearth Amoret from the neglected pages of our "Fae- instil them with actuality. "Characters" is the term for many of Wagner's dramatic per- apply it to *Tannhäuser*, to *Frederic and Or-* even to *Brünnhilde*, when by reason of her



"WAHNFRIED" WAGNER'S RESIDENCE AT BAYREUTH
[From "Wagner, Bayreuth, and The Festival Opera," (Jarrold.)]

humanity she loses her divinity. Tristan intensely human; Hans Sachs and Beckmesser designed and contrasted characters. But the Wagner's largest work, the "Ring," is not, a genial to the display of character. The drama moves under the shadow of an inevi- essentially non-moral, a struggle for power, Greek gods. The various dramas—the Giant

pass. Little by little only are the myths clinging to its dark places being disentangled. It is true the *Lunae Montes* of Ptolemy no longer stray, like a lost caterpillar, athwart the southern face of the continent. Speke's Mountains of the Moon have given place to Stanley's Ruwenzori. The latter, again, must not, in future, be referred to as a single summit, but as a group. Yet when, as late as 1852, Sir Roderick Murchison stated in his Presidential Address to the Royal Geographical Society that Africa was a continent "unique in the stability of its earth surface," he, in common with the rest of the world, spoke in ignorance that active volcanoes were even then smoking within a hundred miles of the Equator. Still later, Stuhlmann, desecrating no glaciers within the compass of his vision on the western side of the Ruwenzori ridges, inferred their total absence from the range. Lastly, to multiply no further instances, Tanganyika was long held in question as a lake of uncertain parentage with no outlet; and when both Stanley and Cameron established its connexion with the Congo by the affluent Luakuga, they found the latter river, which to Thomson and Code Horn formerly presented itself as a great stream "whirling away to the west," sluggish to stagnation. Mr. Moore's experience agreed with the later conditions. We may note here a slip of the pen (p. 120) which associates Livingstone and Stanley in the search for this outlet in 1875. By that date Livingstone was in Westminster Abbey. Change, existent and progressive, is the keynote of Mr. Moore's observations on the physical features of the country. Upon each of the three regions—the lakes, the volcanoes, and the Mountains of the Moon—his work has added information of a very valuable and varied nature.

The primary object of the expedition, which owed its main inspiration to Professor Ray Lankester and a small committee of scientific men, was to ascertain the true significance of the presence of marine fauna in Lake Tanganyika, and to seek for any similar occurrence in the other great lakes to the south and north. The answer supplied is conclusive. Neither in Lakes Nyassa and Shirwa below, nor in Kivu, the Albert Edward, and the Albert Nyanzas above were there any marine fauna or traces of there ever having been such. In Tanganyika alone were found not only jelly-fish, but a whole series of mollusca, crabs, prawns, sponges, and smaller things, all distinctly marine in type. Two deductions follow:—These phenomena are not a peculiarity of the fresh waters of Africa in general; they must then be regarded, in the instance of Tanganyika, as relics of a departed sea, which sea the author assigns to the Jurassic period. It must be remembered that the present lake is 2,700ft. above sea and 600 miles from the coast. It appears, therefore, to have once been either a separate sea, or a basin communicating with the ocean by a channel through which its denizens could enter.

Having thus contributed to the settlement of this vexed question, Mr. Moore passed from "the serious pursuit of whelks," and with his companion, Mr. Fergusson, next proceeded to study the conformation of the ridge which, with interruptions, extends northward from Tanganyika to the Mountains of the Moon. Here, again, the impressions arrived at considerably modify the views hitherto entertained. The author's own words will best explain his idea:—

Take a section of Africa, from east to west, we find that the continent assumes, roughly speaking, the form of an immense hog's back. On the top of the ridge, and running also approximately north and south, are two immensely long and relatively narrow cracks—formed by excessive and

points by astronomical observations for the fir- canoes of Mfumbiro came in sight. These n- figured in the Anglo-German territorial agree- up like a dam from the floor of the lake at its- mity, and are the key to the water-sheds of Ce- their formation the whole area of Kivu was Nile. They exhibit three main cones, the hi- Karisimbi, is computed at 14,000ft. At the see- Moore accomplished the ascent of the western- Cha Gungo, and by boiling-point observations c- erater definitely fixed its altitude as 11,350ft., within a few feet the figures previously arriv- Götzen.

Between the Albert Edward and the Alb- Mountains of the Moon formed the conclusi- traveller's research. From a colign of vau- obtained an extended view of the whole range.

It was of importance, as it at once dismiss- the last remnant of any idea that Ruwenz- sidered as a single mountain mass. Before us- range, which looked as vast and formidable, as many different elemental peaks as does the- of the Italian plains of the south. From th- stood one could see some seventy-five miles c- in this length there were at least four group- individual snowy peaks.

With immense labour Mr. Moore climbed 14,000ft., and discovered for the first time t- glaciers in this chain. Before him, in 1895, M- made several ineffectual attempts in the sam- did not reach the actual snow-line. Here, the- field for individual exploration. For the pr- holds the record as the pioneer in touching- ridges. He describes the summits as being c- rather than covered with snow.

We have dealt mainly with the problem- solution by Mr. Moore's efforts. There are- eliciting decided opinions, discussed in his l- probable value to the Empire of what Mr- termed her "undeveloped estates," and the- present, and future, of the native. But this- vince of debate and personal conviction. It m- present limits to indicate that Mr. Moore reg- and the African as somewhat less promising th- nations would fain have them to be. The vo- deserves to be read attentively. It cannot- category of those which treat in a general mann- African types—"the lion, the locust, and the H-

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Guide-Books.

A French writer, M. Alphonse Allais, c- Baring Gould points out in his preface to A Bo- (Methuen, 6s.), that the English tourist in F- characterized by an air of profound *ennui*. Fra- him; he is interested in nothing, and never seem- place save in order to go on immediately to anot- Gould is of opinion that this unfortunate t- counteracted by filling up the deficiencies of- "There do not, in this book, appear the thir-

August 17, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

certainly do well to take this with them as a supplement to the ordinary guide-book. The chapter on "architecture" does not pretend to go deeply into the subject, but it should enable any one to acquire sufficient knowledge of the different styles to be able to discriminate between them.

It is possible to forgive a man much if he has as keen an appreciation of good literature as has Mr. F. W. Bockett, the author of the pretty little volume which he calls *SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS FOR PILGRIMS ON WHEELS* (Dent, 3s. 6d., n.). He has excellent sympathies; he is obviously a lover of old books; and on the whole he chats about his excursions quite pleasantly. Thomas Day and Cobbett; Moor Park, with its memories of the Temples, and Swift, and Stella; Jane Austen's house at Chawton

and Gilbert White's at Selborne—they are all treated by Mr. Bockett with a wealth of apposite allusion and quotation. He is a man with a real love of books, and men of this stamp are so rarely found among writers in these days that we cannot but be grateful for what he has given us. And yet—since justice must be done—he has very nearly spoiled the flavour of what should have been an entirely charming book by the perpetual intrusion of a sort of false humour that we should not have expected from so scholarly a writer. The chapter devoted to Charles Kingsley is perhaps the most irritating in this respect. And Mr. Bockett does not keep himself and his personal affairs (including his bicycle) quite so much in the background as we could

have wished, from the artistic point of view. Still, his little book makes very pleasant reading, in places; and it has a number of interesting sketches (some of which we reproduce here) by Mr. J. A. Symington. It makes as good a guide-book for Surrey and its neighbourhood as any traveller of literary inclinations could desire, and it has the additional merit of being small, compact, and easy to carry.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. issue some well-arranged and illustrated guide-books in their series of Shilling Pictorial Guides. That on *ABERYSTWTH* contains information for travellers over most of the Southern part of North Wales, including those who may wish to ascend Snowdon and Cader Idris. There are six maps and over sixty illustrations, with appendices for anglers, cyclists, and golfers. *ALDEBURGH*, in the same way, deals exhaustively with the Suffolk coast round Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Felixstowe, and pays a visit as far inland as Ipswich. *FOLKESTONE* takes in the coast line of South-East Kent from Pegwell Bay to that most interesting of places—Romney Marsh, and includes such seaside resorts as Sandgate, Hythe, Dover, Deal, Walmer, and Sandwich.

GLASGOW IN 1901 (2s. 6d., n.) is a more ambitious work, written by James Hamilton Muir, illustrated by Muirhead Bone, and published by Wm. Hodge and Co. of Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is well written, and does not confine itself by any

Abbey Church of St. Peter, Bath, Malmsbury Abbey, and the Church of St. Lawrence, at Bradford-on-Avon.

Burton, the Cathedral and See, is another series, compiled by Mr. H. J. L. J. Masse, with illustrations by the Rev. W. D. Sweeting. Both of these



Jane Austen's House
Chawton

[From "Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels," by permission of Messrs. Dent.]

little handbooks give an exhaustive history and description of the respective buildings, while Mr. Sweeting adds an account of the original monastery at Ely, which seems by the way to have been a "mixed community," containing religious both sexes. Both volumes are profusely illustrated.

The aim of *THE COACHING MAN'S COMPENDIUM*, which is published at the offices of the *Road*, is to bridge the gap between the issuing of the *Badminton* book on the subject and the present day. It is a curious medley of a book, prose, newspaper paragraphs, and lists of the 12 Provincial coaches for the last few years.



George Eliot's Cottage
Gypsy Mill

[From "Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels," by permission of Messrs. Dent.]

Wagner and Bayreuth.

FICTION.

Brown Humanity.

Some of Mr. Clifford's stories collected in *BUSH-WHACKING, AND OTHER SKETCHES* (Blackwood, 6s.) have appeared before in *Blackwood's* and *Mcquillon's* magazines. They are all well worth reading, and some of them are very good indeed. The two best are certainly "Father Ronellot" and "In the Heart of Kalamantan"—which are as good a pair of short stories as you will find anywhere. The author of "In Court and Kampong" knows his corner of Asia thoroughly, and he brings before us with wonderful vividness his Malays, Dyaks, and the country in which they live. It is good for us to know something of these things, and of the men who do their work out there without much in the way of glory or reward, who have to carry through their own little wars in the midst of a heart-breaking jungle, with perhaps a single paragraph in *The Times* to note their failure or success. And we could not have a better guide to the Malay Peninsula than Mr. Hugh Clifford.

Sojourners in Japan.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's new story *MARNA'S MUTINY* (Hutchinson, 6s.) is quite as entertaining as her "Little Grey Sheep" or "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan." Major de Westoff is a portly, good-looking, pleasures-loving member of the Scandinavian aristocracy who has accepted the post of Consul at one of the great Japanese ports. His daughter Marna has been educated in Europe and arrives in the Settlement at the age of eighteen with a remarkably strong belief in her own powers of putting the world in order. Her father is devoted to her—but to others also, especially to Mrs. Adair, who uses mauve powder and seems to all but the rather priggish Marna to be a wise and rather pleasant lady. But when a beautiful young girl of high spirit possesses a papa prodigal who is generous to a fault there is very likely to be a mutiny. Beneath the shadow of Fuji Mrs. Fraser makes her little play. Lord Kilmorack comes to the Port in his beautiful white yacht with a very agreeable and worldly party of friends. After some difficulties the heroine is given in marriage to Prince Charming, who turns out to be a peer with "a glory of love in his own eyes." But as Marna has "a big sun-trace glance" they are well mated, and one is left envying these happy people and the happy author who is at once so clever and so simple, so polite in her description of life and so knowing about externals. The picture of Japan from the Foreign resident's point of view is well done, but Mrs. Fraser is not omniscient. Mr. Le Gallienne is the only writer we remember who believes, as does Mrs. Fraser, that the robin's egg is blue. It is, however, the manner of telling her story which makes her book so interesting. There is constant humour and happy phraseology. "Marna's Mutiny" will give an added pleasure to the *siesta* on such a yacht as the hero's *Lurora* as she lies at peace in the Cowes Roads, or in any other place where a holiday mood permits the reader such a mental refreshment.

Political Intrigue.

One has learnt by this time to look for a stirring story of political intrigue from Mr. Wm. Le Queux, and such we have in *HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTER* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). He has made something of a "corner" in dangerous diplomacy, the present volume being very much on the lines of his "Of Royal Blood." Embassy balls and crushes where beautiful women rub shoulders with cunning diplomatists, moonlight walks in the course of which declining women arise back to confront

unsatisfactory than absurd. One learns the Fourth Dimension from the lady who comes is supposed to be exquisitely piquant in her choice is an inhabited plane—invisible to our eyes. The Dimensionists are a race "clear-sighted, practical, hierosible; with no ideals, prejudiced with no feeling for art and no reverence for life or ethical tradition; callous to pain, weakness, death. . . ." Thus admirably accounted to the Fourth Dimensionist comes, sees, and in ordinary personages of the story. We gather Dimensionists that we are all sunken in beliefs, torn worm-eaten with altruism, solaced with creeds. Inheritors will alter all this, and the way it is certainly world-compelling. No doubt the deeper meaning in their work than the casual to discover, but those who admire the novel will find the surface qualities of "The Inheritor" entertaining in themselves. The details of the and unfamiliar," and there are many exciting much vigorous character-drawing in this extreme in certain parts highly interesting novel.

An Irish Story.

Kitty's *VICTORIA CROSS* (Warne, 6s.) is a unlike many pretty stories it has also several Captain Peterson, Kitty herself, and her daughter, who represents a certain type—in the most common type—of Girton girl. hand, Kendrick, the American millionaire convincing. Mr. Robert Cromie writes pleasant affectation, and he has an eye for stirring episodes in his book are the description of Dan O'Mara and the mob of peasantry, and the rear-guard action where he won for Kitty her The episode of the mad scientist, in his haunt us as out of harmony with the rest of the book all round, "Kitty's Victoria Cross" is considerably average.

Cosmopolitan Society.

Broken English, intermingled with a lot of French phrases, is the order of the day in Mrs. S. shield's novel—*THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY* (6s.). Indeed, a truly cosmopolitan company round Madame Petrofsky's hospitable board. In brief when John Quentin makes his appearance takes the reader some little time to sort them out that he has scarcely completed when the the master of the house scatters the guests like and renders his labour profitless. About this go Comte de St. Aubin, there hangs a cloud family regard him as an inventor, and it is a fact up parts of the property at intervals with chemicals. The practised reader will note that explosions on a scale are not essential to the production of music is Bruno's hobby, and will be prepared for it are a great many characters and much content the book. In the girl, Gartha, is an excellent precocious French child. The title of the book little idea of the contents; indeed, we lose the bishop and the lady among the crowd of characters interesting to speculate upon the number of the book's characters made out of the

little bay of Hérists, with its princely fisherman, the Dauphin, its old curé, Father Pasquion, and the guests from Paris who come and take part in their lives—all this is drawn with sympathy and discernment. But Conca, the pale shrew with clear, ice-cold, passionless, yet strangely musical voice, the Spirit of the Sea embodying at once its cruelty and beauty, is a fantasy in the midst of real people, a something inexplicable intruding in the course of a pretty love-story. It says a good deal for Miss Blisset's imaginative power that Conca does not altogether outrage our sense of possibility. She is of the same family with Elsie Venner, and it is not every novelist who can handle such fantastic spirits with impunity. The novel is ingenious, with some prettily descriptive passages, and some characters that have originality and life.

A Reformed Rake.

The central idea of FRANKS: DUELLIST (Hutchinson, 6s.) is possibly taken from "Harry Lyndon," but Lord Caryl Franks, subsequently Lord Devone and Earl of Sudmouth by his brother's death, ends as a reformed rake with a happy marriage, and has the good fortune also to render considerable services to his country. Mr. Ambrose Pratt has a fine carelessness of detail. He calmly brings the Great Commoner on the stage and dubs him Earl of Chatham. But these things do not matter to the story, which is brisk and sparkling. This sort of adventure-weaving is not literature; it will be dead in a few months' time, and the world will not mourn over its obsequies; but in the meanwhile it will have amused some hundreds of readers to whom a novel means nothing more than an hour's pleasant excitement. Indeed, as a purveyor of this kind of stuff Mr. Pratt should do well. Here we may find as much fighting and as much ardent love as any reader could safely put away in a summer's afternoon, and, in addition, we meet such heroes of the past as Pitt (even though he masquerades under his father's title), Napoleon, Fouché, Talleyrand, and a host of other celebrities, and you shall find less interesting heroines than Mademoiselle Clarisse. We concede to Mr. Pratt a certain eminence in his gay and careless trade.

Australia.

The injustice meted out to "selectors" of land in Australia in the sixties under the Gavan Duffy Land Act is the main motive of THE WISDOM OF ESAU, by R. L. Outhwaite and C. H. Chomley (Fisher Unwin, 6s.). Perhaps it would be more correct to say that this political or economic fact supplies the background throughout, for although the fact pervades the book this is by no means a didactic novel. The subject is treated artistically and firmly with a due sense of its subordination to the characters that lend the story its chief interest. "The Wisdom of Esau" comes very near to being a great book; a better equipment in a purely literary direction would have made it so. As it is the book is one that stands out from the rack and will surely command a wide circle of readers. The authors have imported the very atmosphere of the uncleared bush, the solitude of the farmer's life devoted to coaxing an unwilling crop from difficult soil, the haunting misfortune that dogs his every effort to overcome the obstacles of nature and the injustices of man. Toland's character is drawn with great strength. He is the central figure, a man of immense energy and unbounded hope prevented from wresting a sustenance from the land by the sharp practice of squatters and their agents, and such a run of bad luck as it is to be hoped does not frequently pursue the settler. He is, moreover, somewhat of a social rebel whose

have felt inclined to describe as sketches (chiefly graphically) rather than stories. Take the first, and which gives the book its name. Every now and then Holdsworth remembers his fictitious personages and begins in with a jerk. But for the most part it is palpably talking to the reader on a subject which he professes as much about as any one. The whole book gives an impression of being the direct fruit of experience; and nothing more calculated to interest. Nobody could go through without realizing a great deal of the Austro-Hungarian feeling that if he were suddenly set down in a chess-board it would be familiar ground to him. The style, however, it has the great merits of straightforwardness and almost often terribly alaphod. The following will give an idea of its strength and its weakness.

Years afterwards he performed similarly ("he" is a horse with a trick of waving his head about), to the east of a bushranger in Riverina, whose revolver was pointed at the writer's head the while, less anxious indeed for his safety than that old Steamer—such was his appropriate name—should march on, and, having a nervous running mate, the buggy.

There is a humorous and exciting situation in a sentence, what a sentence!

TOLD BY THE TAFFRAIL, by Sundowner (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), has a note at the beginning which says that the stories have been thrown together during the course of a run through the Austral Colonies, the Eastern and Pacific Islands, and South and Central America. Many of them have appeared in the *Star* and the *Field*. This leads us to expect exactly what we get—a bright, shallow, amusing set of tales, skimming human nature in its various shades, too ephemeral to have been quite worth reprinting in times containing some happy idea that deserved long notice. "Sundowner" has a light touch. Nothing serious is written is tedious. The book is full of a rather facile and is all highly readable.

THE BLUE DIAMOND (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) is a fluent pen of Mrs. L. T. Meade. It is a readable story of just sufficiently deep in mystification not to be impenetrable; transparent; but it would be much improved by some of the probabilities are more than once wrenched violently to suit the situation. It is the tale of an innocent girl under the suspicion of stealing a valuable stone entrusted by a friend. Mrs. Sarah Blossom, the kindly village innkeeper and Peter Watson, the omnipresent and supernatural cockney lad, are the most "live" characters in the book. Of course, contribute to vindicating the innocent heroine. Mrs. Meade has done more careful and more work, but "The Blue Diamond" is bright enough to read in an hour or two.

THE DREAM WOMAN, by Kythe Wilwynne (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is an ingenious, but sometimes tedious, account of a woman who find that they have gone through previous incarnations together, with many blood-curdling adventures. Such adventures should make for the happiness of any married couple; but events, reminiscences could never fail them. The events, however, would object to our use of the expression "odious betting comparison." She calls it an "odious betting comparison" of her two characters are rather improbably

LIBRARY NOTES.

As the outcome of Mr. Carnegie's gift of £100,000 the city of Glasgow is to be provided with no less than fourteen district free libraries and reading rooms. They are to be divided into five first-grade, six second-grade, and three third-grade libraries. The estimated annual expenditure on a first-grade library is £950, on a second-grade £800, and on a third-grade £650. This certainly does not err on the side of extravagance. A proposal of the Committee to impose a halfpenny rate is to be further considered.

Mr. Carnegie's latest promises of aid in the establishment of public libraries include £15,000 to Coatbridge, £3,000 to Annan, Dumfriesshire, and £3,000 to Kelso, all conditional upon the adoption of the Acts and the provision of suitable sites. It is a principle with the donor only to help those who are willing to help themselves. The Aberdeen University has been asked by the Carnegie Trustees to draw up a statement regarding the more pronounced wants of the library.

A novel and very practical idea has been carried out by the Mayor of Norwich. In inviting the citizens to a reception, he asked them to bring books to form the nucleus of a workhouse library. This resulted in the receipt of 2,000 volumes. It is conceivable, of course, that these may not all be suitable for the purpose intended.

At the annual meeting of the subscribers of the Paddington (Voluntary) Free Public Library it was resolved to offer the 4,000 volumes forming the collection to the Borough Council, asking them to maintain the library as a rate-supported institution. We hope that this proposal will commend itself to the authorities. They have already been intrusted with the possession and management of the Kensal-town Library, transferred from Chelsea.

The diocese of Southwark has recently become possessed of what should form the foundation of a fine cathedral library. The books consist of the Fathers of the Church in Greek and Latin, with many other erudite works. They form part of a collection made by the Rev. H. R. Bailey, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge. A special room is being prepared at the Collegiate Church for their reception.

In an able comparison between American and English libraries in *Public Libraries* (Chicago) Mr. A. Keogh says that "an English library will do more work for the same money," and that "the American man cheerfully taxes himself for libraries, but does not use them. The Englishman uses his library more, and takes home books on history, technology, or literature."

The thirty-ninth annual report of the Birmingham Free Libraries is a wonderful record of growth and vitality. The city now possesses upwards of a quarter of a million books, and during the past year 1,260,000 volumes have been issued, an average of 3,505 a day. The Shakespeare memorial library comprises 10,974 volumes, all acquired since the destruction of the original collection by fire in 1879. The most notable event of the year was the bequest of the well-selected library of 7,000 volumes formed by the late Mr. H. Payton Badley, which will be kept separate and distinct.

With the humours of cataloguing and classification librarians are familiar. Library reports, too, sometimes have their lighter side. The following is extracted from the report of a certain public library:—

Sexes	Males	1,519	2,072
	Females	1,013	
	Students	140	

Correspondence.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "GERMAN" TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Our lexicographers are still very much in regard to the origin of this all-important name in the English Dictionary "says:—

The name (*Germani*) does not appear to have been applied to these peoples by themselves or to others from Teut. sources. A view widely held is that the name was given by the Gauls to their neighbours. The derivations suggested are from O. Irish *gair*, "warrior," and from Ir. *gairm*, battle-cry (Wachter, *Germani*).

Now with all deference to Mr. Henry Bradley and other German writers whom he, in common with the "English Dictionary," the veteran Canon Taylor ("Notes on the Histories"), and others, including Mr. Furness, entirely fail to see how they can so gaily override the explicit statement of Tacitus that the new name was gradually adopted by all the Teutonic tribes (note the name) from the fear which it inspired when the first German crossed the Rhine, driving the Gauls before them in a spirit of bravado:—

Ceterum Germaniae vocabulum recens est, quoniam qui primi Rhenum transgressi Gallos nunc Tungros tunc Germanos vocati sunt; ita nati gentis, evasisse paulatim, ut omnes priores metum, mox etiam a se ipsi invento nomen vocarentur. [Germania, II.]

It seems clear to me that the Celtic derivation of the Celtophil Zeuss and others, including even those which so captivated Littré, are anything but correct, apart from the question of their philological soundness. It can surely be nothing more than the Latin plural of a Teutonic compound which would be proper to High German and Old Saxon by *heri-man*, in Celtic (acc. *hauri-mannu* = A.-Sax. *here-mann*, "warrior-man" (cp. the German Christian name and surname) the Latin initial "g" standing for the very rough German aspirate, which was almost a guttural-sound, the form of the name was doubtless influenced by "having the same parents."

We have the analogy of other Germanic names. "h" was represented in Latin by a guttural-ex, e.g., "Hlodowig" (Mod. Ger. "Ludwig"), "Chlodovechus" or "Chlodovechus," whence "Clovis"; "Hlodhild," Latinized as "Chlodehild," whence French "Clotilde"; and "Hlod," Latinized whence French "Clodion"; cp. "Catti" and for "Chatti," the well-known Latin rendering of a tribal name.

Even in our own language we find instances in names being gutturalized into the explosives. Gaythorn = Haythorn (Hawthorn), Cawthorn = Hawthorne = Cawthorne = Hawthorne; while in dialect find such words as "gawk" for "hawk," vb.; "breed hawks"; "gole" for "hole," &c.

Of course "German" has previously been used as a warrior, "a brave," obviously on account of the "g" metonymy: but those who hazarded the

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LITERATURE.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Dickens is not to have it all his own way this autumn. A new uniform edition of Thackeray's works, reprinted from the first editions, and containing like the forthcoming Oxford Dickens all the original illustrations is announced by Messrs. Macmillan. There will also be facsimiles of the original wrappers. The new edition will begin in October with "Vanity Fair." Messrs. Macmillan also have in the press an edition de luxe of the Life and Works of Charles Kingsley, to be completed in nineteen volumes, beginning next month with the first volume of the Life and appearing at the rate of one volume a month until "Water Babies" and "Heroes" complete the series in March, 1903. The Life will be reprinted from the original unabridged edition, and will contain a portrait engraved on steel by C. H. Jeans, a photographure of the bust by Woolner, photographures of a portrait painted by Mr. Lowes Dickenson and an etched portrait after the same artist.

An important omission was made in the recently published list of forthcoming additions to Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" Series—a Life of Ruskin, by Mr. Frederic Harrison. The other volumes in preparation are: "Tennyson," by Sir Alfred Lyall; "George Eliot," by Mr. Leslie Stephen; "Crabbe," by Canon Alinger; "Hazlitt," by Mr. Augustine Birrell; "Matthew Arnold," by Mr. Herbert Paul; "Jane Austen," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching; "Richardson," by Mr. Austin Dobson.

The following biographical works are also announced by Messrs. Macmillan: "The Life of George Grove," by Mr. C. L. Graves; "The Letters of John Richard Green," edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and "The Life of the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth," by Mrs. M. G. Fawcett. Three books of travel are included in the same list—"The Sherbro and its Hinterland," by Mr. T. J. Aldridge, District Commissioner at Sherbro, West Coast of Africa; "Glories of Spain," by the author of "Letters from Majorena," Mr. Charles W. Wood; and "The Island of Formosa: A Complete Account of its Condition, Political and Industrial," by Mr. James W. Davidson, United States Consul at Formosa. The next volume of the "Highways and Byways" Series will be "The English Lakes," by Mr. A. G. Bradley, illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell. Another illustrated work will be a volume by Canon Capes entitled "Scenes of Rural Life in Hampshire among the Manors of Bramshott," and a new scientific work by Lord Avebury, entitled "The Scenery of England and the Causes to which it is due," will contain both maps and illustrations. The most important illustrated book in Messrs. Macmillan's new list, however, is the five-guinea collection of "Thirty Etchings illustrating the Work of Rudyard Kipling," by William Strang, including the portrait recently reproduced as a supplement in *Literature*. Mr. Kipling's "Kim," by the way, is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan both in the ordinary edition and in a limited *edition de luxe*, uniform with his other works. Another interesting announcement is that Mr. James Lane Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal, and Aftermath" will appear in a new edition with illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson.

The same publishers announce a volume by Mr. Frederic Harrison entitled "George Washington, and other American Addresses." Among the more important of Messrs. Macmillan's other announcements are: "Philosophy: Its Scope and Method," a course of lectures by the late Professor Henry Sidgwick; "The Growth of Hegel's Logic," by J. B. Baillie; "Addresses on the Acts of the Apostles," by the late Archbishop Benson, with an Introduction by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford; "Notes on Clementine Recognitions," by the late Dr. Hort; Book VII. of the "Stromateis" of Clement Alexandrinus, edited by the late Dr. Hort; "Handbook to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament," by Dr. F. G. Kenyon; "The Christian Ministry," by the late Dr. Lightfoot.

François de Fénelon, one of the most interesting personali-

on the moon; and the commentary of Beza on the "Divina Commedia." Other books announced by Methuen are "Women and their Work," by the Hon. Lyttelton; "Sporting Memories" by a well-known M. Otho Paget; and "English Villages," by P. H. Ditchfield.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish a translated book on "A Versailles Christmastide," the text by Mary Stuart Boyd and the illustrations by A. S. Boyd and Mrs. Boyd collaborated successfully last year. "Stolen Summer," a volume on their roundabout tour to Asia and America, published by Messrs. Blackwood. Chatto's new list also announces "The Reign of Queens" by Mr. Justin McCarthy; "The Adventures of a Monarch," by Robert Barr; "The Joy of Life," by the uniform edition of Zola's works edited by E. Vizetelly; "Despair's Last Journey," by David Murray; "The Cat's-paw," by Mrs. Crocker; "The Cloud," by M. P. Shiel, the author of "The Yellow Dog"; "The Wealth of Mallerstang," by Algernon Gissing; "Triumph of Hilary Blackland," by Bertram Mitford; "Blind Marriage, &c.," by George R. Sims; "The Cank Being Episodes of a Woman's Life," by George Manville; "A Stumble by the Way," by Mrs. Meade; "A F. Finish," by Florence Warden; "Three Men of Mr. Sarah Tytler"; "Judah Pycroft, Puritan: A Roman Restoration," by Harry Lindsay; and "As it was With T. W. Speight—which will form the "Gentleman's Annals" for 1901.

Early in the autumn Messrs. Sonnenschein will publish "Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction," by A. Baker, to the Midland Railway Institute, Derby. To judge preliminary inspection of the MSS. the compilation will be a most ambitious attempt to classify and summarize English, Irish, Scottish, or American novel of any kind ever produced. Even Continental novels are given which have been translated into English. The books are arranged according to the nationality of the authors, with characterizations, dates of first editions, and other information of the kind. An appendix includes a list of fiction every period of our history, and the references to other works deal with practically all the important questions or departments of life.

Next month the same publishers will publish a volume "Charity and the Poor Law," by S. D. Fuller, chairman of the Paddington Board of Guardians. Sonnenschein also announce "Recent Object Lessons in Science," by Mr. A. R. Whiteway, who deals, among other things, with the suggested "Moral Hospital for Patients," "The State versus the Criminal," "Law's View of Our Criminal Administration," and "The Prison Act." Reports of prison authorities are included, with a new book on Criminology—"The Science of the Defence of Society against Crime," by M. Boies (Putnam), is coming from the United States, and will be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein, in September. Mr. Boies has had much experience in the administration of penal laws in the United States—especially in the management of convicts in the prisons of Pennsylvania.

Among their educational books Messrs. Sonnenschein have "A Parallel of Greek and Latin Syntax," by Russell, M.A., assistant master at Clifton College. It forms one of the Parallel Grammar Series edited by Sonnenschein, its object being to show the syntax in language at a glance by means of parallel columns.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press publish in the autumn the first part of the "Index Animalium" the preparation of which was undertaken by Mr. J. Sherborn in 1890. The British Association appointed a committee to watch over this work, which is intended to supersede Agassiz and Seudder, and be to the student life what the "Index Kewensis" is to the botanist.

The Cambridge University Press has issued a new

mistranslations will be made a feature of the Notes, care will be taken to avoid controversial opinions. The volumes will have as frontispieces photographic reproductions of emblematic subjects mainly by the great English artists. The Bishop of Ripon will contribute an additional volume, forming an "Introduction to the Study of Scripture." It is also proposed to issue an experimental volume of the "Apocrypha," viz., "Ecclesiastical." The first two volumes—"Genesis" by Dr. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology in Oxford, and "Exodus" by Dr. Kennedy, Professor of Hebrew and Semitic Languages at Oxford—will be issued in October.

Messrs. Seeley will publish in the early autumn a story by Miss Bentrice Marshall, entitled "Old Blackfriars in the Days of Van Dyck." It will be illustrated by four portraits of Van Dyck's and four views.

Books to look out for at once.

"Arms under Arms: An University Man in Khaki." By Maurice Fitz-Gibbon. Illustrated. Longmans.

"A Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman Period." By the Rev. R. L. Ottley. Cambridge University Press. 3s.

[An attempt to furnish teachers or students of the Old Testament with a sketch of the actual course of Hebrew history, somewhat more consistent with the present state of our knowledge than the text-books now in use.] Majm.]

"Dawn of the Reformation." Vol. 1. By H. B. Workman. Wesleyan Conference Office. 2s. 6d.

"Egmont, its History and Surroundings." By G. Home. Homeland Association. 6s. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

BOTTICELLI. (Monographs on Artists.) By E. STEINMANN. Translated by C. Hodgson. 10x7, 114 pp. (Dressed. 4s. 6.)

[Contains about ninety illustrations, chiefly reproductions of Botticelli's own work.]

BIOGRAPHY.

FROM SQUIRE TO PRINCE. A History of the Rise of the House of Cirkens. By W. P. DOBIE. 8-5½, 157 pp. Unwin. 10s. 6d.

[The story of the gradual rise of the Chief of Gretryl, or Cirkens, to the dignity of Count and Prince of East Frisia.]

IN MEMORIAM, HARRIETT MURDOCH. By JOSEPHINE BUTLER. 8½x5½, 206 pp. H. Marshall. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

EMARK (Old and Middle English Texts) Ed. by A. B. GORON. 7½x5, 39 pp. Sampson Low. 2s. 6.

FICTION.

AN EPISODE ON A DESERT ISLAND. By the author of "Miss Molly." 7½x5, 175 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. By MAXWELL GRAY. 7½x5, 224 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[By a misprint the author of this novel was called "Gray Maxwell" in our "Books to Look out for" last week.]

WOMEN MUST WEEP. By SARAH TYLER. 7½x5½, 312 pp. J. Long. 6s.

SOUTH OF PASSAGE. ANELIA E. BARR. 7½x5½, 312 pp. Unwin. 6s.

HISTORY.

THE STORY OF KING ALFRED. By SIR WALTER BESANT. (Library of Useful Stories.) 6x3½, 207 pp. Newnes. 1s.

MODERN GREECE. By SIR R. C. JENN. 7½x5, 172 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

MODERN EUROPE. Period VIII, 1815-1860. By W. A. PHILLIPS. 7½x5, 575 pp. H. Kington. 6s. 6.

HISTORY OF FLORENCE. By PROF. P. VILLARI. 8½x5½, 576 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE ORIGIN OF THOUGHT. By the Rev. D. NICKERSON. 7½x5½, 403 pp. Kegan Paul. 6s. 6.

[Intended for young people of good ordinary education who have not read philosophy.]

POETRY.

PANNIES. By ENNIS MAY. 7x4½, 134 pp. Allen. 2s. 6d. n.

TRANSFIGURATION, and other Verses. By CATHERINE BLUNT and J. FIELDING. 6½x4½, 87 pp. Allen. 2s. 6d. n.

FASHION MONNET, and other Verses. By H. METCALFE. 5½x4½, 100 pp. Art and Book Company.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

MY FOURTH TOUR IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA. 2nd Ed. By A. F. CALVERT. F.R.G.S. 11½x2, 200 pp. Dean. 7s. 6d. n.

[A cheaper edition of Mr. Calvert's handsome and profusely illustrated work, first published in 1877.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House.

PROBLEM No. 213, by
KARL MÜLLER, Hohenheim.
BLACK. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM
A THOITZ.
BLACK.



WHITE. White to play.

PROBLEM No. 215, by C. H. COSTER. White K at K 2; R at K Kt sq; Kt at K B 2; pawn Q B 6. Black (7 pieces)—K at K R 4; R at K R 7; pawns at K R 3, K Kt 3, Q R 3, Q Kt 3. White win. This is reprinted for comparison with foregoing.

PROBLEM No. 216, by Dr. TARRASCH.—White K at K 2; B at K Kt sq; Kt at Q B 6. Black at K Kt 6; pawns at K R 6 and K B 5. White win.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 200, Varain (3), followed by Kt-Q B 3 ch, &c. If 1.—K x Kt &c. If 1.—B-B 3; 2. Kt-Q 2, &c. No. White wins by P-Kt 7, followed by P-B 4 ch Troitzky, the author's idea is 1. Kt-B 6 ch, K &c., but there is no apparent win unless B removed. No. 203, White (2), Q-Q 3. No. 204 (3), key 1. Q-K sq, Kt-Q; 2. Kt-Kt 6 ch, & problem, but apparently cooked by 1. Kt-Kt 6 ch B-B 8, &c. No. 205, Reichel, key K-B 6.

Correct Solvers are A. C. W. (Bromley) 200; Tucker (Hikley) 200 to 201; M. L. Brinkworth (201); L. G. Hunt (Liverpool), 190, 200, 203; Thoms, 190, 200, 203; Otto Würzburg (Grand Rapids), 193, 191; H. E. Settle (Temple), 190, 193.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Hastings and St. Leonards C.C. have been through the West of England to Cork and Dublin. Wilt, Bath, South Wales, and Cork were all defeated by the visitors, who appear to have received all round. This a good object lesson, and may bear fruit.

The Dutch have had a good meeting at Haarlem, Dr. A. G. Olland in matches against Eser and others recently, taking first prize, visitors from London, Frankfurt, and Budapest. Loman is anxious to match between London and Holland. It may come about—after the

The Glasgow C.C. has engaged Tochimann (London) as instructor. Liverpool has beaten Edinburgh in a long drawn-out correspondence the two games and announcing mate in 45 in the second of these, proved sufficient!

GAME No. XCIV.—Played at Christiania;—

FRENCH DEFENCE.

WHITE. H. JOHNSON.	BLACK. T. URB.	WHITE. H. JOHNSON.
1. P-K 4	P-K 3	17. P x Kt
2. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	18. B-Kt 2
3. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-K B 3	19. Kt-Q sq
4. P-K 5 (s)	K Kt-Q 2	20. Q-Kt 4 (el)
5. P-B 4 (b)	P-Q B 4	21. P x Kt
6. P x B P	Kt x P (c)	22. R-B
7. P-Q B 3	P-Q B 3	23. Kt-B 2
8. P-Q Kt 4	K Kt-Q 2	24. Kt-R 3
9. B-Q 3	P-K Kt 3	25. Q-B 4
10. P-K 3	P-K Kt 3	26. Q x B

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 201. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish this week a special illustrated article on Ruskin's life and work, and Mr. E. T. Cook contributes to the number some interesting reminiscences of Ruskin. On page 189 will be found a Ruskin bibliography.

Next week we shall issue a Tolstoy number, with articles by Mr. Aylmer Maude, Mr. Brayley Hodggets, Mr. G. Calderon, and Mr. Francis Gribble.

The Pan-Celtic Congress opened at Dublin on Wednesday. Next week we shall publish an account of its proceedings written by Mr. A. P. Graves.

* * * *

In our Carlyle number, on August 10, we printed a hitherto unpublished letter, written by Carlyle à propos of his work on Cromwell. The name of the recipient does not appear on the letter, but Mr. A. Edmund Spender, from whom we received it, now writes to inform us that Carlyle's correspondent, and the author of the History of Wages mentioned in the letter, was none other than Thomas Ballantyne.

to lose its position as the most literary of the dailies; I discovered a new critic who "shapes well" in the person of Chesterton. Possibly he did let the paper lose some lightness of touch for which, thanks to writers like Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Whiteing, it has been noticeable; but that was probably due to the caution inspired by his own long connexion with a comic paper. Mr. Lehmann is succeeded by Mr. Edwards, hitherto manager of the paper.

* * * *

We have had a good many editorial changes of this kind during the last year or two. But here in England such a change causes but a mild sensation, everything happens decently in order, and we are not permitted even a peep through the editorial curtain when the editorial dispute, if dispute there be, is taking place. Not so in America. The *New York Times* gives us a very accurate account of the state of affairs in the office of the *Cincinnati Press-Post*, which is worth quoting. It reveals something "the like of which," says the *New York Times*, "was never heard before," and throws a curious light on the position of a yellow democratized Press.

The editor of the *Press-Post* begins by stating that he had been "astonished and deeply pained" the day after yesterday upon glancing through the news columns of his paper to discover in them a "vicious and insulting article" about the City Board of Equalization, to "each worthy member of which body the editor tenders" an abject apology. He excuses the inexcusable publication of such an outrageous article by stating that he then proceeds to say that investigation had revealed that the offensive article was written by the Court House reporter, the paper and passed by its city editor, though both have known that it was not news matter, but an utterance of the most vicious kind. Then follows this revelation:—"Mr. Marshall, acting city editor, was asked for an explanation, and he flatly disavowed responsibility, throwing it to the door of the Court House reporter, Mr. Weibull, whom we, the *Press-Post* management, can have no controlling authority, owing to the regulations recently forced upon the organization known as Newswriters' Union, No. 1, being able to obtain any satisfaction whatever from Mr. Marshall, our city editor, and preferring to have no city editor at all rather than one so wholly incompetent. Mr. Marshall was politely requested to resign. He refused point blank. And there the episode closes, for the present at least. The conclusion the editor of the *Press-Post* says:—"We know how long we shall be obliged to suffer Mr. Marshall's damaging incumbency as acting city editor, but we shall try to accomplish his removal without much delay, and, meantime, we humbly beg and pray for the charitable indulgence of our long-suffering and patient readers."

Communist General Cluseret, might also be reckoned among men of letters in virtue of a volume of reminiscences.

It seems to have become the literary fashion in America to attack Mr. Rudyard Kipling. "No swifter fall from favor has ever been known in literature," writes a contributor to the *New York Journal*. "Four years ago this was the most popular of living authors; to-day the sale of his books is merely nominal." The cause of this change of opinion is said to have been the publication of "The Absent-minded Beggar," which revealed the author as "casting about for further feats of national brigandage and shame that he might sing these with all his soul." An alternative explanation might be that certain Americans are angry with Mr. Kipling for urging them to take up the White Man's Burden, which turns out to be heavier than they thought. In any case the fact that the American advance orders for "Kim" amounted to 50,000 copies furnishes an interesting gloss on the remarks of the *New York Journal*.

The rise of the journalistic flood may be gauged by a perusal of that useful publication the "Review of Reviews Index to Periodicals" (15s. n.). This work grows and grows. The new volume contains 246 pages, and indexes 192 publications. The preface notes that, in the year 1900, the number of monthlies that disappeared was 13, while 17 others came into existence to fill the vacant places. The current year promises to be more prolific, as there have already been 16 new births, of which the most notable are those of the *Empire Review* and the *New Liberal Review*. The editor further notes "a lull in the production of light illustrated miscellanies"—not before it was time. It appears that the most widely-circulated magazine is *Munsey's*, which sells about 650,000 copies a month.

The Alfred Millenary will take place on September 17, 18, 19, and 20. There will be addresses by Sir John Evans, Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Arrangements have been made with both American and German publishers for the issue of Signor Crispi's memoirs.

Among Signor Crispi's papers has been discovered the manuscript of an unpublished magazine article entitled "Pensando a Bismarck." The statesman's library of 30,000 volumes is to be presented to the city of Palermo.

The King of Sweden is at work on his autobiography, which will be published in two large volumes.

It is stated that Mr. Stephen Phillips is about to write a poetical play dealing with Joan of Arc for production in America.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Henry J. Lincoln, who was secretary to the *Daily News* when Dickens was editor, and succeeded Dickens' father-in-law, George Hogarth, as musical critic.

The edict of the Westminster Town Clerk directing the second-hand booksellers of Charing-cross-road to remove trays and shelves infringing on the pavement has aroused some indignation, and these dealers are now protesting to the Corporation.

Gabriele D'Annunzio's new tragedy, *Francia*, will be produced experimentally at Settignano.

A monument to Madame Claron, the actress who played the principal parts in the principal plays of Molière, was unveiled at her birthplace, Condé-sur-Escaut.

A society called La Société des Aronets has been formed at Châtenay to institute and maintain an annual festival of Voltaire.

"The Vanishing Gift"—viz., Imagination, will be the subject of a lecture which is to be delivered before the Philosophical Institution by Miss Corbitt.

SONG.

Rise my love, bring in the dawn,
Ope thine eyes upon the night,
Smile the darkness into fawn,
Beam to rosy light.

Peer and glow until the day
Widens on a happy world,
And the thickly blossomed spray
Shimmers dewy-pearled.

Rise and peer and beam and smile,
Rise, for here thy lover waits,
Rise, for Joy spends weary while
Chaffing at the gates.

Stirring on his chilly bough
Now the thrush's sleep is done;
Beaded leaves are moving now
Restive for the sun.

Comes a fresh of things to be
When thy tender lids are furled;
Comes a silent call for thee
From the waiting world.

Rise and peer and beam and smile,
Rise, for here thy lover waits,
Rise, for Joy spends weary while
Chaffing at the gates.

Now the dark slow sighs of night
Die into the tugling morn;
Little hushings of delight
Hover incense-borne.

Throw thy leaded casement wide,
Let the rose-breaths soften in;
All the world and I abide;
Day yearns to begin.

Rise and peer and beam and smile,
Rise, for here thy lover waits,
Rise, for Joy spends weary while
Chaffing at the gates!

ARTHUR

Attacks on literary agents are so frequent and topical. Some journalists profess inability to un-

agency used to be a regular, and is still an occasional, branch of their own businesses. Long before literary agents were heard of English publishers used, for a stipulated commission, to arrange for the publication of the works of English authors in America, and the practice was never felt to be derogatory to the dignity of any party to the transaction. It served a convenient purpose under the conditions then prevailing. As the conditions became more complicated through the perception of the value of rights in Canada, India, Australia, and on the Continent of Europe, of second serial rights, and of the rights of translation, abridgment, and dramatization, a certain specialization of function inevitably ensued. There sprang up a special class of men to arrange for the administration of literary property, just as there was already a special class of men who arranged for the administration of landed property. Acting as intermediaries, they saved trouble to both parties to a bargain—a fact recognized by the publishers themselves as soon as they had got over the shock of surprise at the new departure. This is the history of the profession of literary agent, and its history contains its justification. The defence, on general grounds, of literary agents who conduct their business properly is now superfluous. Nevertheless, it remains a question whether literary agents are not becoming too great a power in the land, and the recipient of a confidence too blind and indiscriminating. While admitting the great services which they have rendered to many authors, it also seems worth while to point out to authors in general, and more particularly to beginners, some of the reasons why they should hesitate to regard the employment of a literary agent as a royal road to literary success. In the first place, though most literary agents are probably honest, there is nothing to hinder a dishonest man from setting up in business as a literary agent; and it is freely alleged that certain literary agents have taken advantage of their clients in two ways (1) by acting in collusion with dishonest publishers who bribe them to advise the acceptance of bad agreements; (2) by selling their clients' manuscripts at less than their market value in order to save themselves trouble and secure a larger and quicker turnover. It obviously is not worth while to pay a literary agent ten per cent. to do that for you, and it might take a young author a long time to find out that that was what he was doing. In the second place, even the most scrupulously honest literary agent can seldom do as much for the young author as the young author, if he keeps his eyes open, can do for himself. The literary agent differs from, say, the solicitor in that he is acting simultaneously for a number of clients whose interests continually conflict. In any given market—in the case, for instance, of a demand for a serial for a magazine—he can only push A at the expense of B; while the mere fact that he is B's representative prevents B from pushing himself. In the third place, the literary agent, having hundreds of clients on his books, can only, in a few instances, make such a study of a man's work that he will know the man's market as well as the man knows it himself. Finally the intervention of the agent prevents a man from getting to know his own market, and also largely suspends those personal associations between editors and contributors which are not only agree-

Literature Portraits.—XVI.

JOHN RUSKIN.

A biographer has said of John Ruskin that "his was the uneventful one of a writer and a student." This is untrue of the period of his activity, with which we are concerned ourselves, but largely true of that period of his life, 1819, when on February 8th he was born at 54, Hunt Brunswick-square, until, at the age of twenty-four, a "Oxford Graduate" published "Modern Painters," a fearless broadside at the whole navy of academic



PORTRAIT OF RUSKIN IN 1853, BY GEORGE RICHMOND.
[By permission of Mr. George Allen.]

and henceforward his life was one long battle against weakness and self-consequent conceit and lazy falsehood, lack of truth. It was an "Oxford movement" of far-reaching in its consequences.

"and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school—Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's. I name these two out of the numberless great Tory writers, because they were my own two masters. I had Walter Scott's novels and the 'Iliad' (Pope's translation) for constant reading, when I was a child, on week-days; on Sunday their effect was tempered by 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' my mother having it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me. Fortunately, I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother; and my aunt gave me cold mutton for Sunday's dinner, which—as I much preferred it hot—greatly diminished the influence of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the end of the matter was that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan, and yet—am not an evangelical clergyman.

"I had, however, still better teaching than theirs, and that compulsorily, and every day of the week.

"Walter Scott and Pope's 'Homer' were reading of my own election, and my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline—patient, accurate, and resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature. From Walter Scott's novels I might easily, as I grew older, have fallen to other people's novels; and Pope might, perhaps, have led me to take Johnson's English, or Gibbon's, as types of language; but, once knowing the 32nd of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishness of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English; and the affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert was the most innocent I could have fallen into."

The aunt who gave him cold mutton on Sundays was his father's sister; she lived at Bridge-end, in the town of Perth, and had a garden full of gooseberry-bushes, sloping down to the Tay, with a door opening to the water, which ran past it clear brown over the pebbles three or four feet deep; swift-eddyding—an insolite thing for a child to look down into.

"My father," adds Mr. Ruskin, "began business as a wharmerchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debts

bequeathed him by my grandfather. He accepted and paid them all before he began to lay by anything for which his best friends called him a fool, expressing any opinion as to his wisdom, which matters to be at least equal to mine, have written a slab over his grave that he was 'an entirely honest man.' As days went on he was able to take a house in Brunswick-square, No. 54 (the windows of it, I remember, commanded a view of a marvellous iron post, the water-carts were filled through beautiful pipes like box-constrictors; and I was never contemplating that mystery and the delicious dripping and as years went on, and I came to be four or five, he could command a post-chaise and a pair for the summer, by help of which, with my mother and round of his country customers (who liked to see of the house his own traveller); so that, at a junction through the panorama opening of the four windows, chaise, made more panoramic still to me because a little bracket in front (for we used to look out regularly for the two months out of Long Acre have it bracketed and pocketed as we liked), I saw roads, and most of the cross ones, of England and great part of lowland Scotland, as far as Perth; other year was spent the whole summer; and the 'Abbot' at Kinross, and the 'Monastery' in Perth I confused with 'Glendurg,' and thought that had as certainly lived by the streamlet in the Ochills as the Queen of Scots in the island of Lochmaben."

"To my further great benefit, as I grew up, nearly all the noblemen's houses in England, and the healthy delight of uncorrected admiration perceived as I could perceive any political truth at all, that I was much happier to live in a small house and have a garden, than to be astonished at than to live in Warwick Castle, or to be astonished at; but that, at all events, it did not make Brunswick-square in the least unhabitable to pull Warwick Castle down. Although I have kind invitations enough to visit, and not, even for a couple of months, live in a country house as to possess no castles.

"Nevertheless, having formed my notion of a castle from the FitzJames of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and from the Douglas there and the Douglas in 'Macbeth,'

wonder soon arose in my child's mind why castles should now be always empty. There was there, but no Archibald of Douglas, but no knight of Snowdon. The gardens of England were beautiful, but his Lordship and her Ladyship were in town, said the housekeepers. Deep yearning took hold of me, and I began to think of the 'Restoration,' which I began to think of as Charles the Second had not altered. Although I always wore a gilded button in my button-hole on the left. It seemed to me that Charles the Second's Restoration had been, as compared with the Restoration I wanted, much as a rotten apple to a real apple. And as I desired for sweet pippins instead of rotten apples, and Living Kings instead of dead ones, so I desired to be as rational as well as romantic.





*Treatment of
neck between humeri
capitals*

From Farwell. Central Pillars, Upper Arcade.
From Original MSS. of "The Stones of Venice."
[By permission of Mr. George Allen.]

of those days are attached to Hunter-street. My mother's general principles of first treatment were to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and, for the rest, to let me amuse myself as I liked, provided I was neither fretful nor troublesome. But the law was that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed, and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendour of

Childhood.

"I lived until I was more than four years old in Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, the greater part of the year, for a few weeks in the summer breathing country air by taking lodgings in small cottages (real cottages, not villas, so-called) either about Hampstead or at Dulwich, at 'Mrs. Ridley's,' the last of a row in a lane which led out into the Dulwich fields on one side and was itself full of buttercups in spring and blackberries in autumn. But my

chief remaining impressions



one saw in toy-shops a bunch of keys to p as long as I was cap of pleasure in wh and jangled; as I g I had a cart and a h when I was five or e old two boxes of wooden bricks. W modest but, I still entirely sufficient po and being always s whipped if I cried, d as I was bid, or tu the stairs, I soon serene and secure m life and motion; a pass my days con tracing the squares i paring the colours carpet examining th in the wool of the counting the bricks opposite houses; w tuous intervals of ex during the filling of the cart, through its leath from the dripping fro the pavement edge; o more admirable proc the turncock when h and turned till a sprang up in the mid street. But the car what patterns I coul bed-covers, dresses, papers to be examin

my chief resources, and my attention to the particulars in t soon concentrate that when at three-and-a-half I was taken my portrait painted by Mr. Northcote I had not been ten alone with him before I asked him why there were holes in hi . . . My mother had, as she afterwards told me, solemnly 'me to God' before I was born—in imitation of Hannah.

"Very good women are remarkably apt to make aw their children prematurely in this manner, the real of the pious not being, that, as the sons of Zebulose are at least they hope not), to sit on the right and left of C His kingdom, their own sons may perhaps, they think, be advanced to that respectable position in etern especially if they ask Christ very humbly for it every d they always forget in the most naive way that the jee not His to give!

"Devoting me to God' meant, as far as my moth herself what she meant, that she would try to sen college and make a clergyman of me; and I was ac bred for 'the Church.' My father, who—rest be to h had the exceedingly bad habit of yielding to my mother things and taking his own way in little ones, allowed me saying a word, to be thus withdrawn from the sherry an unclean thing; not without some pardonable particip my mother's ultimate views for me. . . .

"When I was about four years old my father for

His Education.

"My present verdict, therefore, on the general tenor of my education at that time must be that it was at once too formal and too luxurious: leaving my character, at the most important moment for its construction, cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous. My mother saw this herself, and but too clearly, in later years; and whenever I did anything wrong, stupid, or hard-hearted—and I have done many things that were all three—always said, 'It is because you were too much indulged.'"

When he was seven years of age Ruskin had his first lesson in Latin, and when he was "eleven or going on for twelve" a Doctor Andrews initiated him in Greek. The doctor, it afterwards turned out, knew little more of Greek than the letters and declensions of nouns; but he wrote the letters prettily and had an accurate and sensitive ear for rhythm. "He began me with the odes of Anacreon, and made me scan both them and my Virgil thoroughly, sometimes, by way of interlude, reciting bits of

"It must have been in the spring of 1831 that this step was taken of giving me a drawing master."

"I suppose a drawing master's business can only be established by his assertion of himself to the public of a style, and teaching in that only. Nevertheless, a man's memory sustains disgrace in my mind by his impulse nor even indulgence to the extraordinary drawing delicately with the pen point. Any work was done thenceforward only to please myself, and gave me nothing but his own mannered and ineffectual copy, and greatly broke the force both of my mind and hand."

"Yet he taught much and suggested more, in perspective, at once accurately and simply—an excellent teaching. He compelled me into a swiftness and which I found afterwards extremely useful, though just called the 'force,' the strong accuracy of a lost. He cultivated in me—indeed, founded—teaching for the essential points in the things drawn, and



MR. RUSKIN IN HIS STUDY, BRANTWOOD.

Shakespeare to me with force and propriety. The Anacreontic metre entirely pleased me, nor less the Anacreontic sentiment. I learnt half the odes by heart merely to please myself, and learned with certainty what in later study of Greek art it has proved extremely advantageous to me to know, that the Greeks liked doves, swallows, and roses just as well as I did.

"In the intervals of these unlaborious Greek lessons, I went on amusing myself, mostly by making English documents, mostly

them decisively, and he explained to me the meaning of composition, though he himself could not

"On my thirteenth (?) birthday, February, 1832, my father's partner, Mr. Henry Telford, gave me a book which determined the main tenor of my life.

"At that time I had never heard of Turner, well-remembered saying of Mr. Runciman's that he had been much dazzled and had never by any

August 24, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

doubt painful, love passage with Adèle Domesq, his father's partner's daughter, by a letter from Christ Church advising the elder Mr. Ruskin that there was room for his son's residence in the January term of 1837, and that he must come up to matriculate in October of the instant year, 1836.

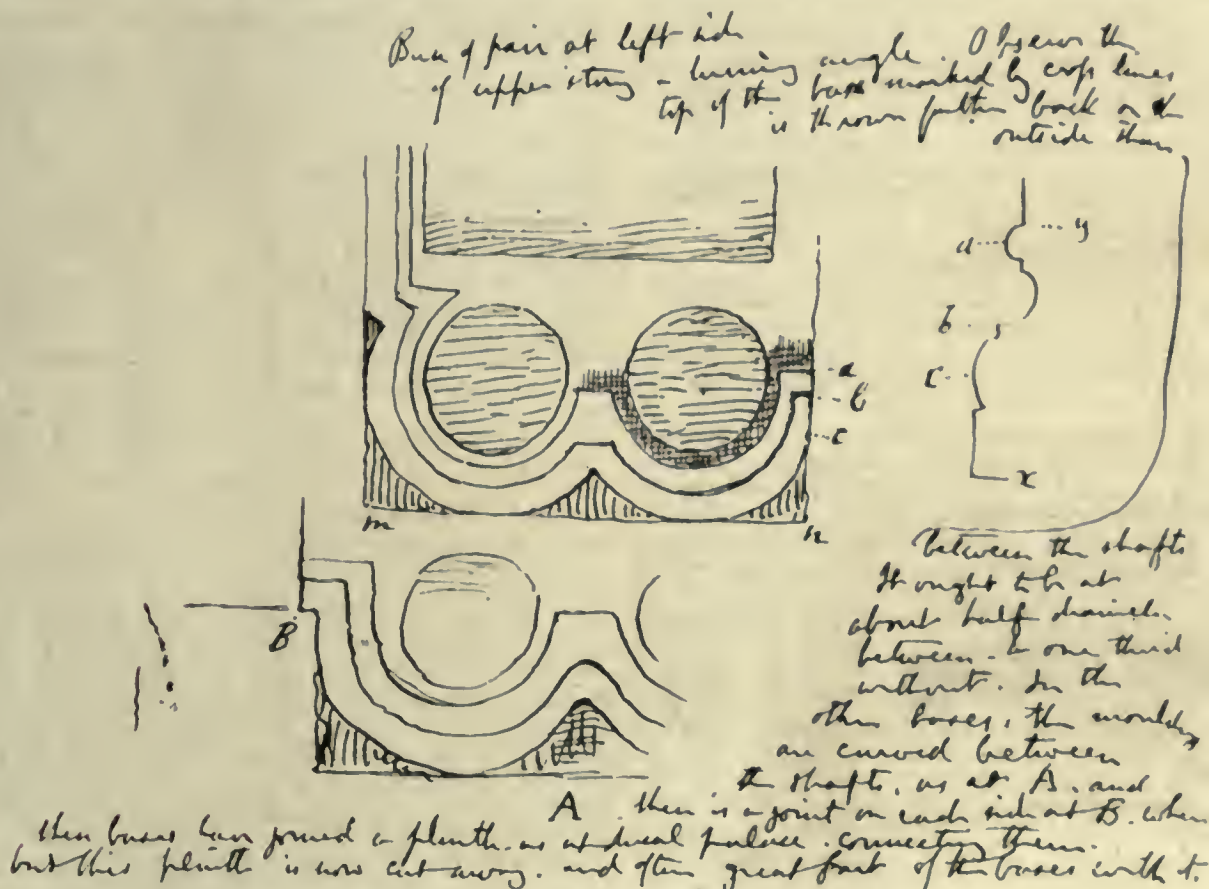
Oxford.

He was entered as a Gentleman-Commoner, and remembered long after, as if it were yesterday, the pride of first walking out of the Angel Hotel, and past University College, holding his father's arm, in his velvet cap and silk gown.

"That walk to the schools and the waiting outside the Divinity School, in comforting admiration of its door, my turn for matriculation, continue still for me, at pleasure. But I remember nothing more that year, nor anything of the first days of the next, until early in January we drove down to Oxford, only my mother and I, by the beautiful Henley-road, weary a little as we changed horses for the last stage from Dorchester; solemnized, in spite of velvet and silk, as we entered among the

an excellent college tutor, and, later on, for a private entirely right-minded and accomplished scholar, Gordon."

Ruskin was chiefly distinguished among his contemporaries by his devotion to physical science, geology and mineralogy, and by his love of art, both the unusual at Oxford. After taking his degree in 1842, he on the Continent and gave himself to work in water chiefly under Harding, Prout, and Copley Fielding. But life had been retired. He had taken little share in the events of the place. He was more given to talking over with Mr. Wyatt, the print-seller, than to such subject interest other "Gentlemen-Commoners" of Christ Church one night a dozen of these and their friends determined to "draw" the genius. It was a habit of his to go to mind of the precepts and the practice of Denmark. If the invaders broke down his "oak" and rushed into He was there to receive them in his dressing-gown.



Details of the Casa Farnetti from the original MSS. of "The Stones of Venice."
[By permission of Mr. George Allen.]

towers in the twilight, and after one more rest under the domestic roof of the Angel I found myself the next day at evening, alone, by the fireside, entered into command of my own life, in my own college room in Peckwater.

"Fortunately for me—beyond all words, fortunately—Henry Acland, by about a year and a half my senior, chose me, saw what helpless possibilities were in me, and took me

men," he said, with a sweet smile and with his exquise "I am sorry I cannot now entertain you as I should wish my father, who is engaged in the sherry trade, has no power to invite you all to wine to-morrow evening. come?" The rioters were overcome.

It is not merely as an instance of Ruskin's influence on men that we give this well-known anecdote, but

And Oxford owes him more than a mere return of the affection. For years Oxford knew the spell of his immediate utterance ; for years he was, in a peculiar sense, an integral part of her working life. To Oxford he gave, which was good, her splendid collection of pictures ; to Oxford he gave, what was better, the best fruits of his intellect at its best. In 1839 he gained the Newdigate Prize with a juvenile and eclectic poem upon the wholly unusual subject of "Salsette and Elephanta," and if his mind had been cast in other mould he might have fossilized into the pedagogue.

"Modern Painters."

Fortunately other forces were at work, other influences agitating the often turgid Oxford air, and the preface of the first edition of "Modern Painters," published in 1843, ascribes the origin of the book to "indignation at the shallow and false criticisms of the periodicals of the day on the works of the great living artist to whom it principally refers." Indignation—that was the impulsive force. Intended at first for a mere pamphlet, his work had grown in the author's hands into a treatise on art, to which he was forced, he said, "to give the more consistency and completeness because it advocated opinions which to the ordinary connoisseur he knew would sound heretical." His motive, he asserted, was not zeal for any individual reputation, but a sense of imperative duty, bidding him "come forward to declare and demonstrate, wherever they exist, the essence and the authority of the beautiful and the true." The opposition to the theories and doctrines set down without fear or hesitancy was great, but the popularity of the book was equally great ; and when by 1846 he published a second and a third edition, he was able to announce that "heavier ships were following his leading vessel into action," and that his first published volume was little more than an introduction to the mass of evidence and illustration he had yet to bring forward, his object being nothing less than to set forth in full the relations of landscape art to the laws of nature—"to bring to light, as far as might be in his power, that faultless, ceaseless, inconceivable, inexhaustible loveliness which God has stamped upon all things, if man will only receive them as He gives them." Finally, it would be his endeavour, he said, to trace the operation of all this in men's hearts and minds, to exhibit the function and end of art, and to show how it should share our thoughts and influence our lives ; "to attach to the artist the responsibility of a preacher, and to kindle in the general mind that regard which such an office must demand."

"I have been ordered to endeavour to make," said he, "our English youth care somewhat for the arts, and must put my uttermost strength into that business, for which end I must clear myself of all sense of responsibility for the material distress around me, by explaining to you, once for all, in the shortest English I can, what I know of its causes ; by pointing out to you some of the methods by which it might be relieved ; and by setting aside regularly some small percentage of my income to assist, as one of yourselves, in what, one and all, we shall have to do, each of us laying by something according to our means for the common service, and having among us, at last, be it ever so small, a national store, instead of a national debt—store which, once securely founded, will fast increase, provided only you take the pains to understand, and have perseverance to maintain, the elementary principles of human economy, which have of late not only been lost sight of, but wilfully and formally entombed under pyramids of falsehood."

'impression on the mind' does not mean a piece of paper. The way in which most artists proceed to 'invent' it, a picture is this—they choose their subject, for well, with a sufficient quantity of towers, monasteries, cottages, and other materials, to be generally laid out on some subject for a principal light ; but then they put a dark cloud, or, in front of it, a dark piece of ground, and then they repeat this light somewhere else in a line to connect the two lights together by some intermediate object, they find any part of the foreground uninteresting, they group a group of figures into it ; if any part of the distance is wanting, they bring something there from some other sketch, and proceed in this manner, taking care always to put the most striking colours near black ones, and purple colours near yellow ones, and angular forms near round ones—all this being as a rule of recipe and practice as cookery, like that, not something easily done well, but still having no reference to 'impressions on the mind.' "

It is quite remarkable that Ruskin, with the keenest eye, rooted in his mind, should not have perceived that his idol, Turner, the Meyerbeer among artists, took this way.

But to proceed :—"The artist who has real life in his work in a totally different way. First, he receives his impression from the place itself, and takes care to make that as his chief goal ; indeed, he needs no care for the distinction of his mind from that of others, he is instantly receiving such sensations strongly and vividly, and loses them ; and then he sets himself, as far as possible, to produce that impression on the mind of the spectator, by his picture." He also said, and often, "Draw what you see, as you know." The principle he lays down on this subject is the simplest of art. By finish Ruskin means that a picture should tell what story it tells, and with the greatest possible directness and the greatest possible truth. But distinctly he does not mean that a composition should be weakened by insistence on a multitude of seconds.

As Art Critic.

Speaking of him without reserve, Mr. F. D. Maurice wrote :—"Over and over again we find him so sincere in his desire to make a strong point of the ideal moment was predominant in his mind that he forgot the moment was forgotten that he had laid the reverse side of the coin on another occasion." "Modern Painters" is a work of eloquence and enthusiasm, and in some parts of the chapter on cloud forms, really instructive in its problem of the translation of the appearance of painting. But the contradictions of principle in it are as faced and preposterous as to nullify any value which it is supposed to have, and which the author evidently intended to have as a didactic treatise on art.

When we come to consider Ruskin as a critic, the case is rather different. He has done more than any other man to awaken in the public an interest in architecture, and again, he is an entirely false guide, not so much by his inconsistency as from an inadequate grasp of the subject. "The Stones of Venice" is, in its way, a wonderful work, full of splendid passages, full of suggestiveness ; but as a textbook or analysis of architecture in general, and of architecture in particular, it is one tremendous beginning to end. The book on architecture which it is supposed to place is "The Seven Lamps," not as a guide

truth on which Mr. Ruskin's mind had been concentrated for the moment.

His artistic sympathies had their limits. He was welded to the Harding method, and never took to the "oily medium." He did not appreciate Constable, and his devotion to the early painters of Italy did not extend to those of the Dutch school; although he copied Rembrandt as a young man, he subsequently vehemently denounced him. Rossetti, indeed, said that his work was not criticism, but brilliant poetical rhapsody. It was admiration for Turner that originally prompted him to write, and Turner, with whom modesty was not a fault, was not wholly pleased with Ruskin's panegyrics. No painter in the world, or any other human being, ever reached the eminence attributed to Turner in such a sentence as this: "He is above all criticism, beyond all animadversion, beyond all praise. His works are not to be received as in any way subjects or matters of opinion, but of faith."

We are beginning, some of us, to feel that the worship of Turner is overdone. The barber's son saw Nature with an extraordinary power of vision, but he very rarely painted it as other men see it. He, surely, painted what he knew rather than what he saw. It is the conflagration of art rather than the calm, deliberate, but withal tender and loving realization of Nature. Many of us, moreover, have come to reckon as no insult the "flinging of a paint-pot" in the face of the public by such an one as Whistler. Corot, Mauve, Millet, Maris, Troyon, Monticelli, and Daubigny may have had no existence for Ruskin, but their influence for good upon art will be ultimately greater than that of Turner—at any rate, of Turner the oil painter. Ruskin, in his unstinted admiration, may have unconsciously limited his estimate of his idol to his fascinating work in water colour. The real good his teaching did may be given in the words which *Mr. Punch* puts into the mouth of the despairing artist:—

I paints and I paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry;
Till savage Ruskin
Sticks his tusk in,
And nobody will buy.

What a mercy that there was a Ruskin to stick his tusk in!

As a Draughtsman.

The influence of his draughtsmanship was only second to his power of teaching by the written work, and against the impatient remark of Sir E. J. Poynter that the critic was "ignorant of the practical side of art," we have Mr. H. H. Statham, a good judge of architectural draughtsmanship, saying:—"It seems rather odd that so little has been made, either by Ruskin himself, or his admirers, of his own incontestable gifts as an artist. He might unquestionably have been a landscape-painter of no ordinary calibre had he chosen to devote himself to that art, and as an architectural draughtsman he was perhaps unequalled when at his best. It is one of the most curious among the many paradoxes connected with him that, while he once emphatically declared that a man can hardly draw anything without benefiting himself and others and can hardly write anything without doing mischief, he should nevertheless have chosen to comparatively neglect his artistic capabilities in order to become one of the most voluminous writers of his age." Mr. Statham appears to forget, however, that the means of reproducing the written words were, fifty years ago, much more

Protestantism; afterwards he could not reconcile beliefs with the facts of life as he saw them, and reconstruct his creed from the foundations. Until he was a philanthropist, working heartily with a definite cause, and hoping for the amendment of wrongs by a social upheaval. Even in the beginning of 1890, in his evidence before the House of Commons Select Committee on the Instruction of the Labouring Classes, and noting in them a desire for improvement. But while his readiness for personal sacrifice, in the way of social and political experiment, and his interest in the question were increasing, he became less and less sanguine about the value of such work (the Working Men's College, and less and less ready to co-operate with others in their schemes. He began to see that not only social breakages were really worth while; that far more extensive repairs were needed to make the old ship seaworthy.

Much mending capital has been made by detecting Ruskin's change of front consequent upon a ready acceptance of the teachings of Carlyle—whom he characteristically called "his master." But the change is more apparent than real, one of direction than of intention. In reality both working for the same ideals, and Ruskin came to regard the methods as the more direct and certain—and adopted was the act of a courageous and large-minded man who perceived the greater truth as Carlyle perceived it, and something of the other's methods as soon as he came to be better than his own.

Road Making and Scavenging.

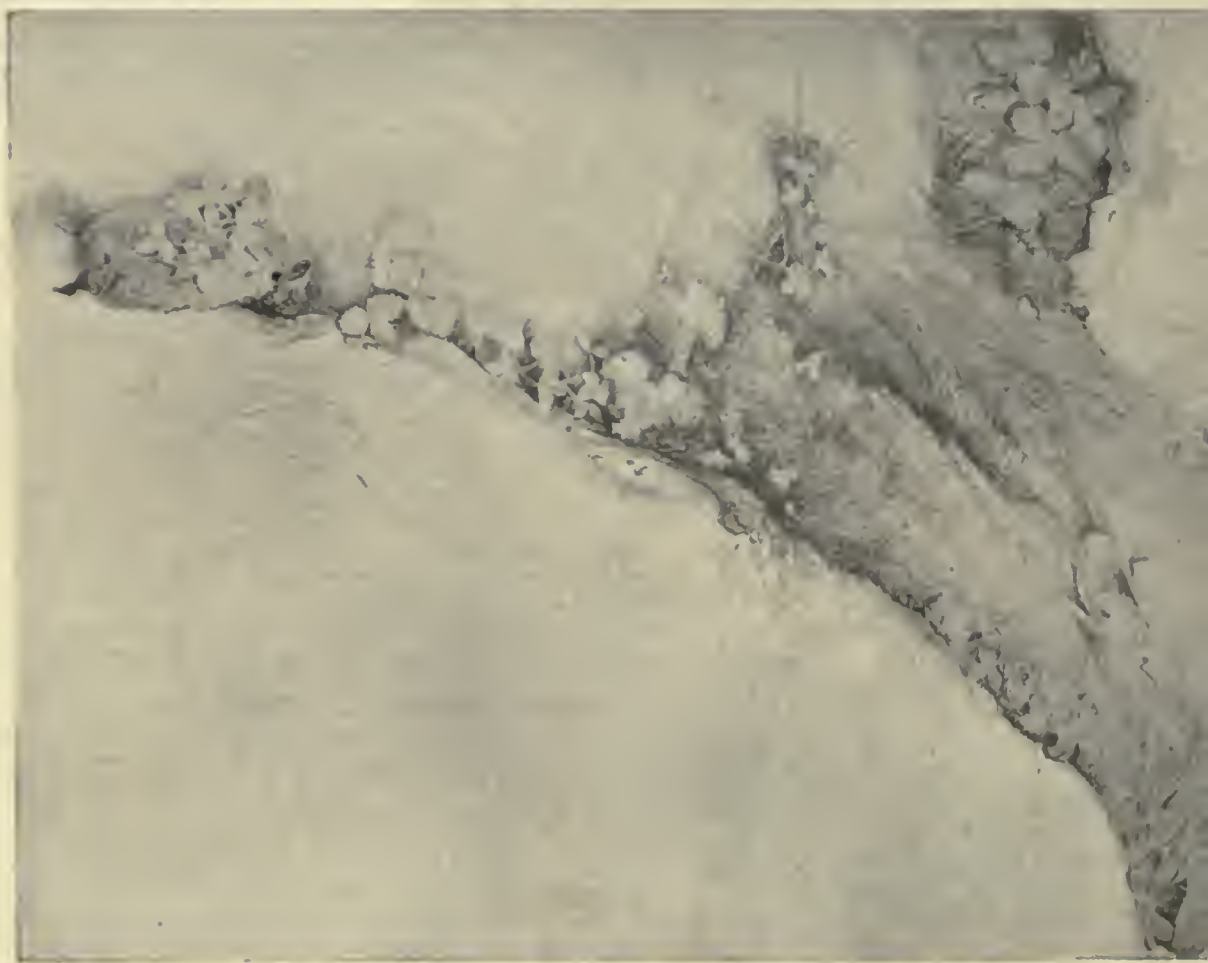
Ruskin was nothing if not minutely painstaking and inquiringly practical. We see these qualities in his practice more than in his practice. The minute accuracy of his drawings, singularly enough, into the closest fellowship with those who perpetrated one of the severest lampoons upon the drawing of mosses and wild strawberries from the Oxton which we reproduce might have been done by Sandys—the pictorial parodist of "Sir Isambard at the well-known caricature with "J. R." branded upon the near hind-quarter. "Half of my power of ascertaining any kind connected with the arts is in my stern habit of the thing with my own hands till I know its difficulties, so, before he led his band of undergraduates to make a road at Hucksey, he "sat with an iron-masked stevedore on his heap to break stones beside the London-road, at Illey Hill," till he "knew how to advise my too young pupils to effect their purposes in that matter, instilling the heads of their hammers off (a serious item in expenses)." Similarly, before he set his gang of scavengers to keep the gutters between the British Museum and Seven Dials clean, "I learned," said he, "from an Irish crossing sweeper what he could teach me of sweep again and again I swept bits of St. Giles's foot-paths, showing my corps of subordinates how to finish into the gutter." "What greatness any among us is capable of," he says, "will be attained by beginning in all quietness and hopefulness to use whatever powers we may possess to mend the things around us as we see and feel them; to close off life to give the perfect crown to the common labours, and knowing assuredly that the determinate degree in which watchfulness is to be exalted into devotion rests with a higher will than our own."

the book from the author to the reader. He had met in 1854, in his drawing class at Great Ormond-street, a student, George Allen by name. For three years from 1857, Mr. Allen was learning under Mr. Ruskin's guidance engraving and etching from Le Keux and mezzotint from Thomas Lupton. Then the publishing business ("planted in the middle of a country field" in 1871) started operations and was very soon a pronounced success.

"Fors Clavigera" was the first book issued, and of this Mr. Ruskin says:—"It cost me £10 to print 1,000, and £5 more to give a picture, and a penny off my sevenpence to send you the book; a thousand sixpences are £25; when you have bought a thousand 'Fors' of me, I shall therefore have £5 for my trouble, and my single shopman, Mr. Allen, £5 for his; we won't work for less, either of us. And I mean to sell all my large books, henceforward, in the same way, well printed, well bound and at a fixed

His Politics.

Where Ruskin failed to convince in his social ethics, he failed in good company—in the company as diverse as Gladstone, Cobden, Newman, and Mill. However monstrous in the eyes of those who take the mainspring of human action to be Ruskin's political teaching, it is throughout disinterested and elevating in the eyes of its assailants in that it is based on a view of character, of the claims of public duty, of possibilities of citizenship. His efforts produced the Guild or Company of St. George, an association for the promotion of good and honest work, "plain living and high thinking." Its object and the vow of its companions are purely ethical, assuming the goodness of God and the dignity of man as postulates, and inculcating honour, honesty, independence, gentleness, and obedience to authority and law. So old, and yet, as a national concern, so imper-



MOSS AND WILD STRAWBERRY.

A Pencil Drawing by Ruskin in the University Galleries, Oxford. (By permission of Mr. Alexander Macdonald.)

price; and the trade may charge a proper and acknowledged profit for their trouble in retailing the book. Then the public will know what they are about, and so will the tradesmen. I, the first producer, answer to the best of my power for the quality of the book—taste, binding, elegance, and all; the retail dealer

His Teaching.

The corner-stones of his teaching were the standard of all excellence, and nature the inspirer of all great art; that the finish which forwards the work; that brilliancy and effort of invention, and

was best in spiritual democracy. Of what may be called his democracy in a more exact sense I have confessed that I have nothing to say. In spite of some weighty testimony, I cannot regard it as even a very strong influence from him on his time; it seems to me rather the vivid expression of a strong influence upon him from others. But it sprang from that central core of his teaching, his belief in beauty as a Divine Sacrament. For this belief involves the conviction that this table of the Lord must be open to all. From that feast none must be shut out. And the discovery that whole classes are shut out, that the bulk of the world's workers cannot see the beauty of a rose or a flower, because sordid cares and physical wretchedness weave an opaque veil before their eyes—this discovery made Ruskin a Socialist. Why, he seemed always saying, should a message, in its nature universal, be silenced by luxury on the one hand as much as by penury on the other? The feverish hunt for wealth curtails off the influence of Nature almost as much as the desperate struggle with poverty, while the commercial development which creates a few millionaires and a mass of overdriven workers (so he reasoned) creates also a hideous world. He longed to spread the truly human life. He hated the phase of civilization which cut off, as he thought, from whole classes of men the power to drink in the message of Nature and of Art with incomplete sympathies." "Mr. Ruskin," says another thoughtful critic, "unites uncommon intensity of feeling with great logical acuteness, singular command of illustration, rare eloquence of style, and a power of concentrating all these on the matter immediately in hand which raises whatever excellence he may be commending into exclusive importance for the moment, and makes the fault or evil tendency he may be condemning for the time being the very head and front of all offending. This penetrative and illustrative faculty, exerted, as it is wont to be, on one thing at a time, throws a light on the object under investigation so intense that for the moment nothing else is visible."

As Philanthropist and Writer.

That he practised what he preached in things other than stone-breaking and scavenging was obvious. His charities and gifts in aid of all he thought worthy of help were unstinted, and, having inherited a hundred and seventy thousand pounds, he died worth comparatively little, even if we include the value of the art treasures he left behind him. He spent himself, his fortune, and finally his mental health in what seemed at the time a vain struggle, as many a saint and prophet has spent himself before. He was one of the *Dii majores* of the Victorian age. Authoritative voices have done justice to the immortal services that have been rendered by this incomparable art critic, to the originality of his views, the splendour of his style, and, above all, his fascinating personality. He was a preacher of righteousness and truth in all things, who, penetrated as he was with the spirit of Holy Scripture, taught with enthusiasm, eloquence, and wisdom that the personal relation of God to man was the source of all virtue. His mind was critical, polemical, and investigatory, but, unlike his master, Carlyle, his nature was gentle almost to womanliness. He was ever a humble and earnest student of nature and a fearless lover of truth. What better can be said? Nor is the style less formed and less distinctive than the doctrine. We find in full finish the rhythmical and richly-coloured language, the use of alliteration and climax, the fervid glow, the ready rise into dithyramb or denunciation, and the power of word-painting, carried often to a pitch of colour and a passion of rapture or disgust which to some less enthusiastic

to refuse it without reviling." But there are ~~men~~ ^{men} cannot refuse without reviling.

Personal Influence.

Much of Ruskin's influence lay in his extraordinary fascination. Seldom was any man so sympathetic, so uniformly and invariably courteous; rarely so unfailingly and miraculously eloquent. He was the times, and to all men. I have seen him described in person, careless in dress, and nervous in manner; he was an old, almost broken, man when I first Oxford, this is not my memory of him. I may have unconsciously, his stature by the estimate which with whom I met him, set upon his intellectual. His figure was spare, as became the ethereal life, but the face, rough at the first glance, changed, in gushed joy of meeting one who in his way fought a noble and the good, to an expression of great kindness there was sensitiveness, if you like, but no nervousness the thin mouth and in the clear, deep eyes. He what I had expected to see, most unlike and yet so li



BRANTWOOD.

[From a Drawing by Charles Whymper.]

whose personality was early and often impressed upon of the late Canon Liddon. There was little of the about him then, but he had many of the personal which I had been taught to associate with the giant days, that marvellous band of men in the Oxford. Has there ever been an intellectual movement like it

married when he was twenty-nine and she nineteen, and who, after causing Ruskin the seven most miserable years of his life, dissolved the marriage tie to become the wife of John Everett Millais, there is little to say except that she died, as also did Millais, before Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin himself considered it too private a matter to tell the world about. The later years of his life at Brantwood were sweetened and his waning strength husbanded by the never-fading, never-complaining affection of his cousin, born Miss Joan Agnew, but best known as Mrs. Arthur Severn, who together with her husband and her children made common home with him and shared the sheltered simplicity of his life.

Very little remains to be said, and no man can foretell the length or breadth of the influence of this ethereal-minded thinker. His message to his friends in 1891 is his message to us to-day, and it is in this wise:—"Say to my friends in the Oxford Museum from me, may God bless the reverent and earnest study of nature and of man, to His glory, to the better teaching of the future, to the benefit of our country, and to the good of all mankind."

A prophet in very truth! And as on that winter's afternoon at Brantwood a little more than a year ago the restless, powerful spirit left him silent amongst the level mists that hung motionless and grey over the long lawns by the lake shore, when the silence of lawn and wood was completed, and all his thoughts were of those whom he was to meet no more, the words of Carlyle come back to us—that John Ruskin was the only man in England who was carrying out his ideas. And from Ruskin, in his turn, the saying that Tolstoy stood for the movement for which he himself had worked helps us to the belief that, where the labour is, there will the labourer be found also. Ruskin died, as he had lived, in that sure and certain hope of a Resurrection which revealed itself throughout his life and his work. Who shall grudge such a one a few purely human foibles?

WALLACE L. CROWDY.

Next Saturday a new Ruskin Museum is to be opened at Coniston, including many interesting articles contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn and Mr. W. G. Collingwood. To Mr. Collingwood was largely due the organization of the Ruskin Exhibition held at Coniston last summer, and to this Exhibition may be traced the institution of a permanent



SOME RUSKINIAN. A "Personal View"

By E. T. COOK.

The time during which I enjoyed the privilege of correspondence and conversation with Mr. Ruskin, from his second appointment to the Slade Professorship to his final withdrawal into seclusion at Brantwood in 1891, was a time of broken health with him and of intense interest to me. Any one who compares the first course of lectures (on his professorship), on "The Art of England," with the second, on "The Pleasures of England," will see, as it were, the gathering of a storm. I was commissioned to report these lectures to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it was not always easy to do so in a coherent form. I was amused, but surprised, when my editor received a letter from a professor of that day suggesting that there were being delivered at that seat of learning perhaps even getting into the newspapers. It must be confessed that my shadowy sketch of English history—or, rather, of English national feeling and character, which he entitled "The Art of England"—is among his least admirable works. It was suddenly broken off, and he delivered in its place two or three others on disconnected subjects. The last was on "Birds and How to Paint Them"; another on "The Scenery of England." These (which have not been published) show the last of Ruskin's old power and charm. The contrast with his earlier work is striking. It was in the return to nature that he found strength. The last chapter written by Ruskin for publication was an epilogue of 1888 to "Modern Painters." He wrote, "beneath the cloudless peace of Chamouni, what must be the really final words of their beauty inspired and their strength guided."

It was a happy thought on Professor Norton's part to state of Ruskin's health, to suggest to him that he should write his autobiography. Among the thoughts of his childhood, youth, and earlier manhood, he recovered equanimity, and the pleasure which his tenacious memory gave him expressed itself in perfect grace and felicity. It is remarkable, too, that he called "word-painting"—a phrase, by the way, which he detested in its application to his work—"Practical Painting," shows full command of his powers. When he describes his skill in description of landscape, as in Matthew Arnold, in his "Essays in Criticism," or in his illustration of the supreme power of prose in this form in the third volume of "Modern Painters," or in his description of Swiss meadows. Dr. Waldstein, in his study of Ruskin, has for this purpose to a description in the first volume of his history during one day as viewed from the Alps. The passage quoted perhaps than any other passage is the "Seven Lamps," of the pastures of Champagnol. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, as appears from

he said, to be mainly descriptions and memories of places that he loved—"The Rainbows of Eileasbach," for instance. "I feel," he said, "that I can still write as well as ever I could." But, alas! the clouds descended before he was able to give any contents to the titles. It is probable, however—if we may judge from the samples of Ruskin's letters to his parents given in the new edition of Mr. Collingwood's *Life*—that the presently forthcoming volumes of his letters will in some sort be a continuation of "Prieterita."

Of his books on art Ruskin preferred his Oxford lectures, and especially the introductory course (1870). This book expressed his most mature views, in the most carefully considered words, and he used to speak of his disappointment that it was not more often referred to by his critics. In the preparation of his earlier Oxford lectures he took the greatest pains. They cost him more labour in the composition, he once said, than any of his other books. This, I think, is interesting, for the effect ultimately produced in the best of the lectures is one of great ease. Their style is simpler, less elaborate, less self-conscious than that of his earlier and better-known writings. Professor Norton, in one of his prefaces to Ruskin (too little known in this country), well says of what we may call Ruskin's Oxford style, that it is "not a style of purple patches, but its whole substance is crimsoned with the passionate feeling that courses through the eager and animated words. . . . It makes no such direct claim to the reader's attention; it does not divert his regard too often, as of old, from the matter to the form of the expression. A good knowledge of English is needed, and a trained ear for the finer rhythms of prose, to understand and appreciate its excellence." But of all his writings Ruskin himself considered that "Unto this Last" was in point of style the most successful, as in substance the most important. I remember hearing him on one occasion read out the passage from "Seven Lamps" above referred to. He bade us note the obviousness of the art, and especially the forcing of the alliteration—as, for instance, in the sentence, "Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue." Then by way of contrast he read out, with the perfect emphasis of which he was a master, the concluding passage of "Unto this Last." The art, he said, was hidden there. All sense of strain was absent. The appearance was of each inevitably right word being in its inevitably right place. But the inevitable was only found after careful search. Ruskin wrote out the whole of "Unto this Last" three times.

It was also the book which contained, as he believed, his most vital teaching, and hence he used to say that if any of his work were destined to survive it would be "Unto this Last." "I am dissatisfied with my books," he once said to me, "more than most authors. But in the case of 'Unto this Last' I am convinced that its central teaching is entirely true. The world will not hear me yet; but it will live to discover some day that nations cannot live on gunpowder and iron, but only on corn; and that the only way to deal with this sort of thing"—and here he went to the window and looked out upon the unemployed demonstrating in Trafalgar-square—"is not by mere giving or

We changed the conversation, for in these distributions were recognized as danger signals. He had seen the National Gallery, and he was good enough to interest in the handbook I was preparing to the collection of beautiful collection it now is," he said; "the new res hanging quite a beautiful piece of work. I don't like the Ansidei Madonna is certainly lovely—the loveliest in the world. The Madonna di San Sisto is dark and brilliant." Ruskin's appreciation of the picture agreed interesting to note, with that of Pater, who selected it as "the embodied formula of Raphael's genius," in preference to the "Transfiguration" or the "Sistine Madonna" or even the "donna del Gran Duca." I had quoted in my *National Gallery Handbook* some lines out of "Ionlea" as illustrating Pater's conclusion that Botticelli's Madonnas. Ruskin argued a good deal against the theory, but was much taken up with the lines I had quoted, and sang a similar feeling. "Ionlea" was new to him, and he sent him the whole poem. It was "Mimnermus in Chorus":—

You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet I fain would breathe it still.
You chilly stars I can forgo;
This warm, kind world is all I know.

Ruskin was delighted with the poem—"so true," he said, "also," and wanted to know more of its author. I passed a message to Mr. Cory. He was a devout reader of Ruskin and "it is now rather touching," he wrote, "to find I have been interested in my very lowly *rimaillerie*." Mr. Cory how the original booklet had been "thrown aside scorned" in the *Saturday Review* with the first booklet of a lady, Mrs. Webb. I think, has since had her revenge." By this time "Ionlea" had long been out of print, and was difficult and expensive. A few years later Mr. Cory reissued it with Ruskin's preface.

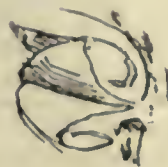
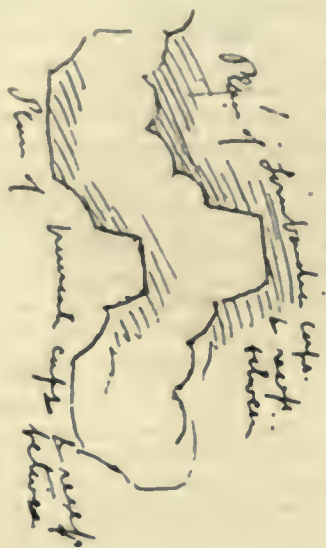
Ruskin had promised to write a preface to my *National Gallery Handbook*. But there were difficulties in the way. "The whole modern system of exhibition," he said at first, "is partly ludicrous, partly dreadful to me; what I feel about the best pictures would not be of the least use to Londoners. What I feel about the worst it would pour me crazy again with anger to put into any words." I wrote to the Gallery mollified his feelings (as noticed above) and the preface was forthcoming; and he read many pages of the catalogue itself. But he returned unread the pages with Turner. For two reasons, he told me. One was his pain and grief it caused him to find how much of Turner in oil was going to wreck and ruin. The other was his dislike of the treatment of the Turner water-colours—so many of them still unexhibited, and all consigned to those gloomy cellars on the ground floor which he described as "a rascally ruin, an accursed catacomb." Let us hope that when the next rearrangement of the Gallery is effected the Turner drawings which its principal treasures will be better shown.

In conversations or correspondence with Ruskin for years with which I am dealing there was much that was pathetic. He was indeed often full of brightness,

BYZANTINE PALACES.

Ca Tarsetta. upper story

Height of base. (x y in figure below)	9	"	8.
— of shaft.	9	"	4.
— of Capital. from joint	1	"	1.
— of arch (Vp)	2	"	5.
Span of arch. (ceiling)	3	"	9.
Circumference of small shafts at base	1	"	5 1/2 or 1.6
— six feet up	1	"	4.
Span of pulvina.	1	"	3/4
Interval between pair & pair of shafts	4	"	1
Interval & between shafts in pairs (ceiling)	0	"	3
Width of doorway or abacus.	(ceiling)	1	" 5 3/4



JOHN RUSKIN AND HIS PUBLISHER.

Mr. George Allen's association with Ruskin dates back almost half a century. In the fifties Ruskin had a drawing-class at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street, and for long he devoted two or three evenings a week to this practical form of art teaching. Onward from 1854 Ruskin became interested in one of his pupils, George Allen; and three years later Mr. Allen began to study engraving, with a view to executing illustrations for the master's works. It is unnecessary to enter into details of how, as a trade journal expressed it, "Mr. Ruskin . . . transferred his publishing to the middle of a country field," in other words, to Sunnyside, on the slopes of one of the beautiful vales of Kent. The new method of issuing books is described in the passage quoted on page 178 from "Fors Clavigera," as to which Ruskin said on a later page:—"The price of these Letters to friends of mine, as supplied by me, the original inditer, to all and sundry, through my only shopman, Mr. Allen, is sevenpence per epistle, and not fivepence halfpenny; and that the trade profit on the sale of them is intended to be, and must eventually be, as I intend, a quite honestly confessed profit, charged to the customer, not compressed out of the author; which object may be easily achieved by the retail bookseller, if he will resolutely charge the symmetrical sum of tenpence per epistle over his counter, as it is my purpose he should." Prior to the appearance of "Fors," Mr. Allen had executed many engravings for Ruskin, made numerous geological studies with him in the Swiss mountains, and roamed in leisurely fashion through Central Italy with the enthusiastic appreciator of certain aspects, at any rate, of the beautiful. It is of interest to recall that for some time Ruskin was in doubt whether to himself or to Allen was attributable a pen-and-ink sketch, reproduced in "Modern Painters." For the rest, the following beautiful letter, dated Brantwood, April 15, 1878—some seven years prior to the artist-critic's final visit to Orpington—calls for quotation:—"Dear Allen,—How good and kind you are, and have always been. I trust, whatever happens to me, that your position, with the copyright of my books, if anybody cares for them, and with the friends gained by your honesty and industry, is secure on your little piece of Kentish home territory. I write this letter to release you from all debt to me of any kind, and to leave you, with my solemn thanks for all the energy and faith of your life, given to me so loyally, in all that I have ever tried to do for good, to do now what is best for your family and yourself. As I look back on my life in this closing time, I find myself in debt to every friend that loved me, for what a score of lives could not repay, and would fain say to them all, as to you, words of humiliation, which I check only because they are so vain. Ever (nay, in such a time as this, what 'ever' is there except 'to-day'—one more—) your thankful and sorrowful friend—Master no more—J. RUSKIN."

An idea has been prevalent, appears even to have gained ground recently, that John Ruskin profited relatively little from his literary works. This is a grave misapprehension. We have it on excellent authority that Ruskin's profits as an author yield an average during the past fifteen years of £4,000 per annum. However highly we may account his work, whether as art critic, social reformer, or prose-poet, a money-recompense of all but £11 a day for something over 5,000 days can hardly be regarded as inadequate. Few authors who do not set out to be

Venice," in which all the illustrations are drawn by 10,000 of the three-volume edition, dated 1893—the first three years amounting to about £3,070—and one of the traveller's edition, issued 1870-81. "Unto this last" holds a second place, to judge by sales. In the esteem of readers, few recall that the essays reprinted in it originally appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, August-1890, when it was under Thackeray's editorship. It was the opposition they raised that Thackeray has been anxious for their discontinuance. The author, believing them "to be the best, that is to say, the rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have ever written, and the last of them ('Ad Valorem'), having had respect spent on it, is probably the best I shall ever write." It only was changed by Ruskin in the Smith, Elder reprint of this on page 85, where "seventeen ounces" is substituted for "thirteen ounces," as found in the *Cornhill*. Some 77,000 of "Unto this last" have been sold by Mr. Allen.

THE VALUE OF RARE RUSKINIAN.

Like his dissimilar contemporary, Robert Browning, Ruskin's first adventure in the world of letters was a volume of poems. Again, as with "Pauline," so with this volume—which cannot be characterized as an "art-poetry" always dramatic in principle—was printed at the expense of a relative, no other than Ruskin the elder and away the rarest piece associated with him. All one poems contained in the volume were written between 1844 and 1856, at the head of each being the date of composition. It is a post 8vo. containing pp. IV. + 112, in cloth boards, green or purple, the cover lettered in black "Poems, J.R." Within the past few weeks, it has been sold privately at £50; and a similar value was set a couple of years ago in a bookseller's catalogue. It has fetched considerable sums, although in 1890 copies made no more than £22 and £21 10s. respectively. T. J. Wise, whose Ruskin bibliography is an object of its kind, possesses the volume in question, measuring 7 1/2 by 4 1/2 inches. As all bibliophiles are aware, Mr. Wise also has the most interesting copies extant of "Pauline," the first full of notes by the author, the title-page bearing the date "1844." Before the 1888 re-issue of "Modern Painters," the original volume edition—not uniform in size, inasmuch as Vol. I. was crown 8vo., while the others are imperial 8vos.—was valued at £50, as against an aggregate issue price of £8 0s. 6d. It has dropped considerably, until now about £20 would purchase a similar shrinkage has occurred in the case of the *edition of "The Stones of Venice,"* since republished in 1893. Then the first edition of 1851-3, issued at 4s. 6d., was worth like £30, at least privately; in 1900 a copy brought £13 10s. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" published in 1849 at one guinea; in April, half a century ago, a presentation copy in original cloth "To Dante Gabriel Rossetti with affectionate and respectful regards, John Ruskin 1855," fetched £20. As we know from "Præterita," the "Golden River" was written in 1841, at the request of a little girl, without any idea of publication; but at the suggestion of a friend, and with the passive assent of the author, it was published in 1842. The first edition was

Ruskin. He was whole-hearted in his admiration of these etchings:—"If you happen to meet with two volumes of 'Grimm's German Stories,' which were illustrated by him (Crunk-hank) long ago," we read in "Elements of Drawing," "pounce upon them instantly; the etchings in them are the finest things, next to Rembrandts, that, as far as I know, have been done since etching was invented." As is evident, Ruskin copied them almost as soon as he could use the pencil. Fortunately in one way, unfortunately in another, instead of being sold at auction, and so revealing the market value of this unique piece of early Ruskiniana, it was bought privately by Mrs. Severn prior to the sale. Of the many Ruskin drawings which have changed hands recently, allusion may be made to three sold at Christie's on January 29—the "Head of a Lady," 20in. by 12½in., the "Head of a Girl," 12½in. by 10½in., and a study of a sea-shell, 8½in. by 5½in., which realized respectively 55, 45, and 20gns., and to the well-known water-colour of Ambrose, executed at Leamington in the autumn of 1841, which was lent to the Ruskin Exhibition by Mr. R. E. Conliffe of Ambleside. This "highly laboured drawing" is frankly an imitation of Turner—the sunset light, the moon rising behind it, the steps and balustrades of the castle going down to the river, which are not there in reality, "with the fret-work of St. Hubert's Chapel done very carefully in my own way, I thought perhaps a little better than Turner." The drawing and the poem of the "Broken Chain," which it aimed to illustrate, were "salutary exercises; proving to me that in those directions of imagination I was even a worse blockhead than Agassiz himself." The drawing in question realized not long ago 100gns.

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN POETRY.

V.—THE POETRY OF REACTION AND ARTIFICE.

An outburst of emotion is invariably followed by reaction, and the course of Victorian poetry did not fail to follow in the common way. It was, indeed, inevitable that it should do so; for, by the time the sentimental movement had spent its force, its own risks and penalties were clearly enough revealed. Even Tennyson had not altogether escaped its influence. The period which culminated in him "Enoch Arden," "Sea Dreams," and those other gently emotional stories of domestic life was certainly the least poetically fruitful in his career, and the homely sentimentality of their tone is directly referable to the literary influences of the time. Poetry was for the moment at an ebb; workmanship and melody had declined, and an attempt to lend vitality to secondary art by concentrating it upon "actual" and popular subjects had resulted in an almost inevitable loss of dignity and beauty. The democratizing spirit was threatening literature, and poetry in particular appeared to be in grave danger. Suddenly the change came, and with it a complete reaction in almost every branch of art. The Pre-Raphaelite movement, with all its subsequent developments and side-issues, was the salvation of English art. It did a great deal also to save and re-vivify English poetry.

We have seen that the emotional movement had left the field dull and exhausted. There is, no doubt, room for plentiful humanity in what Mr. Swinburne called "idylls of the farm and the mills; idylls of the dining-room and the deanery; and idylls of the gutter and the gibbet," but only a consummate talent can lend idylls to the commonplace, and even that talent

huge, formless representation of a familiar scene—profusely detailed and accurate, but absolutely void of vision or feeling. The decoration of the ordinary accorded no less with this blunted sense of beauty. Wax-flowers and wool-work; heavy, funereal curtains—all sweetness and light were to be the living rooms of the people by these ugly suggestions of an artificial, tortured life. The struck with one blow at all these false gods—brain and eye alike were to be filled with freshness and clean beauty. The Pre-Raphaelites the lump of taste in every simple home.

Such were the ideals of the movement of early in the fifties began at Oxford, where so much beautiful has always begun, and soon extended into the whole field of English art. And it was many considerations that, though the movement directed against artificiality, its methods were of a modified and re-directed artifice. Art, in the logical framer of definitions may say to them can never be separated from artifice. The emotion had itself been designed to controvert what it artificial; it sought to return to primary human to appeal to the heart of the people through direct channels of popular sentiment. But, when tested, sentiment, without the artifice by which it can be refined, failed it; and poetry was once on its hands vaguely towards the evasive light of clutching the inviolable shade." Actuality and claims of the present hour had landed it in indecision. "Turn away from these things as the Pre-Raphaelites," and lift up your eyes. Beauty is not in the present, but it has been in the learn the lesson of the past, and return to primi-

Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston-stroke
Forget the spreading of the hideous town.
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down
And dream of London, small, and white, and
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens
Think that below bridge the green lapping
Smite some few keels that bear Levantine
Cut from the yew wood on the burnt-up hill
And pointed jars that Greek hands tolled
And treasured scanty spice from some far
Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,
And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheds of Gu
While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey C
Moves over hills of lading—mid such times
Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhyme

The heart of the movement beats in these. And so Morris leads his readers out, under a canopy of appleblossom, where knights in armour, bounding quest, move over turf jewelled with flower-harmony of virginals. It is a pagan paradise, but without many adventures. The heroes have saved; they quit them like men, and over their life draws a misty, transparent veil, through which figures in a tapestry, harmoniously melting into flowers which surround them. So too Rosset in colour with the brush, sees the heavens of mounting up to God like thin flames, and the of the happy.

"We two," she said, "will seek the
When the lady Mary is

Beauty of the form, beauty of the suggestion, and above all beauty of the word—these are the prevailing occupations of the poet. He lingers, with a sort of loving reluctance to be gone, over the "five sweet symphonies" of the names; and, if an exquisite picture can be painted on the mind's eye, it matters but little to the poet that the impression left proves, on reflection, vague and shadowy.

Shall I not one day remember thy bower,
One day when all days are one day to me?
Thinking, "I stirred not, and yet had the power!"
Yearning, "Oh God, if again it might be!"
Peace, peace! such a small lamp illumines, on this highway,
So dimly so few steps in front of my feet,—
Yet shows me that her way is parted from my way. . . .
Out of sight, beyond light, at what goal may we meet?

The truth is that this poetry, surcharged as it is with emotion, and trembling under the surface with ideas half-realized, is really neither the poetry of ideas, nor of emotion, but of mood. The poetry of ideas had seemed, from recent experience, to land the thinker in a philosophy too consciously moral to be altogether artistic; the poetry of emotion had wasted itself in sentimentality over uninspiring objects. And so the reaction is from both the idea and the emotion to the mood; the poet's desire is to evoke in his reader a certain mood or tone of mind which is neither active thought nor active emotion, but quiescent, sympathetic resignation to a sense of beauty remote but permeating. In such a mood we neither argue nor ask, but are content to resign ourselves to an effect which is no less compelling in that it seems to evade analysis.

So much, in brief, for the spiritual tone of the Pre-Raphaelite movement; it remains to say something of what has been by far its most searching influence—namely, its effect upon poetical technique. Mood, tone—the essential qualities of a poet—are not easily assimilated by his followers; but metrical innovations are common and easy property, and they at once find those who can adapt and imitate them. And it is really difficult to estimate how much modern prosody owes to the reaction from the lax and jog-trot melodies of the emotionalists; because at first sight Mr. Swinburne appears to have actually revolutionized English metre. That, perhaps, he did not quite do; but it is no less than true that we owe it principally to him that the technical finish of even the poorest verse nowadays is far in advance of much of the approved poetry of forty or fifty years ago. Since Mr. Swinburne opened the gates of English song to measures which appear to be actually quantitative rather than accentual, the metrical resources of the language have assumed an entirely new complexion. And there is scarcely a living English poet in whose work one may not find traces of the influence of this illuminating liberty upon the breadth and diversity of current harmonies.

Mr. Swinburne has been called "a poet of revolt"; and, since a good phrase always sticks, the expression has gained a currency rather out of proportion with its accuracy. For, though his individuality is more compelling and his tone more insistent than those of the two poets we have just been discussing, he is really no more of a revolutionist than his Pre-Raphaelite friends; his movement is entirely reactionary. To be a poet of revolt a man must have some definite goal, some propaganda, some "programme" (to use an ugly but convenient term); but Mr. Swinburne has none of these. "I have simplified my politics," said Byron, "into an utter detestation of all existing Governments," and this deliciously-sweeping indignation is very

illusory, but it has left us a mass of poetry unexampled in English language for fertility of music or intensity of fervour. "The flap of the leaves and the ripple" receive onomatopoeic expression in his lifting and falling harmonies; the melody rises and falls with the mood, most formal of measures, the heroic couplet itself, grows with waves of emotion. No such riot of melody exists in English poetry, and its influence upon prosody will certainly be permanent and far-reaching.

We know, indeed, that historically it was indeed inspiring. It was not only that he inspired delightful skilful disciples, such as Arthur O'Shaughnessy and Myers, but that his metrical discoveries prompted independent and fruitful research. The publication of "Poems and Lyrics" set all young poets in rivalry to find for themselves a matching these revivals of the quantitative glories of the chorons; and it happened that, at the same moment, without collusion, a body of poets of the younger generation were turning their attention to French forms of verse, essaying to fit our less pliable syllables into the dainty rhymes of the rondeau, the villanelle, and the ballade, movement of the early seventies, which included Mr. Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Andrew Lang, and dissimilar a writer as Mr. W. E. Henley, is extremely interesting not only for its relation to the general effort towards a lyrical resource, but for its own sake and its own merits. Mr. Lang has written *Ballades*, whose praise anthologies; Mr. Edmund Gosse was the first to use in the difficult and rolling metre of the *Chant Royal*, and with singular success; while Mr. Dobson has employed the old French forms with inimitable felicity; and, as at the present spring, has written a rondeau of an intensity which lifts it altogether above the interests of metrical or artificial exercise.

And, apart from technical questions altogether, a company of poets, together with other of their contemporaries, whom something remains to be said in the concluding of this series, are distinguished as part of the reactionary movement which began in their boyhood, by a certain remoteness from temporary interests and by a return to the pursuit of periods separated from their own. Mr. Lang's allegiance to the classics, Mr. Gosse's note is of the renaissance, and Mr. Dobson has revived for us the eighteenth century meant its associations with a poetry which criticism of times denied to that period of prose. Finally, it is significant that the most conscious and elaborate poet of our day, Mr. Robert Bridges, is almost exclusively of tone and inspiration, modelling himself upon the Milton and the severely "grand style." But of Mr. Bridges we have more to say when we attempt a final glance at the state of poetry and its promises for the future.

It is impossible, however, to part from the poetic movement which we have just been considering without a grateful acknowledgment of its beneficent influence upon the general contemporary poetry. It is a movement of divagation, but has not been without its excesses. But it restored the and, through means which may at times have seemed it did great and lasting service to art. We are continuing by the critics of the Press that the general level of much higher now than it was, for example, in the old days of "Keepsakes," the "Annulets," and the "Friendship

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CHARLES II.

CHARLES II. By OSMUND AIRY, M.A., LL.D. (Goupil. £3 3s.)

Dedicated to Dr. S. R. Gardiner and written in the style, pictorial without affectation, of that eminent historian's monograph on Cromwell, Dr. Osmond Airy's new book will receive as warm a welcome as the earlier volume. As a character-study it is inferior to none of its predecessors in Messrs. Goupil's series. The life of Charles II. has never been before so exhaustively and so pitilessly analysed. The result is a picture really remarkable in its vividness. And it is a picture which bears the stamp of truth. Secured by no suppressions, but based on a thorough, intimate, and original investigation, the portrait of Charles is one which will take its place among the best studies that we have of our Kings, as a work of discriminating insight and accuracy.

There is no elimination of unpleasant scandals. We are spared offensive details, of course, but there is no lack of information about any of the sordid intrigues which formed the staple of Charles' life. Pictures stand out from Dr. Airy's pages that will not readily be forgotten; and they are all pictures of shame and dishonour. The desertion of the noble Montrose, the night of the triumphal return to London, the betrayal of honesty and honour in the days of the Popish plot, the debauch that was enjoyed when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, come like horrible nightmares to haunt the memory. It is, indeed, a black picture which Dr. Airy draws of the times and of the man. In the main we do not doubt that it is a just one, though it is certainly more dark than that of the judicial von Ranke. We have little, indeed, to say by way of arrest of judgment; and, indeed, nothing in the case of the King.

"He left his people in anxiety, not in grief," are the last words of Dr. Airy's book, penned on the day when the country learned with deep distress the loss of a noble example of what a Sovereign might be to a nation.

His people were not multitudes of men and women whose aspirations, whose views of right and wrong, whose whole modes of thought might be ennobled by regal example; his Ministers were not taught that loyal service to their country and loyal service to their Sovereign were all one; his court was not a place to enter which virtue at least must be stamped upon the passport. His guide was not duty; it was not even ambition; but his guide was self; it was ease, and amusement, and lust. The cup of pleasure was filled deep for him, and he grasped it with both hands. But pleasure is not happiness. There is no happiness for him who lives and dies without beliefs, without enthusiasms, and without love.

What Dr. Gardiner has been gradually showing us of the cynical treachery of Charles' early years, of the profligacy which began almost in his childhood, is emphasized in the pages in which Dr. Airy sketches the period before the Restoration. And the picture becomes darker as the days go on. It is terrible to read; a portrait which would not shame the power of Tacitus or Juvenal.

While we can enter no defence for Charles II., though we allow the defects of his training and the heritage from Henri Quatre, we find Dr. Airy occasionally harsh beyond his text in

However, this is in such a book little more. The whole study is informed and informing, written, and its constant use of contemporary language a flavour of especial richness. The anecdotes, too old, are well told and appropriate. Historical very little holes to pick in the work. Dr. Airy has been successful in his historical writing, but his skill in the use of it are constantly in the present venture will meet with little adverse are inclined to object to his picture of William p. 172, which seems to ignore his grave more same kind as those of his uncles Charles and James that the importance of Colonel Wildman is when he is grouped with "many old Commonwealth" fancy that the account which makes the Lords in at Oxford meet in the Divinity School, not, as the Geometry School, is the correct one. But the little points, of course, do not affect the general Airy has written an excellent and a most readable hardly one which young ladies should be invited

The illustrations, we need hardly say, are of Perhaps the most charming are the reproductions by Samuel Cooper. The frontispiece, a reproduction of a miniature of the Oaks at Goodwood, is especially The later portrait shows unmistakably the degenerate character. The portrait of Charles as a boy, when Welbeck, is a fine example of Vandyke, but it is especially interesting. The two pictures of Montague, on the other hand, are charming, and so is the huntress Court, who was long believed to be the Princess very striking portrait is that of Hobbes, now Portrait Gallery. The Hampton Court bequest somewhat sparingly drawn upon, probably because well known; but there are portraits of the Countess of Arundel, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and the Countess of Devon, and, of course, Nell Gwyn (not a very different sources. Among interesting subjects are Jansen's Ball given to Charles II. at The Hague the Restoration, from Windsor; the Capture of the ship in 1667, by Pieters, from Amsterdam; and the Flight of Lieven Verschuur, from Budapest. Those who with the pictures of the period will, however, find that no use has been made of the magnificent portraits of Clarendon and his contemporaries at Castle, belonging to the Earl of Home. Remembering child's letter of Charles Edward, we were surprised to find a facsimile of an equally characteristic letter as a boy, on the interesting subject of taking money.

Whether historically, in a literary aspect, or as a production, Dr. Osmond Airy's "Charles II." is a book to be bought, and read, and kept.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S VERSES.

CARMINA VOTIVA AND OTHER OCCASIONAL VERSES BY MR. AUSTIN DOBSON. (Printed for private circulation.)

The slighter pieces of such an accomplished verser as Mr. Dobson have a charm in themselves. Some of the little poems in this volume are only

in it may well dispense with a didactic purpose. Mr. Dobson, indeed, has in this volume a happy epigram "On Didactics in Poetry":—

Parnassus' peaks still catch the sun;
But why—O lyric brother!—
Why build a Pulpit on the one,
A Platform on the other?

The motto prefixed to the collection, taken from a convenient Old Play "Enter a Song, singing," serves as an appropriate gentleman-usher to introduce the company that follows.

"The sixty pieces here collected," the Preface tells us, "belong to many periods of the author's life. But they are alike in this that, none of them are to be found in any of his published volumes. Some of them are reprinted from ephemeral sources, others have never appeared before, one or two have been restored from the earliest issues of his poems." The pieces bear dates from 1868 to the present year. One accompanied a floral wreath on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria; one celebrates the "Rank and File"—the "undistinguished dead"—who have fallen in the South African war; many are lines addressed to personal friends of the writer—the late Lord de Tabley, the late Frederick Locker, Mr. G. H. Boughton, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Gosse, and others; and among these personal friends we ought almost to reckon—so intimate is the regard expressed for each whether seriously or smilingly—Oliver Goldsmith and old Isaac, who gave directions how to catch and dress "your Club or Chavender." Mr. Dobson's poetical maledictions are reserved for the street singer, who murders "the magic that music brings," and for the bard who presses onward waving a huge MS. and holds the victim with his glittering eye; and neither of these is likely to be seriously hurt by maledictions in the forms of trivial exotic verse. "July" is exultant with the joy of escape from town to the sea and the sky; it rings its little joy-bells through some six and forty lines on two rhyming-sounds, and this without any ostentatious parading of the feat. "Notes of the Honeymoon" may be described as a domestic drama in eight acts, but each act is no longer than the following.—Act V, the young bride at a bookstall having discovered an interesting announcement in *The Times*:—

"Here it is in *The Times*,—
Dear Charlie,—how funny!
'Twixt a 'Smith' and a 'Synes,'—
Here it is!—in *The Times*.
'And it's not with the 'crimes'!"
"You must pay. I've no money!
Here it is in *The Times*,—
Dear Charlie,—how funny!"

To have actually seen it in *The Times* must add an emphasis to the dear of the last line which differentiates it from the second.

But Mr. Dobson can be grave and dignified. The two sonnets "Regrets" after Joachim du Bellay are admirable in the delicacy of their sentiment of nostalgia; the "Ballad of Bitter Fruit" after Théodore de Banville—the bitter fruit being poor folk stark and sped swinging from the forest trees, "King Lewis his orchard ground"—has in it a grim romance worthy of Villon. And in the poem "To Monsieur de la Mothe le Vayer, upon the death of his son, After Molière" Mr. Dobson has added to English poetry a lofty sonnet of that consolation

No grief alas! can now bring back again
The son too dear, by Death untimely ta'en
Yet, not the loss, his loss is hard to bear,
Graced as he was by all the world revere,
Large heart, keen wit, a lofty soul and rare
—Surely these claim humilifiable tears.

The little volume is dedicated to Mr. Andrew Lang. 125 copies have been printed, and perhaps it is a kindness to make 125 persons happy—we may not all succeed much. But Mr. Dobson is too good a poet to be a miser to those whom Pater styled "the elect and peculiar sentiment," and we trust that not a few of these will reappear in future editions of the author's collected

THE ORIGINALITY OF ROMAN ART

ROMAN ART: SOME OF ITS PRINCIPLES AND THEIR APPLICATION TO CHRISTIAN PAINTING. By FRANZ WICKHOFF. Translated by MRS. S. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D. Four plates and numerous Text Illustrations. (Heinemann.)

Mrs. Strong is the apostle in England of the more moderate and the too austere devotion to archaic Greek art. As Mrs. Sellers she conferred a real benefit on such students familiar with German by translating Furtwängler and ingenious "Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture," among other points, the incalculable services of Roman art in the preservation of Greek art were warmly and justly vindicated. The old dilettanti, who had long suffered obloquy for their admiration of what the purists called "Roman copies," suddenly found themselves rebelling against their self-respect by an acknowledged master of plastic art. Once more it became possible to speak enthusiastically of "mere Roman" statue, without blushing for one's lack of taste, since these Roman favourites of bygone amateurs turn out to be priceless witnesses to lost masterpieces of the Hellenistic periods. So far, however, Roman art was defended on altruistic virtues. Now, Mrs. Strong comes forward with the most interesting study of the merits of Roman art per se.

The Art of Rome (she says) has suffered from neglect, not actual neglect, at any rate under the imputation of nothing but the last chapter of the long history of art—*in fact*, a sort of decadent anti-climax. And yet Roman art can, no more than Greek and Roman literature, be treated as episodes of unequal value in one continuous development. Entirely independent in their origin and mingled for a time in what Professor Wickhoff named the "Augustan style"—a style plentifully illustrated by busts and by numberless reliefs, hitherto classed as Hellenistic. Fortunately for the development of the art, the stronger Roman element was fused and tempered by the union, was to predominate Greek, which at that time had long been enfeebled. In fact was on the point of exhaustion. Professor Wickhoff shows entirely Roman in its native strength is the Imperial art of which the finest examples are reliefs from the Arch of Titus and of Trajan. Interpenetrated every artistic product of the time itself felt right down into the beginnings of Christianity, though obscured and weakened, maintained throughout its Middle Ages to be a living force.

prejudiced eyes of those who have been trained in the contemplation of the latter, is nevertheless a noble and virile art to which the Trecentists probably owed something of their inspiration. The work is a translation of the essay contributed by Professor Wickhoff to the description of the famous Vienna Illuminated MS. of the Book of Genesis, well-known from the engravings of Lambecius and Kollar, which presents a series of the oldest illustrations to the Bible that have been preserved. This essay, together with Härtel's account of the Greek text, first appeared in 1885 as a supplement to the *Jahrbuch der Kunstsammlungen des Allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses*, and aims at formulating a theory of the history of Roman style, both in painting and in sculpture, from the age of Augustus to that of Constantine. Professor Wickhoff's examination of the new motives introduced in Roman style, the school of illusionist portraiture, the study of nature, albeit a dry naturalism, and the development of an extremely clever—speaking technically—treatment of freely grouped flowers in a decorative method that recalls Japanese ornament, will be appreciated by all careful students, even when they are not disposed to accept his sometimes rather fine-drawn analyses. The book sometimes gives one the impression of special pleading, as if the author had made up his mind to press his brief for Roman originality for all it was worth; but the impartial reader will find much to admire in the admirable technical criticism and the wide grasp of detail shown in Professor Wickhoff's elaborate discussions of the principles of style as exhibited in the art he has undertaken to champion. The illustrations alone will recommend this beautiful volume to all lovers of fine prints, though we must regret that the Genesis pictures are reproduced from Lambecius' incorrect engravings. The plates of the Vatican Head of the young Augustus, the reliefs from the Ara Pacis, and the numerous decorative examples are finely rendered, and will be a revelation to those who have not so far turned their attention to a peculiarly interesting and dignified period of art. Mrs. Strong's translation, we need not add, is worthy of her scholarly reputation.

Some Guide-books.

WEST KENT is the latest of Messrs. A. and C. Black's new guide books, and Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff well keeps up the practical and complete character of the series. We have also received a new (ninth) edition of Black's SOUTH WALES (3s. 6d.).

AROUND LONDON : SOUTH SIDE (Black, 6d.) is the title of a guide, also by Mr. Hope Moncrieff, dealing in this author's happy manner with the district within "a part circle roughly drawn from Gravesend to Guildford, traversed by roads leading out through the transpontine suburbs." Cyclists and pedestrians will find it very useful.

Mr. Frank J. Nash, of 51, Vincent-square, Westminster, is the publisher as well as the author of *THE ROAD TO THE NORTH* (2s. 6d. u.). It is a guide to the district served by the North-Eastern Railway system, and brims over with instructive remarks. Though the style is unattractive, the perusal of it will repay the tourist.

A useful tourists' guide is that to the West Highland Railway, published by F. W. Wilson, of Glasgow, in his series of *RAIL AND RIVER GUIDES*. It contains a good map of the district, and notes on the fishing resorts and golf courses, with plenty of photographic reproductions of loch and mountain scenery.

Most of the big railway companies now issue time-tables that are almost as full of information and illustration as the ordinary guide book. A good example is the Great Eastern's annotated time-table for the *CHROMER AND MENDENHAM EXCURSIONS*, which is well arranged and prettily illustrated.

The rapid extension of electric railways necessitates frequent new editions of Swiss guides. This season brings a

FICTION.

The Eternal City.

Mr. Hall Caine has often been hardly treated by reviewers. Not always, it is true. Sometimes he has been lauded to the skies, and sometimes it has been attacked. Something in his style of writing, it is said, to a sane and temperate criticism; perhaps annoyed at the flourish of trumpets that proceed from his pen, and at the success commanded by his methods. On the title-page of *THE ETERNAL CITY* (6s.) we read, for example, that a hundred thousand copies have been printed of the first edition. It is prodigious only to read the book to see how remarkable a fact a long book—it contains more than six hundred pages—considering the average quality of the modern standard. It is not to be considered dear at the price. But of uncommon excellence. It is very far from being a failure. It has, from the purely literary point of view, many merits. There is not a single phrase in the book that is not of distinction; there are no subtle touches of irony or of humour; there is nothing that appeals to the intellect. Worse still, Mr. Hall Caine has a single character that we can clothe with flesh and blood as we may, Rossi remains a melancholy puppet, a pathetic heroine of melodrama, while Bonelli is the carefully-dressed Drury Lane villain of high life on stage, where he has been acting unscrupulously for the last twenty years. As for the Pope, the Cardinals, and other powers and principalities, they need not be considered. The author has chosen to make an absolute monarch, and we do not suppose that his errors are an undue strain upon our diplomatic relations with that country. After all, the introduction of these personages was probably necessary to the success of the book from a selling point of view. Mr. Caine's public to learn the secrets of the Vatican and the novelists who have actually spent some months in Rome, City imbibing local colour. And they like a touch of melodrama, both in its incidents and in its characters, and a familiar insistence on Christianity untrammelled by Churches.

Let us turn, a more grateful task, to Mr. Caine's *The Eternal City*. For he has very considerable merits, although dazzled by that first edition of a hundred thousand copies to forget them in his anxiety to deplore the public's want of some power, so remarkable a success in the market (taking the pecuniary results) would be impossible. Mr. Caine has a good eye for a dramatic situation, and that invaluable lesson—that it is almost impossible to make the public too much of what it likes. The public likes a sacrificing heroine dying sweetly in the limelight, and fades away happily in her husband's arms, and that his apparatus from above for all he is worth. Sensibility will be shed over this moving and pathetic "The Eternal City," one cannot but think, an excellent drama on a big stage. The note is forced; in a printed book this is sometimes a failure. In Drury Lane it would be only just and proper, and an author cannot quite breathe life into his characters.

August 24, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

Historical Novels.

In ROBERT ANNYS: POOR PRIEST (Macmillan, 6s.) Annie Nathan Meyer has given a fine picture of an unfamiliar period of English history and an intuitive study of a man's soul in which are mirrored the warring forces of his day. Robert Anny is a disciple of Wyell, a lover of the song of Piers Plowman, passionate in his sympathy with the oppressed common people to whom he preaches. He is, however, sensitive to the beauty of that dominant Church which he opposes; and Thomas Goldyng, the princely Bishop of Ely, strives to win him to do his work within the hierarchy as Archdeacon of Ely. There is a crucial scene in the great Cathedral in which Anny is played upon by personal ambition, the sense of power, and a recognition of the majestic significance of the service, and is only released from his self-questionings by the distant song of John Ball's followers which comes to him like a sign from Heaven. Thenceforth he devotes himself to his perilous task of preparing the minds of men for the revolt against feudal tyranny and the unscriptural assumptions of the priesthood. He decides, for example's sake, to marry Matilda Westel, his devoted helper; but another woman, sensuous, ambitious, the illegitimate daughter of a great noble, crosses his life, and he hides from temptation in a cloister. When he leaves the peaceful scriptorium, at the call of his people, it is too late to check the lawlessness in which the great uprising ends miserably. He is left taking up his frustrate work with Matilda at his side. The pageant of mediæval life, splendid and grotesquely pitiful, is admirably suggested, forming a symbolic setting to the spiritual struggles. The story is fitly located in the wide and wistful fen country which the author depicts well.

If Mr. Stanley Weyman had never written, we might have found THE HELMET OF NAVARRE (Macmillan, 6s.) enthralling reading; but then in that case we should not have had it to read. Miss Bertha Runkle, however, weaves her plots deftly and has produced an exciting story out of familiar material, while readers in quest of adventure will not quarrel with the number of halfbreadth escapes and wildly improbable coincidences. There is the inevitable happy ending, brought about largely by the intervention of the innocent country lad, the narrator, who naturally walks straight into the secret councils of princes. The sense of peril and intrigue which brooded about Paris just before the "conversion" of Henry IV. is well given, but the justification of Miss Runkle's title is to seek. Henry of Navarre appears, it is true, in the last chapter to bless the lovers, but it is in no martial guise; we do not follow him to his battle-fields, and we catch no glimpse of him as that "clair astro de feu" which his soldiers loved.

A FORBIDDEN NAME, by Fred Whishaw (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), is a good, lively tale of adventure. Its principal scenes are laid at the Court of Catherine the Great. The "forbidden name" is the name of the rightful heir to the throne, a semi-fictional being who is buried in a dungeon, and rescued by the heroine, a truly spirited young woman, and the "I" of the story. It is long, but not too long. The occasional fighting is well done, the duel between chair and sword in Chapter XX, being almost brutally realistic.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

There are three stories in A WOMAN ALONE (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) and of these three two are more or less closely connected together. Mrs. Clifford cannot be accused, in this instance at any rate, of collecting work that has done duty

ratio of tragedy rather higher than is necessary. Mrs. stories are pleasantly written, with occasional flashes adroit touches of description. They are considerably usual level of mediocrity; but they will not rouse enthusiasm.

A DARING SPIRIT, by Mrs. Hagot Harte (Digby, 1s.) is a pleasant novel, but not a remarkable one. There is a maid in it of a type that ceased to represent anything before most of us were born—the preposterous "strong woman" of fiction, with her huge bonnet and gloves a diatribe on the superiority of her "sect." Apart from characters are human and natural enough.

A RUSKIN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

For the complete bibliography the student must turn to Wise and Smart's "Bibliography of the Works of John Ruskin," edited by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, an exhaustive work, published for subscribers only in 1886, between 200 and 300 pages; but Ruskin's chief books and earliest writings, are included in the following checklist:—

- 1834.—Three papers in London's "Magazine of History"; "Enquiries on the Causes of the Col Water of the Rhine"; "Facts and Considerations of the Strata of Mont Blanc"; and "Note on the Perforation of the London Pipe by Rats." Ruskin's first published work, reprinted in "On the Old Road" (George Allen).
- 1835-1837.—"Saltzburgh," "Fragments from a Journal," "The Months," "The Last Smile," and a "Legend of Italy." Ruskin's first verse-work published in "Friendship's Offering" (Smith, Elder & Co.), and reprinted in "The Poems of John Ruskin" (George Allen).
- 1837-38.—"Poetry of Architecture"—a series of articles in London's "Architectural Magazine." Reprinted (George Allen) 1892.
- 1839.—"Salsette and Elephanta" (Newdigate Prize). Published at Oxford (J. Vincent) 1839; Reprinted 1879.
- 1843.—"Modern Painters," Vol. I. (Smith, Elder).
- 1846.—"Modern Painters," Vol. II. (Smith, Elder).
- 1849.—"The Seven Lamps of Architecture"; two editions (Smith, Elder); subsequent issues (George Allen & Co.) edition; small complete edition, 31st Thousand.
- 1850.—"Poems" (51), mainly from "Friendship's Offering" and the "London Monthly Miscellany"; private circulation.
- 1851.—"King of the Golden River," seven editions (Smith, Elder); subsequent editions (Allen). [24th Thousand].
- "The Stones of Venice," Vol. I. Two editions (Smith, Elder); subsequent editions (Allen).
- "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds"; two editions (Smith, Elder); subsequent issues (Allen); also in "On the Old Road."
- "Pre-Raphaelitism," two editions (Smith, Elder); printed in "On the Old Road."
- 1853.—"The Stones of Venice," Vols. II. and III., two of each (Smith, Elder); also published in a three-volume edition (Smith, Elder), 1873-74, which was reprinted 1880. Also published in small complete edition (31st Thousand), and in Travellers' Edition, abridged (31st Thousand) (Allen), 1879; reprinted at the Kelmscott Press 1892 (Allen).

- 1850.—"Modern Painters," Vols. III. and IV., two editions of each (Smith, Elder), and reprinted in their "Autograph" edition, 1873. Subsequent issues (Allen).
- 1850.—"The Harbours of England," two editions (Gambart and Co.); 3rd edition (Day and Son); 4th (T. J. Allman); 5th (Smith, Elder); reprinted (Allen) with preface by T. J. Wise, 1895.
- 1857.—"Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House," five editions (Smith, Elder).
- .. "The Elements of Drawing" (Smith, Elder) [8th Thousand; new edition (Allen) 1892, 14th Thousand.
- .. "The Political Economy of Art," three editions (Smith, Elder); reprinted (Allen) in "A Joy for Ever."
- 1859.—"The Two Paths" (Smith, Elder); second edition (Allen). Small complete edition, [14th Thousand.
- .. "The Elements of Perspective" (Smith, Elder).
- 1860.—"Modern Painters," Vol. V. (Smith, Elder). The complete work was published in the "Autograph Edition" in five vols. (Smith, Elder) in 1873; reprinted with additions in 1888, and again in 1892 (Allen).
- .. "Unto This Last"; four papers in the "Cornhill Magazine"; reprinted (Smith, Elder) 1862; subsequent issues (Allen). [35th Thousand.
- 1862.—"Essays in Political Economy," published in "Fraser's Magazine." Reprinted as "Minera Pulveris"; subsequent issues (Allen). [Small edition, 8th Thousand.
- 1865.—"Sesame and Lilies," four editions (Smith, Elder), and numerous re-issues in original form (Allen). Subsequently published in revised and enlarged edition (Allen). [6th edition; small complete edition, 48th Thousand; popular edition, 32nd Thousand.
- 1866.—"The Ethics of the Dust" (Smith, Elder); subsequent reprints (Allen). [21st Thousand.
- .. "The Crown of Wild Olive," three editions (Smith, Elder); subsequent issues (Allen). [Small edition, 33rd Thousand.
- 1867.—"Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyne," letters originally published in *Manchester Examiner* and *Leeds Mercury*; two editions (Smith, Elder); subsequent editions (Allen). [Small edition, 14th Thousand.
- 1869.—"The Queen of the Air," two editions (Smith, Elder); subsequent editions (Allen). [Small edition, 15th Thousand.
- 1870.—"Lectures on Art," three editions (Clarendon Press); revised small edition, with new preface (Allen). [13th Thousand.
- 1871-81. "Fors Clavigera," letters published monthly from 1871 to 1877, and at intervals from 1878 to 1884; afterwards collected in two editions of eight and four volumes each respectively. [3rd edition.
1872. "Aratra Pentelici" (Allen). [2nd edition; small complete edition, 6th Thousand.
- .. "The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret" (Allen). [3rd edition.
- .. "The Eagle's Nest" (Allen). [2nd edition; small edition, 12th Thousand.
- 1873.—"Love's Meinie," published in three parts separately. Complete volume (Allen) 1882; also small edition.
- .. "Ariadne Florentina," six lectures issued separately; subsequently as one volume (Allen); also small edition.
- 1874.—"Val d'Arno," ten lectures issued separately; subsequently as one volume (Allen). [2nd edition; also small edition, 6th thousand.
- 1875-77. "Mornings in Florence," six parts issued separately (Allen); also a new complete edition. [12th Thousand.
- 1875-86. "Proserpina" (Allen), Vol. I. contains first six parts; Parts VII., VIII., IX., and X. issued separately.
- 1875-83. "Denealion" (Allen). Vol. I. contains first six parts; Parts VII. and VIII. issued separately.
- 1877-84. "St. Mark's Rest," published separately in three parts, with supplement and appendix (Allen); also in complete edition. [2nd edition.
- 1877-78. "The Laws of Fesole," in four parts (Allen); collected in one volume 1879. [2nd edition 1882.

- 1884.—"The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," originally issued in two parts; afterwards (Allen).
- 1884-85.—"The Pleasures of England"; for separately (Allen). [Small complete edition and Pleasures of England," in one volume.
- 1885.—"A Knight's Faith," Vol. IV. of "torum." (Allen.)
- .. "Roadside Songs of Tuscany"—preface and Alexander's translations (Allen).
- 1885-89. "Prieterita"; three volumes (Allen).
- 1886-87.—"Dilecta"; correspondence, diaries, tracts from books illustrating "Prieterita" (Allen).
- 1887-89.—"Christ's Folk in the Appennine Alexander, edited by Ruskin, in six parts

SELECTIONS.

- 1885.—"On the Old Road"; a Selection of pamphlets, articles, and essays (1834-84) volumes.
- 1889.—"The Rights of Labour according to the Bible," arranged by T. Barclay, W. Reeves, [3rd edition.
- 1890.—"Selections from Ruskin," two volume series being based upon the "Selectio Smith, Elder in 1861; the second series from Ruskin's works published after 1860.
- 1891.—"Ruskin on Music," edited by Miss Allen).
- 1898.—"The Bible References of Ruskin," arranged in alphabetical order by Mar Allen).
- 1900.—"Thoughts from Ruskin," selected by Professor Attwell. (Allen.) [6th Thousand.
- .. "Turner and Ruskin," with descriptive notes on the writings of Ruskin, edited, with a biographical sketch of Turner, by Frederick Wedmore (Allen).

The late Mr. Parnell was not a bibliophile; he expected to find any very valuable items in his collection sold at Avondale last week. Yet there were books, and in a few cases, notably one or two which were evidently used by the late Irish leader, which he obtained. Evidently his predecessors had formed a very interesting collection. As a rule, however, the books were of the following kind:—Beckford's "The History of the Works of the Marquis de Sade" (£2 15s.); Byron's "Doge of Venice and the Prince of Wales" (first edition (12s.); Ingigo Jones's "Palladio's Architecture" (£2); Campbell's "Vitruvius Britannicus," 3 vols. (1791); Markham's "Hunger's Prevention, or the Way to Health" (1621); Ascham's "Schole of Shooting," 1571; of Angling," 1740 (£2 15s.); "Galerie du Louvre," edited by Filhol, 10 vols., 1810-15 (£5); "Angling," 1765 (£2 10s.); "General System of the Duke of Newcastle, 1743, 2 vols. in 1 (1743); "Tary Costume of Europe," 2 vols., 1812 (£18); "Travaux de Mars," 1685 (60s.); Lucar's "Colloques Concerning the Art of Shooting" (155s.); Goury's "Traité de Venerie et de la Chasse" (1701 (£4 5s.); "The Pastoral," 1613; Cowley's Poems, 1613; Jonson's Works, 2 vols., 1616 (£4); Hollander's "imperfect," 1577-80 (£2); and the "Fons Ebraica," with name cut from top of title, and the "imperfect," being badly frayed, size 13½ by 9½, fetched the largest figure of any book sold, being bought by Colonel Tottenham for £35. Not a single

Correspondence.

BESANT AND RICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the *Life of Coligny* by the late Sir Walter Besant there is a passage containing a statement so utterly at variance with another on the same topic in "The Golden Butterfly" that the two call for consideration. I quote them.

From the tenth chapter of "*Gaspard de Coligny*," by Walter Besant, M.A. :—

The Duke of Guise, wiping the blood from the dead man's face with his handkerchief, looked upon the well-known features of his enemy. "I know him," he cried joyfully, "It is he." He kicked the dead body with his foot, and left it there, calling on his companions to go on with the good work in the name of the King. Sixteen years later, the corpse of this same Henry, Duke of Guise, was lying before another murderer, Henry the Third, who, as Guise had treated the dead body of Coligny, so treated the dead body of Guise, with a brutal kick.

From the Prologue to "*The Golden Butterfly*," by Walter Besant and James Rice :—

When Henri Balafré, Duc de Guise, saw Coligny lying dead at his feet, he is said—only it is a wicked lie—to have kicked the body of his murdered father's enemy. When Henry III. of France, ten years later, saw Balafré dead at his feet, he did kick the lifeless body, with a wretched joke. That King was a cur.

Himself or his colleague has therefore, it would appear, given the lie to the gifted and lamented writer of Coligny's biography.

Yours faithfully,

ALGERNON WARREN.

17, Welbeck-mansions, Inglewood-road,
West Hampstead, N.W.

WILTSHIRE WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am lately joined in Wedlock to a young Woman whose Humour is, whenever I have a Mind to read her a Discourse out of your Paper, to vow that she will not be *mohomeded* to. I desire to know what this Word means. Melissa is a Lady that lives in our Parish; but, if I offer her the least Civility, my Wife declares that I am as *deep as Garrick*, and that Melissa and I, forsooth, are as *thick as Incleweavers*. It was but last Night that, the Supper not being to madam's liking, she found the Mutton as *sour as a wig*, and the Potatoes as *hard as Brazil*; and she told me afterwards that she should never endure the Cook-maid, though the Wench had been as *fess as Cox's pig* to enter her service. Pray, tell me, Sir, how I may interpret this metaphorical sort of a Dialect, and oblige

Your humble servant,

PHILOLOGUS.

P.S.—You must know she was bred near the Devises.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Calm have already given the season a popular one about ten days' time Mr. Crockett's volume of "*Les*" is expected from Mr. Murray uniform with "*A woman's Love Letters*"—while his new novel, "*The*" is coming through Messrs. Macmillan. Another novel Barrie is also expected during the autumn, and Mr. I will publish a new book by Mr. Gilbert Parker, entitled "*Right of Way*." Among the novels in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "*The Disciple*," by Paul Bourget; "*The Lion's Mouth*," by Amelia E. Barr; "*The Yellow Flend*," by Mrs. A. " "*The Saving Child*," by Mrs. Fraser; "*The Insane*," by Mrs. Campbell Pruned; "*The Mating of a Dove*," by E. Mann; and two books by Mr. Louis Becke—"*The Black Sheep*," and "*Yorke the Adventurer*," and other novels for the autumn are :—

"*Kim*," by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

"*A Maid of Venice*," by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)

"*The Benefactress*," by the authoress of "*Elizabeth German Garden*." (Macmillan.)

"*The Secret Orchard*," by Egerton Castle. (Macmillan.)

"*Royal George*," by S. Baring Gould. (Methuen.)

"*Sir Richard Calmady*," by Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)

"*Tales of Dunstable Weir*," by Zack. (Methuen.)

"*Clementina*," by A. E. W. Mason. (Methuen.)

"*The Embarrassing Orphan*," by W. E. Norris. (Methuen.)

"*The Prophet of Berkeley Square*," by Robert (Methuen.)

"*Fancy Free*," by Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)

Mr. Elliot Stock announces a new volume of essays, Augustine Birrell uniform with the first edition of "*Dieta*." It will contain, among others, articles on John The Ideal University, and The Reformation.

To Mr. Henry J. Drane's "*Bijou Biographies*" added, in the course of a few days, a life of Miss Mary Illustrated with special photographs.

Miss Constance Fletcher, who, under the pseudonym "*George Fleming*," has published a considerable number of novels, is preparing for stage purposes a dramatic version of Balzac's well-known story, "*La Duchesse de Langeais*."

Messrs. Methuen have a new series of children's preparation, under the editorship of E. V. Lucas, entitled "*Little Blue Books for Children*," containing stories for children, the moral of which is implied rather than stated. E. V. Lucas has also written (for Messrs. Methuen) a book of verse entitled "*The Visit to London*," with pictures.

An American selection of "*Representative Comedies*," in five volumes, will be published soon by Macmillan, as well as an *édition de luxe* of Mr. Fisher's "*Mermaid Series*" in twenty-five volumes. Messrs. also announce "*What is Shakespeare: An Introduction to Great Plays*," by Professor Sherman, of Nebraska; "*Napoleon I.*," by the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, author of "*France*," "*George Washington*," by Norwood; "*Select Documents of English History*," by George Burton Adams and H. Morse Stephens; and three series of a work to be issued under the general editorship of the President of the University of Chicago, W. D. Harper. The first series will be "*Ancient Records of Egypt and Assyria*," edited by Professor R. F. Harper of six volumes; the second series will be "*Ancient Egypt*," edited by J. H. Breasted, in six volumes; the third series will be "*Ancient Records of Palestine*."

The novel with a purpose apparently knows no limit. development is to be an anti-vaccination novel by L. General Arthur Phelps, President of the Anti-Vaccination League.

Prince of Siam. It will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, who has a number of other historical works, including "The Barbarian Invasion of Italy," by Professor Villari; and two additions to "The Story of the Nations" Series—"Wales," by Professor Edwards, and "Medieval Rome: 1073-1600," by William Miller. "John Oliver Hobbes" has two items in the same list—a new Haymarket play, as yet without a title, and a volume entitled "Three Stories and a Play," the three stories being named respectively "Prince Toto," "Tis an Ill Flight without Wings," and "The Worm that God Prepared," and the play which concerns a Carlist rising—*A Repentance*. Another piece of dramatic literature announced by Mr. Unwin is a three-act play in blank verse entitled *Alfred the Great*, by Edmund L. Hill. The same publisher will issue Mr. Harry Furness' and Mr. Albert Chevalier's autobiographies, which we have already mentioned, and he has one scientific book—"A Study in Heredity," by Dr. Archdall Reid, Lecturer on Heredity in the University of Edinburgh. The author deals mainly with alcoholism.

Books to look out for at once.

- "Blue Shirt and Khaki: A Comparison." By J. F. Archibald. Gay and Bird. 6s. n.
[A comparison between American and British campaigning.]
"The Growth of the Empire." By A. W. Jose. J. Murray. 6s.
[Historical review of the development of Greater Britain.]
"The Snares of the World." By Hamilton Aide. J. Murray. 6s.
"The Million." By Dorothea Gerard. Methuen. 6s.
"When the Lord was Young." By L. McLaws. Constable. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FICTION.

- HER HECTOR. By ROBERT MACHRAY. 7½x5½. 374 pp. Constable. 5s.
THE DEVASTATORS. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. 7½x5. 310 pp. Methuen. 6s.
THE SKIPPER OF RAENCRAIG. By G. SETON. 7½x5. 348 pp. Constable. 6s.
SPORTING MORROW. By FOX RUSSELL. 6½x4. 192 pp. Arrowsmith. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- FIRST SUPPLEMENTARY CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE. By J. R. BOWEN. 10½x7½. 763 pp. Royal Colonial Institute.
CONCISE DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By F. A. E. GARC. 6½x4½. 941 pp. Bell.
[A handy abridgment of the author's larger work, published in 1897. Intended for middle forms in schools.]
SONGS OF EXILE. By HERBERT POETS. Trans. by NINA DAVIS. 6½x4½. 146 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.
[Published for the Jewish Historical Society. Twelve of the songs are by Jehudah Halevi, some others from unknown sources.]
WAS ALFRED KING OF ENGLAND? A Political View. By A. HANON. 8½x5½. 100 pp. Harroden.
[Endeavour to prove that Alfred was a Roman nominee of the Pope, sent in flight against the Saxons under Guthrum, who in 878 was "King of all England."]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- THE HISTORICAL NEW TESTAMENT. By J. MOFFATT, D.D. 2nd Ed. revised. 2x5½. 724 pp. T. and T. Clark. 16s.
[We reviewed this very valuable book when it was first published on February 23. The changes in this edition are very slight.]
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAavedra. Vol. III. Don Quixote, Vol. I. Ed. by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. 7x4½. 184 pp. Glasgow, Gowans and Gray. 1s. n.
[This begins the Cervantes in 12 volumes which is to form part of Messrs. Gowans and Gray's "Complete Library," and is uniform with the "Keats" already published. Gwynne's well-known translation has been selected. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's full introduction and brief scholarly notes give it a value which a book so cheap and handsomely produced possesses.]
THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. By ARTHUR HORN. [The Novelist Series.] 5x6. 128 pp. Methuen. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

- JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, and other Sacred Truths: Harmony and Correlation. By M. W. HODGKIN. 7½x5. 101 pp. Abingdon. 2s. 6d.
A KEY TO UNLOCK THE BIBLE. By J. A. HERT, D.D. 7x4½. 190 pp. Religious Tract Society. 1s. 6d.
[A brief introduction to the study of the Bible, in the light of modern scholarship.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House.

PROBLEM No. 217, by
O. KUNETITZKY, Prague.
BLACK. 6 pieces.



WHITE. 12 pieces
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 218, by
R. G. THOMAS.
BLACK.



WHITE. 12 pieces
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 219, by A. Troitzky, R. pieces—K at K B 2; Q at Q K 8; Kt at Q 6. Black (6 pieces)—K at K B 5; Q at Q B 3; pawns at Q 5, Q B 4, Q R 4. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 220, by Count Schaffgotsch. —K at Q K 3; Qnt KB 4; Kt at K 5. Black at Q 8; Q at Q R 4. White to play and win.

MORPHY AND PROFESSIONALISM. In view of vast changes have been wrought during recent years in the practical extinction of professionalism as long by Mr. C. A. Buck, of Toronto, Kansas, who writes:—"It was while in Paris, during December, 1858, that Morphy's so-called avocation began to manifest itself, and his feelings in became so aggravated in later years as to create belief that he grew to positively dislike the mistake. His experience in European chess revelation to him. It should be remembered that inspired by the ardour, enthusiasm, and high and, loving chess as he did, he was shocked and sordid conventionalities of chess practice that w taint of professionalism was repellent to him, a how the game was made a business of, his di forsake the haunts of chess. Morphy's idea morals of chess is not suggested for the purpose invidious comparisons, but simply to establish was not chess that he grew to dislike but the those who would make a living by it. As Mor be in a way an involuntary victim of his fame a his ideas in this respect are important as expl phase of his character.

"Morphy returned to America in May, 1859 with all the enthusiasm due to a conquering hero of a vast assemblage in the chapel of the U York, he was presented with a testimonial in magnificent set of gold and silver chess men match, the most costly, perhaps, that was ever festivities of this occasion were unhappily marred episode that showed Morphy's growing sense 'profession of chess.' Colonel Charles D. M the American Chess Association, was chairman committee which greeted Morphy, and in his address made an allusion to chess as a profession, and re as its most brilliant exponent. Morphy took ex characterized as a professional player, even by he resented it in such a way as to overwhelm C confusion. Such was his mortification at this that Colonel Mead withdrew from further part

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 22. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish this week special illustrated articles upon Tolstoy and his work by Mr. Francis Gribble, Mr. George Calderon, Mr. Aylmer Maude, and Mr. Brayley Hodgetts.

On page 211 will be found an article on the Pan-Celtic Congress by Mr. A. P. Graves, and on page 200 Mr. Arthur Waugh's concluding article on Victorian poetry.

Next week we shall issue a specially illustrated Walt Whitman number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's portrait of Whitman.

* * * *

The Queen of Rumania has sent copies of her works to Count Tolstoy. Even if the author has no time to read them the thought that they are lying on his table will, she says, be a comfort to her. Count Tolstoy replied:—"I know the heart and the genius of the Queen who gives life by her talent to the songs of her people, and unites in the same affection the palace and the cottage. On the throne or in the midst of the people a woman's heart always has the same emotions, the same poetry, though this, unhappily, is not the case with men."

follows, in a letter of November 30, 1900:—"Better both for knowledge of the two languages and for part into the very meaning of the matter translated, co-invented."

Books to read, just published:—

"The Octopus." By Frank Norris. (Grant Richards.)
 "The Death of the Gods." By Dmitri Merejowski. (Grant Richards.)

Readers who happen to be reading this paper on their way to Switzerland may be glad to be told of a book to buy and read, whether in the train or the hotel, when they have reached their destination. Let them try the new Swiss "Etrennes Helvétiques," of which the first number came out in the course of a recent Swiss journey of our own. It is the revival of an old annual that used to be brought out in the nineteenth century by the Doyen Bridel, who was a friend of Chateaubriand, and subsequently a pastor at Montreux. The present publisher, M. Auguste Bridel, is a collateral descendant.

What the Doyen Bridel principally did was to collect events worth remembering in Swiss history. He visited the "sources," and republished things with comments, and then when they were clothed in the obscurely beautiful language. He translated, for instance, Conrad Gessner's account of his ascent of Pilatus in the sixteenth century. The policy is similar. In the number before us are many articles throwing fresh light upon matters of interest. Madame Bernier, for example, has been through some unpublished letters of Necker, preserved in the Geneva public library, and we see that great lady embarrassed by the exigent demands of her relations. "One of them wants to come and stay with me," she says, "how," she asks, "am I to introduce her as my relative?" full of people of all classes, where, to be decently dressed, must spend at least a thousand French crowns a year to mention her breeding, her language, and a thousand trifles which, without negating her merits, would make a bad impression in a country where people judge by a

* * * *

In another article M. Louis Wuarin illustrates life 350 years ago by means of quotations from the registers of the Genevan Council. It will not be waste of space to translate some of his extracts. For example:—

1540.—Calvin is requested to remain here for a year, and given a new suit of clothes.

1546.—A box of sweetmeats is given to F. Bonivard, who is working at the Chroniques, and the man who works under him is given a pair of shoes.

Our Correspondent in Paris writes :—The telegraph brought us suddenly last week from Brittany the news of the capsizing off the Breton coast of a boat containing the members of two well-known French families which are widely known in literary circles all over Europe. Nearly all the passengers were drowned. The two families were those of Professor Marillier, of the *École des Hautes Études*, and of M. Anatole Le Braz, who is to-day certainly the most eminent interpreter of the inner life of the Breton and one of the most distinguished names in French letters. By this terrible disaster M. Anatole Le Braz has lost his father and mother, his two sisters, and his sister-in-law ; while Professor Marillier, his brother-in-law, although saved from the sea, is still lingering between life and death, as a consequence of exposure during an entire night on a rock lashed by the waves. It is significant that M. Le Braz's writings should have been so much inspired by the sea. The *contes traités* of the old Breton canticle of Pol and Gildas will have henceforth a meaning for M. Anatole Le Braz which they had not even when he wrote that admirable and powerful book, "*Le Sang de La Sirène*."

In a number in which we publish a sympathetic account of the proceedings at the Pan-Celtic Congress we cannot resist the temptation to quote some remarks on the same subject contributed to the *St. James's Gazette* by Mr. A. D. Godley :—

Erin aboo ! though the desolate ocean
Sever the steps of the exile from thee,
Why do I cry in a voice of emotion,
" Slainte, mayourneen aenshla machree " ?

Lo ! 'tis the National Spirit is on me,
All in the Strand as I peaceably go,
Thinking of wrongs that the Saxon has done me,
Dreaming afar of the county Mayo.

How shall the voice of the patriot utter
All that his feelings must yearn to express ?
Robed by a Sassenach tallor and cutter,
Bring me, O bring me the National Dress !

Doomed by the alien his fashions to follow,
Long at the feet of his modes have I sat ;
Now for a coat with the tails of a swallow—
Stick a dudsan in the brim of my hat.

Mr. William Andrews writes from the Royal Institution, Hull :—

Not a few pilgrims come to see the pew where Dr. Johnson sat in St. Clement Danes. When, however, they learn that a shilling is charged to see it their interest in the Doctor is at an end. This charge has been made since 1808 when the fabric was restored, and it was expected that sufficient money would soon be raised to place immediately behind the pew a stained-glass window to the memory of Dr. Johnson. So far a very small sum has been obtained. About £140 is all that is required, and surely there should not be any difficulty in raising that amount. Could not the Johnson Club move in this matter ? It seems to us a laudable object to place a memorial in the church where the great man worshipped, and nothing could be more fitting than a really good stained-glass window.

Few readers probably know that there are the Mohawk nation living to-day than in the American Revolution. That this is the case is Mr. F. W. Halsey's "*The Old New York From*" published by Scribners, a copy of which has the Mohawks, who now mostly live on a reservation by the British Government at the close of the Ontario, Canada, north of Lake Erie.

The Meschitarist Fathers of the Armenian mission at Lazaro, Venice, will celebrate on September 8 a centenary of the founding of their convent and need research and industry the learned world owes the Armenian texts of Eusebius' *Chronicon*, of Philostorgius' *Commentary on the Diatessaron*, and of several other books. They have also issued magnificent lexicons in their language, and made other valuable contributions to letters.

A dramatized version of "*Vanity Fair*," by John Galsworthy, was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London.

Further subscriptions are needed so as to enable the Millenary Committee to pay for the memorial service undertaken, and may be sent to the chairman, Mr. J. H. Mansel-Pleydell, of London, the Mansel-house, London ; to the Rev. Canon Avebury, care of Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., 15, Abchurch-lane, London ; or to the honorary secretary, Mr. J. H. Mansel-Pleydell, Winchester, the Abbey House, Winchester.

Mr. Hall Caine has copyrighted a dramatic version of "*Eternal City*."

The Institute of Journalists held its annual meeting at Leeds. Mr. H. Beckett presided, and gave an address on "*The Purpose of the Press*."

Last Sunday was Mr. Bret Harte's sixty-second birthday.

We regret to hear of the death of Dr. James H. Professor of Church History and Pastoral Theology at the United Free Church College, Aberdeen.

Mr. Heinemann has written out his opinion on the agents for publication in the next number of the *Illustrated London News* will not appear until October.

The Earl of Rosebery will unveil Mr. Thornycroft's statue at the Alfred Millemury.

Mr. Carnegie has given Dalketh £4,000 for a library.

Richard Baxter's pulpit, at Alcester, is for sale by the consent of the Charity Commissioners.

We read in the *Gaulois* that the tomb of Pope Sixtus has been discovered near Rieti.

It has been decided that *Les Burggraves* shall be performed at the Théâtre Français on the occasion of the Victor Hugo centenary.

From inquiries made by a London News representative it appears that the booksellers of the City have decided to take no notice of the order of the Westminster City Council requesting them to remove the booksellers' stalls from the Strand.

People read too much. The habit grows upon them like
 dram-drinking or the cocaine habit till excessive indulgence
 in reading matter stupefies brains that might

The Vice of otherwise be bright and active. Such is the
Reading. thesis propounded by Mr. Howells in *Harper's*
Magazine; and though it contradicts the gener-

ally accepted view of reading, we are disposed to give it
 a qualified support from the evidence of our experience as well
 as of our observations. We read to live, and our reading is
 necessarily miscellaneous; and we are familiar with a very
 unsatisfactory sensation which overtakes us with some regularity
 after a heavy day with "other new books"—good though many
 of them may have been—or after a heavy Saturday afternoon
 consecrated to the many excellent articles on all sorts of subjects
 that appear in the weekly papers. It is a sensation of having
 scattered energies which might have produced some good result
 if they had been concentrated; of having dallied with many
 ideas and retained none for permanent guidance; of having
 temporarily incapacitated ourselves for sustained attention or
 properly directed thought—incapacitated ourselves, indeed, for any
 thought at all that is not stimulated by an impertinent preface or a
 piquant paragraph. And this, Mr. Howells would have us think, is
 the permanent mental state of thousands of our fellow-countrymen

and more particularly our fellow-countrywomen—who do not
 read to live but live to read; and there really seems good
 reason to believe that a good many of them are so afflicted.
 Most of us are acquainted with ladies who are "fond of reading,"
 in the sense that they go every morning to the circulating library
 for novels and spend the rest of the day reading them on the
 sofa, to the neglect of any domestic duties that they may have.
 Most of us have also observed that such ladies do not, as the
 result of their reading, develop literary taste or acquire a more
 intelligent attitude towards life. Their reading does not make
 them think, but only makes them feel. They do not remember
 what they read; they do not distinguish between good books
 and bad books, but only between books with happy and books
 with unhappy endings. The same conventional situations and
 the same conventional characters satisfy them day after day.
 They have simply acquired a habit which they allow to grow on
 them the more readily because they think it is rather a good
 habit. But it is a bad habit—a stupefying, soul-destroying
 habit—and if Mr. Howells can shake them out of it, he will
 deserve the thanks of the community. His advice to them is to
 stop reading and talk, since "talking is really the only way to
 thinking"; but we question whether this remedy would in
 practice lead to very valuable results. For there are different
 kinds of talking; and when a number of stupid people get
 together and converse, the amount of thinking generated by the
 conversation may be inconsiderable. What the stupid people
 who have ruined their intellects by reading bad novels in large
 quantities really need is, of course, to be admitted to take part
 in the colloquies of the intelligent. But such meetings are not
 much more easy to arrange as a regular feature of social life
 than social evenings in which duchesses should take tea with
 washerwomen. The stupid people are apt to bore the intelligent
 people by telling them long stories about nothing in particular
 with many irrelevant digressions. Consequently, the intelligent
 people avoid the stupid people as much as possible. Moreover,
 in order to do the stupid people any lasting good, the intelligent
 people would have to begin by being rude to them—which is
 what the stupid people would not like. Whence it seems to
 follow that Mr. Howells' solution of the problem which he has

Literature Portraits.—XV

COUNT TOLSTOY.

Other writers deal, in this number, with Count Tolstoy's literary genius, and with his philosophical attitude. The purpose of this paper is less ambitious—to recall the impressions of some few of the countless people who have visited the illustrious Russian man of letters.

Almost alone among the Russian writers who are cosmopolitan, renowned Count Tolstoy is of ancient lineage. On his mother's side he is a direct descendant of Michael, Prince of Tchernigof, who was martyred in 1240 and afterwards canonized by the Russian Church. On his father's side from Count Peter Andreievitch, known statesman of the times of Peter and Catherine, collateral ancestors held high positions in the army and Civil Service. One of them was Count Osterman-Tolstoy, who commanded an army against Napoleon, and won the rank of Field-Marshal in 1812. His father, Nicolas Ilich, was a tenant-colonel; but his uncle, Feodor Andreievitch, was Senator and Privy Councillor, and his cousin, Count Petr, was Vice-President and Professor in the University of Fine Arts. To what extent these family glories have influenced his development and his career is a question; but it seems not quite unreasonable to conclude that it is partly because he is a nobleman that Count Tolstoy has been able to give an appearance of distinction to a career at which the world would have been inclined to sneer. For, as Sergueenko enthusiastically says, "Whatever he does, he runs a race with the young people, or sows shoes himself on a bicycle, he never in any situation is ridiculous."

Count Tolstoy was born at Yasnaya Polyana in 1829, his mother died in 1830, and he was brought up by two Countesses, Countess Osten-Sacken and Madame Yushkoff. The latter, if we may judge from Tolstoy's "Confessions," was singular ideas as to the training of the young. She said to me that she wished nothing so much for her son as to see him in relations with a married woman; *rien ne lui a fait plus de bien que de le voir avec une femme mariée*. The later Tolstoy further writes of the earlier Tolstoy that he was like the converted Bunyan wrote of the unregenerated Bunyan.

I cannot remember these years without horror and pain of heart. I used to kill people in war; I used to duels in order to kill them; I used to love women; I ate up the labour of the peasants and the labour of the poor; I led an immoral life; I gave myself up to deception, lying, theft, pleasure of all kinds, and violence, murder—there was no crime that I did not

One does not, of course, take all this quite literally. It was written under the influence of powerful religious convictions, and in full enjoyment of the novel luxury of self-abasement. It is at least clear that Tolstoy in his youth made no pretensions and had no expectation of ever making any.

He was very young, however, and the facts which he did not remain exclusively devoted to his pleasures. In 1851 he entered the army as a Junker—a rank which he did a private soldier's duty, but associated terms with officers—and being stationed in the Caucasus.

already a serious literary man, and in the intervals of fighting he found time to write three sketches of Sevastopol. These were read at the Palace, and so impressed Emperor Nicholas that he sent an order to the effect that "the life of that young man must be looked after," with the result that the general in command transferred the novelist to a safe place on the line of communications.

When the war was over Tolstoy left the army and went to St. Petersburg, where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the literary set. His views at that period—he was twenty-six—of the functions of men of letters are recorded in the "Confessions":—

Our vocation was to instruct people. What was our instruction there was no need of inquiring; for it was admitted in theory that artists and poets instructed unconsciously. I considered myself a remarkable artist and poet, and therefore very naturally accepted this theory. I, an artist and poet, wrote and taught, not knowing what. I had excellent eating, lodging, and society. I was famous. . . . We were all then convinced that it was necessary for us to speak and write and print as quickly as possible and as much as possible, and that all that was necessary for the good of humanity.

"We" includes Turgenev, who had "discovered" Tolstoy before he met him, and expressed the opinion that "he will astonish all of us, for he is a talent of the first rank." The relations between the two writers form one of the interesting chapters of literary history. For a while they were like brothers, though the tone of the elder man was a little disposed to be patronizing. "If you do not go off on byways you will go far," he wrote. And again:—"When this young wine has gone through the process of fermentation it will be a drink fit for the gods." Then, in 1861, came a furious quarrel arising out of a cynical remark made by Tolstoy when he heard that Turgenev had engaged an English governess to teach his natural daughter. Turgenev challenged him, and though Tolstoy avoided a duel by apologizing they did not meet again till 1878. Then they were reconciled and once again became as brothers. The last letter that Turgenev ever wrote was to Tolstoy—a letter of great pathos, beginning:—

Dear and Beloved Leo Nikolaevitch,

I have not written to you for a long time for I lay and lie, in two words, on my deathbed. I cannot get well, that is not to be thought of. But I write in order to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary and to make my last earnest request. My friend, return to literary work. This talent of yours has come down from whence all else comes. Oh! how happy would I be could I believe that my prayer would be answered.

For between the first friendship and the second both "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" had been written; and, by one of the strangest paradoxes in literary history, the author of these masterpieces had come to profess a great contempt for literature. More than that. He had come to profess that he always, or nearly always, had professed it. In 1862 he had married and settled down at Yasnaya Polyana and devoted most of his time to the education of the peasant children, whom he instructed, not very successfully, from Russian translations of the *Manuals of Peter Parley*. Disgusted at his failure, he "threw up everything and went off into the steppes among the Bashkirs." But when he came back he wrote again. This is what he says when he looks back upon the period:—

The retrospect is doubtless coloured by the later epoch. Yet it is reasonable to suppose that, after fifteen years, the way was being silently prepared for a subsequent spiritual revolution. Whether there was really a change for the better, and whether the doctrine resulting from it is more correctly described as *fraternité philosophique*, are questions which are debated here. Those who accept it accept a very simple table of commandments, prohibiting tobacco, and non-resistance of evil, celibacy, and vegetarianism—a creed to the effect that the sacraments are exalted and that a church is an improper place in which to worship. The most wonderful thing is that the period of the development of this strange assortment of dogmas, should coincide with the period in which Count Tolstoy's reputation as a teacher spread all over the world. At first, indeed, admirers imagined that the phase was over. "Judging from the part," wrote Eugene Schuyler, "there has never seemed to me any reason to believe that the present phase of mystical religious enthusiasm, of which Count Tolstoy is now passing, would last for the rest of his life." A Russian visitor of about the same date expressed the opinion that Count Tolstoy was "only preparing and great artistic productions." But these perceptions are erroneous. Count Tolstoy did, indeed, go on writing, and it would seem, is no less a necessity of his nature to breathe. He had definitely ceased to be a mystic, and had definitely become a Pope. His publications might be called Enceyelicals, but in essence they were Enceyelicals.

And Count Tolstoy has been accepted as an Enceylical. Enceylicals have been accepted as Enceylical by the Orthodox Church, seemed afraid of him until, the Procurator of the Holy Synod took his courage and put his foot down, fulminating excommunication. The French have, indeed, lately begun to denounce him, impelled apparently by the fear lest the Russian Church be imperilled if they neglected to do so. "A count Maurice Talmeyr, the other day in the *Gaulois*, said: 'greater scourge than a Tolstoy'; and he went on to say: 'Tolstoys of France, whoever they may be, are a scourge.' Ministers like M. Monis, rags like our electoral colleges, recollections like that of Panama." But his was a strong and not very intelligent voice crying in the wilderness. The general attitude towards Count Tolstoy, whether in his country or outside of it, has been one of reverence and adoration. Grave critics have likened him to the Christ. Visitors of every sort and condition have made pilgrimages to his farm as to a shrine. Half-hours with Tolstoy is a feature of the magazines. The world knows that he bathes, and plays lawn tennis; that he takes a walk in the *Chronicle*; that the Countess Tolstoy copies his letters; that he makes his clothes; that he made a pair of trousers; that he was disgusted to hear that an admirer kept them in his wardrobe; that he lost his temper with a lady who, proposing to test for his gospel of Renunciation, asked for a thimble and threatened to blow her brains out if she did not.

One could fill a column with the names of the pilgrims of this later Tolstoy period. To mention W. T. Stead, Professor Lombroso, and M. D. S. suffices to show what diverse persons are attracted by this fascinating personality. Perhaps M. Déroulède

and the French are brethren, but that between them stands the German, who prevents them from embracing each other, and therefore Dérondèle proposes that Prokofly should lend a hand to squeeze the fat out of the German.

Prokofly listened attentively, reflected, and said :

"No, master, let it rather be in this way. Do you French work, and we Russians will also work, and after our toil is over we will go to the public-house, and we will take the German with us."

This combination did not satisfy Dérondèle.

Not only visitors but correspondents pay their homage to Count Tolstoy. According to Mr. Sergiyenko, "young Russians and Frenchmen, Americans, Dutchmen, Poles, Englishmen, Baroness Bertha Suttner, and a devout Brahmin from India, the dying Turgenev, and the highwayman Tchurklit" have all been in the habit of communicating with him regularly.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

TOLSTOY'S NOVELS.

I.

In order to be admitted to the immortals a novelist must do more than record the things which might have been. We look to the man of genius for a picture of the world coloured by his personality, "nature seen through a temperament." As the world is an unsatisfactory affair from almost every point of view, the great novelists have all agreed in being discontented with the greater part of it ; and the thing in common between them all is satire—discontentment barbed with wit. Tolstoy has been more dissatisfied and therefore more satirical than any.

Until he had passed middle age he was contented to be discontented, and spent his talent in laughing solemnly at the vanities of human life, in "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," and many shorter stories. But in the seventies he grew impatient, and satire gave way to philosophy. As a malcontent, satire gave too small a return for the investment of his talent ; he betook himself to "speculation"—to theology and social science. It must be plain to every student of his works, that his point of view suffered little alteration ; he still busied himself in crying out against the iniquities of social life. But he endeavoured from that time to embody the negations of his satire into an affirmative philosophy. The merits and demerits of that philosophy do not fall within the scope of this article. I will only point out to those who disapprove of his philosophy that they need not let that disapproval spread so far as to hinder their enjoyment of his novels. Whatever they may think of his creed as a creed, there is no doubt that, regarded merely as part of his equipment as a satirist, it is a whip that cracks very merrily through the long course of his stories. For a false philosophy of life is not only better than none in a satirist, but it is almost better than a good one, if its falsity arise from exaggeration. A passionate and excessive disgust with real life adds a zest to satire, which mere reasonable disapproval can never impart. Only in the white heat of Tolstoy-Christian hatred for his kind could Tolstoy have struck off that monumental farce, "The Fruits of Enlightenment." In spite of all the aberrations of his philosophy, his art is safeguarded by that Balaam-safeguard which he himself so well explains in his article on Maupassant, where he speaks of the contradiction between the moral truth of Maupassant's stories and the depravity of the man himself.

Lermontov, Dostoyevski, Tchemerny, and Turgenev shambles one half-attractive, half-repulsive figure, as he sees himself. In the course of his life Tolstoy has developed on this side and on that, he has changed in changing times ; but in two things he is constant. He is always dissatisfied with the world, and always with himself. "Video meliora prolesque" has been his constant motto, and "deteriora sequor" his almost practice. In the novels of the twenties he was fearfully unamiable selfish ; he sought relief in disobeying commandments ; he broke ladies' hearts without having for the fragments of them ; he shot his friends at early breakfast with unimpaired appetite. In the thirties the hero's dissatisfaction took the form of a desire to make love ; he would have liked to have a great deal of love, but he had not the energy to put on his boots in order to go and seek it. Tolstoy put new life into the novel-hero, he made of him, married him, and knocked the nonsense out of him.



COUNT LEOY TOLSTOY

[From "Prophets of the Nineteenth Century," by permission of Messrs.]

He crops up in Tolstoy's novels in different masks, under different names, as Dmitry Olenin, as Pierre Bezukhov, as Constantine Levin, and as Prince Neschkindov. To Tolstoy that every man was a Hamlet or a Don Quixote ; he found that the typical Russian embodied in himself the alternation of impulse and irresolution. His discovery of the incompatibility of his Quixote creed and his life practice.

To this generation Prince Neschkindov is the most typical phase of the hero as he appears in Tolstoy's novels. His adventures as a juryman and as a doctrinaire "Resurrection" are still fresh in the public mind, and are not generally known that many years have passed since they were written.

the *Memoirs of Prince Nekhludov*," it is evident that Prince Nekhludov, who is little more than a point of observation, is no other than Tolstoy himself.

Nekhludov has been made the vehicle for Tolstoy's later theories of life; but Pierre Bezuchl and Constantine Levin are just as truly autobiographical—or, rather, more truly, for, like Tolstoy, they achieve final peace in a happy and suitable marriage. Nekhludov represents Tolstoy's theory; Levin his practice.

It is generally believed that every man writes best about what he has himself experienced. But, if the critic may express his own individual taste, even when it is at variance with a commonly received opinion, I should say that Tolstoy's greatness does not lie in the delineation of his heroes. Each hero is a necessary centre for the panorama in which he figures; but in every case, as it seems to me, the heroes are the least successful characters in his tales. Olenin, Bezuchl, Levin, and Nekhludov, with their ceaseless introspection, must be to some readers actually repulsive. If not, they are at any rate tedious. They write long, dull diaries, they think long, dull thoughts; in their moments of illumination the great truths which they realize are truisms, realized or unrealized, for those who are not passing through the same crisis or enjoying the same illumination; their manners are abominable; and they repel sympathy by their glowing hatred of their fellow-men. Nekhludov, in "Resurrection," positively wallows, glorying, in his hatred of everybody except the criminal classes. These men are too intimately realised by their creator, they are too much the embodiment of his own theories, too "subjective," they "smell too much of the lamp," to be of universal interest.

Tolstoy is happier in presenting his minor characters, characters which he has seen only from the outside. His intuition of what he does not know is far finer than his understanding of what he does know. There are few pieces of psychology in his works so probable as the description of the last moments of the man who is killed by a shell in "Sevastopol," or "The Death of Ivan Ilich." Stiva Oblonski, Anna's brother, in "Anna Karenina"—a man of whose nature Tolstoy knows nothing by inward experience—is a splendid creation, far finer than the carefully laboured figure of Levin, in everything but morals. Anna Karenina and all his women are delicately and strongly drawn; Natasha Rostov and Kitten Shcherbatski are as bright and full of life as portraits of busy smiling women by Reynolds. Tolstoy's women are uniformly splendid, until he begins to see them from inside too, reads his dismal doctrines into them, as in "Resurrection," and fills them with his own arrogant and repellent creed, that all other men and women are swayed only by the will of the flesh. The conscious modesty of Maria Pavlovna in "Resurrection," who "shrinks from the idea of animal love," is abominable; the unconscious immodesty of libertines like Stiva Oblonski is entertaining; for, though modesty is more expedient than immodesty, the consciousness of either is equally repulsive.

The chief value of Tolstoy's novels lies in the presentation of the world at large, of the many spheres through which his central figures move, in the contrast of the opinions and habits of large masses of men, in the satirizing of thousands in the person of typical instances. His pictures depend chiefly on their background for their excellence.

III.

In the "Cossacks" the interest of the tale is not in Olenin, the hero, who is no exception, shall follow, but in the

Not only was Tolstoy a full-grown artist at the four, but he had, at the same time, a broad under which is very rare in writers of twice his age.

The story opens in a Moscow restaurant starting to join his line regiment in the Caucasus. Friends are taking a parting supper with him, outside. This scene of farewell serves to show Moscow "civilization," which it is the purpose of contrast with the primeval simplicity of the Caucasus, in which the rest of the story is laid. It is a taste of the life of young men about town—a life which at twenty-four almost as much as he does now, come, in the remote simplicity of his country life the standard of European civilization. As Olenin along the high roads to the Caucasus the men gradually drowned in the anticipations of the ahead, like the cries of Wagner's Venusberg, solemn strains of the Pilgrim-Chorus. At last in the Terek Province, to find himself a Russian. The old Cossack breed of stalwart "Old-Believers," living a life of Arendian petty warfare against the native hillmen, too intruding Muscovites, with their pattern-uniform discipline, their puny stature, their effeminate chatter with girls, and their godless habit of

For Olenin, romantic, but still modest, the two worlds takes the form of an idyll. He Cossack Ensign's cottage, and duly falls in love daughter, the Titanie, handsome, Mariana, who u him in her heart, though the strangeness of her for a while to think that she could Young Cossack Luke, brave, disdainful, slo surrounded with a glory of slain hillmen and st rival. Olenin is strong and brave, as Muscov received a medal for distinguished service in li the forces; but when it comes to fighting th hand-to-hand work, prepared with savage e himself quietly put on one side. He can har out of the Cossacks as they ride out to do battle

"You had better go home," says Luke, "t This is not in your line."

But, in his love affair with Mariana, Olenin of success. Luke had been neglectful, and M promised to marry Olenin. But when Lu Mariana's real feelings admit of no mistake in h

Get out, you brute! she cried, stampi approaching him with a threatening air. A expression of such repulsion, hatred, and con that Olenin suddenly realized that he had n former belief in her inapproachability was Without another word he ran out of the shed.

His only friend in the *stanitsa* is the rollic who has found him an interested listener a supplier of good wine. But when Olenin's depa from his audience and his wine he takes no f him. The last words of the story show h trace the young Muscovite leaves the Cossac forgotten before he is out of sight.

Olenin looked round. Uncle Eroszka Mariana, evidently about his own affairs. Ne nor the girl looked at him.

In "Domestic Happiness" written seven

is another Avatar of Tolstoy himself. Tolstoy had decided at that time to retire to the tranquil pleasures of the country, far from the hum of towns; so Sergei Michailovich, his hero, longs only for peace and sunshine, flowers, philanthropy, and a wife.

A quiet solitary life in the depths of the country, he declares as his ideal; with the opportunity of doing good to others. Then work . . . then rest, nature, a book, music, and love.

During two or three years there is a breach between husband and wife, because she is tormented by the feeling of a something lacking, and seeks distraction in social success; and he too little understands her nature to teach her wisdom otherwise than by humouring her. It is the period of transition from love to mild friendship. As far as the wife is concerned, the moral is something the same as that of Balzac's "Une Fille d'Eve":—

The perfect happiness which the first woman tasted in her earthly paradise filled her with that disgust which comes of too much sweetness. She longed to find some wolf in the fold. This, since the beginning, seems to be the meaning of the emblematical serpent to which Eve turned—probably from ennui.

That is Balzac's summary of the story of his heroine. But it sums up equally well the story of Tolstoy's heroine. Only Balzac sees what is hidden from Tolstoy; that the vain thing is not the hope of continued love, but the belief that "a wolf in the fold" will appease the discontentment which arises from a flaw in the woman's own nature, and not from any fault in love itself.

The gallantries of a foreign Marquis at a watering-place disgust Tolstoy's heroine with social success, and she and her husband kiss again with tears, in friendly jealousy over their youngest born.

Marriage seems to have worked no change in Tolstoy's ideas of marriage. He was married three years after the appearance of "Domestic Happiness," and in "War and Peace," published six years later still, we find the same order of romantic girlhood and absorbed maternity reproduced in the lamentable instance of Natasha, who from a naughty and delightful girl becomes, as Pierre's wife, a slatternly matron with no thought beyond her children. It is the idea which culminated, years later, in his Address to Women in "What must we do?" with its relentless religion of abounding maternity:—

If you are true mothers you will not say after two children, nor after twenty children, that you have brought forth enough. . . . The more you have of bearing them and suckling them the fuller and happier will your life be.

"Domestic Happiness" is so charmingly told that the reader is almost tempted, against his better sense, to accept the philosophy which lies at the bottom of it as universally true; whereas it is true only of the characters in the story.

IV.

Until he was thirty-five Tolstoy had attempted nothing on the grand scale of the works which have made him famous; but from 1861 to 1869 he was busy on that stupendous monument "Peace and War," which was the foundation of his European reputation. The novel began to appear as a serial in 1868, and carried the critics by storm.

"Peace and War" is, in the main, mere narrative without *arrière pensée*. There is, in its best parts, no conscious incul-

for the man; after awhile he has convinced himself that it is nothing but a vulgar upstart; he sees no genius in military dispositions; he lets his own mind incline more to that belief in Fate which lies at the bottom of every nature. For my own part, I feel convinced that had it not been for his hatred of Napoleon—bred by continual contact with his own limited view of the man—he would never have had his conception of Fate as the ruler of wars—a conception which is to most of his other theories of life, a conception which is more than an assertion of the feebleness of reason in the face of historical problems. Tolstoy is, above all things, a god-fearer. He wants to lower Napoleon, his chosen enemy, in the eyes of the world. The ascription of his successes and failures to Fate is a splendid humiliation; there is such a crushing moral about it.

Napoleon is pictured as a little strutting creature, only in his imbecile belief in his own infallibility. Strategy and tactics, the things—so far as Napoleon is concerned—are impossible; dispositions on the field of battle are impossible. At Borodino

They were either fulfilled before he had made a move, or else they never could be and never were fulfilled.

The Russians, we gather from the narrative, are no less tight in hand by Destiny as the French; for though it is often told that the successes of the Russians were as much the result of Fate as the disasters of the French, yet we are given to understand that Fate would have been in the picture even if they had not had Kutuzov to discover and interpret her will. To restrain his troops from attacking, to deceive Napoleon, to delay, to let him "stew in his own juices"—as it were—was as much the work of a military genius as the directing of centre and wings into the attack on the battlefields.

The mere distribution of praise and blame to the strategists and commanders by the novelist himself is a thing which he does not really believe in the omnipotence of Fate on the battlefield; for, if each army but dreads a predestined result, what praise or blame can be awarded to the commanders? What power to help or hurt? At times, even, the reader is given to think that Tolstoy has such a masterly understanding of the design of Fate that had he himself been in command instead of Napoleon, the result might have turned out differently.

General Dragomirov's criticism on the military aspects of "War and Peace" is very instructive. After Tolstoy has denied the existence of the art of war, there is a certain amount of military questions raised by the novel. In answer to the question:—"How can one man's ambition sling a whole army across Europe to the attack?" Dragomirov aptly distinguishes the force of patriotism which moved the French from the power of Napoleon, who checked and urged and directed. He compares France to an engine, and Napoleon to its driver. He shows that Tolstoy would not have had such a high opinion of Napoleon's belief in his ability to direct an army if he had known what Napoleon's view of the functions of a general was. Tolstoy makes Prince Andrei Bolkonski say of Kutuzov that he will listen to everything, and remember everything, will make no good move and permit no bad one. "It is impossible," says General Dragomirov, "better to define the functions of a commander; the sentence put into Prince Bolkonski's mouth is almost word for word a repetition of Napoleon's opinion upon the same subject."

failure; it was put down with a severe hand by Nicholas I., and instead of a Constitution there came twenty of the worst years of Russian autocracy; dark years in which all that was unhealthy in the bureaucracy and tyranny flourished exceedingly, until the disasters of the Crimean War showed the Russians how rotten the whole country had become; Nicholas died of a broken heart, and a new and happier era came in with Alexander II. Tolstoy pictured his Decembrists restored to their reviving country in the fifties. His novel seems to have been projected both as a psalm to the new hopes of social regeneration in Russia and a breezy satire on the wordy and academic incompetence of the Russians to realize them. But, after working at the opening of his story awhile, Tolstoy got out of conceit with his subject. He turned back in history to the very beginning of Russia's new life, to the great War of Liberation in 1812, which had broken up the pestilential influence of France in Russia, and had put an end to the pompous follies introduced by Catharine "the Great." So, by way of a national epic, he wrote "War and Peace" instead of the "Decembrists," regarding Nicholas I.'s reign as a mere episode in the general trend of Russian progress. The main purpose of "War and Peace," therefore, seems to be to picture the beginning of the new national life, to show how it rose bright and fresh, in a burst of growing national consciousness, while the mincing shadows of the old French life vanished into disrepute.

The opening of the novel seems entirely designed to picture to us the old un-national life of St. Petersburg. There is even a touch of the local rivalry between sturdy, national Moscow and frivolous Petersburg with its air of the West. Anna Scherer's drawing-room, in which the story begins, is tuned to the old foreign traditions. Pierre, with his blundering hot head, and Prince Andrei Bolkonski, with his hunger for useful activity, are out of place in that china-shop. It is a fit atmosphere for elegant rakishness and worldly scheming. The French Abbé and the French Vicomte are set in a suitable setting. The Vicomte's remark to Hippolyte, as they drive away together, is typical of the society.

"Hein, mon cher! your little Princess"—Bolkonski's wife—"is very sweet! Very sweet!" He kissed his fingertips. "And quite a Frenchwoman."

The old-fashioned world which thrived under Catharine the Great's social system is chiefly represented in the novel by the Kuragins and the Drubetskoi. Boris Drubetskoi is a classical type of the *carriérist*, the man who succeeds by manners; he is a perfect gentleman, in all but essentials. His devoted mother, who does nothing for herself, but has no conscience when her darling's interests are at stake, has taught him the way of success. As a boy he shows repugnance at the deceptions necessary to achieving greatness; but it is in his blood, and he soon learns the art. When Hippolyte Kuragin, after great effort, lets off a foolish joke,

Boris smiled cautiously, so that his smile might be referred to derision or to approval, according to how the company received the sally.

Such smiles as these, backed by a graceful carriage, lead him to the very pinnacle of success; he attains high rank, and marries a stupendously rich woman, whom he hates.

The Kuragin family, father, sons, and daughter, represent the libertine side of society, in delicate gradations. When Tolstoy wrote "War and Peace," he was still able to contemplate

with a cheerful air. It was plain that he could be silent with the same tranquillity for as long as he pleased to say:—"If any one objects to the talk; it's all the same to me." Besides that, of women he had that air which above all else betrays curiosity, fear, and even love in them—an almost unconsciousness of his own superiority. His habit was to say:—"I know your ways; you're no different from me. Ah! wouldn't you like it?" He actually thinks this when he met a woman—more likely that he did not, for he was little given to such talk at all—but that was what his manner and appearance betrayed.

The bride that he had come to look at properly, and the governess understood one another.

It was not to be expected that a pretty young woman, with no definite position in the world should spend her days reading to the old man and making him comfortable. Marie. Mlle. Bourien had long waited for a Prince who should see at a glance her superior qualities. Young Russian Princesses, should fall in love with him and carry her off; and behold, here he was. She worked out a suitable ending to a story which she had told her, and she loved to repeat it to him. The story of a maiden led astray, at whose house he had appeared, as *ma pauvre mère*, and reproached her for her maidenly behaviour. Mlle. Bourien was often, in imagination, she repeated the story to herself with herself for heroine. And now he had come away with her; then *ma pauvre mère* would marry her.

The healthy side of Russian society, that rises from its obscurity and work out the future, is represented mainly by the Rostovs and the Bolkonskis, two utterly different types, the spontaneous and the artificial, but both alike in their love for their country, and for all that is strained and artificial. Neither is represented as perfect; old Bolkonski is not, and the Rostovs are thoughtless children of nature, the two types nearest to the ideal.

Tolstoy is one of the few artists who can put a whole family on a single canvas, with all the details of character, so that not a figure could be taken out of position without marring the whole. In this respect he resembles Jane Austen. The Kuragins, the Rostovs are perfect family groups. The picture of their racketing hospitable house, is on a given number of accessory figures to complete the composition.

Between the two main groups of Russian society, the link is Pierre Bezukhi, the hero. A young man, with tendencies both to vice and to virtue, he is brought to the arrival from abroad, chiefly into contact with the French society. Marriage with Hélène Kuragin—a French girl—creates in him a disgust for what he realized to be his lower self. Suffering and the influence of the French, make a break in his life, from which, at last, trained to join the better, the rejuvenated Pierre enters the Russian world, into which he duly marries on the first wife. Natasha, his second wife, though she runs in the end, will always be one of the most beautiful of fiction. She is most charmingly described in her childhood.

August 31, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

Natasha blushed and laughed. "How can you, Mamma! Why should you! What is there so very extraordinary?"

V.

Were it not for a certain indignation at Tolstoy's long disquisitions on the philosophy of war in "War and Peace," few readers, I think, would be disposed to allow that "Anna Karenina" stands on the same level with it. "War and Peace" deals with a much brighter period of Russian life, the buoyant awakening of the nation to its own greatness; when "Anna Karenina" was written, the disillusionment which followed on the liberation of the Serfs had begun to work its dismal effect on Russian society. People found that the old vices and abuses still continued, for all the great hopes which the new liberal era had awakened. Moreover, there was a change in Tolstoy himself, the great change. That terrible sex problem was becoming an obsession with him; not yet in the great proportions which it assumed in later years, but enough to colour all his book.

In the main "Anna Karenina" is a contrast between the ideal and the un-ideal relations of man and woman. Immorality is already becoming identified in Tolstoy's mind with the civilization of the towns and governing classes. Young men from Petersburg are empty rakish fops; the ladies of the Petersburg drawing rooms are no better than Rahab. Those who are not immoral in this way are vain pedants and frivolous. Statesmen, metaphysicians, social philosophers, and scientists, all come in for a terrible lashing; they are parrots and machines, turning over traditional phrases. The plain man from the country is worth a roomful of them, whatever the subject under discussion. So it is with the doctors, who are only famous, like Napoleon, by chance. They have all learned the same erudite follies from the same books, and take a delight in examining young women with their clothes off. So it is with statesmen, who decide grave questions of policy for their own advancement, on the basis of statistics invented by ambitious underlings.

But though the satire of society at large is all forced and strained, to suit the author's own morbid distaste for everything but hay-cutting and snipe-shooting, yet it is all amusing. Also it is wholesome; for it throws upon civilization the onus of proving what is too commonly taken for granted—namely, the necessity of all those institutions which bring so much profit to their upholders. No doubt the novel has set many people thinking in a way that a wiser book would not have done.

In its satire upon individual types "Anna Karenina" perhaps excels "War and Peace." Karenin, Anna's husband, and Stephen Oblonsky, her brother, are characters which can never die, unless stifled by the bulk of the rest of the novel. What satire could be more light and charming than that of Tolstoy's description of the genial gourmet Oblonsky's little dinner with Levin at the Café Anglais. Both Oblonsky and Levin are so unconscious of the gulf which lies between them.

On the way Oblonsky was planning the menu.

"You like turbot?" he asked Levin.

"Eh, what?" answers Levin, who is thinking only of Kittié.

"Turbot? I adore it."

The fatherly Tartar waiter comes to look after them.

"There's some fresh oysters come in, Sir," Oblonsky grew thoughtful.

"What if we alter our plans, Levin?" he asked, with his finger on the bill of fare. His face took on an earnest expression. "What if we begin with oysters and then alter

face," that I don't appreciate your discrimination enjoy a good dinner."

"I should think so!"

Whole tragedies could not so well describe character and relation to his wife so well as the hint of the telegram after the Zemstvo election:—

Oblonsky, who was in high spirits, sent his wife saying:—"Novoslovski elected majority twenty elections tell others." "It'll cheer them up, poor thing," said. When his wife got the telegram she sighed, wasted rouble, and guessed that he had been drunk. He knew that he had a weakness *faire jouer le billard* dinner.

Admirable also is Karenin with his big ears (a revelation to his wife when she first notices them), with eyes and sleekly smile, with his facetious way of talking to his wife, and his improving way of talking to his son, "as a little boy in a story-book."

There is little of the romantic in "Anna Karenina."



TOLSTOY DURING THE WORKING SEASON IN THE COUNTRY.

what there is is splendidly probable. Levin's romanticism in his student days:—

He was often at the Sheherbatski's house; and love with the house. Strange as it may seem, with the family, especially with the female side of the family. Then he fell in love with the daughters one by one, of age, until all were married but Kittié.

The secret of contentment came to him as he lay a night in the hayfield. He had an illuminating vision of the simplicity of happiness. As he stood on the road by the dawn a travelling carriage rolled by, and behold, Kittié

Radiant and thoughtful (full of a delicate and

within. The satire is too gross to win credence. Take as an instance this arrogant satire upon a whole school of kindly, conscientious, and learned men. Nechlinov wished to study the question of the treatment of criminals.

He bought the works of Lombroso, Garofalo, Ferri, Liszt, Mansel (who is Mansel?), and Tarde, and read them carefully. But the farther he read, the greater was his disenchantment. He found what all people find who turn to science not in order to play a rôle in it, not to write, argue, and instruct, but to find the answer to simple vital questions. Science gave him the answer to thousands of deep and subtle questions relating to the criminal law, but never to the one for which he sought a solution. He asked a very simple question—Why and by what right do people imprison, torture, exile, beat, and kill other people, when they themselves are no better than those whom they torture, beat, and kill? And they answered him with disquisitions as to whether man has a free will or not? Whether one can decide the criminality of a man by the measurement of his skull? What part heredity plays in crime? Whether there is such a thing as congenital depravity? What is morality? What is lunacy? What is degeneration? What is society? What is duty? &c. &c.

All of which, one would think, are very pertinent questions, seeing that the partial solution of them has done much to revolutionize the world's punishment systems, while Tolstoy's complete solution of his own social conundrums never has done and never will do anything. And if Nechlinov was not satisfied with the answers he found in Lombroso and the rest, he might have found his own question set out in so many words and answered in a decisive way by Jeremy Bentham, whose works were translated into Russian rather more than a century ago.

If we put aside Tolstoy's taunts at civilization—of which he knows nearly nothing—"Resurrection" might pass as a lurid description of Russia seen from within; but Tolstoy claims to be accepted as a critic of the world at large, and even Russia's enemies can hardly believe that his picture is a true one.

VII.

Tolstoy's versatility as a writer is extraordinary; besides writing novels and tales, he has put himself in the first rank of critics by "What is Art" and his article on Manpassant. He has written tales and poems for children, a spelling-book, a reading-book, a temperance pantomime, a tragedy, and a comedy.

The tragedy, *The Power of Darkness*, was acted first in Paris, and had a success. Its success in Russia did not come nearly up to the expectations which it had aroused. After being denied access to the stage under Alexander III. it was produced by Nicholas II.'s express desire, simultaneously at two theatres in St. Petersburg, at Moscow, and in all the provinces. But the moral of the tragedy was obscure; nobody understood it aright, even when Tolstoy explained in a letter to the papers; and the peasant audiences were all on the side of the villain. *The Fruits of Enlightenment* is a better play from every point of view. It is a bustling farce, written in an interval of his theological studies, and it represents the vanities of town life in a most amusing form.

In one line of literature Tolstoy stands almost alone; in the writing of peasant stories, half realism, half fable, "Ivan the Fool," "The Candle," "The two Pilgrims," "Does a man need much land?" are perfection in their own kind. And that kind is one which demands unusual powers; for the stories with which the writer of a narrative like "Ivan the

RECENT LETTER FROM TOLSTOY TO MR. AYLMER MAUDE.

The following extract from a letter from Tolstoy to Mr. Aylmer Maude, in England just a fortnight ago, giving his views on Ruskin, which formed the subject of our special week, is of special interest. The letter is from Aylmer Maude, who kindly allows us to quote from it.

"About Ruskin. . . . I have lately read a book, 'Ruskin et la Bible.' I think it is by I. The chief limitation was that he could never get out from the Church-Christian outlook upon life. He commenced his work on social questions, when this last, he freed himself from the dogma of a cloudy Church-Christian understanding of life—which made it possible for him to understand the ethical ideals—remained with him to the end of his message. It was also weakened by the consequent obscurity of his poetic style. Do I deny the work of this great man, who has been called a prophet. I am always charmed and convinced, but I point out spots which exist even in his specially good when a wise writer, in recording extracts from him, as is done in 'Ruskin et la Bible', but to read all Ruskin consecutively, weakens his effect."

TOLSTOY'S TEACHING

From his boyhood upwards, both when he was still, small voice within, and when he observed himself, Tolstoy felt, though not always with that life has a meaning and that man has power towards what is good. The intervals of doubt through which he passed served to clarify his certainty that morality is in the nature of things, with his earliest stories, and through all his writings may notice how Tolstoy's strenuous observation of life led him towards an understanding of life different from people whose creed is a matter of geography, and who worked at it themselves. He could not be second-hand belief prepared and expressed for his expounders.

In trying to give a brief outline of his life, it will be convenient to confine the survey to what "Anna Karenina" was finished—say since 1878. Tolstoy explained that the purpose of this article is to defend Tolstoy's positions, nor even to attempt to mention of them, but merely to mention the chief written about, and to give a rough sketch of the conclusions he has reached, as well as of his reasons for them.

In "My Confession" (1879) Tolstoy tells us how he grasped the meaning of his life, and how unsatisfied he was with the conventional answers. A law of his being was to approve and disapprove of things: to discriminate between good and evil, and to follow after that which is good. Goodness? Where can help or guidance for our lives be found? The results reached in "My Confession" were followed on to what followed. Tolstoy could not brush off the Church without consideration; still less could he brush off the world without respect to the law of his being.

Gospels, which have passed through a multiplicity of compilations, translations and transcriptions, and were composed, eighteen centuries ago, by men who were not highly educated, and were superstitious.

Very likely in selecting what is, from what is not, fully comprehensible, people will not all choose the same passages. What is comprehensible to one may seem obscure to another. But all will certainly agree in what is most important, and these are things which will be found quite intelligible to every one. It is just this—just what is fully comprehensible to all men—that constitutes the essence of Christ's teaching.

In reading the Bible, or listening to the claims of the Churches, one must discriminate between *faith* and *credulity*. We must not accept the schoolboy's definition that "Faith is believing what you know to be untrue." Credulity is believing things you have no sufficient reason to suppose true; it is not a virtue but a fault; faith is holding faithfully to what our reason and conscience enable us to perceive of the reality of things. We must not fear to trust our own judgment. The justification for thinking with our own heads is that we have no one else's to think with.

Tolstoy's acceptance of the advice:—"Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" is explained in the works above mentioned and yet more fully in "The Kingdom of God is Within You" (1893). It means that the use of violence among men is bad; that we should influence one another, not by physical force (nor even by unkindly compulsion stopping short of violence), but by appeals to man's higher nature: his sympathy, affection, and reason. It has been said in reply to this that even if the text bears such a meaning, and even if the advice accords with the main drift of Christ's teaching and example, yet the advice is nevertheless unsound, for experience has shown that the use of violence is beneficial. And Tolstoy would admit that if the arrangements of society—Governments based on violence, wars, executions, protection of property by force, &c.—are satisfactory to man's highest aspirations, then the precept quoted is a foolish one. His position may be elucidated by taking a parallel case:

We are advised to shun lies and to be truthful. This, he would say, is a valid precept, and needful because it is sometimes difficult to know how to speak, and we all need guidance for our conduct. Yet cases arise in which a man may not see his way to speak the truth. A feeble old man asks me about his daughter's conduct. If I tell him how she has behaved it may bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Am I not justified in telling a lie? And does not it follow that truth is not better than falsehood? And that we can have no principle to guide us in choosing between veracity and mendacity? In regard to all such sophistries Tolstoy replies that our reason and conscience, faithfully used, are sufficient to enable us to discern principles for the guidance of our conduct; though we, and the society in which we live, may be far from living up to the principles so discerned. Truth, for instance, is better than falsehood. And the two being opposites, you cannot cultivate your character towards both sincerity and duplicity at the same time. Circumstances may arise in which it seems to you better to lie. But we never really foreknow the ultimate consequences of any action, and in such a case it is not wise to say "I did right to lie," but rather "Owing to my limitations I did not see a way to speaking truth." Truth, meaning dedication

need a general principle which will serve to perplexed.

It is, however, time to pass on to other things. With the economic problem Tolstoy deals in "What Must We Do?" (1881-85), a trenchant sequel to "Slavery of our Times," appeared last year. He "charity organization," money collecting active belief that expenditure (including charitable entertainments, bazzars, balls, &c.) can supply the poor. People are fed, clothed, and sheltered by labour. Economically speaking, what a man produces he renders to others, goes to his creditors, consumes (were it but a crust of dry bread) goes to others, the more of a burden he is to society. That what he consumes was left him by his father by a friend does not alter the case.

Examining the fact that now, as in former ages, we are able to consume much while they produce little while producing much can hardly keep for necessities of life, Tolstoy came to investigate money, and arrived at the conclusion that the only justification of violence in the hands of certain "Government"—who, by the use of force, maintain the private ownership of land and property, and the system—have reproduced in the modern world the of ancient slavery. In both cases the many live in natural, healthy, and free conditions, but are imposed by those who own the slaves, control the or have the money, the land, or the property.

"Life" (1891) reminds us that besides what objectively (i.e., all that can be known by the senses) also a subjective consciousness of the moral law must distinguish between our lower nature as an higher nature which leads a Socrates to sacrifice existence for the sake of goodness. This is religion. Within our animal personality the spirit the chicken grows within the shell. To transcend from the lower to the higher nature is to be "in the hold of "eternal" life. The things which are most real, are evidently perishable: they can deceive us. But death and physical destruction to a Socrates, nor do they threaten that which is important. We should shift our centre of gravity which is temporary to that which is permanent. "I save his life shall lose it," Tolstoy makes no personal future life, nor even of the transmigration (which seems so plausible). For we should be very discriminate between conjectures and knowledge. We matter, as in mathematics, confine ourselves strictly "necessary and sufficient"; and the "necessary" is the recognition that though we live, as animals, and elusive world in which no permanent success yet we also have a spiritual nature dealing with there is no reason to suppose that goodness displaces the Divine spark within us which responds to it than goodness itself. Life is always in the present we must find out whether it is the material or the to our perception is the more permanent and real.

The same year (1891) saw the publication misunderstood "Krentzer Sonata." "What, I Do?" had ended with an appeal to mothers

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The "Kreutzer Sonata" should be read with the "Afterword" which explains its intention. By putting his views into the mouth of a man who had murdered his wife out of jealousy, and had been acquitted on the ground of insanity, Tolstoy was enabled to express his view with extreme force and trenchancy. The side he wished to express being the one usually buried, he preferred to put it in this aggressive fashion. Though, of course, he had not ceased to know that sexual relations (like war and commerce) have played, and are playing, their part in the education of mankind, he felt no need to restate the side which has been put forward in the literature of all ages and countries, and even in some of his own previous writings. On the contrary, he felt that a desire which is already far too strong is being continually strengthened by works of art, and he set himself strenuously, and even fiercely, to evoke those deep instincts of our nature which, whether in Buddhist monk, in

bring you to a sort of stultification. You would not be growing too rapidly, or of debasing the minds of those who are perfect too soon! "They that are whole need no physician, but they that are sick." If you are entirely satisfied with the life you are living, ask for no guidance. Philosophy and religion are only for people whose lives are not already perfectly good. The fundamental feeling the book seeks to convey is that sexual relations (however inevitable and natural they are to man's animal self), from the moment a reasonable man liberally seeks them as a means of pleasure, become to our higher nature. They are instinctively carried out in secret, and we cannot even imagine to ourselves the life of a Christ.

"The Kingdom of God is Within You" (1893) has been referred to as dealing specially with "non-resistance to evil." The most resolute upholder of himself as a

~~— Микита! крикнул онъ.~~
~~Никита долго не откликнулся. Василий Андреевич всталъ и началъ величайшій задохъ, сталъ одианъ его.~~
~~— Микита, какъ запертъ? Никита пробурчалъ что-то. — А я хочу верхомъ ѣхать.~~
~~— Напрасно, Василий Андреевичъ, проговорилъ Никита, не измѣняя своего положенія. — Ахъ, съ усмѣшкою выговорилъ Никита.~~
~~Слушай вѣстъ, дураковъ. Что-жъ, пропадать такъ, ни за что!~~
~~Василий Андреевичъ подошелъ къ лошади и сталъ отъязнать ее.~~
~~Отъязнавъ лошадь, онъ перекинулъ поводья на шею и хотѣлъ вско- чить на нее, но сорвался. Тогда онъ всталъ на сая и хотѣлъ съ са- ней сѣсть. Но сани покачивались подъ его тяжестью и онъ опять оборо- вался. Наконецъ въ третій разъ онъ опять подвинулъ лошадь къ санямъ, сталъ на край ихъ и сдѣлавъ усиліе вскочилъ такъ, что легъ брюхомъ поперекъ спинѣ лошади. Полежавъ такъ, онъ послужился впередъ разъ два и наконецъ перекинулъ ногу черезъ спинѣ лошади. Справившись, онъ потянулъ за одинъ поводъ, лошадь двинулась отъ сая и онъ, Никита съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ сѣлъ покрывшись дерюжкой за зад- комъ сая, сидѣлъ неподвижно. Мысль о томъ, что онъ можетъ, и даже по всѣмъ вѣроятіямъ долженъ умереть въ эту ночь, пришла ему въ то время, когда онъ усаживался за санями. Хотя ему еще было тепло, потому что онъ много двигался, лазилъ по сугробамъ, но онъ зналъ, что тепла этого хватить не на долго, а что согрѣваться движеніемъ онъ уже будетъ не въ силахъ, потому что чувствовалъ себя сильно уста- лымъ. Кромѣ того, одна нога его въ прорванномъ сапогѣ дѣлыла и онъ уже не чувствъ на ней большого пазца, и онъ чувствовалъ себя очень усталымъ, онъ зналъ, что онъ признакомъ засыпанъ.~~

Facsimile of corrected proof from "Master and Man"

Catholic nun, or in Puritan censure of worldly art, have never ceased to protest against the belief that sexual pleasure is morally good.

The fundamental thought of the "Kreutzer Sonata" is this: Mankind need guidance in their sexual relations as on all other matters of human conduct. The definite regula-

of non-resistant principles you ever met may have turned another man out of his house by the sword. But the truth of a principle is not invalidated by hard- tions. A straight line may be desirable and conceivable, no man ever drew one. It is well to know whether the have to draw is meant to be straight, whether you

of "beauty" precise enough to enable us to use that word profitably in defining art. We must base our definition of art on something itself clearly definable. Art deals with the transmission of feelings; science deals with the transmission of thoughts. The form of art has nothing to do with morality, and may transmit feeling helpful or harmful to mankind. But in appraising the "subject-matter" of art—i.e., the feelings made current by art—our view of life inevitably causes us to approve or disapprove. Tolstoy affirms that the true and potent "religious perception" of our time is that of brotherhood; "the well-being of men lies in their loving union with one another." He would have science show us how to apply this conception to practical life; in so far as they neglect to do this scientists neglect their duty. Art is best in form when it most completely does its work of uniting men in the feeling expressed. The further it carries—the more people it can influence—the better. In subject-matter it is good when, by touching our common nature, it unites us in feelings not harmful; it is excellent when it unites us in feelings better than we shared before; but it seems to us bad when it makes current feelings that run counter to our "religious perception." The connexion between art and non-resistance is this:—

Through the influence of real art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now obtained by external means—by our law courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, &c.—should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside.

Following this came "Resurrection" (1899), the only long work of fiction written by Tolstoy during the last twenty years, and one faithfully reflecting his mature opinions on all the great problems of life. That conveying, as it does, feelings (on such subjects as army service, legal proceedings, church services, marriage, &c.) which run counter to those which have grown up and become general in connexion with our established order of society this book should, nevertheless, have had a great success in many lands is an instance of the power with which literary art can sway the hearts of men.

Space forbids that I do more than allude to Tolstoy's many articles and essays dealing with the use of stimulants, with vegetarianism, patriotism, manual labour, the famine, the Doukhobors, and many other subjects. All of them show his profound conviction that the primary guidance for our life lies, not in what is outside us and reaches us through our senses (as is generally implicitly or explicitly affirmed among materialists, church people, worldly people, and spiritualists), but that the essential thing is to "know thyself," or, as George Fox said, to hearken to the "inward voice."

Those who wish to get at the spirit of Tolstoy's teaching should read his works in the way he says all books should be read. "One must first choose out the parts that are quite clear, dividing them from what is obscure or confused. And from what is clear we must form our idea of the drift and spirit of the whole work." And the clearness to be looked for is, he would add, the clearness which comes from correspondence with the best that the reader is himself able to feel and to perceive.

Tolstoy does not claim to set an example of right living. Man's reason can always reach beyond his present attainment. The Pharisee may be satisfied with himself, but the sincere and

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY A "Personal View"

By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS

In all times and in all countries great men have exercised two separate and distinct influences: the result of their work, the other that of their person. Tolstoy often find that these are unequal; that in personal influence predominates, whilst in their work alone that tells. In other words, there is a dual mind, two separate things which yet together form the intellect and the character. In English literature has perhaps been nowhere more forcibly demonstrated the cases of Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. Samuel Johnson. Oliver Goldsmith it might be said that, without his character at all, the work of his brain will survive. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, is principally remembered for his picturesque and typically English figure, which force appeals to us far more than his ponderous

Count Leo Tolstoy combines a strong personal and immortal genius; but what is curious is that the public are concerned, the development of his intellect, that of his character. Some twenty years ago Tolstoy meant to the Russian people simply "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace," &c., but to us of that name conjures up to the Russian mind the figure of a great literary magician, but also of a personality. Count Leo Tolstoy, from being a literary figure, has become a national force. We shall presently see of that force lies in his nationalism. Everyone knows Tolstoy in Russia, who knows his "activity," for he is before all things a Russian. It is as a Russian that he appeals to Russia. His religious opinions, his even his curiously Socratic attitude toward political and social questions—all these things which have little influence were they not typically national in form. Tolstoy is a Russian and an artist afterwards. In his dual character as an artist he resembles Ruskin, and to me, who have the privilege of knowing personally both these great men, always seemed curious that they should have resembled each other, and yet have been so different both in their work and their appearance. An observer on first beholding Tolstoy would start, "this is Ruskin!" Here are the same marvellous beautiful and thoughtful expression—an expression not seem to be of this world, but has something ethereal about it, a spirituality which, while so far from being almost palpable, is nevertheless subdued, veiled, to protect it from the coarse and vulgar world, the picturesque tangled hair, the characteristic reminiscent of the Greek philosophers—all that

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ingliness which only accentuates the beautiful mind, the priceless gem in which it is kindly set. In manner also Tolstoy suggests Ruskin—there is the same air of absoluteness about him, an intense sincerity which rejects all temporizing, and a majesty of demeanour wholly unconscious and involuntary, but very real to mortals of mere ordinary human clay, who feel that the atmosphere of those giants is different from that which they breathe themselves, more rarefied, purer. But what always struck me most about Ruskin and Tolstoy was a peculiarity common to them, and possessed also by Mr. Gladstone—a sort of gentle fierceness, if I may be allowed the expression, a visible heroic courage, a steel-like flashing of the eye, combined with a softness and kindness of disposition almost childlike. You felt that the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove had met, and yet you felt that you could not be so very sure of the harmlessness. Was it not Burke who said that admiration was akin to fear? In one particular, however, Tolstoy stands head and shoulders above anybody I have ever met, it is in his great simplicity; there is positively no "side" of any kind about Tolstoy. His humility is real and unaffected, in every word and movement you feel the man is genuine, is never thinking of the impression he is making on you, but only occupied with the things and ideas he is discussing.

It is beautiful to see Tolstoy surrounded by his family, to see how he is treasured by them, but nevertheless treated not like the genius, whose fame has literally filled the world, but like the good old papa that he is, whose whims have to be wisely humoured, but who must not be over-indulged. He is simply worshipped by his wife, who by the way is a lady of a very remarkable force of character and beauty of face. In the family life of Tolstoy there is an absence of the theatrical element; the dominant note is human. But Tolstoy's family life requires no description familiar to the English reader.

When I was a boy in Moscow Tolstoy was a name only, he had not yet become a personality, but already people were beginning to place him before Turguenev. It is a platitude of criticism to say that foreign readers are very much in the position of posterity and form a truer estimate of the value of literary work than contemporaries of the same country. There is just enough truth in this to make it dangerously plausible. Merit and popularity are not always interchangeable. Neither Shelley nor Browning, for instance, could afford to base their claims to greatness on their popularity; yet to deny them greatness would be so obviously absurd that no discussion of these claims is needed. Turguenev was an international writer; Tolstoy purely Russian. Perhaps comparisons of this kind are odious, but in the Russian mind the two geniuses are as

Platonist affection. The framework of Schiller's mental horizon—was identical with the geographical horizon of his country. Turgueney was international. He was unpopular in Russia by refusing to be a partisan. On Olympian heights, he laughed, like the gods in *Orpheus*, at the absurd frailties of the poor little earthlings of his own country who were distraught by polemics with which they had no sympathy. Work and study seemed to him the only things which mortals chiefly needed before they ventured to settle the vexed questions which had perplexed human kind for time immemorial. But Russia is a young nation, and she resented this severe attitude. Turgueney laughed at the Nihilists and her Pan Slavists, and refused to take them seriously. Russia revenged herself by branding him as a renegade. Turgueney was sincerely patriotic. He foresaw the abyss into which his country was blindly plunging, and he warned her against them. His country did not understand him, and disowned him. Tolstoy never experienced the trials which Turgueney had experienced. He always has been essentially and typically a Russian. He is not in sympathy with the politics of the various parties into which his country is divided, but nevertheless purely national, and sees all questions from the point of view of the Russian people.

[illegible]

SPECIMEN OF COUNT TOLSTOY'S MANUSCRIPT

social, from the point of view of his own country. Tolstoy's later phase, his religious period, is an outcome of this intense nationalism. To understand Tolstoy we must know Russia; we must know what is the main idea underlying all the Slavophile Pan Slavism, all the peculiar manifestations of the national idea the student of Russian literature and thought have no difficulty in discovering; it is intimately associated with the recent rebirth of the country. If we take a bird's eye view of the social history of Russia, we shall be struck by a central fact, and that is that the modern history of Russia is the history of the Russian peasant. And it must be so, for pause for one minute to consider what Russia is. Russia is a country of a hundred millions or so of people of whom the majority are peasants. These peasants, by their work, are the vital forces thanks to which Russia lives.

Europeanizing tendencies was to make Russians ashamed of their origin. They wanted to be Europeans, hence the peasant was despised as a barbarian. This attitude was unnatural. All Russia's great men rebelled against it. Two centuries elapsed, and European ideas got such a hold of Russia that the peasant was emancipated from serfdom. This very act of emancipation, which sprung from European liberalism, brought about, illogically enough perhaps, a national reaction. The peasant was a man and a brother, but he was also a Russian. He became the object of worship. Russia had tired of European masquerading, she was longing to be herself again, a sort of *nostalgie de la boue* came over her, and in her admiration of the peasant she divided herself into two camps—the Nihilists and the Panславists, the Radicals and the Jingoos.

At this crisis of her national life there burst upon the Russian firmament a meteor in the shape of a great personality. It was Tolstoy. Like all great geniuses, he was unconscious. He does not even to-day know his own national significance, but he had only to appear for all Russia to recognize him.

As I was saying, when I was a boy in Moscow Tolstoy was purely a literary artist, a romancer, but his national significance had already been recognized although it had scarcely been articulated. Here was a man with Russian ideals, who described Russia with an obvious love for his country. In every line he wrote he betrayed his contempt for foreign forms. They were exotic, and sat uneasily upon those who adopted them. His characters showed this. His honest people, his sincere men and women, were Russians, the others vainly strove to hide their heartlessness and frivolity under a veneer of foreign culture. There was nothing morbid about all this; it was strong, healthy, sound, and clean.

Let us remember that Tolstoy comes of one of the oldest Russian noble families, that he has spent his life in what is called good society, which, as Mme. Sarah Grand lately said, is not the same as smart society. Let us remember that his wife is a typical Russian lady, that they belonged to that very high layer of the Russian social *strata* where English is spoken in preference to French, and we shall understand what Tolstoy meant to his public. Here was a count, a man of title and of ancient lineage, moving in that mysterious and small set which we absurdly call the world, a man who did not write like a Scribe and a Pharisee, but from actual knowledge, a man who had served his country in the Crimean War, a "swell" in short, to put it vulgarly, who was actually in sympathy with the national aspirations of his time, and this not merely sentimentally but practically, for this was a man who understood his peasant as thoroughly as he did his gentleman. Naturally such a man was received with open arms. He had no political views, no theories; he was simply an honest Russian gentleman, who loved Russia, and Russia loved him.

Let me pause one moment to explain a peculiar feature of Russian letters. Owing to the existence of a very strict censorship, politics, as such, are not possible of discussion in the Russian Press. Therefore, the political pamphleteer must

politicize. Tolstoy is a man, and one of the Russia to-day, but he hates all "isms." sympathy with the Nihilist as he has with the hunter. But, what is more, Tolstoy loves his country so blindly that he does not see its defects. works the reader will search in vain for any aspect of the Russian people, the Russian Government, or of Russian officials. What he says is true of Governments, all society, all officials. Concealed in England. Would he not scourge us again? In his latest work we find that all the animated by a sincere desire to do their duty, ception of their duty that is wrong. This is the Russian public has forgiven Tolstoy for his religion." The reading public of Russia are given to the discussion of religious topics. orthodox religion in Russia, just as there is no Government. There is consequently no scope for differences. Hence so many Russian men of intelligence are irreligious. People who make much profession are suspected of ulterior aims. Thus when Gogol, the humorist, took to religion, and renounced his life, his sincerity was doubted, and his contempt for the world kicked him off his pedestal.

But Tolstoy has not lost caste by becoming a religious man. On the contrary, he has grown enormously in popularity. But this is entirely due to two reasons. One being that his religious views were the direct result of his nationalism, they were but the spiritual expression of that remarkable attitude towards the world which is taken by most educated Russians. Without doubt Tolstoy has done an enormous service to the Russian movement, by unconsciously giving it the religious faith it previously lacked, and without faith it is impossible to move mountains. Tolstoy, even in his religion, remains a man. Moreover, he suddenly developed a personality. Up to now he was only a public figure, he had no confidence and he confessed his religious views to them, he was only a great artist; to-day he is a great and interesting personality. We in England are able to understand what splendid courage was required to make that confession of faith. Tolstoy ran the risk of being persecuted by the orthodox and tabooed and ridiculed by the Liberals. At first it seemed as though this was his fate. But his personality has saved him. His courage of his opinions, and in a country where the press is shut down, and people are sharply divided into two camps, Tolstoy has fearlessly spoken and, pleading for the peasant, whom all Russians, of whatever social position, pity, he has dauntlessly braved the frowns of the officials, as well as the flouts and sneers of the people. Moreover, he has shown that it is possible to be religious convictions without being a place-hunter or a server. He has thus slowly won for himself the admiration of all classes, from the Emperor down

Nevertheless, when the name of Tolstoy is mentioned in Russia to-day it does not bring to the mind so much the author of great and lasting works, as the man, the active philanthropist, the whole-minded, sincere Russian worker, who has endeavoured under very unfavourable conditions to carry out in his own life the tenets of his religion. Whether people sympathize with these views or not, they cannot help admiring the noble spirit of the man who holds them. But, more than this, his practical philanthropy has endeared him to the Russian people. Nobody has forgotten his splendid unselfishness in the year of famine of 1891-92, and his non-political championship of the cause of the oppressed ever since. In the present popularity of Tolstoy we see the triumph of a great personality over adverse circumstances that might well have proved too strong for a less vigorous character.

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN POETRY.

VI.—RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement, with its rich and varied train of neo-romantic experiment and association, was the last clearly-defined development in Victorian poetry. Thereafter there was much poetical activity both strenuous and fruitful, culminating perhaps in Tennyson's remarkable volume of "Ballads" in which, at the ripe age of seventy-one, the leader of the singing band revealed himself as ready, like his own Ulysses, to essay new achievements in the very twilight of natural energy. There were not wanting, moreover, certain organized efforts towards literary departures and revivals, which seemed at times likely to mature into definite and prevailing fashions, but passed away without realizing their own expectations. All these changes are interesting and symptomatic, but their influence was too restricted and their development too early checked for them to take rank with the wide and representative movements which were responsible for the very character and course of Victorian literature.

Looking back, then, for a moment at the changeful field we have been traversing, we see that these representative movements are closely allied, not only with the development of national thought and character, but also with each other; rolling up, as it were, like waves, and following, not as direct results one of another, but as simultaneous and related consequences of powers and energies underlying and transcending themselves. For, though it has been necessary to treat them in sequence, it must be remembered that all these movements overlap one another, and interact contemporaneously, so that there is an unbroken chain of interest and activity. Doubt and faith exist side by side, presenting the same problem for solution.

Stern law of every mortal lot !

Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what

Of second life I know not where.

Then to the vain hedonism which so often springs from a tired agnosticism, the poet of a stronger faith replies :

Fool ! All that is at all

Lasts ever past recall ;

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure ;

What entered into thee,

different spirit from the poets of the eighteenth century having this essential characteristic in common with it—its interest is human rather than philosophical. It is, however, in a time of alternating emotions, it seems to hold. The movement, which sprang from sincere and poignant sympathy, dissipates itself in a complete method and purpose, and Art again takes up its parable.

Beauty is Truth : Truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Poetry again calls its followers away from all questions, away from the contemplation of suffering and again, as so often in the recurring history of art, by its exquisiteness of form and fervour of mood as the only and the sick unrest " which men miscall delight." The Victorian Poetry is the history of all art ; the same etc underlie it. On the one side the spirit of beauty, on the spirit of humanity ; on the one side *Aesthetics*, on the other *Ethics*. By whatever names the two spirits, contented, allied, may be called, their hold upon poetry and the of their claims in the evolution of art are as old as human and the secret of all literary movements, viewed finally, is found to lie in their relation to this perpetual

But while the one main problem—the relation of art —runs, like an undercurrent, beneath all poetical surface of the art presents from time to time a kaleidoscope of change and diversity. Nor has the development of poetry been in any sense arrested since the re-assertion of old truth by the Pre-Raphaelites ; on the contrary, the last twenty years has presented many interesting and suggested many expectations for the future. There is, in the first place, many off-shoots of the new romantic little revival of the Celtic spirit in poetry, of which rather too much has been made by current criticism, is an unconscious development of the Pre-Raphaelite brother shares with the earlier movement the pictorial quality of imagery, and derives from it, no less certainly, that vagueness and mysticism which is not always free from becoming inarticulate. Of the poets of the younger generation few have a truer sense of beauty than Mr. W. B. Yeats, none have served poetry better, by example, in keeping it free from contaminating influences. Still, it is possible to the absorbed pursuit of beauty, that art, followed exclusively for the sake of art, is apt to revenge itself by lapses into overstatement and some of the recent attempts towards an English symbolism have seemed to lack the sincerity without which living art has ever subsisted. This was always the danger of the æsthetic movement, and it has become clearer in subsequent developments. Just as the emotional tendency ran itself into hysteria, so the purely æsthetic tendency, grown, in certain directions, too deliberately artificial, directly the artifice is apparent, the work fails in its purpose. The perfection of art lies in the harmony of its treatment, where beauty is so beautifully expressed that its form and expression seem inseparable.

Poetry, of course, can never be the popular form of expression ; it is, in its essence, an aristocratic art, and well to set up its bulwarks against the advance of democracy. For whenever poetry has been given over to the service of the purely popular movement it has always failed to preserve its dignity. It is inevitably influenced by main currents of the age, but it never espouses the feverish causes of the multitude, and thus loses to itself. But that a certain aristocratic aloofness

workman, so delicate and elaborate in finish, as almost to seem amongst the self-conscious artificers of poetry. But familiarity with his work will assure the reader of its quintessential artistry. He has almost no affectations; his choice of the exquisite epithet is sure and unforeseen; he is absolutely free from rhetorical effort or showy effect; his work is at once simple and subtle, undemonstrative and of growing charm. He appeals exclusively to the trained lover of poetry, and this has kept him from anything like popular acceptance, but he has sustained the classical spirit in a period essentially unsympathetic to classical simplicity, and his example has been highly healthful and beneficent. It is a good sign that he is now, after long and honourable activity, beginning to find followers of his own; for Mr. Laurence Binyon, for example, promises to preserve the tradition with no uncertain note. And it is highly important for the future of poetry that the classical tradition—the tradition of dignity and beauty without pose or affectation—should be preserved, for without it poetry has considerable dangers to encounter.

The characteristic tendency of the last twenty years has been, it need scarcely be said, towards the democratization of literature. The spread of education has evolved an entirely new public, for whom literary interest of some sort or other has to be provided; a public gathered from the class that has hitherto read nothing, for the simple reason that it had not learnt how to read. The temptation is naturally great for literature to direct her appeal towards this vast and noisy multitude; material success, fame, and popularity are, to a great extent, in its hands and ready to its bestowal. We do not say that there is not still as large and as select a body of admirers of pure literature as there ever was; but it is indisputable that the sudden rise of this infinitely larger and infinitely more insistent public has almost completely silenced the voices of literary taste and judgment, and the advantages of the wider appeal are naturally appreciated by the artist. The question is, Will poetry be affected by the popularization of literature? And, if so, what course will it take? Poetry, it is true, is not really to the public taste but might not, perhaps, some compromise be effected with the austere forms of art, and by its means a kind of poetry be evolved, which should indeed have its relation to true poetic principles and yet be at the same time popular in tone and topic?

Some such compromise seems already to have been achieved. When Mr. Rudyard Kipling's vigorous, tuneful, and vivacious "Barrack-room Ballads" took us all by storm ten years ago, it is doubtful whether there was a single critic in England who was not more or less carried away by them. Criticism, however conscientious, is always inclined to enthusiasm over something new; and here was novelty and to spare, breathless, virile, full of high spirits, and essentially British. There was humour, there was real power, there was not even lacking a broken fugitive sense of beauty, as in "Mandalay," which showed that this surprising new genius was not entirely a spirit of fire. But what was really the most characteristic and suggestive quality of the work was its singular adroitness in weaving into the fabric of verse words, expressions, and phrases of the very scum and off-scouring of the language, so that what is rather clumsily called "actuality" seemed wedded to art in a swinging melody which every ear could catch, embodying a sentiment with which every man could sympathise.

" 'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,

An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;

No one can be insensible to the verve of such its thoroughgoing vitality, its force, its sense of virility. No one can question Mr. Kipling's individuality, his stake in contemporary life. Perhaps, after ten years, it will not be reckoned for past pleasure if we begin to appreciate the influence, if it were extended indefinitely, altogether salutary to the progress of poetry. elementary; his melodies jingle and jangle and hesitate (if we may apply a popular phrase to a play down "to the lowest of human qualities. So popularly accepted, could not be sound either intellectually. Indeed, it starves all the higher expense of virtues mainly superficial and animal.

It would not be accurate to say that Mr. Kipling has much influence as yet upon current poetry, although it is denied that there are signs that his example is working under the surface. Of the purely imitative verse such large quantities every year, an astonishing thing is inspired by the Kipling tradition, a limping travesty of the Kipling manner. Many music-hall songs—to a vast public the only "poetry"—are modelled on the same fashion; and, so far as it is possible to verse, the author of "The Absent-Minded Begonia" is unquestionably the popular poet of the time. If, therefore, were now to be democratized, it would certainly be an example.

It is highly improbable, however, that such a change is affecting the most aristocratic form of poetry. A reference to the history of poetical enthusiasm does not encourage one to think that an influence of this kind is very lasting or very penetrating. It is the price of that, though its phases are poignantly affected by the time, it recovers very quickly from purely temporary influences, that there is never wanting a reaction against it in a perilous direction. What is called the Imperialist politics may be, and doubtless is, the political policy of the future; but it is not a movement that appeals to the service of art, and it cannot be said to be in line with poetic enthusiasm. And the reason that poetry has recently undergone any marked poetic movement is this: the ideals and interests of the last twenty years have become so increasingly material that poetry has turned into contemplation and self concern. Upon this little to add to the achievements of the past; indecision and vacillating experiment has prevented the prevention of progress. Typical of the movement of the time, for example, is a poet of the time, W. E. Henley, who, possessed of a strenuous personal force, is yet at one time revealed as a realist, at another as an almost sentimental idealist, while he has moods which declare him a modernist, and reserves his most constant loyalty for the idealism of the period and the adventurous life of the swashbuckler. Stephen Phillips, a poet whose work is marked by a certain and not a little power, ranges indecisively between the ideal and the real, and touches at one moment the unrest of modernism and at the next to a class of poetic drama which, in its vivid traits, is both in ideal and interest widely contemporary influence.

Under the circumstances of the present time, it is to revert from topical themes can scarcely be expected.

venture into the dangerous thickets of prophecy, where criticism is always likely to lose her way. Sufficient unto the day is the evidence thereof!

Victorian poetry, we said at the outset, has been neither gay nor buoyant; but, as a nation grows to maturity, there are more fitting qualities for her literature than light-heartedness and childish vigour. And the poetry we have thus briefly considered should leave us with associations very sincere and very intimate, since it was the expression of natures which felt deeply and saw far. As life grows more complex in a crowded community, its expression becomes naturally more nervous and intricate; and, of the many moods to which a modern man is subject, there is perhaps none which he will fail to find reflected in some quiet corner of the poetry of his time. To say this is to say of poetry all that contemporary criticism could demand; and for that "final judgment" which the future is to pronounce, we must leave the last word to those who will be further removed from it in sympathy, and so better able to judge it dispassionately. And yet it is fairly safe to surmise that the last word will never be said!

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE PAN-CELTIC CONGRESS.

This gathering of the five Celtic-speaking peoples—the Irish, Highland Scots, Welsh, Manx, and Bretons, which, but for the Boer war, would have taken place a year ago in Dublin, was held last week in the Irish capital under the presidency of Lord Castletown, of Upper Ossory, its original projector. But for the tactful initiative of this popular Irish leader and the ardent energy of Mr. E. E. Fournier D'Albe, whose linguistic studies in the five languages have constituted him the Pan-Celtic go-between, one could hardly have conceived of such a Congress being brought off at all. But, thanks in the main to the efforts of these two men, it has met in large numbers and with striking success.

Now, what common bond has thus united the Presbyterian Scot and the Welsh and Manx Nonconformist, the Breton Catholic Loyalist and the Irish Catholic Nationalist? What has made them agree to differ on the religious and political questions which are such burning ones at home and meet for common counsel at "The Ancient Concert Rooms," surely a name of good omen for a Congress of the representatives of the most ancient tongues still spoken in Europe? The true cause is not far to seek. These smaller races have been all and almost simultaneously engaged in a struggle for the preservation of their languages and, therefore, of their native literatures.

Wales with the least ground for immediate fear of such a loss has been first in the field in its resistance, now happily successful, to the threatened Anglicizing of its younger generation through the refusal of a so-called British Government to allow the old British tongue to be the main language of the schools in the Welsh-speaking district. We say "happily successful" because the event has proved that the bilingual method of teaching in these schools is largely responsible for the increasing intelligence of the scholars. Gaelic Ireland and Scotland are engaged in a similar struggle, and whether they emerge from it successfully or not will largely depend upon the leverage of such popular organizations as Wales and Brittany have established.

remains the idealist, the poet, the minstrel, the v nature. The old world virtues, as the old world folk tunes and folk lore, are his, and whatever religion is destined for his shores—Methodist, Celtic Catholic—it finds him receptive of its influence.

The public Press has made the different Celtic Nations cognisant of the linguistic and economic struggles of Celticism, and to these now may be added the recent and what remarkable literary and musical revivals which have especially in Ireland and Brittany, for the Eldest of Celtic nations, a successful institution in Wales for years past, and has suggested much to the Bretons and Irish in the organ of their own renaissances. Lord Castletown was, therefore, in welcoming the other Celtic nations in these words, "An hour has struck when the Celts must meet. We are all set upwards; the mere fact of unity gives strength. I know those who are not with us to-day yet feel we have given and power to the Celtic cause. Let us, then, stand to shoulder, helping each other to keep alive the life that is beautiful, simple, natural, unaffected, life-giving songs and music that owe nothing to the music-halls of history without political rancour, and preserving legends speak of old days and a dress that marks us out many."

But to deal more particularly with Lord Castletown's. While in no sense claiming the position of one of the leaders of the Celtic movement, he admitted that the idea of a Celtic Congress was his own. The movement was not an intellectual one. We must not in precise knowledge of antiquarian research, in the re-establishment of our art and our literature, lose sight of our spiritual well-being; this I mean the better higher part of our nature must be cultivated, not the mind only, not the head, not the heart spirit, and I say this because in this I believe we shall find the greatest beauty of our Celtic inheritance. Not to the Celt is it given to live his life easily; the *joie de vivre* is in spite of the reputed gladness of the race. Out away West one rarely hears a laugh. The Celts are a strange people, as you of Brittany know, and you men of the Se Welsh hills. To reflect, to muse, to know oneself and wisdom of the ages, this is power; to idealize, to learn the old in the midst of the modern, to love the spirits of that breathe only to the few, this is to stand a bulwark against the paralysing commonplace of these latter days."

Lord Castletown then called attention to the need of that the Celtic races stand out prominently in religious thought of one type of Christian teaching, but of all types. He objected against the Celtic movement that it has no literature to feed it. This Lord Castletown stoutly denied by reference to the writings of the great Irish scholars of letters of the past, as well as to the modern Celtic material and it may be here stated incidentally that there is a through Irish, English, and Continental libraries Irish literary material enough to fill from fourteen to sixteen volumes with poetry, history, and romance. No doubt it is crude in form and bombastic in expression, but incomparable accumulation of material for minting into artistic form.

Ireland has no current literature to speak of, though there are signs of this development of the Irish literary revival. The Anglo-Irish writers of the day have not only fallen the Celtic charm, but have introduced Irish methods of

from about 100 to 200, and there are many villages, in which little but the newspapers had been read, where a serious study of Irish has sprung up. Coincident as this Irish movement is with the literary and linguistic movements in Wales, Brittany, and Scotland, and even in the little Isle of Man—Lord Castletown sees, in the immediate future, a revival of Celtic learning and language. "I must not," he went on, "allow myself to dwell upon the prospect—the conquered older races conquering the conquerors, the old spirits of the Celtic wanderers coming again from the blest land where they have slept so long, the people of the green forest releasing the long imprisoned, long enchanted rulers of old from a thralldom so light, yet so insistent, and the scattered people united again for the good of the countries they live in. Fairy hosts enshrouded in the Island's story in days gone by—Will they desert us in the latter days, or will they guard us still? If they see us not unmindful of the days of old? It is the murmur of the river, the scent of the glorious heather, the wind among the birches, the changing of the cloud and sun over the summer-clad hills that tell me of that long gone fairy host, of the purity of the Celtic thought, of the religious teaching of nature, and of that belief in immortality which led so easily to Christianity. All this crescendo of original soul knowledge belongs to our race. It is for us to strengthen it, and to give it to the world. Let us all strive to know our history in the past in order that from the faults of the past we may flee, and that from the strength, the endurance, the poetry, and the patriotism of our ancestors we may each in our various countries help to build up a commonwealth of Celtic as her worthy citizens, whilst on the horizon of our minds there ever appears and disappears the fitful vision of the Isles of the Blest, where one day there will be a grand reunion of the faithful hearts of all the sea-divided Gaels."

This point of view will no doubt be received with an incredulous smile by the general reader, unacquainted with what Celtic literature and art have done in the past and are doing in the present; and it may provoke some resentment, perhaps, from the ten thousand cultivated folk, qualified to form an opinion on art and letters, according to Mr. Yeats, who regard both as Anglo-Saxon, not having been at the pains to inquire how much of the Celtic spirit Anglo-Saxondom has absorbed or is absorbing. And no doubt the Pan-Celts have pushed this point of view a little rudely, but they do not speak without authority. In the matter of art, Mr. Thomas, the Welsh art-critic, in an interesting paper showed that until recent years it was not admitted in this country that such a thing as Celtic art existed—so-called Celtic art in this country being really derived from the Roman and Byzantine schools. This prejudice has been set aside chiefly through French excavation and investigation, and now there is a fairly clear succession recognized in Celtic ornament, whether inscribed on stone or metal or parchment or moulded in sculpture, jewelry, or weapons. Professor Geddes, after pointing out that two of the latest British art influences were Celtic, or at any rate due to Celts, William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones, explained the plan upon which a modern Celtic school of design is being fostered in Scotland, largely under Mr. Duncan's guidance.

But the most remarkable pronouncement of the Congress related to the general question of the present condition of Celtic studies and came from a German, Professor Kuno Meyer. According to him Celtic studies have never been in a more flourishing condition. The number of students, native and foreign, has been steadily increasing, and the number of publications

devoted to the subject, "La Revue Celtique." States Celtic studies are beginning to take Professor Henneberry was engaged upon Columbkille and early Irish Sagas and collected and published. The Professor said Scotch for not being as active as even the Manx, an utterance somewhat resented by Mr. S. doubt in face of the fact of the recent publication of Alexander Carmichael's scholarly and able "Carmina Gadelica" and his own recent journal "Am Bard." Of modern Celtic influencing English literature under Gaelic Yeats, Mr. Douglas Hyde, Mrs. Tynan Hinkson as well as Dr. Sigerson and Fiona MacLeod, known, nor should the two Standish O'Grady's, Dr. Toddhunter or Miss Eleanor Hull. The speaker, of Celtic literature, said Professor only quicken the interest in the Celtic and benefit those nations themselves. All that was to overcome ignorance and indifference. He now man or woman who was not proud of their names and women, who did not think them, ought, the best and noblest and fairest in the love would spring the wider and greater Irish and faction. He did not despair that even would be a contented citizen of that greater the time would come when he and men like him of that precious inheritance of their nation noble literature, which was the envy of other would form the basis of a union for all Irishmen or creed. It had been said in Scotland that and Burns and the much-abused Macpherson, the Highlands and the ballads of the Lowland love of their native land, had been more potent reunion of hearts and hands than the he machinery of party politics. To such a confidently look forward for Ireland, and the that proud and honoured place among the nations which was hers by right, and which a unreasoning fate had so long deprived her of German Celticist, Professor Zimmer, added might be got out daily and yet little would them to the general student unless a bibliography of literature were published.

In the matter of music, the Breton delegates Jaffrenon, Vallée, and others detailed what their folk songs, no less than 900 of which had parties of musicians and men of letters who were the country collecting, singing, and playing the that within a few years some 500 airs had been Fels Ceoll, the Irish Musical Festival, from the and fiddle playing of country folk, or through phonograph. The Maux have collected 250 tunes on the island, and fifty of these have been harmonized are now being freely sung about Man, where of the old airs had been confined to the very are also being collected and arranged and Mod, the Highland Music and Literary Festival held.

The resolutions passed at the plenary meeting of the Congress were practical and sentimental, that a committee should be selected from the various nations to collect and publish a bibliography of Celtic literature, and to collect and publish a bibliography of Celtic music.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.

THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES, 1273-1494. By R. LODGE, M.A., Professor of History at the University of Edinburgh. (Periods of European History, III.) (Rivington, 6s. n.)

In attempting to compress the history of Europe in this period into a volume of moderate size Professor Lodge has undertaken what he justly terms a task "of almost superhuman difficulty." It was essentially a period of transition, during which the nations of the modern world were in the making; while the two great unifying centres of earlier days—the Papacy and the Empire—had lost much of their power for good or for evil. The author does not claim to have solved the difficulty to his own satisfaction; but we think that he has achieved such success as is really attainable. The conciseness which is indispensable in a work of this kind never disturbs the flow of a lucid and orderly narrative. Sometimes his brevity may be tantalizing to those who wish to know more on particular subjects, but for the benefit of such readers he has appended a bibliographical note, which is a useful guide for more advanced study. The chief disadvantages of his method of allotting separate chapters at different epochs to each of the States (or rather geographical divisions) with which he has to deal are that it entails considerable repetition, and that the mind's eye is continually being drawn away from one field of view to another. We are far from saying that this is a defect which could have been avoided. Yet perhaps, by the device of longer chapters, some subjects, as the condition of the Empire after the death of Charles IV. and the history of Italy in the fifteenth century, might have been presented in a more compact form; while the domestic development of the Italian Republics within the period might have been treated in a single chapter. We may presume that the history of Great Britain is by the plan of the series deliberately excluded, except so far as it touches that of the Continental States; and yet a chapter on the general, and the commercial, relations of England with the Continent would have increased the usefulness of the book.

Professor Lodge is especially well equipped for writing German history; and his chapters on the reign of Charles IV. and on the rule of the Teutonic knights in Prussia do something to fill a gap in our literature. His eulogy of the Emperor Charles strikes us as rather overstrained, for, in the words of Gregorovius, though "a powerful prince and an excellent ruler in his kingdom of Bohemia, Charles IV. made himself contemptible in Italy." It is true that the days of the Empire as an effective force in Italy were numbered; and Professor Lodge makes it the peculiar merit of Charles that he recognized and accepted the fact. But he did not confine himself to the northern side of the Alps; he intervened constantly, though feebly, in Italian affairs; and we must not forget that the chaotic state of the peninsula was largely due to the circumstance that the Imperial authority was neither vigorously exercised nor wholly withdrawn. Unlike his predecessors, Charles seemed anxious that the Pope should assert himself in Italy, and he did much to promote the return of Urban V. from Avignon. But he did not, as Professor Lodge says, "personally escort the Pope to the Eternal City" in 1367. He promised to do so, but characteristically arrived in Rome more than a year after Urban had

peculiarly involved the narrative is always clear and follow. A most valuable feature of the book is the genealogical tables at the close, and there are four maps. It is impossible within our limits to do full justice to this work. Perhaps a defect in it, which some may consider a merit, is the large proportion of space allotted to central Europe, with the result that the outlying countries receive much less attention. Poland, for instance, is exactly ignored, but there is no reference to her history; while Russia is entirely omitted, and yet her falling to national life under Ivan III. falls within this period. On the main lines of his subject Professor Lodge is thorough. The chapters on the Italian States, on the Papacy on the Hanseatic League, on the fall of the Eastern Empire, on the Renaissance in Italy are models of luminous and clear writing, and if all the subsequent volumes of this under-are as well executed as the present. In many respects the difficult of all—the series should fully attain the object of the editor, which is "to present a comprehensive and trustworthy account of the general development of European history."

Mr. Gladstone's Finance.

"There have been since the Revolution," says Mr. Buxton in *MR. GLADSTONE—A STUDY* (Murray, 6s. n.), great Finance Ministers—Walpole, Pitt, Peel, and Gladstone. His book confines itself to this single aspect of Mr. Gladstone's career and character, which can very well be regarded apart from his career as a whole. Mr. Buxton has certainly high opinion of the subject of his study as a Chancellor of the Exchequer. "He was," he writes, "a financial Napoleon, which, with equal facility and equal precision, revolutionize a Tariff or modify the duty on Dice." It is remarked that a Finance Minister who is incapable of giving detail as well as of occasionally taking a broad view would be of singularly little use to the country. What Gladstone doubt, accomplish was to make his Budgets intelligible and interesting; he made Finance a subject of which the public large could appreciate the importance. Mr. Buxton's is in substance the same as two articles from his pen which appeared recently in the *Fortnightly Review*.

An Advocate of Cremation.

Sir Henry Thompson deserves to be highly congratulated upon the appearance of a fourth and considerably enlarged edition of his *MODERN CREMATION* (Smith, Elder, 2s.), his advocacy of the practice of cremation has always been linked with the most earnest endeavours to secure an improvement of the law of death-registration. And the work is now a wholly satisfactory monograph, well arranged, well treated, and well indexed. Passing over the earlier history of cremation—its universality among the Indo-European nations with scarcely a reference to the "bronze age," or, indeed, display of the learning which he is usually supposed to possess, Henry deals most exhaustively and impartially with the question of opinion as to cremation which has taken place in the nineteenth century. This change is largely traceable to Italy of science. At the great exhibition at Vienna, in 1873, Dr. Brunetti, of Padua, exhibited those results of his experiments which brought to a practical conclusion theories which Henry Thompson had long shared, and in the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1874, the public identification of a great English surgeon with the cause of cremation began.

the cause began to advance. Cameron's Bill for regulating cremation was defeated, but in 1885 the society took the matter into its own hands, and the practice became more frequent. One of the advantages of cremation as performed at Woking is that care is taken to verify the fact and the causes of death; two certificates from medical men are required, and the society takes care to deal with those gentlemen directly.

Nothing need be clearer or more reasonable than Sir Henry's recapitulation of the arguments in favour of cremation. "Out of sight, out of mind," is terribly true in general of the sources of much of the unhealthiness of cities. It might serve for family motto to the evil influences of graveyards; whereas, if all the negroes in Jamaica were cremated to-morrow, and all the resulting ashes arranged in ventilating glass cases in the local museum, they would not affect the health or offend the senses of one visitor to that institution.

FICTION.

Miss Adeline Sergeant.

The circulating library demands such writers as Miss Adeline Sergeant. Her work requires no careful reading. She finds an adequate story and sets it forth with considerable skill. There is, as a rule, little concealment of design; the tiro can see what is coming afar off, and need not worry herself about remembering dark hints that may have been dropped in the earlier chapters. Her books, in fact, make excellent reading for the indolent on a summer's day. Of the two now before us *A GREAT LADY* (Methuen, 6s.) is considerably the better. It is a short novel—not quite three hundred pages of big type—and although the pathos is insisted upon rather unnecessarily, it is a pleasant and complete little love-story. Miss Sergeant likes to take her characters from the aristocracy. We have a duke and duchess in "A Great Lady," but we descend to Sir James and Lady Rockingham in *MY LADY'S DIAMONDS* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), which may possibly account also for the diminution in price, for the latter is the longer book of the two. To tell the truth, "My Lady's Diamonds," though easy enough to read, is not profoundly interesting; it is a detective story of the ordinary type, and Miss Sergeant's objection to mystery-making is not altogether the best equipment for this kind of work. During a "heat wave," when the intellect is more than commonly drowsy, it might serve its turn. In this book there is no pretence at character-drawing; in the other Isabel and Erinia, and perhaps even Anthony Scholes, the music-master, are differentiated from the rest with some attempt at rudimentary psychology. Both books are fair examples of current fiction; in the race for oblivion we imagine that "My Lady's Diamonds" will win by a short head.

A Dutch Interior.

It is always refreshing to come across a novel dealing with some time and some country not too often handled before, provided that the novelist can persuade the reader that he, or she, is a competent guide into the undiscovered region. *THE DOMINE'S GARDEN*, by Inogen Clark (Murray, 6s.), takes us to New York not long after it ceased to be New Amsterdam, when the Dutch element was still strong enough to have its own churches and its own schools, and when there were many still who looked upon the use of the English language as a mournful

An Unreformed Rake.

The invention of a single character through a series of short stories (each often very useful to the modern novelist), employed this method with great success, not Holmes, but with Brigadier Gerard; and *Captain Kettle* has become a household word of Francis, second son of the late Marquis related by Mr. Marriott Watson in *THE CHANCE* (Methuen, 6s.), will not be so popular are very agreeably, pleasantly, and diverting touch of the "Dolly Dialogues" about Mr. and there is less of that affectation of style than his work. It is a pity that he could not have Francis Charmian's social experiences with his volume. As it stands, it is padded out length with a short story having no connexion. The nine little love affairs of Lord Francis reading to make us wish for more. It is a picture illustrated.

Mystery and Crime.

Mr. Fergus Hume has long since mastered veying "thrills," and he succeeds in doing this in *OF EMERALDS* (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.). He on mystery—a search for a missing man who hands of the subjugated Incas of Peru, where score of other white men, he is compelled to capture in their magnificent buried city, half mountain," which is really a volcano. The Rider Haggard in the portrayed splendour civilization, in the contrast between the Indians and the "twentieth century-ness" who fall into their hands, as well as in the superstitions of the citizens are played upon clearly been at great pains to master the traditions of the Incas, and has used his fiction with great success. The volcanic eruption the hero from his terrible but beautiful prison described, with its tumbling mountains and A proper "love interest" is deftly interwoven impressive story of adventure.

From the same author we have *A* (Jarrold and Sons, 6s.), a melodramatic story plot and plenty of sensational incidents. The figure in it largely, especially a couple of gaol-birds who might have stepped out of the Mr. Hume is not strong in portraying femininity his heroine, who is dragged down to poverty by a worthless brother, does not move us. But the book marks a distinct improvement on some earlier work.

In spite of a melodramatic style, and a chapters on an effective "situation" as managing the curtain at a theatre, Mr. John us in his story *PACIFICUS* (Smith, Elder, 6s.) a in its genre. The action not only never flags but it is maintained at a stent gallop from start Captain Charlton once arrives at the little Santa Celestina—and not much time is wasted there—he finds himself entangled in a web grows more and more complicated up to the

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are two persons done to death in the first fifty pages, so that one is inclined to wonder how the characters will hold out if such a death-rate is going to prevail throughout. However, the author is less lavish of murders later, though not of thrills and tortures, in the contrivance of which he displays a terrible ingenuity. The book is exceptionally clever of its kind, and though written in an execrable "snappy" American style ("he was full to the brim of excelsior") compels the reader to "see it through." Without its picture the cover would have been attractive.

THE ADVENTURES OF TYLER TATLOCK, by Dick Donovan (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), is "the very pines-apple" of illiterate gullelessness. Mr. Tyler Tatlock is represented on the cover in white boots, gazing piercingly at two birds and a large cloud, seeking what he may "detect." He is the usual infallible clean-shaven individual with a "smooth, dulcet voice," which gives vent to the usual oracular utterances. "A man has a much better chance of getting at the bottom of an apparent mystery if no one suspects that he is prowling about" is the sort of thing with which he impresses his clients, his eyes, the while, being "seemingly hidden by a frown." His victims, when handcuffed, remark "Remove these signs of infamy!"

CONNAN, by Constance Smith (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), like its author's other novels, is a well-built, well-written story of decided interest, if no particular inspiration. The Curé of St. Quentin is a sympathetic figure and his ardent young brother a picturesque one. The idea of evidence in a murder case that cannot be used because it has been heard under seal of confession is not new, but always helps a dramatic effect. The old servant, Jeanne Marie, is prettily drawn, but she is not without a touch of the conventional "family retainer."

IN DEACON BRODIE (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Dick Donovan presents us with a string of villainies. It relates to one Deacon William Brodie, an eighteenth-century town councillor of Edinburgh. But there is little eighteenth-century atmosphere in the book. One virtue, however, Mr. Donovan reveals—he has not attempted to make a hero of this specious Deacon, who finally ended his life on an Edinburgh scaffold. The book is not quite the romance of crime it might have been; the pigments are so strongly put on that the whole is almost one lurid glare.

In Maori Land.

"Alien's" new novel, ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY (Constable, 6s.), is not, as one might suppose from the title, concerned with one woman's dealings with another's husband. In fact, the meaning of the title is rather difficult to understand. The book is a sort of ghost of Anstey's "Giant's Robe." It is well written, though it does not tell us much that is new of Antipodean matters. Still one could have easily done with less of the long-winded talks of "Sawyer Thomas." Howard Grey, a clever off-cast of genius, despairing and partially soured at his being so, goes roaming discontentedly in Maoriland. There he meets Caroline and Frank Osmond—brother and sister isolated from the world because the former has served a period of imprisonment for forgery. These two are well-drawn characters, Frank especially.

be taken. The collection might form a nucleus of a historical associations in which the neighbourhood is rich.

The sister institution to the public library—the museum—is always in need of popularizing and we welcome the appearance of the *Museum's Journal*. The new journal, conducted by experts intimately acquainted with museum work, and those to whom museum and museum interchangeably terms may learn much from it.

The Aberdeen University library committee desire to acquire books and pamphlets written or edited by graduates of the University. They have addressed an appeal to former students to present to the library copies of such works. An attempt is being made towards forming a collection of literature related to the history of the county or printed in the northern counties of Scotland.

The reference department of the public library at Aberdeen will commence its work in the autumn better equipped than the majority of its neighbours. Ten thousand volumes selected from a larger collection have been purchased, and include many works on local and Kentish history. In addition the library has received a gift of a large number of maps, and pamphlets relating to the county.

The Brighton library committee, after a tour in Scotland, have issued a recommendation that the fiction section of the lending department shall be worked by the local staff, while borrowers shall be allowed access to all other departments of literature in the new library buildings. This attempt to reconcile two opposed systems will be watched with interest. The committee state that they wish to encourage the reading of other than fiction, while not condemning the intelligent novel.

It is proposed to establish, as memorials of the late Queen Victoria, public libraries at Batley, Yorks, and for the parishes of Neston and Parkgate, Cheshire.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The more important of the sixty odd volumes included in Messrs. Longmans' autumn list have already been announced separately, the most notable addition being "The Relations of Sir Edward Blount, 1815-1901," jotted down and arranged by Mr. Stuart J. Reid. Sir Edward was British Consul in Paris during the closing weeks of the siege of Paris. Among other books in Messrs. Longmans' list may be mentioned "The Oriental Club, Hanover Square," by Alexander F. Baillie, with illustrations; "Roman Africa: An Outline of the History of the Occupation of North Africa," by Alexander G. P.S.A., with maps and illustrations by the author; "Some Essays" by Dr. Richard Copley Christie, ex-Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, edited with a memoir by Dr. Shaw; "Selections from the Writings of James A. Froude," edited by P. S. Allen (new volume of the Silver Library); "Henry Schomburgk Kerr: Sailor and Jesuit," by the Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford; "The Catholic Church from Within," by Lady Lovat, with a preface by the Archbishop of Westminster; "The Great Deserts and Rivers of North America," by Paul Fountain, with a preface by Hudson; "The Book of the Rifle," by the Hon. Fremantle; "The Traitor's Way: a Story," by S. I. Yeats; "The Failure of Success," by Lady Mabel H. and Mr. Lang's Annual for 1901, the "Violet Fairy Book."

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Library Association began its annual conference on

Warwick," by Mary E. Palgrave; to the Master Musicians Series, "Mendelssohn," by Stephen S. Stratton; to the Mediæval Towns Series, "London," by H. R. Whentley, "Siena," by R. Langton Douglas, and "Calre," by S. Lane-Poole; to the Haddon Hall Library "Shooting," by A. Innes Shand; to the Miranda Library "Shakespeare's Heroines," by Mr. Jameson, illustrated; and to the Temple Cyclopædic Primers, "A Primer of Physiology," by Dr. A. Hill; "Northern Hero Legends," by Dr. Otto Luitpold Jiriczek; "Northern Mythology," by Professor Kaufmann; and "Greek Antiquities," by Professor Malsch.

While the authorized edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is undergoing revision, Messrs. Sonnenschein are preparing a collection of "Alternative Hymn Tunes," together with others in constant request. It has been edited by the Rev. C. W. A. Brooke, under the supervision of Dr. William Cresser, Organist and Composer to the Chapels Royal, and Dr. E. W. Naylor, the organist of Emmanuel College. Next month the same publishers will issue a volume on "Paganism in the Christian Church," by the Rev. W. J. Wilkins, who has written several works on "Hindu Mythology," "Modern Hinduism," and similar subjects. He aims at pointing out a resemblance between the Hindu and Roman Catholic religions. Next month Messrs. Sonnenschein will publish the new volume of their Social England Series—"Chivalry," by F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton; "The Ethical Philosophy of Sidgwick," by F. H. Hayward, M.A., Lecturer in the University of Cambridge Day Training College; "Selections from the Works of C. Fourier," translated by Professor Julia Franklin, with an introduction by Charles Gide; Clara Tschudi's new biography, "The Empress Elizabeth of Austria," translated by E. M. Cope; and "Psychology: Normal and Morbid," by Dr. C. A. Merleier, Lecturer on Insanity at the Westminster Hospital Medical School, and the author of "The Nervous System and the Mind," "Sanity and Insanity," &c. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Victorian Anthology," already announced in *Literature*, will probably be ready in October. The remaining works in Messrs. Sonnenschein's autumn list include a translation of R. de Maulde la Clavière's "L'Art de la Vie," by G. H. Ely; the concluding volume of Mr. Meakin's trilogy on Morocco; "Schools at Home and Abroad," by R. E. Hughes, H.M. Inspector of Schools; and a new edition of the glossary which forms the tenth volume of Dyce's "Shakespeare." The glossary has been edited by Professor Littlehale, of the University College of South Wales.

REPRINTS.—Among the autumn books for the Temple Classics announced by Messrs. Dent are:—Goldsmith's Poems and Plays, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson; Rende's "Peg Woffington"; and Dante's "Purgatorio" (Italian and English). Another series, "The Cloister Library," is announced by the same publishers—under the editorship of Mr. A. R. Waller, who has edited several of the volumes in the Temple Classics—beginning with Sir Arthur Helps' "In the Cloister and the Crowd, and Companions of my Solitude," with photogravure frontispiece. Other probable volumes for the new series are:—Thoreau's "Walden"; "Thoughts of Pascal"; Petrarch's "Conflict of my Passions"; Digby's "Broad Stone of Honour"; Coleridge's "Aids to Reflections"; "Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit." Other reprints to come from Messrs. Dent—apart from "The Temple Bible," the illustrated edition of Thackeray, edited in thirty volumes by Walter Jerrold, the new Hazlitt, and the new edition of Boswell's Johnson, which have already been announced—are the "Love Letters of Napoleon and Josephine," with notes by H. F. Hall, showing the events which were taking place as the letters were written; a selection of Petrarch's "Familiar Letters"; the "Temple Brontë," uniform with the "Temple Austen," in twelve volumes; and Lane's version of the "Arabian Nights," in six volumes, with a selection of the popular stories from Dr. Scott's version, and a hundred photogravure illustrations by S. L. Wood.

Messrs. Methuen announce the following reprints in their "Little Library":—Thackeray's "Christmas Books," and "Esmond," both edited by S. Gwynn; Dickens' "Christmas

Ward," edited by Ernest Fletcher, a feature number of hitherto unpublished conversations

Messrs. Macmillan, whose new editions Kingsley have already been referred to in *Lit.* two additions to their "Library of English Works of Oliver Goldsmith, containing 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Deserted Village,' 'The Plays, and the Poems,'" edited by A. W. P. Christmas Rose, and other Poems," by the Rev. —and the following volumes for the "Grecian series":—"Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to His Death," by Dr. Rendall, Head Master of Charterhouse; "The House of Atreus: being the Agamemnon, Libation Bearers, and the Furies of Æschylus," translated into English by M. A. Morshead, M.A.

Books to look out for at once

- "Mary Queen of Scots, and who wrote the Casket Letters," by P. T. Ross. Simpkin.
- "A Yeoman's Letters." By P. T. Ross. Simpkin.
- "From Cyprus to Zanzibar." By E. Vizetelly. P.
- "The Romance of Religion." By O. and H. Vivian.
- "The Earliest Inhabitants of Abydos." By D. R. University Press. 10s. 6d. n.
- "A Coming Revolution." By Captain Petavel, R.E.
- "Love Idylls." By S. R. Crockett. Murray. 5s.
- "The Year One." By J. H. M. de la Harpe. Methuen.
- "Royal George." By S. Barling-Gould. Methuen.
- "Cardigan." A novel. By R. W. Chambers. Constable.
- "Stephen Callani." By Julian Sturgis. Constable.
- "Strange Disappearance of Lady Dolin." By Louis T.
- "The Darlingtona." By E. E. Penke. Heinemann.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND RE

BIOGRAPHY.

- ANSELM AND HIS WORK. (The World's Epoch Makers.) 1 vol. 251 pp. T. and T. Clark. 3s.
- A PERFECT PRINCE. The Story of England a Thousand Years ago. 7½ x 5¼. 122 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

- A SPIDER'S WEB. By Mrs. A. G. G. 7½ x 5. 254 pp. B. 10s.
- CASH IS KING. By W. A. R. 7½ x 5¼. 338 pp. Drane. 6s.
- GYDA, THE GOTH. A Story of Constantinople. By E. W. Burleigh. 3s. 6d. (1066 A.D.)
- CHRIST AND ANTICHRIST. No. 1—The Death of Christ. By M. J. 7½ x 5. 263 pp. Constable.

HISTORY.

- L'EMPIRE LIBÉRAL: Études, Révélations, Souvenirs. (Vol. VI.) 4½ x 7¼. 647 pp. Paris: Garnier Frères. Fr. 3.50.
- [This is the sixth volume of the great work on the Napoleonic Wars, a famous Minister has been writing now for some time with Poland, the Elections of 1803, and the work of modern history is more eloquent than this; but more critical precautions.]

- THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH. Part IV. By W. H. St. John Hope. Constable.

MILITARY.

- THE MILITARY MAXIMS OF NAPOLEON. Trans. by D. A. 5½ x 3½. 120 pp. Freeman's. 2s. 6d. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- A REGISTER OF THE MEMBERS OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE. New Series. Vol. III. Fells, 1876-1898. By W. D. Macdonald. 7s. 6d. n.

[Carries us to the time of the expulsion of the Royalist

NATURAL HISTORY.

- SHELL LIFE. (The Library of Natural History Romance.) By W. H. 410 pp. Warner. 8s.

[A popular book for the uninitiated, describing 650 species

POLITICAL.

- THE POVERTY OF INDIA. By Dadabhai Naoroji. 8s. 6d. n.

[Contents that the present system of government is destructive to Britain]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDIT

- ALFRED THE GREAT. By T. Hughes. 7½ x 5. 344 pp. Methuen.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 241. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

In next week's issue we shall publish a special portrait of William Morris, with an account of his life and work.

Books to read, just published:—

- "Mary, Queen of Scots." By S. Cowan. Sampson Low.
- "The Romance of Religion." By Olive and Herbert Vivian. Pearson.
- "The Snares of the World." By Hamilton Aidé. Murray.
- "The Octopus." By Frank Norris. Grant Richards.

Fifteen hundred books which formerly belonged to the Compiègne Library, and are now at the Bibliothèque Nationale, are to be taken back to Compiègne for the use of the Tsar during his visit. His Imperial Majesty is also to be entertained with stage plays; and in this connexion it is interesting to recall the dramatic history of Compiègne.

A theatre was planned in the original design of Louis XV.'s architect, in 1738, but none was built; and it was Louis Philippe who had the tennis court altered into a theatre, capable of holding an audience of 700, on the occasion of his daughter's

The dramatic preferences of the Imperial couple elevated as they might have been. The Emperor did care for anything but farce, and the Empress did care for anything but melodrama. They preferred to quite minor theatres, like the Porte Saint Marit Variétés to stimulate their tears and laughter. They had to drop hints that it was necessary for their popularity they should at least simulate an interest in the literature. So they sent, from time to time, for the players of the Française; and the saddest stories are told of the attention accorded to this company. Flaubert's friend Boullhet, was particularly distressed because, *Conjuration d'Amboise* was produced at Compiègne, most distinguished audience, including Prosper Mérimée, Sandeau, Sainte-Beuve, Octave Feuillet, and Théophile Gautier. A Chamberlain came behind and required the pro- whole of the third and half of the fourth act to be because the Emperor was bored. His equanimity partially restored when the Emperor, after yawning to curtailed performance, sent Camille Doucet to say that he enjoyed the piece immensely, and that the author made an officer of the Legion of Honour.

In the *National Review* Mr. Leslie Stephen records the reputation of Anthony Trollope. The originality of lies in questioning the verisimilitude of the novels as of the society of the author's period.

Archdeacon Grantly is certainly an excellent person; an honourable, narrow-minded English gentleman just the necessary tinge of ecclesiastical dignity. Should hypothetical descendants asked us, Were English Archdeacons like that? we should be a little puzzled. If Miss Y be called as a witness to character, she would demonstrate. Archdeacons, she would say, in her Church Archdeacons at least, were generally saints. They be spiritual guides; they had listened to Newman, misled by *Essays and Reviews*; but had, at least, been interested in the religious movements of the day. Archdeacon is as indifferent to all such matters as were reviled dignitaries of an older generation. He is so do his official duties, and he carefully says, "Good He where a layman would use another phrase; but he n the slightest indication of having any religious view beyond a dislike to dissenters.

Similarly with Trollope's girls:

Vulgar satire in those days was denouncing the the period"—the young lady who was chafing established conventions of all kinds. The young Barchester seem to have been entirely innocent extravagance. Trollope's heroines are as domestic

first question that hard task-master Necessity may sometimes dictate an answer; and for the rest the answer must depend partly on the weather and partly on the temperament of the individual. One is tempted to say that, as even the man who writes must sometimes think, the holidays, when not devoted to sport and the slaughter of birds or to the unwearied investigation of railway time-tables and hotel advertisements, should be set aside for thinking; but this is by no means the universal practice or even the universal theory. James Payn, for instance, placed it on record that, in his opinion, an occasional week-end, enlivened by "frivolous conversation," was the only holiday the man of letters needed. To let the brain lie fallow, he held, was laziness, and did the brain no good. The soil was always arable, and would support an unceasing rotation of crops. With other writers composition is like a fever or a debauch; and they are obliged, after each excess, to treat themselves like invalids. Good work has been done by both methods, and so has bad work. It is impossible to say that the one method belongs to talent and the other to genius, or to lay down any general rule. Nor is the second question any easier to answer by reference to authority, for the evidence is very conflicting. Not only equally good work, but very similar work, has been produced under both conditions. There are few writers whose work has more points of resemblance than has the work of Balzac and Flaubert. But Balzac worked in a Paris garret and Flaubert in a Norman chateau. In the case of Dickens, again, we find a conflict of evidence in the experiences of a single man. Dickens was always going away to write—presumably because he thought it was a good, as well as an agreeable, course to adopt. He did large blocks of work at Broadstairs, at Boulogne, at Genoa, at Lausanne. But, every now and again, he found that he could not work in the country at all, and actually had to come back to London to finish an instalment of a story for the printers. The roar of the traffic was more inspiring than the songs of birds; the little excitements of social intercourse were more helpful than the sea-breezes and the stars. Clearly there is nothing here to enable us to give a final answer to our question. Every writer longs for many of the sources of inspiration that can only be found in the country, but not all writers are self-sufficient in the sense of liking to deprive themselves, for any length of time, of the stimulus of intercourse with their intellectual equals. In the country it is possible that they may be thrown into the society of people who seem to them, especially if they are in the first Locksley Hall period, stupid without being humble, whose stupidity is not even original or amusing, who ask silly questions, and require to have everything explained to them. Consequently they get a longing for London which almost amounts to homesickness. They want to get back to the people who know what they know, have read what they have read, speak the same language as themselves, and take the same things for granted. An artist knows where to find these advantages even in very remote parts of the country. The little colonies of such artists at such places as Newlyn or Rye supply the want. Some are disposed to sigh for a similar colony of literary men—a place that the writer could settle in for a few months' work with the assurance that he will meet other men similarly engaged, and be able to talk about the things that he talked about in town to people who have something to say about them, instead of finding that the only alternative to solitude is to take part in the colloquies of the aborigines. It is a view held by many, but we are not inclined wholly to agree with it. There is life to be seen and studied outside London, even if its brain moves more slowly, and in a different way, from that of the metropolis.

Literature Portraits.—XV

WALT WHITMAN.

It is good for the critic, employing himself in the exercise of estimating the reputations of the great, to try the foot-rule of his preconceived opinions, to come against a writer to whom none of the customary measurement can be applied. That is to say, it is well for the critic if he knows how to take the blow properly—has courage to lay aside for the moment the old canons and recognize that, in certain cases, culture, a sense of humour, other purely literary qualities may become matters of such importance as not to be worth mentioning. No doubt it is



faith with most of us that the thought is the chief manner in which it is expressed of less vital moment than that, when we come to criticize a passage, it is rather the style than the matter to which we pay our attention. The literary graces, the subtle turns of phrase, the scholarly allusions—it is undeniable that these add to our intellectual enjoyment of an author's work, and we are accustomed to regard some attempt at these as one of the duties of the writer.

surprising that we should lose our temper for the moment and say hard things of a writer who does not appear to have learned even the rudiments of his art. The greater part of "Leaves of Grass" seems at first sight intolerable rant, unredeemed by any graces of expression, and containing (as if by accident) one or two fine passages. It must be read more than once or twice before we begin to realize that there are more fine passages in the book, and less rant, than we had supposed. When it has been studied carefully, it may dawn upon us at last that this is no case for the literary critic at all. Whitman must be met on the common ground of our humanity; if, with Robert Louis Stevenson, we choose to picture him as a large shaggy dog, "just unchained, scouring the beaches of the world and baying at the moon," we may secure an apt phrase, but go grievously wrong in our estimate of the man's work. Rather let us call him a natural man, unashamed of his own attributes and appetites, who strove with remarkable success to divest poetry of its "feudal" tone and multitudinous ornamental accretions, and in their place to preach with direct simplicity an ideal democracy founded upon universal brotherly love.

Whitman Explains Himself.

This is one aspect of Walt Whitman's work, but it is by no means everything. He was not one of those men who sit down with a definite purpose and concentrate themselves in the effort to carry it to a logical conclusion. His books, whether in prose or verse (and there is often enough little difference between the form of the two) are one long series of hints and partial explanations, not generally satisfactory to the anxious reader. Whitman was always trying to explain himself, but his genius did not lie in that direction, and towards the end of his life he grew to regard himself as an enigma, and left the business of solving it in the more capable hands of his many admirers. To Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, afterwards one of his literary executors, he surrendered, with a child-like faith, his explanatory prerogative. This gentleman published in 1883 an authorized biography of the poet, and thenceforward Whitman accepted him as his official "expresser and explainer." But before the poet wrote, of "Good-bye my Fancy—concluding Annex to "Leaves of Grass"—that "it will have to be ciphered and ciphered out long and is probably in some respects the most curious part of its author's baffling works," he had at all events attempted to tell the world what was his object in writing, and perpetually adding to, that expression of his own personality. The main idea present to his mind was that democracy needed a new poet.

There is a passage in the "Song of the Exposition"—probably one of the best-known passages in the whole of "Leaves of Grass"—in which the poet summons the Muse to her new home from the old and narrow domains of the past. It is an eminently characteristic passage, containing as it does one real gem of pure and dignified eloquence—a veritable oasis for the much-enduring literary critic—sandwiched between two of the wettest of wet blankets. Here is the exordium, not couched in particularly poetical language:—

Come, Muse, migrate from Greece and Ionia,
Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts,
That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and Aeneas',
Odysseus' wanderings,
Placard "Removed" and "To Let" on the rocks of your
snowy Parnassus.

Repeat at Jerusalem, place the notice high on Jaffa's gate
and on Mount Moriah.

is almost forced to think it unconscious. The second line of the following excerpt:—

Ended, descends'd through time, her voice
fountain,
Silent the broken-lipp'd Sphynx in Egypt, sh
century-baffling tombs,
Ended for aye the epics of Asla's, Euro
warriors, ended the primitive call of t
Calliope's call forever closed, Clio, Melpo
dead,
Ended the stately rhythms of Una and Oria
quest of the holy Graal,
Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the w
The Crusaders' streams of shadowy midnig
with the sunrise,
Amadis, Tancred, utterly gone, Charlema
Oliver gone,
Palmerin, ogre, departed, vanish'd the tu
from its waters reflected,
Arthur vanish'd with all his knights, Merlin
and Galahad, all gone, dissolve'd ut
exhalation;
Pass'd! pass'd! for us, forever pass'd, that c
world, now void, inanimate, phantom
Embroider'd, dazzling, foreign world, with a
legends, myths,
Its kings and castles proud, its priests and
and courtly dames,
Pass'd to its charnel vault, coffin'd with cro
on,
Blazon'd with Shakspeare's purple page,
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme

This passage is one of the few in Walt Whitman at first sight, and compel even the unsympathetic to acknowledge him a true poet. It is, almost thro dignified, eloquent, musical. "If only the man

*So Loth to Depart 'till I've
After the supper and talk
[Handwritten note: I've written so many poems at end of -]
After the supper and talk - after
is done.
As a friend from friends
Good-bye and Good-bye to the
So hard to hear to release those he
more will they meet.
No more for Communion of
A long journey on before him
Showering, the thought of, finally
Seeking to put it off
See at the exit door turning
superfluous calling back
Somebody descends the steps
Change to the next a one*

write like that!" murmurs the half-convinced critic. Alas! the poet had been swept away for the moment by the flood of past literary memories; at the next line he regains his American and democratic feet:—

I say I see, my friends, if you do not, the illustrious
emigré (having it is true in her day, although the
same, changed, journey'd considerable),
Making directly for this rendezvous, vigorously clearing a
path for herself, striding through the confusion,
By thud of machinery and shrill steam-whistle millsmay'd,
Bluff'd not a bit by drain-pipe, gasometers, artificial
fertilizers,
Smiling and pleas'd with palpable intent to stay,
She's here, install'd amid the kitchen ware!

Is it not almost sacrilege, the juxtaposition of two such passages? And yet, on reflection, must there not be something great in a poet who can dare so ludicrous a sequence to emphasize what he has to say? Or rather, who could write the latter passage without perceiving any fundamental incongruity with the preceding portion? Walt Whitman was essentially simple-minded; he was of Quaker parentage; and he did not possess that quick sense of the incongruous which lies at the root of humour. Even if he had possessed it, it is probable that he would have allowed the passage to stand. For it was his cue to get rid of these bygone trappings, to herald a new poetry—the poetry of democracy, of "these States," and of the age of steam.

"What finally and only is to make of our western world a nationality superior to any hitherto known, and out-topping the past," he asserts in the peculiar language of his "Democratic Vistas," "must be vigorous, yet unsuspected literatures, perfect personalities and sociologies, original, transcendental, and expressing (what, in highest sense, are not yet express'd at all), democracy and the modern." It must be confessed that Whitman's prose, particularly when he is anxious to explain himself, is not always perfectly lucid. But he pursues the same theme at considerable length, and contrives by degrees to make his meaning sufficiently clear. Democracy, in effect, will never be recognized as a living force, until it founds its own forms of art, letters, and theology, displacing the obsolete and "feudal" forms. A great original literature—this was to become the justification and reliance of American democracy. To this subject he returns again and again. He was not without the power of appreciating the work of other American writers, living or dead, but he could discern in them nothing national. The States expanded—Texas, California, Alaska were added; the body grew more and more vast, wealthy, and powerful, but it seemed as though it were without a soul.

and thoughts, colored hardly at all with any other faiths, other authors, other identities, or time of songs had been sung—beautiful, matchless songs—in other lands than these—other days, another spirit evolution; but I would sing, and leave out or put with reference to America and myself and to-day." he maintained, could not possibly have emerged from earlier than the latter half of the nineteenth century, in other land than America. And more than this was to their conception—his own home life and upbringing, hospital experiences in the war, and even the altitudes of the Northern Union arms. Indeed, it seemed (as more than once in various places) as if a poetry with like cosmic features had never been possible before, that vast congeries of some "thirty-eight or forty soldered in one," necessitated for her poetry even standards of measurement.

The Preparatory Life: Parentage.

For an account of Whitman's "Preparatory Life" termed it—his life from the age of sixteen to thirty—the poet's own recommendation to turn to Dr. H. R. From that writer's monograph, accordingly, we take account of Whitman's biography. He was born on May 31 at West Hills, Long Island, New York State, the



WALT WHITMAN'S BIRTHPLACE, West Hills, near Huntington, Long Island
(By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

family of nine children, of whom seven were boys. "Mans," says Dr. Bucke, "were, and are still, a strong-framed, long-lived race of men, moderate in friendly, fond of their land and of horses and cattle, their passions, but fearful when once started." The father, Walter Whitman (his own name was original and the copyright of the first edition of "Leaves" was registered in that name), was "a large, quiet, so very kind to children and animals, and a good citizen."

for a lifetime in what he has called 'carrying out his own ideal.' " Indeed, he was wont to say that all the members of his father's family were noted for their obstinacy, and that nothing could turn them from a course they had once positively decided upon. His magnificent physique he derived equally from both parents. Until he lost it (from too long a course of hospital nursing among the wounded) he was a striking figure of a man. Here is a picture from an eye-witness, taken between 1854 and 1860:—

Walt's appearance used to attract great attention from the passengers when he came on board the boat. He was quite six feet in height, with the frame of a gladiator, a flowing gray beard mingled with the hairs on his broad, slightly-hared chest. In his well-laundried checked shirt-sleeves, with trousers frequently pushed into his boot-legs, his fine head covered with an immense slouched black or light felt hat, he would walk about with a naturally majestic stride, a massive model of ease and independence. I hardly think his style of dress in those days was meant to be eccentric; he was very antagonistic to all show or sham, and I fancy he merely attired himself in what was handy, clean, economical, and comfortable. His marked appearance, however, obtained for him a variety of callings in the minds of passengers who did not know him. "Is he a retired sea captain?" some would ask; "an actor? a military officer? a clergyman? Had he been a smuggler, or in the slave trade?" To amuse Walt I frequently repeated these odd speculations upon him.

Other Influences.

Besides inherited qualities, and the influence of parental example, another main element to be taken into account in the formation of Whitman's character is that he was brought up on Long Island, or, as he prefers to call it from the old Indian name, *Pau-manok*. This is a peculiar and picturesque region, over a hundred miles long, "shaped like a fish, plenty of seashore, the horizon boundless, the air fresh and healthy, the numerous bays and creeks swarming with aquatic birds, the south-side meadows covered with salt hay, the soil generally tough, but affording numberless springs of the sweetest water in the world." When Walt Whitman was still a child his parents moved to Brooklyn, but for long afterwards he used to pay frequent and long visits to his birthplace and wander through all the neighbouring country. He attended the common schools at Brooklyn until he was thirteen, and then went into a printing office and learned to set type. About three years later he began to write; at nineteen or twenty he was publishing and editing the *Long Islander*, a weekly newspaper at Huntington. Then



he came to New York City to live, and during years seems to have been employed chiefly in print as a compositor, and occasionally as a contributor and magazine. These years gave him his education from which his poems were to spring—"a comprehensive equipment ever attained by a human many things that the schools prescribe were Whitman's own words, his book "arose out of my and New York from 1838 to 1853, absorbing a million fifteen years, with an intimacy, an eagerness, probably never equalled—land and water." It go on equal terms with all people, and he became acquainted with the shops, houses, ferries, fairs, and all that they contained. To quote from Dr.

He was first the absorber of the sunlight, the open streets, and then of interiors. He knew poorhouses, prisons, and their inmates. He knew about those parts of the city which are its worst characters; he knew all their people, and knew him; he learned to tolerate their stupidity and ignorance; he saw the good (often much more righteous than) and the bad that was in them, was to excuse and justify their lives. It is people, even the worst of them, while entire to Whitman, quite invariably received him with and treated him well. . . . Many of the characters became singularly attached to him, was sociable with the man that sold peanuts at the old woman that dispensed coffee in the street, not patronize them, they were to him as good as he, only temporarily dimmed and obscured.

This was probably the happiest time of Walt Whitman. He found pleasure in everything; he speaks of himself

Wandering, amazed at my own lightness and ease. One of his special enjoyments in New York was to walk down Broadway on an omnibus, sitting in front of the crowds and the traffic, or crossing the East River boats, watching the sights and sounds of the river, not play much part in his education—he profited direct from the life rather than from the impress, but his aim was to absorb humanity and modern life could help him towards this end he would not them.

The Books That He Read.

No man ever took so much pains to acquaint himself with every particular of his own development as did Walt Whitman, and again, in his prose jottings—in "Specimen I" where—he reverts to the congenial subject of his own poetic field, the ploughing, planting, and ground. Already, he says, in his sixteenth obtained possession of a stout volume of some containing the whole of Walter Scott's poetry, and for many years "an inexhaustible mine and treasury (especially the endless forests and jungles) Walter's metrical romances may seem curious the poet of democracy, but so it was. For the him speak for himself:—

Later, at intervals, I used to go off, a week at a stretch, down in the country or to the seashore—there, in the presence of outdoor life, and away from the Old and New Testament

wondered also why I was not overwhelmed by those mighty masters. Likely because I read them, as described, in the full presence of nature, under the sun, with the far-spreading landscape and vistas, or the sea rolling in.

Of Edgar Allan Poe's poems Whitman was not an admirer, but he professed himself repaid in the prose by the idea that, at any rate in modern times, there can be no such thing as a long poem. Yet the "Song of Myself" occupies some forty octavo pages of fairly small print. His passion for keeping in touch with all sorts and conditions of men led him, no doubt, to read largely also in the newspapers and magazines; and he made at this time enormous scrap-books, containing articles on various subjects, most of them underlined in places and copiously annotated. One of these books contained an abstract of the poem of the "Cid" and of the "Nibelungen Lied," and accounts of Dante and his "Commedia." Later on, when at Camden, after the breakdown of his health, he began once more to read voraciously. His method of treating books was not exactly that of the bibliophile. "I get some old edition," he writes, "of no pecuniary value, and then take portions in my pocket. In this way I have dislocated the principal American writers of my time—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and the rest—with translations of the French Madame Dudevant (always good to me), the German metaphysician Hegel, and nearly all the current foreign poets." The "Arabian Nights," again, he had known from boyhood. The novels of George Sand as well as of Scott were among his favourites. Rousseau's "Confessions" and the sayings of Epictetus were in his possession. And at the beginning of the war he came upon Felton's "Ancient and Modern Greece," which he read so many times that he came at length almost to know it by heart. It is not a bad list of authors, and there are many others with whom he had something more than a superficial acquaintance who are left unspecified here.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Not books only, but "certain actors and singers had a good deal to do with the business" of preparing the poetic field. In "Specimen Days," once more, Whitman recounts how he frequented, while in New York, the old Park, the Bowery, Broadway, and Chatham-square theatres, and the Italian operas at Chambers-street, Astor-place, or the Battery. For many seasons, owing to his connexion with the papers, he was on the free list. The theatrical passion preceded the musical. In the drama, he saw, among others, the younger Kean, Macready, Sheridan Knowles in his own *Virginian*, Fanny Kemble as Lady Townley in *The Provoked Husband*, as Bianca in *Fazio*, and as Marianna in *The Wife* :—

Nothing finer did ever stage exhibit—the veterans of all nations said so, and my boyish heart and head felt it in every minute cell. The lady was just matured, strong, better than merely beautiful, born from the footlights, had had three years' practice in London and through the British towns, and then she came to give America that young maturity and rosy power in all their noon, or rather forenoon, flush. It was my good luck to see her nearly every night she play'd at the old Park—certainly in all her principal characters.

In opera he was scarcely less fortunate; he heard all the Italian and other operas then in vogue, and well rendered. Altho' he heard every time she sang, in New York and the vicinity also Grisi, Mario, and "the baritone Radiali, the finest in the world." Afterwards at Castle Garden, Battery, he heard Jenny Lind sing

States and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Live in New Orleans, and work'd there on the editorial staff of the *Crescent* newspaper. After a time plodded back north the Mississippi, and around to, and by way of lakes. . . finally returning through central New down the Hudson—a trip altogether of some 8,000 miles. He was a year at New Orleans, on the *Daily Crescent* return he took up house-building for a time, but of which he began to find himself making money.

The book was but a thin volume when it first appeared, a small quarto of ninety-four pages containing twelve poems. It was a gradual growth, and to the end of his life Whitman was always adding to and enlarging it. The title, as it stands, includes all his published poetical works; fresh material was absorbed from time to time; as he says, since its first publication "the book has had some eight hitches or growths," "annexes" were added to these before he died. The present volume contains more than 400 pages. The poems were given little or no attention at first; they were ignored or with contempt. Some 200 copies were placed for sale in the bookshops, but not a single copy was sold. Several were sent out for review, and several more to eminent men of letters. The few notices received were certainly not encouraging. Emerson was the first to perceive that a new poet had appeared. Nevertheless, before the war broke out, in 1861, a third edition had been published.

The Wound Dresser.

Early in 1862 the news was brought that Whitman, George, a rising officer in the 51st New York Volunteer Regiment, had been wounded at Fredericksburg, and Whitman started for the army camp on the Rappahannock. His brother was in danger when he arrived, but Whitman remained on the scene, and as something in his Quaker antecedents forbade



fight, he engaged as a volunteer in the hospital service. In this he remained until the end of the war, and to this employment he voluntarily sacrificed his healthy constitution. The letters to his mother, reprinted in "The Wound-Dresser," give a vivid picture of the work he unflinchingly set himself to do. "Drum-Taps" (subsequently incorporated in "Leaves of Grass") is full of the details of his ministry, as well as of the martial pomp of war:—

Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground after the battle brought in,
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass, the ground,
On to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd
hospital,

To the long rows of cots up and down each side I return,
To each and all one after another I draw near, not one do
I miss,

An attendant follows holding a tray, he carries a refuse
pail,

Soon to be filled with clotted rags and blood, emptied,
and fill'd again.

I onward go, I stop,

With hinged knees and steady hand to dress wounds,

I am firm with each, the pangs are sharp yet unavoidable,
One turns to me his appealing eyes—poor boy! I never
knew you,

Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you,
If that would save you.

Walt Whitman seemed to possess an exhaustless fund of personal magnetism. His mere presence in the wards went far to cheer and invigorate the patients. He was connected with no society, but went on his own individual account, as a sort of self-appointed missionary, and, after a time, benefactors known and unknown provided him with considerable sums of money for distribution in various forms. "When Whitman appeared, in passing along," wrote an eye-witness in the *New York Herald* some years later, "there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face, however wan From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers; they embraced him, they touched his hand, they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer, for another he wrote a letter home, to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper, or a postage stamp, all of which, and many other things, were in his capacious haversack. . . . He did the things for them which no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every cot as he passed along." It was his own cheerful presence that buoyed up the sick and wounded—

I seize the descending man and raise him with resistless will,
O despairer, here is my neck,

By God, you shall not go down! hang your whole weight
upon me.

I dilate you with tremendous breath, I buoy you up,
Every room in the house do I fill with an arm'd force,
Lovers of me, bafflers of graves.

And in one of his letters home he writes:—"In my visits to the hospitals I found it was in the simple matter of personal presence, and emanating ordinary cheer and magnetism, that I succeeded and help'd more than by medical nursing, or delicacies, or gifts of money, or anything else. During the war

Walt Whitman was reported as having made hundred visits or tours, tended a hundred thousands, distributed many thousands of dollars. But the gift that he brought to the wounded was undoubtedly his own invigorating personality.

From his experiences in the hospitals a Whitman learned much that was of infinite value. He extended his already wide knowledge of life and man, his measureless sympathy with all forms of suffering, deepened his faith in the heroism and fortitude of man. His poetry had proved itself capable of patriotism, of sacrifice for an ideal purpose. But, while his spirit was gained, his physical vitality had suffered a serious loss, which, indeed, it never completely recovered. The constant emotional strain began to tell upon him. A year after he had an attack of malaria and blood poisoning, the first illness he had ever known. In 1870 came a paralysis, and from that time forward he suffered from recurring spells of illness. He removed to Camden, New Jersey, where he resided until he died. He went to Camden to die, but, whenever able to live out of doors in the open country, "bathed in the sun, lived with the birds and squirrels, and played in the fisher." "Sands at Seventy"—one of the "poems"—gives evidence of an inward serenity and peace. Illness and neglect were alike powerless.

Thanks in old age—thanks ere I go,
For health, the midday sun, the impulse
of mere life,

For precious ever-lingering memories (of
dear—yon, father—yon, brothers, and
sisters),

For all my days—not those of peace at
war the same,

For gentle words, caresses, gifts from friends,
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet
appetite,

(You distant, dim unknown—or young or
unspecified, readers below'd,

We never met, and ne'er shall meet—
embrace, long, close and long);

Or again this from "Good-Bye My Fancy":—

After surmounting three-score and ten,
With all their chances, changes, losses, so
My parents' deaths, the vagaries of
tearing passions of me, the war of '61,

As some old broken soldier, after a long
march, or haply after battle,

To-day at twilight, hobbling, answerin'
call, Here, with vital voice,

Reporting yet, saluting yet the Officer of
the day,

Recognition.

Whitman had to wait long for recognition in his country, from any but a few faithful adherents. Just after his paralytic stroke in 1873, Camden, sick and lonely and, as it seemed, forgotten by the world. In "Calamus: Letters to Peter Doyle" he always does his best to put a good face on affairs. He sometimes felt neglected and dispirited. It was not until that he first received sympathy and assistance from England that "Leaves of Grass" had first attained a wide circulation. "I had a visit," he writes to

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LITERATURE.

number of purchasers of "Leaves of Grass," and brought the poet many new disciples. John Addington Symonds wrote to him frequently, with all the ardour of a convert; Tennyson corresponded with him; Swinburne wrote his poem "To Walt Whitman in America"; Ernest Rhys and Roden Noel, among others, became his champions on this side of the Atlantic. William Rossetti was one of the first—if not the very first—to secure a copy of the poems, when in 1865 some copies were sold by a book pedlar in Sunderland, and he also did his best, in speech and print, to give a helping hand to the democratic poet. "Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' is the largest thing done in our time," he said. In America Emerson had been one of the earliest to recognize him; John Burroughs wrote warmly of the man and his work; Thoreau, Alcott, Bryant were among his friends in the New York days; afterwards Joaquin Miller, J. C. Harris, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and the rest of the Western writers came to regard him as their leader. When he died, in 1892, the Press of his own country had become, if not enthusiastic, at any rate more lenient in its judgment.

Even to the last the American magazines displayed no marked anxiety to print Whitman's poetry. One of several "personal notes" on his relations with periodical literature



WALT WHITMAN AND PETER DOYLE.
Drawn by H. D. Young from a photograph taken in 1869.
(By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

may be cited here in illustration. The poet writes in "Good-Bye My Fancy":—

All along, from 1860 to '91, many of the pieces in L. of G., and its annexes, were first sent to publishers or magazine editors before being printed in the L., and were peremptorily rejected by them, and sent back to their author. The "Eidolons" was sent back by Dr. H., of Scribner's Monthly, with a lengthy, very insulting, and contemptuous letter.

Whitman's Prose Works.

Walt Whitman's prose writings are of two kinds—different kinds. The personal note and perpetual stream of observation to be found in "Specimen Days" and all else elsewhere are thoroughly delightful. He was at least as far as more writing is concerned when he had no the pound, no laboured explanation to make. He was an observer of the sights and sounds of open-air life as he went, and he brought to the study of natural phenomena an original and less academic mind. He was always to record his impressions briefly and without regard to accepted conventions of the professional author. He kept his notes, each under its separate heading, and had no form of working up his detached paragraphs into any more formal form. But in the longer and more serious essays (called "Democratic Vistas" in the English edition, printed under the title "Collect" in the American) the writer suffers sadly as a reader even more severely—from his failure to express with any degree of lucidity. He was for ever saying, and verse alike, "It is time to explain myself"—and he was egregiously to do so. We need not quarrel with him on trifling matters as split infinitives or strange and unworkable locutions, but the reader may justifiably deplore the literary workmanship which converts many of his sentences into inextricable mazes and jungles of words. Parentheses on parentheses, in a vain effort to strike the key-note, and additional explanations (making confusion of confounded) struggle in foot-notes at the bottom of the page. The fact is Whitman saw too much—or, rather, was too ready to leave out anything that he saw. The long catalogues of poetry are another example of this tendency. In writing at once his chief merit and his chief fault that he had no scheme, no theory of procedure:—

Walt, you contain enough, why don't you let it out?

is his battle-cri in the "Song of Myself." Method was to him. Personality was everything.

"Leaves of Grass."

In his poems this lack of method is not so important a matter. We are not to regard them as a literary performance and the structure of the verse, loose and irregular as it is, at all events the effect of keeping the numerous parenthetical additions under some sort of control. "Leaves of Grass" the author is never tired of reiterating, is the expression of his own personality—an honest attempt to put an authentic being "freely, fully, and truly on record" in the printed book. Perhaps the completest expression of the truth of his poems lies in this quotation from the 1867 edition printed in "Sands at Seventy" of the last issue:—

Small the theme of my Chant, yet the greatest
Ono's Self—a simple, separate person. I
the use of the New World, I sing.
Man's physiology complete, from top to toe,
Not physiognomy alone, nor brain alone, is
the Muse:—I say the Form complete is
far. The Female equally with the Male, I
Nor cease at the theme of Ono's Self. I speak
of the modern, the word En-Masse.

Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distill'd from poems
pass away,

The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave
ashes,

Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soil
of literature,

America justifies itself, give it time, no disguise can
deceive it or conceal from it, it is impassive enough,

Only toward the likes of itself will it advance to meet them,
If its poets appear it will in due time advance to meet
them, there is no fear of mistake.

(The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferr'd till his
country absorbs him as affectionately as he has
absorb'd it.)

"The trick of literary style," said Whitman on one occasion—"I almost wonder if it is not chiefly having no style at all." This happens to be one of those sentences which, containing a kernel of solid truth, are very apt to mislead the speaker. It is true enough that a conscious mannerism is the worst of all styles; it is a sham and a pretence, and can never have any real value in the eyes of thinking men. But, in the first place, literary style is not a trick at all; the best style of writing is simply the best way of expressing a given thought in language harmonious, dignified, and, above all, clear and easily comprehensible. Whitman himself was not insensible to the harmony of words; he wrote passages of the finest and most sustained eloquence; but he was for ever "rewarding resolution" by a sudden drop into colloquialism or the language of the stump orator. It was his mode of showing his contempt of convention of the smooth and sugary poetry furnished by the ordinary craftsman—and the effect is that the critic who is anxious to admire Whitman's undoubted genius finds many obstacles in his path. Not only isolated words and expressions offend him, but that absolute lack of restraint which so often makes the poet continue and carry on an idea beyond the verge of the ridiculous. Even a suspicion of a sense of humour might have saved us so many unhappy expressions:—

I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss,
fruits, grains, esculent roots,

And am stucco'd with quadrupeds and birds all over

—a passage that irresistibly conveys the impression of a
Walt Whitman in Palissy ware. Or, again, when he sings:—

Earth! you seem to look for something at my hands,
Say, old top-knot, what do you want?

We are inclined, at a first reading, to rub our eyes in blank astonishment. Indeed, the reader is often at a loss, like the poet's friend, Peter Doyle, to make out "what he was getting at." In his passion for identifying himself with the universe he could not stop to consider the comic effect of a passage.

Retreating, triumphantly
twittering, the king-
bird, from piercing the
crow with its bill for

I pull the wicker-pots up slantingly, the
lobsters are desperate with their
them out, I insert wooden pegs
their pincers,

I go to all the places one after another
back to the shore.

There in a huge kettle of boiling water
be boil'd till their color becomes so

Touches of this sort have undeniably
aspect. You read them the first time and la-
personal of the book, meeting them once more
smile; a third time, and behold! you have
yourself that these trifling blots are essential to
personality of a man whom you have begun to ad-
You would not have them away; these inconsi-
part of a poet's handwork; they make him pe-
human and the more lovable. Walt Whitman
upon the student. We may read him a hun-
and still new and unsuspected beauties, true
thoughts:—

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the
top!

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full
with blue!

Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide
Earth of the limp gray of clouds bright
for my sake!

Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-
Smile, for your lover comes.

Passages of this kind seem to detach them-
text after a time and come upon us sudden
surprise. They grow slowly into our con-
infect the blood; and in a moment we become aw-
languorous, melody which is yet so wonderfully
Thus are disciples made—sealed of the truth
would fain continue quoting their discover-
literary of critics may be converted in the
he does not throw the volume into a cor-
reading, and refuse to pick it up again. S-
might have taken up a far different attitude
persevered.

E. H. LAC



ROME IN RECENT FICTION.

A "Personal View."

Tradition avers that Rome's seven high gods stood forth in martial array to repel the Carthaginian invader, and that St. Peter in person avowed the fabled spirit of Attila. There is, however, a latter-day invasion of the Barbarians which has proved too strong for deities and saints in alliance—the novelist with a purpose has taken possession of the Eternal City.

The spectacle has an interest all its own, a pathetic, dramatic, and—shall it be confessed?—a distinctly humorous aspect. For the modern writer of romances, roused to zeal by the enthroned evil of the Seven Hills, has not tarried in his righteous indignation until that evil has actually flashed upon him in all its searing magnificence. He has not, like the great Protestant Reformer, been turned back on the Sacred Stair by an authentic and irresistible voice. Things are better managed in these labour-saving days, and no time is wasted in vague groping through Rome's tremendous alternations of gloom and splendour in search of a fugitive divinity and a vanishing faith. Our literary Crusader of to-day goes to the World-City with a notebook open indeed for "local colour," but with his opinions already settled, packed comfortably in his portmanteau. Under such circumstances, the local colour is obliging enough never to interfere with the opinion.

It cannot, however, be an easy undertaking to write six hundred pages about Rome and to keep out Rome's subtly pervasive atmosphere as completely as Mr. Hall Caine has done in "The Eternal City." When Monsieur Zola brought his visionary young priest to the tribunal of the Vatican, he saw not the Vatican only, not alone the Leonine city where the carved Papal esenteheons still guard the mouldering, massive reaches of wall enclosing so many memories. The French novelist flung Rome bodily on his canvas, with a confusion of conflicting aspects, a painful oppressiveness and complexity not uncharacteristic of the city which he paints. The reader may sigh under the elaborate descriptions, the historic reminiscences, the social analyses which weight Monsieur Zola's pages, but he cannot but confess that that is one method of conveying the sense of the place. For Rome itself leaves on some beholders the same impression of painful and bewildering magnitude, of an intricacy of ever-receding horizons, Rome past and present, Imperial and Papal; bygone conflicts, heroic across idealizing distances, and their legacy of present problems, tragically devoid of the nobler elements of tragedy; all the immensity of greatness and decay is heaped together marvellously. "The blood of Augustus," that passion for Imperial, external dominance which has tinged with its purple the dreams of all succeeding generations, is there shown, still moving the latest-born Roman citizens to futile imitation of earlier achievements. And there, too, is revealed the later sterility of that soil which, though moved by its ancient impulse to bring forth greatness, now, in the eyes of

background or almost wholly ignored. In "Eternal City" the city for the most part from a distance, as the artist of the book might have looked towards it from the hills. And thus depicted, like the splendid sunsets along the western sky, the sense of Rome and its significance perhaps as well given as by a closer and more detailed study. Indeed, throughout her Italian romance Mrs. Humphrey Ward's somewhat dogmatic and laborious pen has acquired a reticence and a distinction most delightful. In this, a very different artist, Dr. Barry, has, in his "Arden," carried his Socialistic hero out of the actual arena of Italy away to the mediæval fastness in the Volscians, better a mediæval drama of love, revenge, and the Evil Eye. Yet, in part, find in Father Barry's book one passage which owes to the imagination a strange momentary fragrance of passion and guilt. It is where the young Italian noble and his friend watch the ensanguined sunset from the Janiculum. Don Gaetano rhapsodizes on the motto of his house, *San- guine*, and its terrible aptness to the city of blood. The outburst might seem the merest rhetoric uttered at any other spot, but a pomp of expression appears natural which has culled forth in so many diverse writers the processional pomp of language. That temptation even did not assail Mr. Bagot, though in his "Casting of the Net" he takes his readers into Roman palaces and describes the hour of triumphal ceremonial. His temperate, almost faintly cynical edge, the dry and definite light in which he regards objects so long haloed by mystic veneration, gives his book somewhat of a relief to overstrained nerves. The notion of the place he has not rendered, but then who is unwise enough to look for the secret of that fascination? The social bickerings in the salons of the Blacks and Whites, Mr. Bagot knows his world, though perhaps he describes something of a *parti pris*, and if that world strikes us as a very defect may be taken as a proof of the faithfulness. The historic Rome is absent from his pages, these of Monsieur Bourget's "Cosmopolis," with its study of a thoroughly *mouline* society.

Only one book has lately appeared which, to one at least, reveals something of another, truer Rome, the city is eternal indeed, since it is builded in the dreams, the memories of men. Beside Zola's study of the actual city in its slow crumbling and its feverish upbuilding, I would set in strange contrast a study of Rome mirrored in an English soul: Edward Hutton's "Frederic Uvedale." The Romantic spiritual knight errant, that seeker after the perfect world and cannot be the material city. His is that Eternal City for centuries ruled the imagination of the world, as in earlier centuries the embattled city of the legionaries ruled its subject nations. The phantom Rome has not been so potent. "What is the Papacy," wrote Hobbes in a famous phrase, "but the ghost of the Roman Empire, sitting upon the grave thereof?" and what was the Holy Roman

the faith of a pilgrim, the ardours of a dedicated knight of the Church. What he finds and loses; how far he reconciles the city of scheming prelates with that other city of his quest; all the vibrations of a sensitive nature as finely realized as that of his spiritual progenitor, "John Inglesant," must be left to the readers of the book itself.

I was chiefly concerned with the fact that Mr. Hutton indulged in few descriptions and that the atmosphere of Rome somehow disengaged itself from its pages. His is the method of suggestion which, after all, is the more convincing, the more inevitable. It is by that method that d'Annunzio in a few words sweeps over us the sense of the Campagna, inert, sterile, infinitely remote and majestic, before he turns away to vivisection those characters of his which are only fit, in Tournieur's words, to be "put into the earth to be made clean." It was by that method that Hawthorne made a grey shattered column by Trajan's Forum reveal the very mystery of the past. No, Mr. Hutton does not describe much, but he has felt the Campagna "littered with the monsters of old forgotten religions, full of the dead things of Paganism and Christianity, the bones of Saints, the mighty trunks of forgotten Gods," and there, across its solitudes, has watched the unsubstantial dome: "a ship a-sail on the Campagna, the only living thing in all that distance, and even then alive but so half-heartedly." And he has not failed amid the dust to perceive the perfume, to hint that sensuous side of Rome which is needed to complete the spell. Those green, still gardens where the cypresses lift above the ruins, those terraces where statues of the old Gods dream in a sunny silence above grass jewelled with cyclamen—I am not quite clear as to how "Frederic Uvedale" conveys the sense of them, environing the spiritual seeker with half ironic sweetness.

The book sets lovers of Rome to wandering in their own garden of memories, from which I return to a realization of duty and a pile of late fiction. Has not Rome through all her unending ages set us to demanding the impossible? I find myself looking for a Roman book as yet, I fear, unwritten; one which should give us, perhaps, less of the Blacks and Whites and more of those glimpses, those fugitive impressions through which, as through that magical keyhole of Santa Maria in Aventina, all Rome is for an instant seen or divined. It is not in the great pageant, the extended view, that the truest revelation is always given. The stain of a scarlet poppy on the desolate roads of the Aventine, a branch of laurel or a heavy-headed rose gathered in passing in the Palace of Tiberius may tell more than much eloquence of what the spot has witnessed. All the past may be struck to life by the sight of the time-worn "Opus Alexandrinum" pavement in a restored church—how much more by one of the broken reliefs in the Via Appia, netted in bramble or convolvulus. In search of these stray half-revenings, I open Vernon Lee's "Seeker of Pagan Perfection" in her volume of "Renaissance Studies and Fancies." It is a very slight study, but one which the author of "Marius the Epicurean" might have been content to claim. Its interpretation of the effect of

silently the city walls, solemn with their to endless as it seemed, and enclosing, one felt vaguely distant, invisible city." For surely we all, we the novelists with a theory, go dimly seeking so a city within the Walls of Aurelian.

DORA GREENWELL.

INNS AND BOOKS.*

With senses not averse from the savoury of the house, I looked patient as I waited for dinner. I to sit still, I went to the shelf of books. Every one of the eighteenth century. I sat down again, the steak was audibly squealing in the pan; and I of the window without interest in the sunset, she took down from the shelf Beveridge's "Private years I had known the volume in dull bookstall, foolish hope that I should be amused, when

—like a pleasant thought
When such are wanted—

I broke the wax that had united two blank leaves, a good hand and spelling that was none the worse, the names and histories of the old owner's favourites, Turk and Basto, Sylvia and Mirth—in that poor a happy music,

A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly
There was Dash, too, a spaniel of course, whose
gracious hand had sketched in a river among



THE KING'S HEAD, THATCHAM.

willows swishing, with windy birches that seem beyond.

My fortune has not always been so good, after a day with the May-fly or March brown I have been considering how pleasant a portion of our life is, and how their provision of books is inadequate. A railway has (sometimes) tables of trains. At a hotel,

1800 when I return with a full creed and a delightful hunger at sunset?

I have been caged for hours in a newly-papered room, with four large Bibles and a treatise on something, while on the walls is hung "Swearing is forbidden." I am not superstitious, but once, at *The Three Dragons*, finding Johnson's Dictionary, I practised *sortes* with it, and found this quotation from Donne, illustrating the verb "inn":—

In thyself dwell;

Inn anywhere: continuance maketh hell.

Just above were the words of Spenser:—

Death is an equal doom

To good and bad, the common inn of rest.

I seemed to know that inn. But an inn should be a place where we find what we have counsel to expect at home, and not a mere "home from home" as I have seen it modestly advertised.

An impulse as sick and as profound as the *fatigue du nord*, or as that which drove Richard Jefferies from inland meadows to the sea, goads some of us to the life of inns. Something, we may think, that overpowers the delirious sense of home, bids us exchange that for an abode that is a truer symbol of our inconstant lodging on the earth. There we are independent of every one save the boots. We can obey or ignore a distant summons easily. Perhaps even the last summons would not sound so shrill. If I had a wish that would be met, I could wish to die at an inn, a prey only to very tranquil regrets, and without that too indignant reluctance that makes every death a breach greater than the experience of a hundred centuries might have taught—

To cease upon the midnight with no pain.

"Landlord," said a merry man, who lay dying at the *Rising Sun*, "you can take down the sign to-night." Shakespeare probably lived half his life in taverns, and though he may not have been happy, yet the delight of witnessing the restless scene, oneself so restless and easily erased, must have been a magnificent atonement; at least it inspired the kindest and broadest humanity.

In several inns I have—before candles were brought in—fancied myself on board a ship in strange seas, or in a lonely camp. I seem then to be of no nation or class. The great lord "knows no such liberty." On a sharp November night, when the sky is swept broad and clean, and garnished with stars that wink as if the wind fluttered them, one may enjoy at a small inn amidst a grey country the lonely monarchy of a helmsman at sea. The host has gone. I am the only guest. . . . It is so silent that I cannot long endure the throne of tyrant over the night and all that is night's. I turn gladly to the wood fire that crackles like the laughter of children, and grins amply like the mask of comedy. But the books? . . . The cracked spinet is burdened with china (instead of the light fingers that tripped over the keys, "laughing as they went"); and if it is vocal still to sympathetic ears, it seems to murmur only "Auld Lang Syne," as if it were a sad *revenant*, when all the house is still.

There were no books among the china, but one leg of the spinet was propped by some tattered calf, and above that "The Young Man's Best Companion." It was a kind of inoffensive encyclopædia, a shabby and comical pedlar of useless information. There was too a frontispiece—a gowned master with a raised didactic hand, like an eighteenth-century statue, evidently correcting the faulty geometry of a bland youth whose stoop was full of condescending patience and interest; and underneath, these



THE WHITE HART, DORCHESTER.

"Expect to receive as you give—Frequent good cheer or 'Yesterday cannot be recalled—Zeno and Zenon which are full of a working philosophy and of truth, the third. The young man even now might turn to the dictionary where I learned that 'hart' meant 'in' or an over-grown buck." In another place I read "commendable in some, but it ruins others." The obvious remarks to make about nearly everything, and of the charms of "The Young Man's Best Companion" usually says both.

The other book was of a sterner age. Called "The Art of the Hoof; or seeming contradictions throughout Sacraments, Distinguished, Resolved, and Applied," it was by a certain "Strout," Master of arts and preacher of the Word in the Church of Devon, of date 1651. The dedication, to the Deity, in letters so large that were I to copy them here, I should at almost the same rate as the most successful writer of the time. But the dedicatory essay is penned in a style of rhetoric has a Miltonic pomp without the Miltonic power as in this—

Is the Sword that fights against thee, girt
owne thigh? . . . Are the worst enemies thine
owne house? O who can appease such quarrels!
controversies! Lay the fury of such battels as are
Heaven! . . .

The explanations were not without ingenuity and here and there were blasts of the same rhetoric; and a characteristic note of that age in the signature of the author.

Thy most humble and everlasting servant,
My name thou hast written in heaven.

Yet I could not but envy the certainties of the author who could sincerely write:—

Our way to Heaven is none of the broadest. The
best found it, and his endeavours now is to

Great Britain's mamarchy," and compiled "for his country's benefit" by *Cardanus Rider*. Here too I have discovered the planets that rule over the names of children, and have smiled at the number of Colleys during Gibber's ascendancy. Yet I have rarely found the right book (an old volume of Richardson or Sterne); less often have I brought it with me. I have read Browning where I longed for Prior, I have put up with Shakespeare where the ale, the signboard, and the host wanted Massinger. Now, I can only pray that I shall meet Jeremy Taylor not Bishop Hall—Smollett and not Goldsmith's *Natural History*. It was perhaps my best fortune to fall in with a volume called "The Unknown Way." Left behind by some first reviewer, it may be, after a perusal that bred only a few jests, the book was still new. It



A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE.

was after midnight. The Welsh hills rose all around, their flanks vaster than the sky and pricked, as it were, by cottage lights. Now and then the lightning snapped a fiery finger. At length, enormous ridgy clouds moved along and encamped upon the summits of the range, and in the flashes they seemed to be castles that extended their towers like impregnable arms to heaven. The moon sailed up, and, no stronger than if she breathed into the night, a wind puffet amid a lane of poplars with a liquid whisper as I read many and many a lovely verse, and lastly these:—

Now, till morn, remain our own
Magle shores of old surmise,
Peaks no morning can de throne,
Lands that know no boundaries—
There the unfulfilled abides;
There the touch of night unfar;
Gates of ways that noonday hides,
Paths that reach beyond the stars.

For criticism one may go to Fleet-street. For appreciation I am resolved to visit the *Merlin Arms* again.

EDWARD THOMAS.

The Oxford University Press will shortly publish a new edition of Goethe's "*Hermann und Dorothea*" upon which Dr.

THE DRAMA.

"BECKY SHARP."

It is customary to attribute the practical popularity of novels to purely commercial causes. A deal of money in a successful play, and the fact proved to the public taste when told in print, justifies the expectation that it will also please on the stage. This explanation is, however, too simple. It is a genuine demand for stage versions of well-known novels, and the supply, therefore, is a matter of course, with commercialism than any other sequence of events. It is not an artistic demand, but it is very high. It knows that there is nothing so hazardous as to effect from one medium to another, that the value of a story getting itself worked out in a play constitutes a strong presumption that it has found its medium, and consequently that any other medium is inappropriate. The artist knows that characters well known under the hand of a novelist would have grown stiff and dead under the hand of a dramatist. And the difference is at its maximum when the novelist is of the Fielding type, that is to say, not a mere discursive, allusive, a novelist-critic, a novelist-gossip. Thackeray, of course, was a different type. In "*Vanity Fair*" he makes no attempt to tell a forward story. The book is full of suspense, commentary, "asides." It is quite certain that it is a satisfactory play, from the artistic point of view, made out of "*Vanity Fair*." But it is also quite certain that the public is not a collective artist. It will always prefer such novels as "*Vanity Fair*" imported into the theatre from the preference which the public has, that is to say, the vast majority of the human mind, for a complete imitation of reality over a symbolic suggestion of it. A child will be impressed by a picture, but will be much more impressed if you tell him of it. He hears and grows. Novels are collections of suggestions. To enjoy them you need imagination. But the actual world is solid. So is an acted play. The actual solidities of life reproduced as actual on the stage is to most people a keen pleasure. That is the vogue of Drury Lane drama, which reproduces solidities—the Stock Exchange crowd, a House of Commons debate, a Cricket match at Lord's—"life" in the Tassand's is standing testimony to the same human nature.

Further, we all have a desire to see and hear of whom we have read or whom we only know by name. He must be a very "detached" philosopher to pause to "have a look" at Lord Salisbury or Sir John Lubbock or Mr. Carnegie should be pointed out to him. Now, the personages of a famous novel, your *Thackeray*, *Rawdon Crawley* and *Lord Steyne*, are in the same position as the personages whom we only know by description. To bring them on the stage is to bring us face to face with them, of course, an important difference between their living persons. If, knowing Lord Salisbury on the stage is to bring us face to face with him, as we read about him in the newspapers, we were to see him in the House of Lords, we should probably altogether in accord with our preconceived

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of a player, familiar to us in other parts, succeeds in adapting itself to this or that famous character, and exactly where it fails to adapt itself and why. Here, for instance, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre is Miss Marie Tempest, familiar in face and figure and voice to every playgoer, adapting herself as best she can to that other familiar face and figure of Thackeray's story and Thackeray's illustrations. You feel at once that it is not the right thing. The actress is too genial and comic a Becky. There is nothing to hate or to fear in this cheery little person, and when her actions are vile her face betrays them. She is what Becky might have been if—. And so Mr. Gilbert Hare's Steyne and Mr. Leonard Boyne's Rawdon are what Steyne and Rawdon might have been if—. That is to say, you have a set of deformations of Thackeray's characters, which as deformations annoy you and yet as real persons performing the actions of Thackeray's characters interest and amuse you. As a rule, too, they speak Thackeray's words, and let us at least be grateful to the arrangers of *Becky Sharp*—Messrs. Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon Lennox—for a certain literary piety there. On the whole, I do not see that the most devout Thackerayan need be indignant over this play; indeed, I will venture to confess, for my part, that two things in the cast, Mr. Holman Clark's Pitt Crawley and Mr. Granville Barker's Wenham, are more consistent and vivid for me than their prototypes in the novel. It is interesting to note how differently these two actors have set to work. Mr. Clark is the Pitt of the book, unmodified, solidified; Mr. Barker re-invents Wenham, presenting us with a character of his own. Both methods—applied as they are to minor people about whom our preconceived notions, being vague, do not matter—are justified by the event.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ARMENIA.

ARMENIA: TRAVELS AND STUDIES. By H. F. B. LYNCH. Two vols. Illustrations and Maps. (Longmans. 42s. n.)

Let no one turn away from these volumes under an impression that they are another contribution to the literature (if such we may term it) of the Armenian massacres. There is very little about this vexed question in them; and, although Mr. Lynch is a staunch believer in the Armenians, and would like to see them formed into a separate State, he does not thrust politics or "racial questions" perpetually in his reader's face. What he does say about the people and their sufferings at the hands of Russia and Turkey—especially Russia—is well worth consideration, because it is said without apparent political or religious bias, and is based upon personal observation made on two journeys, in 1893-94 and in 1898—i.e., both before and after the massacre epoch. That so careful and well-informed an observer should be ranked among the warmest admirers of the Armenians argues much for their qualities of mind and character, and seems to show that the common prejudice of most travellers—including recently Lord Percy—may, perhaps, be due to superficial acquaintance with unrepresentative specimens of the race. The Armenians one meets in the Levant are, if possible, more obnoxious than the Greeks outside Greece; but we are prepared to accept Mr. Lynch's view that in his proper country

l'Arménie" in 1818. Many important works on various points or particular parts have, of course, been written. Lynch has fully availed himself of their results, and has added a valuable bibliography of his authorities. For a storehouse of invaluable wealth in the numerous writings of Armenian writers there are Bruns, Batak, Hicak, Hicak, Hicak, Hicak, Hicak; for physiography, Allahan, Chermak, Klep, Dulaudier, Flandin, and many more, with their special studies on lake Urmia, Brant for much valuable information in the early part of last century, and such as Morier, Onslow, Bryce, and Douglas Freshfield for example of energy and observation. None of these, however, has attempted the encyclopædic description from all points of view, that Mr. Lynch has accomplished. His chief interest is avowedly geographical; he is an intimate of nature, and delights in describing the scenery, often so beautiful or impressive, that he traversed in his travels on the great plateau. Yet he views it always as a whole, with reference to its causes and relations. Take the general sketch of the country that opens out as we approach Echmiatzin on the road to Ani, the ruined capital of Armenia:

The moderate elevation of these highlands above the Araxes and their long extension from east to west, conditions favourable to the full appreciation of the scenery, and of each new feature in the slowly-changing landscape. Their free position contributes to invest them with the character of a natural gallery which commands prospects over some of the grandest works of Nature in the most inspired moods. The European, whose conception of mountain scenery is founded upon the arbitrary peaks and valleys characteristic of his Alps, who has looked with astonishment upon the doubtful features of his lowlands from the same famous pass, can scarcely fail to be deeply impressed by the attributes of a panorama in which reliefs and depressions of stupendous scale are disposed as members of a great whole, and are seen in the pure atmosphere of an Eastern climate all the clearness of a model in clay. At his feet lies a plain level as water, which in no very remote geological period was covered by an inland sea. It is a distance of some thirty miles to its opposite confines; yet the towns and the plantations are pencilled upon its surface as though they had been drawn by a draughtsman's pen. The plain is bordered by the range which we have come to know as the Ararat, a chain of which the jagged and fantastic outline is familiar from many a rich sunset effect. The summit, nearly 8,000 ft. above the campagna; but how humbly it appears behind the train of the fabric of Ararat, immediately from the floor of the plain! The bold snow-capped peaks of the north-western slope are seen in face from the plain lands; and it is difficult to realize that the prominent features which compose that airy figure are removed by a distance of nearly forty miles.

Mr. Lynch's descriptions are generally in this elaborate, somewhat scientific style, and whilst we confess we find it occasionally tedious, by frequent repetition, there is no doubt that they bring the features of the landscape vividly to the mind, and aid one in realizing the extraordinarily complete series of illustrations with which these volumes are furnished. Mr. Lynch's photographs are beyond praise, and the tinting—here a sky, there a fawn-coloured foreground—

that has accomplished this climb, which is difficult chiefly as a matter of endurance. Mr. Bryce, in 1876, did the 5,000ft. from the pool above Sardar Bulakh in six hours, going alone and straight up. Mr. Lynch ascended on the same side, but struck more to the right. His cousin, Major Lynch, suffered from mountain sickness, and one of the party had to be left behind at 14,000ft., but the rest got to the top (16,910ft.), exhausted but triumphant, after more than seven hours' climbing from their camp, which had been pitched at an elevation of 12,200ft. It seems clear that the Sardar Bulakh route, adopted by Abich, Khodsko, Bryce, Markoff, Raphaelovich, Postukhoff, and Lynch, is decidedly preferable to that by way of the Akhury elasin. Mr. Lynch's account of the ascent of Ararat is perhaps the most exciting chapter in his book; but there is much to interest readers who are not mountaineers. The minute description of Ani and of mediæval Armenian architecture, well illustrated by photographs, will appeal to students of art. The noble monuments of the Bagratid dynasty are proof enough of the culture of the Armenians in the early Middle Ages, when they acted as intermediaries between the declining civilization of the Byzantine Empire and the nations of Asia, until abruptly checked and arrested by the tide of Seljuk invasion; and there can be little doubt that the beautiful buildings which still testify to the taste of these Turcoman Sultans owed as much to the influence and skill of their Armenian subjects as the so-called Arab art of Egypt did to the talents of the Copts. It is a grievous pity that nothing is being done to preserve these interesting relics of Armenian—and also of Seljuk—art. That wealthy Armenians are prepared to spend large sums upon national architecture is seen by the princely subscriptions they have given to the modern erections and restorations at Echmiatsin, the seat of the Catholicos of the Gregorian Church. Mr. Lynch's account of this cathedral city is extremely interesting, with its great quadrangle, resembling the Old Court of Trinity College, Cambridge, and its monastic life. He was fortunate in witnessing the anointing of the present aged Catholicos, his Holiness Mekertich Khirmean, of whom he writes with fervent admiration, and whose portrait certainly bears out the impression of dignity, refinement, and intellectual power which his career and conversation, as here reported, convey. In short, these two sumptuous volumes are brimful of interest from cover to cover. We cannot call them light reading, but to those who are able to appreciate genuine research and honest first-hand observation of a little-known country and people, "Armenia" will prove a most satisfying feast.

AN OCCULT PHILOSOPHER.

LOUIS CLAUDE DE SAINT-MARTIN, THE UNKNOWN PHILOSOPHER: (Wellby, 7s. 6d. n.), by Mr. A. E. Waite, who has made his reputation as a writer on occult subjects, is addressed in the first place to members of the Order of Martinism, and, secondly, to students in general of mystic thought. It would seem to have little to say to the ordinary reader, to whom mysticism is often midsummer madness and Martinism not even a name. It will certainly come to him as news that this unknown "ism" should have actually established a fragile foothold in matter-of-fact England, but it will come to him as news of a singularly unemotional sort. Yet, according to Sainte-Beuve, M. de Saint-Martin calls for at least a superficial knowledge even on the part

writes:—"The streets near the house I was born in were the theatre of a long and bloody battle; the house itself was a hospital where the wounded were brought, and, moreover, was every moment threatened by the risk of invasion and pillage. In the midst of all this, I was called upon to take care of my sister, who was in the greatest danger of her life. Yet it was not events such as these which had any real significance. All his real life, all his inner life, are to be found in the history of his soul. At the end of his life, he made the great discovery, "There is a God, and no more is wanted for wisdom." And it became his mission of every true mystic, to induce the world to drop the shadow for the substance, and to find the inner secret way by which the erring soul may return to its Divine Source.

But, although Saint-Martin was a mystic, his mysticism, since mystics, like poets, are born, not made, was not a determining point in his career was his more extraordinary personage known in the occult world in any other, as Don Martin de Pasqually. He was born in 1767, when Saint-Martin, being in his 40th year, was following the singularly inappropriate career of a subaltern in the regiment of Foix stationed at

Who this Pasqually precisely was, or what his history, or whence he derived his occult knowledge, and his disciples cannot inform us. What they can tell us is that he was an initiate of the Rose Cross, a transmuter of Swedenborg, and the founder and Grand Sovereign of the Order of the Elect Cohens. Among the unregenerate of the occult order is calculated to excite a smile, but amidst all their gifts have small sense of being a quality alone of the mere perfunctory. Pasqually, a middle-aged magician, if not a mystic, admitted, with his order established in Paris, he went to Bordeaux to win fresh Cohens for it, and far there those he came across was the young lieutenant in the regiment, Louis Claude de Saint-Martin. Shortly afterwards, Saint-Martin henceforth became an active propagandist, using his personal influence chiefly in aristocratic circles, and writing pamphlets to spread the light and advance the cause, but put any other name on his title-pages than that of "Inconnu."

Of a more spiritual type than his master, he abandoned early in his career the showy and theurgical power, the exercise of a rapping, table-turning, and the rest, in which he delighted. To Saint-Martin inward illumination was the only thing necessary, and while he was exhibiting of transcendental faculties, he was a transcendental instrument to be the will, and conformity.

There is a great resemblance to Schopenhauer in Saint-Martin's writings, although the philosopher was born in 1788, when the mystic's chief work was done. Through his studies in mystic literature, he became well acquainted with the Unknown Philosopher, who mentions him when treating of mysticism. The latter's aphorisms leave quite a Schopenhauerian tongue:—"The works which I have composed are not so much to persuade my readers to abandon their own, as to excepting my own." "Books are the windows of the soul: they are not the doors: they point out things

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Vizetelly's Reminiscences.

Mr. Edward Vizetelly has had an interesting and unusual, if not startlingly adventurous, career. He writes moderately, if not conspicuously, well. His rambling reminiscences entitled *FROM CYPRUS TO ZANZIBAR* (Pearson, 10s.), though they do not do a great deal to illuminate the dark places of history, are quite worth reading. Mr. Vizetelly went to Cyprus at the time of the British occupation, taught languages, drafted petitions for Cypriots with grievances at the rate of a dollar a petition, and edited a newspaper which the authorities did not like. He was also a prominent journalist in Egypt before, after, and during the bombardment of Alexandria, got locked up for libel, and afterwards cleared his character and got his antagonist locked up for perjury. Later, Mr. James Gordon Bennett sent him to meet Stanley on his return from Darkest Africa for the coast on behalf of the *New York Herald*, with urgent instructions to "scoop" the *New York World*. On all these matters Mr. Vizetelly writes chattily and agreeably, and if the history of his libel action naturally has more importance in his eyes than it is likely to have in those of most of his readers, his account of Egyptian journalism throws light on a subject which has not been very much written about.

King Alfred.

There will be welcome for *THE STORY OF KING ALFRED* (1s.) written by the late Sir Walter Besant for Messrs. Newnes' excellent little library of Useful Stories. It exhibits some of the faults of the author's later manner. There is over-emphasis, unnecessary reiteration, and a tone of patronage towards the reader with which, if we are not mistaken, the public of the Board Schools and Continuation classes, for whom it is specially intended, will not be particularly pleased. But, like all Sir Walter Besant's work, it is lucid and interesting. The account of the condition of England in Alfred's time is particularly graphic and gives colour to the view that when novelists take to writing history they are apt to write it, at all events for some purposes, better than the historians. On the whole this is the best book for the average man who wants to attune his mind to a proper appreciation of the millenary ceremonies.

Messrs. Macmillan seasonably publish a new (10th) edition of the late Thomas Hughes' book on *ALFRED THE GREAT* (3s. 6d.).

Sea-Fishing.

If there were no other books on the subject with which Mr. F. G. Afalo deals in *SEA AND COAST FISHING* (Grant Richards, 6s.), his volume would, no doubt, have filled a gap. But, as a matter of fact, there is no gap to be filled; the subject is monotonous and easily exhausted. It has, indeed, been exhausted from the practical point of view by "John Bickerdyke." By the very nature of things fishing in the sea has a lack of variety, it wants all the finer elements of sport, and a list of baits when once compiled may almost stand for ever. What there is new in Mr. Afalo's book might have been compressed into an article in the *Field* or *Land and Water*. Any future works on sea-fishing, to ensure vitality, must be more literary than scientific; they should deal with nature, with the aspect of the sea. They might indeed, without disadvantage, follow the ancient receipt for cooking chub, concentrate on the sauce, and omit the fish.

Bijou Biographies.

We do not know the name of Mr. Kent Carr, who stands on the title page of the biography of Miss Conzili (Drano, 1s.), but the editor, in his preface, "special matter which we have been so fortunate to command"—a statement which suggests that Miss herself furnished the material for it—a suggestion any out by the book itself. We learn among other things, laughed at her critics, especially the "arch-offender Hal" in the pages of a magazine.

Miss Corelli laughed again when "Barabbas" reached its fourteenth edition. And Hall Calne—out pale—must have had a cheery sensation of ever-de loneliness as he welcomed Swinburne, H. D. Traill, Allen, Zangwill, &c., to the outer darkness. It is that Edmund Gosse, "one of the minor poets," who arrived amongst them in an extinguished condition.

Mistakes.

The reader of Mr. C. E. Clark's *MORE MISTAKES* (Marshall, 1s. 6d. n.) is reminded of a famous remark of beam and the mote, or of those who cried, "Physic thyself!" Mr. Clark's thesis seems to be that mistakes common in print, and ought to be carefully avoided, as a course of illustrating it he makes more blunders of all kinds we ever remember seeing in so small a book. Many of these, doubt, are the fault of the printer, who must be respected as "permissible" and for the curious introduction of "be" as "the best known word of its kind," and the statement that "Lidgo" is an error, while p. 28 tells us that always be written with the "accent aiguë." We have such slips by the dozen, but forbear to mention them. This abundance of printer's errors should fill Mr. Clark with compunction for the severe way in which he speaks of writers whose blunders may have had precisely the same effect. But when we consider some of the mistakes in his book, which no such explanation can easily be accepted, we are left with a respectful wonder that so strangely ignorant a man should have been permitted to criticize other writers. Mr. Clark, for example, really seems to believe that the fact of Arc's execution has been disproved—so far as we can stand his rather rambling remarks on the subject of the calls "her pathological imposition on the infantile mind and superstition of her comrades." He seems to think that "Martell's Brandy" is somehow connected with Charles Martell, though we cannot quite follow his train of thought. He says Scott of blundering, on the ground that Elspeth of Antiquary "had a balm in the cradle, when she was born, been well over sixty." We should like to have the reference to this statement. The most extraordinary of all the ridiculous things in this book is the remark on the spelling of "Eureka," where Mr. Clark is very severe on those who omit the aspirate, adding, "Perhaps Dryden or while transcribing 'Heureka,' imagined that the philosopher's excitement was short of breath and so dropped his aspirate." If there is any other explanation of this amazing suggestion that Mr. Clark thinks that Plutarch wrote in English, we should be glad to hear it. After wading through his book almost disposed to believe that possible.

We have received Vol. IV. (poetry) of the *WORKS OF BYRON* (Murray, 6s.). It includes Manfred, Beppo, Faliero, and other poems written while in Italy between 1816 and 1819.

thing Byron ever said of him, that "he was not ill-favoured." Sontey's hooked nose and air of surprised and sickly regret remind one of nothing so much as of Maltre Corbeau, when, having sung his song, he sees Fox the Flatterer run off with the meat.

TO CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR (7s. 6d.), written by Richard Dames, belongs the distinction of being the most bloodthirsty work on the subject that we have seen. It is packed with sanguinary anecdotes of hand-to-hand encounters. The book is written in lively journalese, and no doubt boys will thoroughly enjoy it. There are plenty of maps and pictures.

The third volume of Dr. Allechin's *MANUAL OF MEDICINE* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. n.) deals with the diseases of the nervous system, and fully maintains the high level of excellence reached by volumes I. and II. In treating of a subject where there is so much scope for theories devoid of experimental basis, it is a great help to the student to be sure where knowledge ends and speculation begins; the present volume contains well-written accounts of what we know concerning the structure of the nervous system in health and the alterations it undergoes in disease. The etiology and symptoms of each disease are given at some length; comparatively little is said as to treatment. The book includes several good illustrations and tables, but is very inadequately indexed. It may be cordially recommended to advanced students and practitioners.

IN A CENTURY OF LAW REFORM (Macmillan, 5s. n.), we have lectures delivered at Lincoln's Inn by Mr. Blake Odgers, Sir Harry B. Poland, Mr. John Pawley Bate, Mr. A. T. Carter, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Alfred Henry Ruegg, Mr. Arthur Underhill, Mr. Montague Lush, and Mr. T. B. Napier, on the improvements introduced into methods of legal procedure during the nineteenth century. Most of us know in a general way what those changes are; few of us probably realize how sweeping they have been. Here we get a very good idea of them, as complete as the conditions permitted, in a very readable form.

IN MEMORIAM HANNUST MENHICOFFNE (Horace Marshall, 5s.) is the title of a volume in which Mrs. Josephine Butler colls, with the minimum of explanatory comment, letters written by her sister, the wife of a Swiss gentleman at the head of the Protestant community at Naples. Their interest is mainly for friends of the family, whose attention we gladly direct to them.

ROBERT BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER, by Arthur Cecil Pilon (Clay, 2s. 6d. n.), is the Burney Essay for 1900.

EVERYBODY'S PARIS (Heinemann, 1s. 6d. n.) is one of the completest guides it has ever been our fortune to encounter. It is divided into two parts, and intending visitors to Paris are advised to study the first half of the book on the way, so as to familiarize themselves with such matters as interpreters, Custom-houses, hotels, cabs, the difficulties of French money, omnibuses, trams, and so forth. It has maps, tables of weights and measures, advice to theatre-goers, a directory of churches, clubs, and racecourses, and numberless illustrations. Part II. is a dictionary of sights and monuments which may be reserved for consultation on arrival. On the whole, we have seldom seen anywhere a book containing so much and so various information for the money.

THE "CHICOT" PAPERS, by Keble Howard (Arrowsmith, 1s.), are reprinted from the *Sketch*. The author's method is to go somewhere—to Brighton, to Oxford, to Lord's, to Molesey—and give a humorous account of what strikes his eye there. His humour is quiet but not the less effective, and the accompanying sketches by Mr. Tom Browne are much to be admired. It is as good a book of its kind as we have lately seen.

FICTION.

Dorothea Gerard.

THE SUPREME CRIME (Methuen, 6s.), by (Madame) Longard de Longgarde, brings us to the ordinary novel reader is not perhaps very far from the home life of the Ruthenian popes or priests, but by the time he has finished this book he will have learned very much more to learn on that subject. Longgarde knows her country well, and depicts with detail and minute particulars. She is, of course, an accomplished writer, but the method she uses is not very happy. Up to about page 100 she is very much interested in the fortunes of her hero, Gregor Petrow, is helped with ordination by a pope who will accept him as a convert. Gregor is an intensely virtuous gentleman during his days, but when he comes home to claim his bride, a dark, heavy, passionate eldest daughter, he falls in love with a gay and foolish Wasylya, and the result of this is a series of afflictions, with the sudden and mysterious death of his marriage with Zenobia, go some way towards making his life a very nearly peasant's, really lack the grain which would have set at rest the terrible tangle of Zenobia and Gregor become involved? Certainly, common sense used, however, and the passionate is broken and the lives of most of the characters are marred or end in bitterness. The picture of village life in this particular corner of Ruthenia is of value; there is a reality in the doing of Longgarde's people which charms and convinces. We wish that to them life had been a little gay in proportion.

"He's got his veins stuffed with his own blood," you might say. If you picked him I'm sure it would not be long before he would run out. This is the criticism passed by the same author's SAWYER (Heinemann, 6s.) on a father-in-law. But it will bear a further application. It would not run out of any of the characters in this novel. The author knows well the beautiful Carpathian types of German, Pole, and Jew inhabiting it; given something more than an obvious love-story, it is fairly vivid, portrait of a "self-made man." From another writer the book might be accepted as a novel, but the "Supreme Crime," just noticed, is a standard of which the present work falls far short.

Black Friday.

Few Scottish writers can reach the middle of trying their hands at a story of the Forty-five. Macbray is no exception to the rule. But credit for making his hero take no part in the rebellion is a distinct species of originality in the career of (Constable, 6s.), who, although heir to the D. remains plain Hector Maclean to the last paragraph. Birchin-lane and 'Change-alley see Scottish nobility, instead of the Stuart can true, to Derby and back, but it is to procure of the Prince's movements and prospects the

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LITERATURE.

"Trewern."

TREWERN; A TALE OF THE THIRTIES, by R. M. Thomas (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is a first book of quite exceptional merit. It excels in style and structure the average novel, even many of those bearing the names of authors of high reputation. It is built out of very simple materials. The tale told by himself is of the life of David Evans, the young squire of Trewern, who has a shrewd eye for nature and a love of her in storm as well as in sunshine, and also an uncommon intuitive knowledge of his fellow men. There are many sufficiently exciting episodes, and throughout the reader's interest is on the stretch to know whether the squire of Trewern will marry Mary Gwynn or Diana Trevor. His final betrothal to the latter is a scene of intense dramatic power. The book is too subtly compact to be analysed, but it will well repay perusal and re-perusal.

From Natal.

It is quite plain that Mr. Turnbull has a very close acquaintance with Boers and blacks. So much is evident from his intimate descriptions of life on the veldt. There is most adequate material in **TALES FROM NATAL** (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) for entrancing short stories of a kind of life which has not yet found a capable interpreter unless we except Olive Schreiner. "Landula" and "Dungula," two customs of native tribes, are described with truthfulness. But the touch of the artist is lacking, though the customs themselves are so entertaining as to make good reading. "Kwa-Bahu" is another example of opportunity missed. In his sketch of Boer life, "Paul Kruger and Piet Joubert," Mr. Turnbull is less bald, and gets a little, but only a little, nearer to the artistic standpoint. Some Boers are no doubt very "bad eggs," but a sketch of any kind of life should be informed by sympathy, and of this the author has little. For the most part his writing reeks of cynicism, which leads him to serve up on p. 112 one of the hoariest of anecdotes concerning hypocrisy and apply it to a Boer household. There are other sins. What young woman, Boer or any other, would speak to her lover of her father and mother as "the former" and "the latter"? And what reader of fiction is so patient as to plough through pages of colloquial Dutch that require elucidatory notes six deep at the foot of the page? Still, with many literary faults, the book possesses interest.

Mr. Silas Hocking.

Simplicity, directness, and a sound ethical basis are the main qualities of Mr. Silas K. Hocking's art. This is demonstrated once more in **THE FATE OF ENDILLOE** (Warne, 3s. 6d.), which is written in the same manner as the most successful among his thirty books. It is a little late in the day for a critic to make suggestions to a novelist when the publisher says that upwards of one million volumes of his books have been sold, and, although we could find fault with Mr. Hocking's pedestrian methods and slightly Philistine point of view, we hold our hand and merely congratulate him and his public on being so well mated. And the reader may be sure the hero of "The Fate of Endilloe" is well mated too. Justin Pentyles begins life "as principal salesman at a seed, manure, and agricultural implement store." But he is a high-spirited fellow, and after many difficulties the story ends as happily as Mr. Hocking's readers wish it to end.

Fiction for the Easily Pleased.

Among the novels of no marked literary importance but of

IN THE SHADOW OF FAULTER (Grant Richards, 6s.), by Mr. J. Leighton, is a tale which will make the quietest reader echo with a thousand crimes and exciting escapes, victories. The "human interest" is not great, but plenty of melodrama, mystery, elaboration, and breathless excitement. The pictures, such as "She flung out her arms voluntarily," are some of the worst we have seen in fiction. **A SOUTHERN TEMPTATION** (Chatto, 6s.), by the author of **Suburban Vendetta**, Mr. John K. Leys, opens on the banks of Loch Aline:

Two young people—a girl of about seventeen and a boy years older—sat on a rock at the head of the loch where a fishing-boat that slowly rounded the point where the eastern hills threw a spur into the sea and shut in from the open sound. Neither of them spoke until the disappeared. When it was gone the girl gave a little turned her face on her companion. It was a pretty face than pretty—at least Archie Lennox thought so.

Estelle and Archie do a good deal of harmless philandering and they have their temptations and their difficulties, and is a murder, and ere the heather bell faded one year, to Leys's affected phrase, Estelle was Archie's wife. It is a tale with a good deal of excitement, some Scottish sentiment, some domestic interest within its 350 pages.

During researches for Indian historical authorities at the British Museum Mr. Mark Ashton came upon the accursed very curious weapon which once belonged to the conqueror Sivaji, and decided that he could weave a novel of the Mutiny. This book, **THE NANA'S TALISMAN** (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is well and clearly written, and the plot is good. The personages are such as one meets in a good many of the same period of Indian life; but the Asiatic atmosphere brought across the Cornish cliffs, and many developments highly exciting kind are provided for the reader who is inevitably somewhat artificial style of romance. **THE ROAD THAT STRETCHES** (Burlingame, 3s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories of slight adventure, one of which bears the excellent title **Adventure of the Man loaded with Mischief**. The stories do not make an epoch in the art of letters, but they are well written, with occasional happy turns of humour. Mr. Hartley's manner is, perhaps, a trifle *poed*, but, at worst, on the side of grace; "The Road that Stretches" is a book we can recommend for a holiday jaunt. There is an immense amount of adventure and full measure of princely society and royal life in the novel entitled **THE PRESENTATION OF STANLEY HAY** (Frederick Warne, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Nowell Cay. The good and the development of the plot by no means skill; it is a light and rather chesry book which will not make very grave demands upon the intelligence of the reader. **NOBLESSE THAN REVENUE** (Long, 6s.), by Esme Stuart, is a story which has been busy with his and Ruby's fortunes for pages; it is not a book that has thrilled us with delight those who have read and appreciated the same author's "The Coventry" and "The Strength of Straw" will find entertainment in the present volume. Mr. J. A. Farrer's book **THE GREAT NOODLESHIRE ELECTION** (Unwin, 3s.) is a comedy of political life, and quotes his Horace with an air:

Negligens, ne qua populus laboret,
Parce privatus nimium cavere, et
Dona presentis cape latus horre ac

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

Mr. Edward Dickey writes for the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Irish Nuisance and How to Abate It." He urges the diminution of the Irish representation in Parliament. Mr. W. B. Woodgate discusses "International Boatracing," and formulates a plan which would not interfere with the prized amenities of the Henley picnic. "Recent Science" is dealt with by Prince Kropotkin, and literature is represented by Mr. Walter Frewen Lord's article on "Lord Lytton's Novels." Much of what he says reads like the pessimistic criticism of contemporary fiction; Lytton "deliberately wrote down to the level of the paying public of his day. . . . He could sell whatever rubbish he chose to write as fast as his pen could travel. It did not matter if the social and moral reflections were babyish; it did not matter if the plot wandered; it did not matter if a glossary was wanted for the thieves' slang—all was swallowed whole by a greedy public." The secret of his popularity, according to Mr. Lord, was that "he carried on in prose the Byronic tradition." But, perhaps, that was not so small an achievement as Mr. Lord supposes. A bright paper, though inclined to violence.

There is as usual an *embarras de richesses* in the *Fortnightly*. The political articles may not be so striking as sometimes; but this is the dead season, when other kinds of articles get their best chance. "Book Collecting as an Investment," by Mr. W. Roberts, will interest many readers. It follows the fortunes of several collections, and draws the moral that "books do not necessarily improve by keeping any more than do broken-winded horses or perambulators." Heber's great collection "cost about £80,000, whilst its sale in twelve portions, carried over a number of years, produced only £57,000." Prince Bonaparte's philological collection cost about £40,000, but "after his death it went begging for several years at various figures until it dropped to about £6,000 and was only sold a few weeks ago to a Chicago library." On the other hand, the Spencer collection cost about £100,000 and realized about £250,000. George Paston in the same number discusses Mrs. Lynn Linton as "A Censor of Modern Womanhood" critically but sympathetically; Gerhart Hauptmann's life and work are related and reviewed by Miss Beatrice Marshall; Mr. L. Marillier treats "Social Psychology in Contemporary French Fiction" with special reference to Zola and Rosny; and Mrs. Clifford contributes "a serious comedy in four acts."

In the *Contemporary*, M. Jean de Bloch returns to a favourite subject, and in the light of the Boer War discusses "The Wars of the Future." He maintains that our South African experiences prove that "the professional soldier no longer possesses his ancient superiority over the armed civilian who has undergone the shortest course of training"—a statement which may be true of some civilians but certainly is not true of all. His allegations concerning "the superiority of the British civilian over the British Regular" assuredly are not borne out by an important despatch recently published from Lord Kitchener. Signor Paolo d'Alvaro writes of Crispi that "Italy, who has seen so many strong sons die willingly for her, was loved by none with purer or higher devotion"; "The Genius of Russia" is discussed by Mr. Havelock Ellis, with special reference to the interpretation of that genius by the Russian novelists. What impresses him about Russians is that "they have at all events a profound sense of responsibility." Messrs. Henry W. Macrosty and S. G. Hobson continue their examination of "The Billion Dollar Trust," and declare the only logical conclusion of the tendency which it exemplifies to be the nationalization of the iron and steel industry.

The best of the articles on foreign politics in the *Monthly Review* is "Italy's Case against her Allies," by Mr. W. B. Duffield, who is *documenté* though dull. His purpose is to show that Italy has got very little out of the Triple Alliance, which is true enough, though that alliance has probably saved

article) to the effect that the Man in the Iron Mask (who he) may have been as great a mysterious inquirer. He may not have been imprisoned for doing it! The art paper, this month in *Dramatic Art*," by Edith Siebel.

We note two new permanent features in *Magazine*—Mr. G. K. Chesterton reviews "Books to Read"; Mr. A. B. Walkley publishes "Ways of the World."

"Pianists of the past," in *Blackwood's*, Salaman, is a paper of personal recollection way back. We read of Muzio Clementi, J. Ignace Moscheles, Hummel, Liszt, Felix Mendelssohn, Czerny, Chopin, Rubinstein, and the article is quite the best thing in the number month consist mainly of attacks on Lord Rosebery. The latter gentleman is, however, in charge of impropriety. "He touches dangerous delicacy which Mr. Pecksniff himself might contain no page of offence."

In addition to the usual set of coloured pictures and not less gaudy sportsmen, the *Bath* article of great interest by Darby Stafford on "at Home." "A pilgrimage to Coate," is almost a necessity for the student of Jefferson guide and shows us over the farm and the farm down to the Mere—"the wide and imaginative boyhood." It is well done, and appears than most of the articles in magazines.

In the *Magazine of Art* we would draw attention to an article by Mr. Richard Garnett on "Portrait National Portrait Gallery," a paper full of facts, and dealing with other portraits of Shakespeare indicated in the title. A particularly interesting feature is that of the reputed portrait of Shelley hanging in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon. It cannot be a Shelley, and if a Shelley it can be Mr. Garnett's verdict.

Miss Georgiana Hill's article on Guizot in *Magazine* is entertaining, though superficial; solemn prig, but not the political bungler. "About Guizot's life in London, but little about his marriages or the '48 business. A more to William Miller's on "The Novels of Perceval." *Electra* became the oriflamme of the anti-Spanish Peninsula, there has been some curiosity very easy to gratify. Mr. Miller gratifies us a good deal about Galdos' work about the man himself. "For a number of years concentrated all his efforts on the production of an epic which should do for modern Spain what Macquart series of novels did for modern France. Gustav Freytag in his 'Alpen' did the ages." He is an admirer of the British C works never cause the blush of shame to man's innocence. Moreover he hates a priest as he

In the *Empire Review* many important matters are dealt with. In particular, Mr. C. de Thierry states the case of South Africa. He complains that "Coloured people are worse than paupers in England for tax and every one preferred to themselves in Transvaal," and that "to be a Loyalist in South Africa is under a ban." Mr. V. Hussey Walsh gives a paper on "The Post Office from Within." Sir Charles A. R. of the Chief Court of the Punjab, discusses the constitution of "An Imperial Court of Appeal." T. J. Tonkin continues his lively series of papers on "Trade in Southern Nigeria," and "Britain's Position in the East" is examined by Mr. H. Kopsch, late Commissioner of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs.

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LITERATURE.

In the *American Historical Review* there is an interesting account, by Mr. H. P. Biggar, of Marc Lescarbot, who "represents in France the position occupied by Hakluyt in the history of English geography." His work was done into English at Hakluyt's request by a Huguenot pastor in London. It would have been worth the writer's while, however, to give some account of Lescarbot's remarkable poem on Switzerland, published in 1618. It contains one of the very earliest descriptions of the glaciers.

We have also received *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Mission World*, the *Art Journal*, *Loupuan's Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Little Folks*, *S. Nicholas*, the *Century*, *Temple Bar*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *School World*, the *Rambler*, the *Universal* and *Ludgate*, the *Antiquary*, the *Genealogical Magazine*, the *Artist*, the *Architectural Review*, the *Journal of Education*, the *Idler*, the *Argosy*, and the *Mercur de France*.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The proceedings at the annual meeting of the Library Association, held at Plymouth and Devonport last week, did not rank quite so high from an intellectual point of view as some of the earlier meetings, but they were marked by good practical papers, and the discussions were suggestive. About 200 members were welcomed by the Mayor of Plymouth on August 27th, when the new President, Mr. G. K. Fortescue (British Museum), read his address. Its chief point of interest, we note especially, was his authoritative description of the events from which sprang the printed catalogue of the British Museum. Royal Commissions come and go with such swiftness of method and such paucity of result that the public had probably lost all recollection of that which, sixty years ago, formulated the momentous recommendation against printing the catalogue. The delay has given us a better catalogue, and we agree with Mr. Fortescue that, though it is not absolutely perfect, it is, when compared with other catalogues, easily first alike in its magnitude and its method. Mr. Fortescue definitely stated that the authorities were not contemplating a subject-index. Subject-indexing he regards as one of the pleasures of life. Mr. Fortescue is fond of mountaineering, and with the true instinct of the library enthusiast he found that, in subject-indexing and mountaineering alike, the pleasure gained is one of degree, and the measure of success achieved atones for the toll, often painful, which goes towards winning success. In the same way he thought that constant difficulties and occasional annoyances were outweighed in the end by the pleasure and privileges enjoyed by the librarian—"servus servorum literarum."

Mr. Thomas Greenwood made a rather discursive speech on Edward Edwards, whom he regards as the founder of the public library movement, and Mr. E. A. Baker discussed book-reviews as aids to the selection of libraries. Many librarians, it appeared, preferred, when reviews differed so widely, to trust to a personal examination. A paper by Mr. R. K. Dent on the help which the librarian may lend to his readers was somewhat curious in its enunciation of facts which might popularly be supposed to come tritely to such an assembly. But succeeding speakers made it clear that a library staff is not necessarily a body of specialists, and that among the aids to readers which needed improvement was too often the library assistant himself. On the Wednesday a visit was paid to Devonport, where the subject dealt with was the position of the reference department in the internal economy of the library. No one disputed the growing need of it; the difficulty was how to gain the public to whom that portion of the institution is yet a sealed book. On Thursday there were papers on classification and cataloguing, the advocate of the prevailing dictionary form of catalogue being pitted against two opponents speaking respectively from scientific and popular standpoints. The report of the Council presented at the business meeting was a record of good work. It mentioned particularly the opening of a Public Library

Correspondence.

LITERARY AGENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, The article in your issue of August 21 on Literary Agents is so well-informed in substance and so temperate in judgment and expression that we hesitate to ask you to find space for a letter. But this is a matter of some importance; one, moreover, comparatively new to public discussion; and we are therefore, that you would wish to have it adequately set before your readers. It is the easier to approach it in your own mood after the conclusive way in which you dismiss a savage attack, and after your remark that "the defence, on grounds, of literary agents who conduct their business properly is now superfluous."

The qualification in this phrase is, of course, necessary, but in presence of the Society of Authors it is hardly necessary to say that "there is nothing to hinder a dishonest man setting up in business as a literary agent." The young agent's path is hedged with the gibbets on which Mr. Thring has vicious old publishing agreements. We will not say that we do not know of a single case of the kind in which an agent has been concerned. But if the instances were at all numerous in which you say, "it is freely alleged that certain literary agents have taken advantage of their clients," the detectives of Portugal would surely have made some exposure ere now. The guarantee of honesty, however, is precisely the same in that of a literary agent as in that of any other professional man. His business depends upon his good repute. The affairs of beginners whom you are properly anxious to protect are of no value to him, the inducements to dishonesty are very small, the risk of dishonesty would be as great in conducting business as in that of a Kipling, a Conan Doyle, a C. H. H. H. This is putting the matter on the lowest ground of expediency. Theoretically, an editor or a solicitor can be dishonest; actually we believe those things do not happen. The suggestion that agents may cheat their clients by selling their work for less than market value is a curious inversion of the common sense, and, we believe, more well-founded idea that they artificially force up prices. We do not claim that a literary agent is a just man made perfect; and it is by no means unlikely that his estimate of a fair value may sometimes fall short of an author's self-appreciation. But the commission system is an obvious need of satisfying a client afford a substantial safeguard, and if he does not think this enough the author can reserve the right of vetoing any transaction. The writer of your article seems to think that every author has a definite market value. He hasn't. Most beginners and a great many who are not beginners do but starve on the crumbs that fall from the publishing table.

"In the second place," we read, "even the most scrupulously honest agent can seldom do as much for a young author as the young author, if he keeps his eyes open and does for himself." This is true enough of the more fetchingly carrying of commonplace MSS., but it is surely very far from being true of everything beyond this. In fact, the difficulty securing to the young author the benefit of the agent's experience, his acquaintance with the literary market and legal conditions, and his international organization, is a problem

competitors is so nearly identical that he can have no reason (short of rank dishonesty) for favouring one above the other. "In the third place," you say, "the literary agent can only in a few instances make such a study of a man's work that he will know the man's market as well as he knows it himself." Experience disproves this argument, except in regard to established writers in some very narrow groove: and even they are often glad to break new ground at home or abroad, and to have business worries taken from them at the cost of a small commission.

Not the literary agent but modern competition is responsible for the collapse of "those personal associations between editors and contributors which are not only agreeable but useful." The old relation being destroyed, the agent seeks to establish a new one. If the disappearance of the agent were to mean an indefinite increase of callers at the editorial door, the agent would have to be re-created—if only for the purpose of acting as a policeman and first "taster." The editor and contributor who desire to meet will find, not that their common wish is frustrated by the agent's existence, but that it is facilitated by the presence of a man who is known to both of them.

A last point. Admittedly the author can, if he happen to combine a certain business ability with distinct literary qualities, thrive without an agent of his own. But not without the agent of other men. Such an author, acting independently, will find most publishers and editors meet him fairly and even, it may be, generously. But eliminate the agent, take away from the buyer the consciousness that the seller has at command expert opinion and guidance if he care to avail himself of them, and it would not be long before we witnessed a return to the old rule that made the earth the publisher's and the fulness thereof. Only the agent's existence makes it possible for an author to be independent of him.

Faithfully yours,

G. H. PERRIS.

C. F. CAZENOVE.

The Literary Agency of London, 5, Henrietta-street, W.C.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Is there not a mistake in your review of Professor Lodge's "Close of the Middle Ages" in your number of August 31st?

You say of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, "only a limited number were in Holy Orders, while the rest were laymen, who had taken special vows."

Surely this Order were Canons Regular, part of the Austin Canons, with special vows. Of course, as in the case of monks, they were not all priests; but, surely, they, as all Canons Regular, cannot be described as laymen.

I remain your obedient servant,

R. PHIPPS, Colonel late R. Artillery.

The Stone, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, Sept. 2, 1901.

* * The word "laymen" was used in the modern—which is also the ancient—sense, of persons not belonging to the three higher orders, and not in the sense of the Middle Ages, which extended the term "clergy" to all who obeyed any kind of rule. In early times all monks were "laymen" and were carefully distinguished from the "clergy." The Teutonic Order and that of St. John were divided into three classes: 1,

friendly and intimate together," *inle* being for "an inferior, coarse kind of tape." A impudent, over-confident," or "proud, stuck would say, "Zu fess as a paycock." She rather be *coxy's*, from *coxy*, "conceited," or "confident"? Brazil-wood is very hard and he often taken as the type of hardness. The *brazil* is commonly used in many parts of Eng

Yours faithfully,

University of Würzburg, Bavaria.

KING JAMES II.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—At a time when it is the custom versaries, I may perhaps be excused for calling which seems to be in some danger of being c to the death of King James the Second, September 6th, 1701. From the purely litera was not, indeed, of much significance. He w which have raised some perplexing problems patronized Wyeherley, and was the familiar Penn. But there his relations to literature subject of much historical writing he m Englishmen an interesting figure, and a pat as Ranke said, "he moved amid illusions wh and he aimed at impossible things." He claims to be remembered; for, though he d did perhaps more for English liberty and Pro other monarch; he took a real interest in t great predecessor Alfred did so much to Imperialism dimly floated in his mind, and York he will be for all time associated with

I am yours faithfully,

C. B. RO

9, Cook-street, Liverpool, Sept. 4.

DEACON BRODIE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In *Literature* of August 31st you of a new novel by Mr. Dick Donovan, which to one Deacon William Brodie, an eight councillor of Edinburgh." "One virtue, reviewer, "Mr. Donovan reveals—he has no a hero of this specious Deacon, who fin on an Edinburgh scaffold,"—as who should say Caesar, who was finally murdered in an your Reviewer possibly have forgotten "Wil of the Wrights, Housebreaker and Masto course he cannot. Is he not your Review he forget David Pew or Macaire's own self, I shall not presume too unwarrantably upon your Reviewer why he attributes as a " Henley and Stevenson their apotheosis of the I fancy the idea will be to most prop explanation very welcome. Personally I am by your Reviewer's insinuations as if he h novel relating to one Hamlet, a Prince of the book's sole virtue in the fact that "it specious philosopher, who finally ended his l

I remain, Sir, your

W. H.

September 7, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

by your correspondent's letter. Edinburgh is not the world, and those of its celebrities who are, so far as their deserts go, better forgotten than remembered are not the world's historical figures—heads, even though they can be reckoned among the minor ornaments of our literature. An Edinburgh eighteenth-century rascal is not a Julius Cæsar; nor the hero of a play by Henley and Stevenson a Hamlet.

THE FORTHCOMING EDITION OF HAZLITT. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In connexion with the forthcoming edition of Hazlitt's collected works, I shall be very glad to hear from any one who may possess the fourth volume (in MS.) of the "Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft." Three volumes of these memoirs, written partly by Holcroft and partly by Hazlitt, were published in 1810.

I am yours faithfully,

A. R. WALLER.

Santon Lodge, Reigate-hill, Surrey.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Next week Messrs. Constable will publish the first volume of their new Shakespeare (in twenty volumes), with coloured illustrations by well-known artists, and the first volume of their new Meredith in fifteen pocket volumes; and later in the month will come their Boswell's Life of Johnson, in six volumes, with an introduction by Mr. Birrell and 100 portraits. Messrs. Constable also announce a translation of René Valléry-Radot's Life of Pasteur, by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire (two vols.); "Dante and Giovanni del Virgilio"—including a critical edition of the text of Dante's two Latin Eclogues and of the poetic remains of Del Virgilio by Messrs. Philip H. Wicksteed and Edmund G. Gardner; a volume of "Sermons" by T. E. Brown—the author of "Fol-cle Yarns"—"Burma under British Rule," by John Nisbet; "Five Stuart Princesses," by Robert S. Rait; "Pictures of War," by John Stuart, including chapters on the Siege of Ladysmith, Mahon's March to Mafeking, and Why the War Goes On; "With the Flag at Sea," by Walter Woolf, illustrated by H. C. Seppings Wright; "Travels round Our Village," by Eleanor G. Haydon; and "A Ribbon of Iron," by Annette M. B. Meakin—an illustrated account of a journey over the Siberian Railway. In fiction Messrs. Constable are publishing this week "Cardigan," by R. W. Chambers, and "The Westerners," by S. E. White; next week, "Stephen Calmar," by Julian Sturgis; "The Man that Knew Better," by Tom Gallon, illustrated by Gordon Browne; and at the beginning of October Mr. Maurice Hewlett's volume of "New Canterbury Tales."

Messrs. Cassell announce a new work on South Africa entitled "Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal; Being Reminiscences of an English Official," by David Mackay Wilson, who was practically the first Gold Commissioner of the first Goldfields in the Transvaal. Messrs. Cassell also announce a new work by Dean Spence on "Early Christianity and Paganism"; a new book by Sir Robert Ball on "The Earth's Beginning"—based on the last Christmas course of lectures at the Royal Institution; a volume by Colonel W. H. Daniel entitled "The Military Forces of the Crown: Their Organization and Equipment," with an introduction; and the first volume of an illustrated edition (in six volumes) of their great work on "Social England," which was edited by the late Mr. Traill. Several sections (as those dealing with military organization and art) have been completely re-written, while the rest of

colour"); "Chinese Porcelain," by the late Mr. Monkhouse (a limited edition with coloured plates and illustrations); and "A Masque of Days: From the East of Elia," newly dressed and decorated by Mr. Walter Crane.

Mr. Hehemann has in preparation a series of volumes on "The Great Peoples" (somewhat after the plan of John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People" under the editorship of Professor F. York Powell; and the volume on "The Spanish People," by Martin A. S. Hume, to be followed by "The French People," by Arthur Hassall, and "The Russian People," by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly.

Mr. E. H. Lacom-Watson, the author of "The Unconquered Humourist" and "An Attle in Bohemia," will publish next month with Mr. Elkin Mathews a book entitled "Christ Deane: a Study of School and College Life." The school is at Winchester and Cambridge.

A new book, entitled "All the Russias," by Mr. Norman, M.P., will be published in October by Mr. Heinemann in England and by Charles Scribner's Sons in New York.

The Oxford University Press collotype facsimile of the Folio Shakespeare has been fully subscribed for. The volume cannot be ready for distribution until the autumn of 1902.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly issue a new novel by James Baker, the author of "The Cardinal's Page," dealing with phases of journalistic life. Since going through Europe for the Education Department, Mr. Baker has been travelling in Russia and Finland as a special correspondent.

The regiment known as Lumsden's Horse, which did excellent work in South Africa during the earlier stages of the campaign, is to have its history recorded in a book by Sir John Playfair and Colonel Lumsden (the present commanding officer).

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack will publish in a few days a cheaper edition of the "Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland" about one-fifth of its original cost, and with the addition of a large map of Scotland and an abstract of the 1901 census.

Messrs. Alden, of Oxford, are publishing a book of called "Boshtan Ballads," by Mr. Lionel Begbie, of May whose initials will be familiar to readers of the *Iain*. Mr. Begbie, we understand, is a cousin of Mr. Harold Begbie.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce "To the South Regions," by Louis Bernacchi, F.R.G.S., being an account of the Southern Cross expedition 1898-1900. The author is a position of Scientist to the expedition and will join the Discovery Expedition, now on its way to Australia, in October next.

Korolénko is at work on a novel dealing with Puga Cossack of the Ural, who professed to be Peter III., and all the south-east of Russia against Catherine the Great. The subject has also been treated by Pushkin.

Bernhard Berenson's "The Study and Criticism of Art," (Bell) consists of Essays contributed by the author to the last ten years to various periodicals, chiefly the *New Nation* and the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. Messrs. Bell have in the press a new, revised edition of Mr. Berenson's "I Lotto," with many illustrations.

The Rev. S. P. H. Statham requests us to state the reference to his forthcoming book of Dover Charters, which mentioned recently, the period covered does not commence 1565, but ranges from 1203 to 1565.

Books to look out for at once.

"Diary of the Boer War." By Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil. Translated by Frederic Lees. A. and C. Black.

[Translated from the *Paris Liberté*. With portrait of the Colonel.]

"To the South Polar Regions." By Louis Bernacchi, F.R.G.S. and Blackett.

[An account of the Southern Cross expedition, 1898-1900. With graphs.]

"Josephine, Empress of the French." By Frederick A. Oberlin. 7s. 6d.

[An American study of Josephine's life, including the correspondence between Josephine and Napoleon. Illustrated.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FICTION.

- THE OCTOPUS.** By F. NORRIS. 7½ x 9½. 602 pp. Grant Richards.
[Tells of the war between the Wheat Grower and the Railroad Trust in California, and is the first of a "trilogy" which is to give the complete story of a crop of wheat from its sowing in California to its consumption in Europe.]
- SANTA CLARA'S PARTNER.** By T. N. PAGE. 7½ x 9½. 194 pp. Grant Richards
- A NET OF FLATS.** By MASON A. GRIFFITHS. 7½ x 9½. 236 pp. Mimeo. 2s. 6d.
[A detective story in which a Bear saves a figure.]
- THE MILLION.** By DOROTHY GERARD. 7½ x 9½. 346 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[The story of a million dollars left by a notary in Lyons to establish an orphanage.]
- FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.** By JANE HARLOW. 7½ x 9½. 312 pp. Methuen. 6s.
- GODS REBEL.** By H. FULLER. 7½ x 9½. 373 pp. Jarrold. 6s.
[The story of a Professor at Chicago who ruins his career by his assertion of the laborer's right to live.]
- REAL LIFE.** By C. R. MARSHALL. 7½ x 9½. 280 pp. Druce. 6s.
[A modern story of religious tone.]
- THE CALL OF THE FUTURE.** By MRS. B. TANQUERAY. 7½ x 9½. 312 pp. Huret and Marshall. 6s.
[The scene is the fruit and flower farm of "Neuequay." A modern love story.]
- THE MYSTERY OF LANDY COURT.** By FERDINAND HUME. 7½ x 9½. 214 pp. Jarrold. 6s.
- THE YEAR ONE.** By J. HOSKINELL BURTON. 7½ x 9½. 330 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[A story of the French Revolution.]
- THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF LADY DELIA.** By LOUIS TRACY. 7½ x 9½. 320 pp. Pearson. 6s.
- THE SNARLS OF THE WORLD.** By HAMILTON AIRD. 8 x 5½. 414 pp. Murray. 6s.
[A readable story in the Carlton House Terrace style; here, ending with the usual "paragraph in the *Morn'g Post*"]
- THE WARRIALS WELL.** By D. MACDONALD and J. G. EDGAR. 7½ x 9½. 307 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.
[Gold mining exploration in North Australia. By the author of "How we Kept the Flag Flying"]

HISTORY.

- GLOUCESTER CERTIFICATE HISTORY OF EUROPE, 1816-1948.** 7½ x 9½. 301 pp. Ralph.
- WHO KILLED AMY ROBART?** By P. SIDNEY, FR. HICK. 7½ x 9½. 50 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d. n.
[Doubtfully with Sir Walter Scott's errors in "Kenilworth," acquits Hudley, and concludes that Amy Robart was killed "by a person or persons unknown."]
- MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters?** By R. COWAN, J.P. Two vols. 8½ x 6½. 267-427 pp. Sampson Low. 22s. n.
[An exhaustive bibliography defending Mary and concluding that the Casket Letters were written by Maitland, Buchanan, Archibald Douglas, and Thomas Crawford.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- HOW TO SUCCEED IN YOUR EXAMINATION.** By G. A. WADE. (The "How to" Series.) 7½ x 5½. 218 pp. Grant Richards.
[A very practical and exhaustive little book on all subjects connected with examinations, and the preparation for them.]
- DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.** By MARGOT GREENWOOD BUDDEN and FLORENCE BADDELEY. The Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges. 7½ x 9½. 246 pp. Cambridge University Press.
[For students in training to become teachers of domestic science subjects. A scientific and practical exposition of the arts of cooking, laundry work, housewifery, &c.]
- A HORSE BOOK.** (Dumpty Books for Children.) By MARY TOURTEL. 5 x 3½. 95 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.
- FROM CYPRUS TO ZANZIBAR.** By E. Viretelli. 9 x 5½. 400 pp. Pearson. 16s.
[See Review, p. 238.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

- THE LIFE HISTORY OF BRITISH SERPENTS.** By G. R. LEIGHTON, M.D. 7½ x 9½. 202 pp. Blackwood. 3s. n.
Part I. treats of the three British species. Part II. takes the various districts of the British Isles. Contains a mass of notes of local observations, and many photographs. A good book by a competent authority.]
- WOODLAND, FIELD, AND MOORE.** Wild Nature depicted with Pen and Camera. By G. C. PIER. 7½ x 9½. 282 pp. Religious Tract Society. 5s. n.
[The photographs from wild life are interesting, the letterpress popular and attractive to field naturalists who use the camera.]

REPRINT AND NEW EDITION.

- COLIN CLOUTH CALENDAR.** The Record of a Summer, April-October. By GRANT ALLAN. New Ed. 7½ x 9½. 227 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
- ALFRED THE GREAT, ENGLAND'S DARLING.** By ALFRED ARMITAGE. 5th Ed. 7½ x 9½. 160 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.

- A SHORT HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS TO THE ROMAN PERIOD.** By R. L. OATLEY. 7½ x 9½. 294 pp. Cambridge University Press.
[A scholarly and careful sketch, "more consistent with the present state of our knowledge than the text-books now in use." It does not enter minutely into critical or theological problems, and as to the patriarchal period it gives the Hebrew tradition, recognizing that it is now impossible to establish its accuracy. Maps, chronological tables, and appendices on the documentary sources, Hebrew law, &c.]
- THE GREEK TESTAMENT.** New Ed. 6½ x 4½. 567 pp. Clarendon Press. 6s.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 224, by
J. FRIDLIZIUS, Sweden.
BLACK. 7 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM
P. LARSEN
BLACK.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 226, by S. Loyd. White (K sq; B at K R 6; pawns at K 2, Q B 2. Black (K at K Kt 8; Q at K R 8; R at K Kt 6; B at K R 4, K R 7, K Kt 7, Q B 6. White to play.

PROBLEM No. 227, by J. Fridlizius. White (K Kt 3; Q at Q Kt sq; R at Q B 5; B at K B pawns at K 2, Q 5, Q R 4. Black (5 pieces) K Q R 3; pawns at K 3, Q B 3, Q Kt 3. Three moves.

Two simple (?) three movers by J. Möller. PROBLEM No. 228, by J. Möller. White (K R sq; Q at K Kt sq; B at Q 3; pawns at K B Black (5 pieces)—K at Q R 4; Kt at Q B 6; Q Kt 3, Q R 5. Three moves.

PROBLEM No. 229, by J. Möller. White (Q B 2; Q at K B 2; Kts at K R 6 and Q K Kt 3, Q 5, Q B 4, Q R 3. Black (5 pieces)—K Kt 2; Kt at Q R sq; pawns at K R 4, K 5. These are very fine catches.

RECENT EVENTS AND GENERAL NOTES.—The New York State Chess Association at Buffalo p interesting of all recent events. The entries of F. J. Marshall, and W. E. Napier, the three champions, proved highly attractive, and their pl with the keenest interest. The scores in the le two-round tourney were, each playing 10 games: H. N. Pillsbury, 9 | E. Delmar, 6½ | F. J. W. E. Napier, 6½ | C. S. Howell, 4½ | L. Ka The poor score of Marshall is notable—he won 2, 7. During the meeting Pillsbury played 16 simultaneously, winning 11 and drawing 5. I record is 20 games played thus, and this number attempted by others or exceeded by Pillsbury, doing 25 or 30. He is also said to be coming to prolonged visit and to contemplate retirement t that. But we know from experience how much attached to such rumours.

Another very interesting meeting was a con burg, organized by the Scandinavian Chess Asso in chief event:—

J. Möller, 8	J. Giersing, 5½	H.
J. Fridlizius, 7½	A. C. M. Pritzels, 5½	E.
T. Relfsson, 7	H. Hansen, 4½	H.
F. Englund, 6½	S. Abertsen, 4	

H. Schlichtkrull was first in the second tourney second. It is worth noting, as opposing deeply-rooted impression that problem study half the above, including especially Möller and splendid modelling contests. Indeed the Scand

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 201. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a special portrait of Emerson and an illustrated account of his life and work.

Dr. Richard Garnett will contribute to this number a " Personal View " on the secret of Emerson's greatness.

In addition to the illustrated account of the work of William Morris and the Kelmseott Press, we publish this week some special articles on Alfred the Great (with pictures), including an estimate of Alfred's influence on English culture, by Mr. Warwick Draper. Under " Fiction " will be found a notice of " The History of Sir Richard Calmady " (published to-day), the most powerful novel, in our judgment, which " Lucas Malet " has written.

We publish, on page 250, a fine original poem by Lady Currie (" Violet Fane ").

Books to read, just published :—

" The History of Sir Richard Calmady." By Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)

Mr. Birrell's Introduction to the new edition which Messrs. Constable are publishing is full of charming good things. One passage will particularly please the public which has incurred the contumely of its addiction to " a good long read."

It is all well enough in sundry moods to be confined within a scanty plot of ground—and who is wiser than alive to the fascination of such a *La Grande Bretèche*, or of such a short autobiography as Gibbon's?—but amidst the ups and downs of the days of the week and the years of one's days, there is so attractive, so provocative of affection, as a big, a long book, a crowded gallery, a busy thoroughfare, its fleeting figures, its chance references, its swift character. Nothing else so stirs our sluggishness, so penetrates us with the " stir of existence," with the sad music of humanity.

This is a new view of the matter, though we know also those who love the " good long read " mainly as an illusion of getting good value for their money—delays the journey to the circulating library.

The notes in this edition are not numerous, but being that Mr. Birrell hates " examiners " and to serve their ends :—

" Examiners ! hands off ! " is surely a nature as their spears blacken the horizon. Our lives do not die in the torture chambers of the examiner, and we need the solace of books like Boswell's long after-class-room and senate-house an eternal farewell, bring myself to take any pleasure in " Calve Imaginary Examination Paper on *Pickwick*. It may since it showed dull fools how the thing might be done earnestly.

Not only Balliol and Oxford, but the whole world has sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. Birrell, which took place at Malvern after a life of suffering, which it is not too much to call heroic. Paralysis, crippled his lower limbs shortly after he had taken and laid him literally on his back for the remainder of his thirty-five years of his life, had no weakening spirit ; rather it seemed to add to the mind that should have been also of the body :—

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would be
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to e
Her native brightness.

Few men of robust health have worked so

and that he had a keen appreciation of what some call the lighter side of scholarship is shown by the accuracy and elegance of his Greek verse compositions. While working at the history he found time to collaborate with Mr. Campbell in producing the life of his friend and tutor the late Master of Balliol—a task which examination and selection among voluminous materials must have made most laborious and difficult. With all this on his hands he took part as fully as he could in the business of college life. He was for some thirty years a hard-working college tutor, and that, too, before tuition was considered to have the first claim on the time of a resident Fellow. In spite of increasing infirmity, he did college work till the end of the past summer term. Many generations of Balliol men will remember Evelyn Abbott as the adviser and friend who was always careful, kind, and sympathetic; who was always readier to praise a merit than to blame a fault; whose time was at the service of others when he was most hard worked; and who, whatever he may and must have felt, preserved an aspect of calm and cheerfulness, and allowed no shade of depression and despondency to enter into his relations with his pupils.

At the beginning of the year publishers had a notion that there could not be too many editions of the Waverleys—three were launched on their career last winter. Now the cry is for Dickens. That long-suffering person the general reader, whose characteristics are discussed in another column, may well be confused with the mass of new Dickens editions at present before him. This is, we fancy, how the matter stands with regard to new issues recently completed (so far as copyrights, which are fast expiring, permit), or soon to be completed:—

The Authentic Edition, with coloured frontispieces and reproductions of the original pictures, 5s. each volume.

Chapman and Hall.

The Gadshill Edition, with introduction and notes by Andrew Lang, and the original pictures, 6s. each volume.

Chapman and Hall.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have also published other editions at lower prices.

The Rochester Edition, with introductions by George Gissing and notes, mainly topographical, by F. G. Kitton. The illustrations are of places identified with the novels. 3s. net each volume.

Methuen.

Messrs. Macmillan's Edition, with the original pictures and introductions by Charles Dickens the younger, 2s. 6d. each volume.

The Imperial Edition, with new illustrations by various artists and including a literary character study by George Gissing, illustrated by F. G. Kitton. The first volume ("Pickwick") has just been issued. Gresham Publishing Company.

The Temple Edition, with coloured frontispieces, 1s. 6d. net each volume.

Dent.

The New Century Library Edition, 2s. net each volume.

Nelson.

The Daily News Memorial Edition.

The Clarendon Press Edition, the publication of which is to begin shortly.

Lord St. Cyres, the grandson of Sir Stafford Northcote, who was created the first Earl of Iddesleigh, has been engaged for many years on a "Life of Macaulay de Eborac." (Which Messrs.

made her insupportable. It is her habit to behave as she likes; she is obstinate, impertinent, vulgar, herself out to exasperate her employers in every way possible, and self-willed. She makes the life of her father a burden to them. Besides other faults of the sort, she has that of listening at keyholes.

Evidently the servant question is not of such nature as some philosophers suppose.

We have received the prospectus of the *Playgoer* to be "an illustrated monthly magazine of the stage and entertainments," dealing with the feats of "perambulated elephants" as well as with the serious drama. It is as good as the old *Playgoer*, to which Mr. Jerome contributed many amusing articles, there should be a public for it.

With reference to the Pan-Celtic Congress Mr. Graves writes:—"In my letter published in your issue of August 31 there are a couple of errors which I hasten to correct. The Breton delegates who spoke on the subject of Celtic music were Le Fustec, not Le Fuster, and Jaffrenon, not Jaffrenon. The passage "so-called Celtic art in this country derived from the Roman and Byzantine schools," should be "so-called Celtic art in this country being then derived from the Roman and Byzantine schools."

The latest publications of the Gaelic League of Dublin are a collection of humorous short stories called "Gaelic Hodge," by Henry Morris, which are told in colloquial Gaelic, and Mr. J. J. Doyle's "Tadhg Gabha," a racy story of a life. Other works in course of publication are an Irish book of reading lessons, several new phrase books, a collection of old Irish melodies, arranged for harp by Mr. Owen Lloyd, the Irish harpist. Scarcely a week without the publication of some Irish Gaelic book.

Mr. George Meredith will contribute an "afterword" to Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt" to a new edition of that book. It will be edited by the author's biographer, Mrs. Janet Ross.

During the year ending August 31, 1,305 persons visited Carlyle's House in Ecclefechan. One of the visitors was from China and another from Japan.

During the autumn Mrs. Patrick Campbell will publish a series of *matinées* of Björnson's *Beyond Human Strength*.

Mr. Osmond Tearle, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, died last week in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Signora Duse has announced her intention of appearing at the stage.

M. Victorien Sardou attained his seventieth birthday at the end of last week.

The house which was occupied by Michael Angelo for the last twenty years of his life is to be demolished to make room for the Corso.

There appeared a few days since, in the *Westminster Gazette*, a detailed account of the literary earnings of the Rev.

Alfred J. Church, who has been writing for *Prices*, about forty years, and whose books (mainly intended for the young) are decidedly good of their kind. His average annual income amounted to the modest sum of £106—a figure which might meet the views of Agur, who prayed that he might be given "neither poverty nor riches," but seems to Mr. Church to prove that "literature by itself is but a poor occupation." It does not, of course, lead to any such conclusion. To draw the inference is to commit the fallacy of generalizing from a single instance—a fallacy which is the more superfluous in this case because the facts concerning the remuneration of literary labour are easily ascertainable, and can be set forth in such a manner as to enable every literary aspirant to judge for himself what the prospects of the literary calling are, and what a great, a moderate, and a small success respectively amount to. We do not assert that a substantial income can readily be made out of poetry, books of research, or even out of *belles-lettres*. But take the case of novels. Provided that their length is anything between 60,000 and 200,000 words, they will almost certainly be published, in the first instance, at six shillings. The royalties of the author who has, as yet, no great success to his credit will bring him in £50 for every 1,000 copies sold. An author who has proved his commercial value by large sales in the past will get more. The extreme royalty which the cost of production will allow seems to be fourpence in the shilling, or £100 for every 1,000 copies sold. Serial rights, if sold at all, may fetch anything from £100 to £2,500, or even more; and the writer who succeeds in America may make as much (to say the least) there as he makes in England. There are also the rights of dramatization, which may be worth nothing or may be worth a great deal. Knowing these things, an author knows exactly what are the chances for which he is playing, and what the cash value of any given measure of success will be. There are novels which bring the author £50,000, and there are novels which bring the author nothing. There are also novels which bring the author £1,000, £500, £50, or any other figure that might be named. If the average income among novelists is lower than in the learned professions, there is a reason. The average is kept low by the immense number of incapable persons who write novels for no other reward than the gratification of their vanity—a motive which seldom, if ever, impels a man to practise as a doctor or a solicitor. Of the novelists who depend upon their novel-writing for their living, a considerable number do pretty well, though their revenues may not always be in proportion to their literary merits. Sir Walter Besant used to make (though not, of course, to publish) long lists of those whom he knew, through information which came to him as Chairman of the Society of Authors, to be making more than £1,000 a year. Moreover, the novelist who deserves to succeed, but by some accident does not, is—one might almost say, *ex hypothesi*—a good enough man to make a very tolerable living out of journalism until success as a novelist comes to him. This is a "second string" which is but seldom available for the unsuccessful member of the learned professions; and it is by no means a second string to be despised. It gradually becomes comparatively easy, it is pretty sure to be interesting. We cannot, of course, go far into details as to prices paid by different papers for different kinds of contributions; but we do not shrink from the general statement that "compensa-

Literature Portraits.—XI.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Poet, artist, manufacturer, and Socialist, author of *Earthly Paradise*—this terse, unimpassioned, and "Fasti Britannici" sums up, in a form of words which himself have accepted as substantially accurate, the work of a remarkable man.

Birth and Education.



WILLIAM MORRIS.
(By permission of Mr. Holzer.)

William Morris, the eldest son and only child of William Morris Skelton, was born at 11, Clay-hill, Essex, on March 24, 1834. His parents were originally of the descent, and his mother was the daughter of a local doctor. His mother's name was Elizabeth Mackail. His father was a more devastating than in Waltham, where the row built two-storey in all the high yellow brick and stretch in a st-

over the Lee Valley." Morris' father became a wealthy, and in 1840 he moved across Epping Forest to a house in Epping Forest. The love for the Middle Ages came to his son, and "well I remember as a boy," Morris wrote in 1882, "my first acquaintance with a room of faded greenery at Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, at Hatch in Epping Forest, and the impression that it made upon me!" Morris was entered at Epping Forest College in 1848, and remained there till the year 1851. He was considered a little mad by the other boys. Church settled on as his destined profession, he went to Oxford, matriculated at Exeter in 1852, entering the college of the following year. Whilst here he made the acquaintance of Burnes-Jones, who has left the following portrait of him at that time:—"He talked with vehemence and so violence. He was slight in figure in those days: dark brown and very thick, his nose straight, his hair coloured, his mouth exceedingly delicate and fine. Except for the fact that he met Burnes-Jones and I, and discovered that he could write both verse and prose with facility, that he decided not to take Holy Orders, and that he decided to take architecture, Oxford does not seem to have had as great an influence upon him as upon me. He abandoned architecture under Rossetti's influence, and took to painting, and Rossetti wrote in this year 'I have never known a man of that kind he is quite unparalleled in modern that I know.' He set to work to decorate

a more than usually deep mark upon the art of England), Philip Webb, the architect, Peter Paul Marshall, an engineer and surveyor, and Charles Faulkner, who was best known at that time as an Oxford don. They were in every respect the members of the firm, for those who worked under them were almost without exception unimportant subordinates and had very little to do with the brains or work of the business. The circular that was issued by the firm at the time of its establishment is within the memory of many. It was received with much the same sort of surprise and readily-awakened amusement as the early diatribes of Ruskin against preconceived artistic prejudices. The document stated that a company of historical artists had bound themselves together to execute work in a thoroughly artistic and inexpensive manner, and they had determined to devote their spare time to designs of all kinds of manufactures of an artistic nature. This was only part of an audacious scheme which was directed against the then prevailing custom of retailing works of art through the medium of assistants who had no actual part or interest in their production.

taught generally under the personal supervision of Morris, and the products of Morris and Company soon became famous.

Morris' Theories.

The circular to which we have referred embodied political as well as his artistic theories. He felt that he could not cut himself apart from the life of the nation, and getting, apparently, that the nation had of free choice drifted from the life of the artist. The cause of art, he said, is the cause of the people. "We well-to-do people, who love art, not as a toy, but as a thing necessary to the life of man, have for our best work the raising of the standard of life among the people. How can we of the middle class, the capitalists, and our hangers-on help? By renouncing our class, and on all occasions when antagonism rises up between the classes casting in our lot with the victims; those who are damned at the best to lack of education, remuneration, pleasure, and renown, and at the worst to a life like that of the most brutal savages. There is no other way."



MORRIS WORKS AT MERTON ABBEY, SURREY.

[By permission of Morris and Co.]

What perhaps caused most comment in this circular was the announcement that a man of means such as William Morris, that unpractical painter, architect, engineers, and an Oxford don should open a shop; but when, a year later, the earliest products of the firm were shown to the public at the Exhibition of 1892 and found that they were really the work of the firm, the

seemed to think that to spread discontent was the way to provoke remedies. He found, however, that the difficulty was not always willing to accept his remedies. The ignorance and want of impressibility of the British public was a great stumbling block.

mining company, from which he derived a decent income, he was even known to wear a "top-hat." It is true that in a moment of irritation he sat down upon the "top-hat," but the fact remains that he wore one. It was a complex temperament, but it at least had sufficient fortitude and directness of purpose to emancipate Beekenham from the antinecessar and the glass chandelier. This, of itself, was no mean achievement and a very practical accomplishment for a mediæval poet.

The Kelmescott Press.

Adam Smith has said that Society as degraded by utilitarianism would reduce the working man to a machine; Morris, not content with the denunciation of the trade union societies which supplanted the trade guilds of the Middle Ages, has persisted on the individuality of every worker, however humble. As his aims were high he spared no pains to carry them out, and it is interesting to note how very closely his early efforts were coupled with the progress of his work from time to time. It is in this way that one recognizes the connexion between the wood engraving which early occupied the original firm of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co. in the decoration of books, and the establishment somewhat late in William Morris' career of the Kelmescott Press. The frontispiece to Miss Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market," issued in 1862, was cut by Mr. Faulkner, and Mr. Morris cut with his own hand the greater number of the blocks which Burne-Jones designed for the illustration of the poem "Cupid and Psyche." The idea of setting up a press and printing his own books, although it took shape somewhat late, had evidently been in his mind from these early times. When the scheme fructified it was carried on with all that enthusiasm which was so characteristic of the Director.

He designed several of the sets of founts, many of the initial letters, borders, and ornaments, and he superintended their cutting himself. He insisted that the paper upon which the books were printed should be of the purest and most durable quality, and he required that the ink with which the types were printed should be of a special kind. The result was not only that the products of the Kelmescott Press were pleasant to the eye, but that they will remain with greater permanency than most of the printed pages of the almost feverish literary production of the present era.

Just as much of his poetry was a brilliant and successful experiment in the romantic, his establishment of a printing press upon almost mediæval principles cast round the productions of his Press an interest which is absent from most of even the best work which was being issued from contemporary presses.

Even in this interesting experiment in production one realizes the extreme difficulty of reconciling the theories of art for the people with production without reference to economical considerations. The issues of the Kelmescott Press have a unique artistic value, but they also were produced under conditions and circumstances which rendered it impossible that they should be

mediæval ardour the spirit of work for work's sake own workmen; but he entirely failed to bring his within the reach of those who most prized them as they, presumably, were intended.

The Protection of Ancient Buildings.

It is well remembered that he was largely associated with the formation of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society perhaps not so well remembered that he was the originator of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. He wrote the preliminary manifesto for this eminently practical society in 1877, and he was never tired of urging the necessity of assisting in its work. He was not only the honorary secretary of the society, but one of its most strenuous workers, and it is to him and to the work of that Londoners of to-day owe the preservation of many of our most beautiful buildings which would otherwise have fallen to the hand of the ruthless improver. And his work was not confined to the buildings of our own country, for the motion he organized in 1879 to protest against the impendence of the demolition and rebuilding of the glorious west front of the St. Mark's at Venice cannot be easily forgotten. The result of which he entered into this crusade created almost a national difficulty, for it was contended that inartistic alterations could not possibly know or have any part in the artistic preservation of Italy. But Morris, basing his objections upon the right of property in unique works of art, persevered in his work, and the west front of the Basilica was saved. It was for him for nothing else, the honour, that belongs to the establishment of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings must be accorded ungrudgingly.



His Audience.

It would be misrepresenting the character and the characteristics of William Morris to give him a foremost place either in the literature or the art of his generation. He addressed himself to the British middle classes, and it used to be said of his poems that they were by "Morris the wall-paper man," and of his fabrics and furniture that they were by "Morris the poet." There is more truth in this than is commonly supposed. As a poet he was earnest and melodious; as a designer suggestive, resourceful, and sumptuous. But he was essentially bourgeois, and, in spite of the influence exerted upon him by his

His Methods.

The love of beautiful things which was so strong in him led to the production of poems which flowed easily and of material things which were better in design than in construction, and more beautiful in colour than they had passed muster twenty years ago. He did very much to bring everyday art out of the hopeless ruck into which it had fallen, as it was then generally misunderstood, and he achieved this in a somewhat new way. He exhorted the public to interest themselves in the beautiful and the good, but he also sought to arouse pride and self-respect in the workmen.

"You," he said, "you whose hands make things that should be works of art, you who are artists, and good artists too, before the world, and large can take real interest in such things as you have become so, I promise you that I will lead the fashion; fashion shall follow me obediently enough. That is better than the helplessness among the crowd of those who are helplessly called manufacturers, that is though the more part of them never do any hand-work in their lives, and are nothing but capitalists and salesmen."

This was, indeed, commencing at the end of the stick. The common reply to any such demand for a new mode of manufacture was for that matter largely still is, "You make a demand and I will meet it readily enough." Morris had set himself a dual task, to overcome his natural disinclination to be the first to introduce a new method, and the typical workman's rooted objection to cast the old aside. He was easy to follow when he preached the nobility of labour, the debasing effects of ignoble art, and that lurks in slavish imitation; but it was not so easy to agree with him when he insisted, as he did so vehemently, that the artist should be a craftsman also, that he should not execute what he was working in the medium commonly called the fine arts. The designer of the book should tool it himself, just as the sculptor should employ a ghost. The skilled mezzotintist, after six weary weeks rocking his own plate just as a painter should prime his own canvases and mix his own colours. It is a pretty theory, but whether it is either artistically or economically sound, is reduced to the limits of the absurd. Whether the pianist should tune his own instrument, perhaps he should.

His Influence.

It is more than probable that the influence of William Morris have had a greater influence upon the arts of this country, and through this upon the country upon the whole of Europe and America also, than is properly understood. It remains that, whereas in painting and literature not conspicuously behind the other European and domestic arts we are easily first, and still lead.



THE KELMSCOTT PRESS, CHISWICK.
[From a drawing by Herbert Railton.]

solitary at Oxford and by the Pre-Raphaelite movement, he never outgrew the earlier associations which came to him from the commercial class amidst whom he was born. He understood the

papers and hangings which were made at the Merton works and sold first in middle-class Bloomsbury and then in the fashionable neighbourhood of the Marble Arch. He used dexterously and with skill and taste a remarkable diversity of gifts, no one of them, perhaps, and certainly not the gift of oratory, of the highest kind, but all cultivated and interdependent. He was essentially English, lacking the Celtic fire, but possessing in an uncommon degree the rare capacity for taking pains which counts for so much. He was, moreover, strenuous and had all the elements of a great leader except the one precious gift of patience. He could march at the head of a quietly demonstrating crowd, but when he found that those whom he had had the courage to lead from Trafalgar Square scattered and fled from the batoning of a few policemen, he lost patience and henceforward seemed to leave the horny-handed son of toil very much to his own devices.

It says much for the strenuous nature of his advocacy of his principles of art and for the enduring nature of his work that the art movement which he headed has survived the danger of having been the fashion. That has been the death of most things, but the Morris wallpapers—by many others besides Morris—and the Morris furniture are as much in vogue to-day as they were ten years ago. He did not, it is true, live to see an artistic millennium, any more than we, bearing in mind the unalterable laws of economy, expect to find the mass of our fellow-countrymen enjoying as a matter of course a national love and knowledge of art; but he stimulated and he achieved. He worked hard to make the world more beautiful than he found it and the craftsmen more honest and self-reliant than they had been before; and he accomplished both purposes with a success that is as rare as it is entirely desirable.

His Politics.

His political opinions, too, showed the strenuous man, the man of warm heart, the enthusiast and the leader. He hardly paused to think, he was so moved by the injustice that he saw around him. In this lay the weakness of his leading. He was no politician, in the sense that Mr. Burns or Mr. Hardie are politicians, and he had none of the clever turns which are so dear to the political working man. He believed that every one was as serious as he was, every one as hopeful and every one as honest. It was difficult for him to imagine that politics was a constant struggle for the upper hand, and that the only way to maintain the upper hand was to get the first grip, and keep it. There was little that was beautiful in Socialism when it actively demonstrated on the afternoon of "Bloody Sunday"; and William Morris discovered, not until he had made most praiseworthy efforts to keep his eyes averted from the fact, that the British working man took to Socialism mainly for the hope of the thing, that he neither cared to understand it nor to follow it a moment longer than it suited his humour. As one of a crowd, he lacked picturesqueness and failed to appeal to the æsthetic sense, and as a force he was unreliable. Morris' efforts to lend him in the way he should go were entirely honest and unselfish, but they were the efforts of the visionary and not those of the sublimed politician. He failed more conspicuously as a political leader than as a poet and designer, and he more easily slipped from the foremost place in a demonstration than he will from the ranks of art.

His Literary Work.

The industry which characterized almost all his art work was clearly evidenced in his writing, and he had the one advantage

verse of the *Æneid* and the *Odyssey*, which followed the "Love is Enough; or the Freeing of Pharaoh" and his work either in verse or in prose—as in the fascinating "News from Nowhere" (1891)—Burns was so well constructed, as to disclose much of the technique, but very little of the methods, of the handicraft. It was always honest work done with enthusiasm, and if it was not lacking the vital spark, it was ever the first of artifice. He worked in poetry very much as his cousin Madox Brown worked with his brush, but with high and more mastery over technique. He lacked the Rossetti and the sustained delicacy of Swinburne, but he had the artistic simplicity and workmanlike fidelity. His poetry was less sentimental than his politics, for he understood the technique of the one whilst he totally failed to make the inwardness of the other. He hoped that he might help—he hardly knew how—from politics in his art, and he understood that there was some connection

of his house which was near and good to
sniffing the sweet scent of the morning
was clad in a fairly long gown of rag for
with silver mesh for the arms and legs—
which he wrought with his hands and
with his tongue he was a man of the
black headed and boldy and his name was
Clement Chapman. When he saw Ralph
smiled kindly, and came and held his
and said welcome lord! art thou come
eat and drink and give a message in a
proletarian house. He said Ralph smiling
he was hungry. I will eat & drink and
and keep my ^{body} warm. And he got off his horse
the Carle led him into his house. And
were goodly without within it was better
For there was a fair chamber furnished
with carved work well wrought, and a
of no sorry ^{respectful} ^{and the} ^{Chairs & Stools}
as far as might be, no traps might be
and the windows were glazed and there
flowers & herbs & plants in them and
the bed was hung with goodly webs from
over sea such as the Solon built. And
whereas his bare bowers were hard by the

well at Wood's End, first drawn
William Morris

the accomplishment of work and the conditions of
but he failed to notice that there was very little
between Society and Socialism. And so the vital force
life found vent in vigorous art work and were without
politics and seldom present in his poems. He was
without the humour of Chaucer, and unconsciously

The Eye of the Artist.

The quality of observation which seems to us the most original feature in Morris the poet is perhaps most readily seen in the purely descriptive passages of "The Earthly Paradise." Here, for example, is a passage from the second of the stories, that of the "Man born to be King," in which we can trace without much difficulty the immediate associations of the poets' everyday life:—

For o'er the oily smooth millhead
There hung the apples growing red,
And many an ancient apple tree
Within the orchard could be seen,
While the smooth mill walls white and black
Shook to the great wheel's measured clack,
And grumble of the gear within;
While o'er the roof that dilled that din
The doves sat crooning half the day,
And round the half-cut stack of hay
The sparrows fluttered twittering.



For the firs ended on the brow
Of a rough gravelly hill, and there
Lay a small valley nowise fair
Beneath them, clear at first of all
But brake, till amid rushes tall
Down in the bottom alders grew
Crabbed and rough; and winding thro'
The clayey mounds a brook there was
Oozy and foul, half choked with grass.

That, we must confess, strikes us as being medievalism, and exhibits the particular quality of Morris' mind which enabled him to assimilate old rather than to lose himself amidst them. He had a "live in tapestry," but not the faculty of copy.

Not the least of his literary enterprises, certainly has some influence at the present day, was of the weekly paper *The Commonwealth*. To this he gave the greatest portion of the literary contents, articles, the news, the poems, and even the so-called "editorial." This was in addition to his ordinary occupation of running his factory, of organizing public meetings, and of delivering exhortations and addresses of furtherance of the movement to which he was apparently passionately devoted. The effects of his teachings still remain.

His Personality.

His eyes were blue-grey in tint, and his face might be described as meditative, even then, without a something in the forehead which betokened the boundless energy of the man. When his face was absolutely still, one was struck by the lofty uprightness of the brow than the impression most about William Morris. "He granted me the honour of personal acquaintance in his later years," says Mr. Mackenzie, "and his becoming humility," was an indescribable power, arising in part, I fancy, from the commanding presence.

"Occasionally there was an aspect of sternness about his face when at rest—an aspect, in part by the great strength of will and in part by the set of the lower jaw and in the compression of the lips.

"Real kindness and good nature were visible in him, and the irritability sometimes shown was more the result, I used to think, of his energy and his consequent resulting in control, stupidity, or slowness, than of anything else. To a man of his quick and ever-alert intellect, his wholesome freedom from many silly conventional prejudices and innuities of ordinary society have appeared more than usually silly. Conscious of his own position in English literature, regarding Mr. Swinburne as his only equal, he was nevertheless far too considerate to be vain in the ordinary acceptance of the term.

This is a picture of Mr. Morris, the indulgent and uncritical friend, and we can see whether the author of "The Earthly Paradise" considered himself in comparison with Swinburne. Certainly he was in no way the least regard any one as his "only equal."

WILLIAM MORRIS: PRINTER AND COLLECTOR.

KELMSCOTT BOOKS AND EDITIONES PRINCIPES
BY MORRIS AT AUCTION.

"Ah! I wish I could get my books printed like that." Thus did William Morris ejaculate, years before he founded the Kelmscott Press, as he looked on a volume printed by Nicholas Jensen in Venice, two decades or so prior to the close of the fifteenth century. The wish was not a mere idle one, expressed on the spur of the moment, and without definite purpose behind it. Morris lived to achieve distinction as a printer; perhaps, even, his accomplishment in this direction will be remembered long after his wallpapers and designs for tapestries are forgotten. Onward from his student days at Oxford, where Burne-Jones was a contemporary, he delighted to turn over the pages of old manuscripts; and again and again he would relate what pleasure he found in a fine Apocalypse at the Bodleian, dating from the thirteenth century. About the year 1866 a folio edition of "The Earthly Paradise" was projected, to be illustrated by Burne-Jones, its typography of a special kind. Many designs were made, blocks executed, and specimen pages in Caslon type set up. But "The Earthly Paradise" in the form projected remained a dream. Twenty years passed, during which Morris made careful study of finely-executed old manuscripts. In 1888,

with the same type in the following year, Morris said the most satisfactory book issued since the invention of printing. It was now that the idea of becoming his own printer, in detail under his own supervision, occurred to Morris. It was unnecessary to recall how he proceeded to design what was called the Golden Fount, because the Golden Legend was the first book printed therewith, a fount based on the type of the Golden Legend, but showing the nineteenth-century predilection for Gothic. The first sheets of the first book, "The Glittering Plain," were printed on May 1, 1890, at No. 10, Upper-mall, Hammersmith; the complete book was dated April 4, and was issued on May 8. The Kelmscott Press issued fifty-two works—in addition to the pages of a Froissart, which would have collapsed the press had it been completed—during the succeeding seven years. The total of these books on paper, and the Froissart on vellum, were subscribers an aggregate of £144 15s. 6d. In March 1901 the series realized at auction £560 14s. 6d. The Chaucer, excepted, they have diminished considerably in value since then. The following works may be taken as representative:—

Title.	Date.	No. of Copies.	Issue Price.	Record Price.
Glittering Plain	1891	200	2s. 6d.	£33 10 0
Biblia Innocentiana	1892	200	1s. 6d.	27 0 0
Shakespeare—Poems	1893	500	£1 5	16 0 0
Keats—Poems	1894	300	£1 10	27 10 0
Chaucer	1896	425	£20	63 0 0
Love is Enough	1898	300	2s. 6d.	9 12 6

The Chaucer, acknowledged to be the most worthy accomplishment of its kind even in the nineteenth century, has steadily advanced in value since Morris' death. One of the first to be sold was that sent to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition of 1896; at the private view it was heard of the post-craftsman's death. At the time the Chaucer was procurable at its published price, some copies were bought at even less. Its value had risen to about £30, in 1899 it fetched £72, and on July 20 last a copy sold for £81.

In December, 1898, a portion of William Morris' valuable collection of MSS. and early printed books came under the hammer in Wellington. A total of £10,922 for 1,215 lots—an average of £9 per lot—there occurred many beautiful volumes, not a few of which, by their marginal illumination, showing how closely Morris had studied the original, testify to his knowledge of the art of calligraphy, calligraphy, and decoration. The first of his woodcut books—brought £14—was the craftsman's Bible, c.1473-4, again reminding us of its woodcuts, £80; the Sherbrooke Bible, c.1320, £350; a fine Sac. XIV. Bible, by a Norman scribe, £302; Wynkyn de Worde's "Orchard of Syon," 1519, £151; and a XIV. "Deerstaes," on 341 ll. of thin vellum, £255.

As to works by William Morris, or in collaboration with Professor Magna, printed at the Kelmscott Press, but the name of his friend, the late Mr. F. S.



A PLEA FOR CONTENT ON EARTH.

I.

I know this world of many mysteries ;—
 The drifting and the dragging of its days,
 As joy or sorrow urges or delays
 The wings of Time, with all that underlies
 Fair-spoken words and formal courtesies ;
 —I know that all here withers and decays,
 False friend that smites, false lover that betrays,
 And, sadder still, how even true love dies !
 —Yet, in despite of all these ills, for me
 My home is on this planet of my birth,
 The sights wherof mine eyes were formed to see
 And, howso faultily, appraise their worth,
 And when my days are number'd, I shall be
 Content to mingle with its flow'r-strown earth.

II.

For when this life is ended, who can tell
 Whither our spirits journey ? To what shore,
 —Serene, or tempest-swept,—as this, of yore,—
 Where fierce conflicting influences dwell,
 Or whether, in fair fields of asphodel,
 Each with the chosen friends of heretofore,
 We still may take our pleasure ? Evermore
 In sweet content, afraid of no farewell ?
 —This who may say, or if the " you " and " I "—
 Whose earthly sojourn will have ended soon,
 As such shall re-awaken when we die ?
 Behold this very rose of pulsing June ;—
 —Will this same flow'r re-blossom by and by ?
 The lyre once shatter'd, whither wends the tune ?

III.

" Lay not up treasure here," the Preacher cries ;
 Yet, since we know that all things fall to dust,
 —That thieves break thro' and steal, whilst moth and rust
 Corrupt and tarnish, surely should the wise
 Guard what they cherish with more jealous eyes ?
 —Shall I prize less the one I love and trust
 Because I know that sever soon we must
 In spite of clinging hearts and memories ?
 Nay, is it not this same incertitude,
 —This mutability of earthly things,
 That sends a note of sad solicitude
 Vibrating thro' our being, and which brings
 The proud and mighty to a meeker mood
 Under the shadow of Death's widening wings ?

IV.

The poor are ever with us in the land ;
 —As in the old time, even are they now,
 Nor nest we monkish cowl, or sterile vow,
 Or dreary death-in-life by bigots plann'd
 To do the good work underneath our hand
 With cloudless conscience and uplifted brow,
 And should we fall, the One to whom I bow
 I feel will both forgive and understand,
 Wherefore I would not waste my breath to ask
 Why Good with Evil is thus interblent
 Here on the Earth, believing that my task

The one I lov'd had here his dwelling-place !
 So, Earth, green Earth ! where deeds of high
 Have been achiev'd, I love not those who
 Only thine imperfections, in whose eyes
 Evil reigns paramount, since each is free
 To seek his own ideal, whence to rise
 To better things, if better things there be

VI.

And if there be not, unto whom the blame ?
 —For whom the gain or loss ? To empty space
 Shall dumb grey ashes find the voice to cry,
 Shall martyr'd men, who died by sword or flame
 Arise in wrath, or hang their heads for shame,
 That their one life was forfeit for a lie ?
 —Nay, that they deem'd the soul should live
 Once it be dead indeed, were all the same !
 —But Life is Life, for some to have and hold
 From budding-time until the last red leaf
 Quivers aloft, and the rich cornfield's gold
 Is bound together in the tented sheaf,
 And why should those that shrink from Winter
 Love less the Summer that her days are brief

VII.

Who knows if it were even well to strive
 And beat our wings against a flickering light
 —To strain to this or that untrodden height
 Subduing all the best we have to give
 Towards those primal forces that survive
 And ever have the mastery in the fight ?
 —What if our keenest impulse be the right
 —What if our noblest mission is, to live
 And be ourselves, in spite of all reproof,
 Taking as mandate of a deathless law
 Our strongest bias, for a sign and proof
 Of where abides the force from which to draw
 Even as one who weaving web and woof
 Should choose the stoutest strand without

VIII.

To live, to love, to labour and endure ;
 To seek for Wisdom, tho' we may not know
 What pow'r compels the meanest weed to grow
 To dwell in fellowship with rich and poor ;
 Keep the pure mind within the body pure,
 And act uprightly towards friend and foe ;
 May we not thus find solace here below
 Despite of all wherof we are not sure ?
 —Sure were we, once, of summer-time and youth
 Scent of the May, and murmur of the dove
 —Sure that the skies that now grow grey in soot
 Beam'd bright in blue expectancy above ;
 Pilate, condemning Christ, asked " What is truth ?"
 Shall we, too, question, who knew Hope and Love

IX.

Take rather what we find beneath our hand
 Wherewith to weave and fashion what we wove
 According as the inspiration-thrill
 Directs us to the task by Nature plann'd ;

ALFRED THE GREAT.

MILLENNARY CELEBRATION.

THE INFLUENCE OF ALFRED ON ENGLISH
CULTURE.

Much has been discovered and written during the last fifty years which illustrates the pre-Norman history of England, so that we, who now celebrate the millenary of King Alfred's death, have a more precise and complete knowledge of his epoch than did those who, early in Queen Victoria's reign, happened to observe the same anniversary of his birth. In no aspect, perhaps, is the gain larger than in our power of appreciating his influence upon English culture. The improvement in our acquaintance with his battles, his modes of government, his laws, and even his personality, is one of degree. But the advance of Anglo-Saxon scholarship and, in particular, the service of archeology have made remarkable disclosures in the highest sphere of his activity. We can now see the civilizing and "perfecting" tendencies of his Kingly labour no longer piecemeal but as a whole. With a wealth of instances revealed by the craftsman in palaeography and the true antiquarian we can illustrate this phase of his manifold energy.

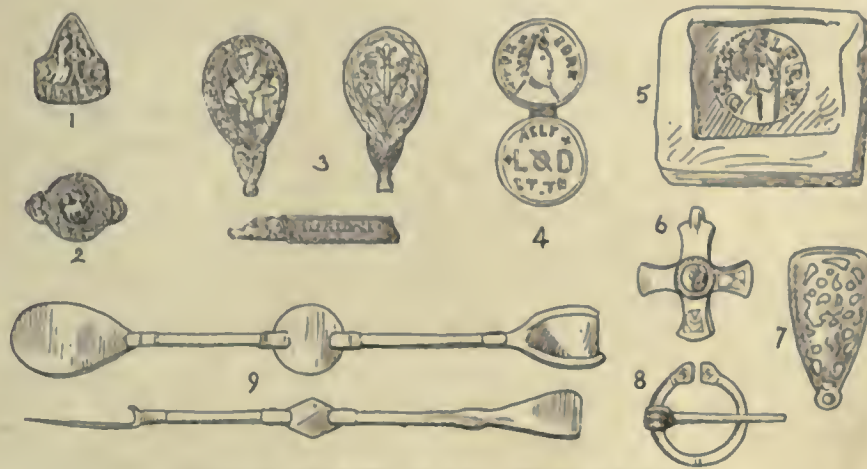
Alfred's; but, indeed, there was little concern in England of the ninth century and the following for any literary or spiritual kind. The rare and excellent verse of Caedmon (seventh century) and Aelfric (eleventh century) alone seem to have represented native poetry. The great work in prose, Bede's history, was written in the eighth century. Moreover, that very Danish inundation, in which Alfred performed so great a feat of action, had been wiping out the fabric of the Church's work, and the monasteries were burned and pillaged, and thus the sole centres of learning and cultivation were closed.

In what sense, then, did Alfred nourish and stifle apparently so meagre and starved? When we look of his achievement in this particular, we are astonished so much in so short a time; his brilliant ideas in some cases, if prophetic, yet premature. The views as to the meaning which we must attach to irrespective of time and the accidents of his life abandoning the thin definition of the pure fift. Walter Pater, we may well accept Matthew Arnold's mingling of the mottoes of Montesquieu and Bishop Butler, one said its aim was "to render an intelligent less intelligent"; the other, "to make reason and the prevail." Now it appears that, when Alfred ceased proud feats in necessary battles to become, late in life, the humble scholar, he realized

peace hath her victor
No less renowned than war
and, by his patronage of true
honourable crafts, he pursued a
double aim of culture, both for his
King, and for his people. In a
brief space of years (or even betwixt
the end of the century he was engaged
fighting) he accomplished a revolution
been well said by a French writer
the original work of Alfred, the
genius ; and if it is in good reason
point of view of education and let
the reign of Charlemagne a
Alfred's must be called a metamorphosis

In the set of books which to be translated into Anglo-Sax several of which he contributed prefaces, he gave his subjects of a liberal and delightful lust his choice of works and method of he showed just that well-regula

in the central authority," without which no advance possible in any community. Time, which for a time has well guarded Alfred's fame, has preserved this one of the best books. It included, in translations of time made into native English (and this is the great Orosius' "History of the World"; Bede's "History of Boethius' "Consolation of Philosophy"; Gregory's "Care" and his "Dialogues"; the "Voyages of Othman" and, possibly, "Blossom-Gatherings from St. . and "Æsop's Fables." In one case, at least, we know that he caused copies of a work to be sent to all the this was the "Pastoral Care," the Worcester, Shire



RELIQS OF THE REIGN OF KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

1 and 2, Finger-rings (gold and enamel) of Alfred's father Æthelwulf and sister Æthelwitha; 3, Alfred's Jewel (front, back, and edge); 4, Coin of Alfred (London type); 5, a Moneyer's Coin-die, with impression; 6, Pectoral Cross (silver and coloured glass); 7, Book-clasp; 8, Silver Brooch; 9, Silver Spoon and Fork, found in Wiltshire with 70 coins dating from A.D. 800 to 890.

Good manners and learning alike were, as we perceive, carried by him far above the level at which they stood and from which, indeed, they were falling at the opening of his reign. We rightly praise him for the victories by which, in 871 and 878, he stemmed the tide of Danish invasion. In Ashdown and Ethandune England had her own Marathon and Salamis, however different the scale. But we admire Alfred in that, after displaying the valour of a Miltiades and the statecraft of a Themistocles, he exhibited the fine wisdom of a Pericles. For, in restoring order out of chaos, he bestowed something of that life which art and letters alone can give ; where foreign causes had brought anarchy, he toiled laboriously, as we know in some detail, from the year of

civilized society of our race, and imagine the barren living of a time when, as Alfred himself tells us in the same letter, knowledge was "in such total decay among the English, that there were very few on the other side of the Humber who understood the common prayers, so as to be able to tell their meaning in English, or who could have translated into that language a Latin passage; and I wren that there were not many on this side of Humber who could do so. Indeed, there were so few such that I do not even recollect one to the south of the Thames at the time I succeeded to the Crown." The King is himself an eloquent, if unconscious, witness to the magnitude of his feat. In the translations above referred to, and to which Alfred himself made no mean contributions, we find a store of that dignified simplicity and temperance which are at once the fruit of great art and the particular glory of English as opposed, let us say, to Celtic or Italian literature. By directing and promoting this form of human energy, by innovating the great and incomparable record of "The Saxon Chronicle," by exhibiting a personal interest (as we read) in the beautiful art of the goldsmith and stimulating (as our museums testify in abundance) the industrial crafts, Alfred influenced the cultured life of England to a degree. He had to recreate what little there had been; he had even to send abroad, as he did with a beneficent sagacity, for teachers in letters and the arts. His aim and his accomplishment were to guide the intellectual forces of his people into a proper stream, to derive them into proper channels. He laid in a stock of light (if the metaphor may be changed) for the difficulties with which his people and their sons would have to contend. He guided a movement of ideas which was just beginning, and gave it some little harmony; and he did all this "to make reason and the will of God prevail."


WARWICK H. DRAPER.

ALFRED AS MAN OF LETTERS.

There is to our thinking no more delightful story than that which tells how on a certain grey November evening ("in venerabili Martini sollemnitate") King Alfred and his favourite tutor and literary companion, Asser, were sitting together in the Royal chamber. It happened, says the Bishop (whose biography, notwithstanding the doubts cast upon it by certain critics, who have rightly called attention to certain spurious passages and interpolations, must be accepted as in the main a genuine contemporary product), that a passage was mentioned to him out of a certain book. "He listened to it carefully and at the same time showed me a book which contained the daily courses, and psalms and prayers, and a number of memoranda jotted down by him"—a kind of commonplace book which existed in William of Malmesbury's days, but unfortunately has not come down to us. "The King requested me to write the quotation in his book, but I could not find any empty space, for it was already full of several matters. 'Are you willing that I should write out the quotation on some leaf apart?' I asked him. 'Your plan is good,' he answered, and I gladly made haste to get

exigencies of the times—the wars in which he had been for twenty years—not to speak of the various worldly cares that oft troubled him both in mind and body. He was an intense sufferer from a nervous disease, which gave him but little leisure to woo a mistress, who devoted him to a hearty and all-absorbing devotion. Now, however, respite granted him, he had an opportunity of executing projects for the education and improvement of the people which he had harboured during the earlier troublous reign. In the grand and touching preface to "Cura Pastoralis" he draws a pathetic picture of the state of his subjects. Formerly, he says, knowledge had been in great repute among the English, but now, owing to the conquest wrought by the Danes and other causes, the number of those in the country could be counted on the fingers, and no one could understand the language in which they were wont to speak. He therefore undertook (as mentioned in the passage quoted) to translate some books, "into the language in which all could understand. And this I would have you do, ye youth now in England of free men to learn, in order that ye may be well able to read English writing." In pursuance of this plan he had surrounded himself with the most eminent men of his time, such as John the "Monk," Plegmund of Canterbury, and above all Seotus Eriegen. Thus the Saxon Court became a centre of light and learning.

Internal as well as external evidence seems to confirm the theory that the first Royal work was the translation of Boethius' "Consolation of Philosophy." For a deep knowledge of the Church, with slight leanings towards mysticism, commended by the highest ecclesiastical authorities, and a manual of rare excellence, possessed undoubted merits. But Alfred, like other Catholic commentators before him, found that the meditations of the illustrious Neo-Platonic optimism and Stoical ethics, sternly literary mould, were but ill-adapted to the needs of a Christian and Catholic people. So he virtually rewrote the book, omitting or altering passages, making additions, and comments, at his own discretion and good pleasure, and imparting to the whole a Christian complexion sufficient for our purpose to call attention to the quotation on the "best method of government" in the preface, or to the concluding celebration (if authentic) of the attributes commencing "To God all is present, both



EVERETT TISSI
man in every house
is a valuable friend

[Facsimile of manuscript showing a specimen of handwriting upon page, from a book of the time of the great

was before and that which is now." There is not sufficient ground for denying the King's authorship of the passage in question; but the metrical version of Boethius, though probably prepared under Royal supervision, is undoubtedly from another hand.

Having completed the religious manual, the next translation of the King appears to have been the General History of the World by Orosius, a treatise undertaken at St. Augustine's request in defence of Christianity from the attacks of pagan writers, who had ascribed the evils which had befallen their country to the introduction of the new religion. The Roman Spaniard is treated with the same freedom shown in the rendering of Boethius. Certain sections are omitted, such as—e.g., the chapter "de diluvio sub Noë," or explanatory additions and comments are made, as when an account is given of a Roman procession or the origin of the Roman Senate. The most notable addition is the narrative of the explorations on the Baltic and the coasts of Norway by Ohthere and Wulfstan. The version of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" has been traced by an iconoclastic critic to a Mercian source on account of differences of dialect and style between it and the "Cura Pastoralis." But we are inclined to think that the King himself had a hand in the work, according to the testimony of Archbishop Alfrie. The careful adaptation to southern readers in the characteristic omission of irrelevant sections and details, and the addition of matters of national interest, such as the story of Cuthbert, the first religious Anglo-Saxon poet, afford striking proof of the King's wisdom and literary tact. But the religious education of his subjects, which was throughout Alfred's chief concern, had led him in the first place to exchange the pen for the sword. So it is but natural and fit that one of his last literary undertakings should have been the rendering into English of Gregory's famous "Cura Pastoralis." He tells us how he began to translate into English the book "which is called in Latin 'Pastoralis,' and in English 'Shepherd's Hook,' sometimes word for word, and sometimes according to the sense, as I had learnt it from Plegmund, my Archbishop, and Asser, my Bishop, and Grimbold, my mass priest, and John, my mass priest. And when I had learnt it as I could best understand it, and as I could most clearly interpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom." King Alfred's "Will" and the "Laws" with their biblical introduction of the ten commandments, possess chiefly an historical and legal interest, enhanced in the latter case by a preface, contributed by the King. Of works connected with King Alfred should be mentioned "The Dialogues" of Gregory, translated in all likelihood by Bishop Werferth; the "Soliloquies of St. Augustine," part of which may have been the King's handiwork; and the book of "Martyrs," which bears internal evidence of having been composed in Alfred's days. But the most memorable achievement associated with Alfred's name is, of course, the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which Geoffroi Gaimar mentions in his "Estorie des Anglois" as having been inspired by the King. Valuable as an historical document, the earliest record of our national history—from the Roman invasion of Britain by Cæsar to A.D. 892—its literary interest can scarcely be overrated. "Few monuments," remarks Jusserand (quoted in Mr. Draper's book), "are more precious than these annals, for no people in Europe can pride itself on having chronicles so ancient, written in its national language." Later generations attributed to the Royal authorship a translation of the "Psalms," a version of "Queen's Psalms," a translation of "King's Psalms," a collection

A SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY OF KING A

In view of the interest aroused by the millenary of the following bibliography may be of service to our readers. It does not profess to be more than a selection for general use, and that not of sources (such as Stowe, Spelman, & modern works).

The principal original authority for the life of Alfred is the "Annales Rerum Gestarum Alfredi Magni" of Asser, Bishop of St. David's, and an inmate of the King's Court. Although doubt has been cast on its authenticity by quarters, Freeman, Paul, and other historians accept it as genuine. Mr. W. H. Stevenson's "Asser's Life of Alfred" (London, 1892), is a good translation by Dr. J. A. Giles. The "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which, if not initiated, he undoubtedly caused to be continued in detail, has been admirably edited and translated for the Series by Benjamin Thorpe, the eminent Anglo-Saxonist (London, 1890), by Professor Bæverfjord, gives us passages relating to the King in

xith Century MS.

DOMINO ALFO VENERABILI PUSSIMOQUE
OMNIVM BRITANNIE INSULAE XPIANORUM
RECTORI. ALFRED. ANGLORUM REGNO
NVM REGI. ASSER. OMNIVM. SERVORUM
DEI ULTIMVS. MILLE MODORUM
ADVOCA DESIDERIORVM VTIVSQUE
VITAE. PROSPERITATEM

ANNO DOMINICAE
INCARNATIONIS. DCCC XLIX. NATVS
EST ALFRED ANGL SAXONVM REX IN VILLA
REGIA QUE DICITUR MANNACING NILLA PAGI
QUE NOMINATVR BETROSCIRE QUE PAGUS HABETVR
VOCATUR ABETROSCIRVA VIBIBUXUS HABUNDAN
EFFINE NATEX CURVSGENEOLOGIA HIF TALIFERIT

(Liquor, 1898)

THE OPENING OF ASSER'S LIFE OF ALFRED

Faenliss, published in Wiers 1722 edition of the Life, of the 11th century MS. destroyed in the burning of the Cotton Library in 1731. [Reproduced, by permission, from "Alfred the Great: a Sketch and Studies," by W. H. Draper (Edinburgh, 2nd edition, 1901).

authorities, the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," Asser, F. Simon of Durham, William of Malmesbury, &c. T. in an introduction, has placed together these authorities "an authentic picture of our home King." The

Bristol treats "The Religious and Educational Aspect," Mr. Charles Oman, "The Warrior," Sir Clements Markham, "The Geographer," Professor Earle, "The Writer," while Sir Frederick Pollock writes on "English Law before the Conquest," and the Rev. W. J. Laffie on "Alfred and the Arts." All the writers accept Asser in the main. Dr. R. Paul's "Life" is held in the highest respect by historians; it has been translated for Bohn's Antiquarian Library (London, 1889) by Thorpe, Professor Freeman's Aelfred in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is the ablest short biography in existence; and in his "Norman Conquest," vol. I., will be found that famous panegyric so often quoted, in which he says of Alfred: "There is no name in history to compare with his. . . He is the most perfect character in history." There are several popular biographies—Hughes' little monograph, "Alfred the Great" (London, 1878); Macfadyen's well-illustrated "Alfred, the West Saxon King of the English," in the Saintly Lives Series (London, 1901); Besant's short "Story of King Alfred," in the Library of Useful Stories (London, 1901); Mr. Warwick Draper's very readable illustrated "Alfred the Great"; "The Story of Alfred the Great," by Walter Hawkins and E. T. Smith; "The Perfect Prince," by F. B. Jeffery; and Mr. Jesse Page's little popular handbook "Alfred the Great." Another recent book of value is Mr. J. C. Wall's "Alfred the Great: His Abbeys of Hyde, Athelney, and Shaftesbury." Brief accounts of the reign may be read in Lappenberg's "England Under the Anglo-Saxon Kings," translated and improved by Thorpe; Green's "History of the English People," Vol. I., and his "Conquest of England"; Palgrave's "History of the Anglo-Saxons"; and Professor Church's "Early Britain," in the Story of the Nations Series. Sharon Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" (first published in 1805, revised 1807) is still of some value for the reign.

The late Dr. Stubbs' "Constitutional History" (Oxford, 1874-79) is invaluable for the constitutional side of the reign. Alfred's laws, with translation of the Saxon, are given in Thorpe's "Ancient Laws and Institutes of England" (London, 1840). Kemble's "Saxons in England" (London, 1877) is a clear and trustworthy survey of the political and social condition of the Anglo-Saxons. The relic unearthed in the seventeenth century at Athelney (where the King sought refuge from the Danes), and known as the Alfred Jewel, is carefully described and beautifully illustrated in Professor Earle's recent book, "The Alfred Jewel" (Oxford, 1901).

The most useful introduction to the study of Alfred's translations, &c., will be found in Morley's "English Writers," Vol. II. (London, 1888). Selections from them are made in Dr. Sweet's "Anglo-Saxon Reader" (Oxford, 1894). The translation of Orosius has been edited, from Lord Tolleremache's ninth century MS., for the Early English Text Society, by Sweet; there is a translation from the Saxon, by Thorpe, at the end of the edition of Paul's "Life" mentioned above. The West Saxon version of Pope Gregory's "Pastoral Care" has also been edited, from two MSS., and translated for the same society, by Sweet. Alfred's connexion with the old English rendering of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," which Dr. Miller has edited and translated, likewise for the Early English Text Society, has been disputed. The version of Boethius' "De Consolatione Philosophiæ" has been thoroughly well edited by Mr. W. J. Sedgewick, and published by the Clarendon Press, 1899. A translation from the same hand followed in 1900. "The Writings of King Alfred," published by the Macmillan Co., is

Blackwood's Magazine, vol. 142, under the well-known "J. S. B." (John Stuart Blackie).

We have already called attention to the sum in connexion with the Millenary of Alfred the Great now on view at the British Museum and which may be visited by many in the ensuing week. It contains interesting MSS. The most valuable of them is an Anglo-Saxon version of St. Gregory's "Cura Pastoralis," a treatise on the duties of the parochial clergy. The B. XL., though unfortunately severely damaged in the fire, was undoubtedly written during Alfred's reign. The Latin of Orosius, with its additional matter, is presented somewhat later date. We have also King Alfred's "Boethius," the great devotional book of the Middle Ages, in a copy of the first half of the tenth century, the other copy existing being found in the Bodleian. In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we have several versions of the finest being probably the Cotton MS., Tiberius A. vi. 1. It contains several fragments of the Northumbrian annals. The interesting document, from a legal point of view, King Alfred's Will, first edited by Thorpe, is given in a copy found in the register of Newminster. Of treatises connected with Alfred, we have King Alfred's Life; William of Malmesbury's Latin History from the Saxon invasion to 1125; Layamon's rhymer's of Britain, in which Alfred is characterized as "the Darling"; and the life of St. Neot, in which the saint first makes its appearance. The saint appeared to Alfred on several occasions, and to him more than once on account of his youthful literary collection is supplemented by a small number of objects of art and coins belonging to the Alfredian period. An excellent little catalogue prepared by the department contains all the information which visitors may require.

THE GENERAL READER A "Personal View."

No man likes to have his existence doubted, and he is wicked enough to fear the detectives, or to fear the begging-letter writers. As for me, with all the courage to be wicked nor the folly to be rich, I try to maintain, even with some acrimony, the fact of my existence, to have it doubted by a stranger is nearly as painful to a philosopher and doubting it yourself. Now a superior writing lately with a superior manner in a superior journal, and hard put to it for a novelty in frigidity hit on the idea of saying that "this was a good general reader"; it had no pretensions, he went to accuracy, distinction, style, or what else delighted the heart; but it was good for the general reader, and graven on in that—"if that person existed." "If" is my word for it, he exists; and he is as reluctant to be put out by a decree from above, as set upon to exist, as Milton's Belial himself. No; aspersions and character we could put up with; these

September 14, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

No, we exist; whether we ought to exist or not may be matter for argument; in that argument we trust that the literary pundit's views upon our low-caste merits may be taken for what they are worth and no more; but as to the question of our existence, why, the one little positive fact of our present appearance in Court will dispose at once of all the negative theory of our opponent.

The general reader is of course (for we are not high-minded, we have no proud looks) as inferior to the special reader as the general practitioner to the oculist, or what is elliptically termed "the general" in certain domestic circles to the butler or the stillroom maid. Yet we claim to be harmless, and (if there is not to be mortality among authors and destitution in the publishing trade) even necessary. But, while it is quite certain that we are, it is much less clear what we are, the fact being, no doubt, that the genus contains several species, which our critic uncritically omits to distinguish. Even the most insignificant of bugs and beetles, we would remind him, have been held worthy to have their slightest differences catalogued. Some of us are general readers because we are like the generality of readers; this species plays in literature the part that is played in politics by the man in the street, and might be named after that analogy "the man in the arm-chair." Some of us are general readers because we read generally, not on special subjects, that is; we like a wide circle to nod to rather than a select company to embrace, and wish to hold the position towards all departments of knowledge which the Eton boys hold towards Latin and Greek—"not exactly an acquaintance with them, but a firm conviction that there are such languages." *Lector vobis*, shall we say? And, again, some of us are general readers because we are generally reading. We have the reading habit. What a revolution reading makes in a man's life, when you think of it! One who can read as seldom passes a day without reading anything as without speaking to any one. But, for the species we are concerned with, it fills up all the interstices of time, and seems almost as much a necessity for the eyes as air for the lungs. Gray's ploughboy whistled as he went for want of thought; reading serves the same purpose for those who have really caught the habit. It gets to be natural to employ your eyes on print, till you can go through a newspaper column quite without taking in the contents—a question would expose you in a moment; but you are at once pulled up by a bit of bad grammar. And you can read the same column over again, unwitting, and only detect yourself, perhaps, towards the end by some odd turn of phrase. Nothing but what the Latin grammars call the frequentative verb will suffice to name this species. Let him be *lector lectilans*.

However, though the species are distinct enough, they all fall alike under our critic's condemnation (always supposing that they exist); and, on the other hand, they treat each other very peacefully and tolerantly, so that the few further remarks to be made need not be distributed with pedantic tabulation; if

incalculable because they are capricious, may be, because they are too sacred for revelation. "A man is a sort of harem; and I observe that tender readers great pudency in showing their books to a stranger: the general reader has no claim to "tenderness," what may be. He does not study literature so much as use it only too pleased if it can be brought to bear, short of on common life. We read partly to let off the store of emotions; the more elaborate and well-appointed life more are the poor antiquated primitive feelings of man cannot nowadays shed tears over his own woes. A book he quite easily can without loss of dignity, partly to improve our minds. This is very inaccurate philistine on our parts, especially as we often fortify by quoting the apophthegm that "ignorance costs education"; we realize that by fits and starts, and pour empty a few cartloads of information into our intellectual Moss. It is in this mood that we compel ourselves to concentrate upon "those stupid romances common in history." But we prefer the Macaulays to the Freemans.

The history of our native land—

With those of Greece compared and popular Roman
And in our high-wrought modern narratives
Striped of their harmonizing soul, the life
Of manners and familiar incidents—
Had never much delighted me.

We are all Wordsworths to that extent. We fill our general historical impressions and to forget the particular favourite state of mind is like that to which Popsy upon some political theory, "which, if I can but remember I am now by him fully convinced of." And again, partly because man is in the twentieth century a more animal. Our normal course is to take up with what is at hand. We sometimes attempt system in our modest way on some one's hundred best books, or try whether Mr. Harrison on the choice of books will do anything for us. Roughly speaking, we read not to excite thought, but to pass time. Consequently we are satisfied mainly with what comes before us—in streets and public places, the advertisements; in book-stations we gravitate to the bookstall; the titles of the more elevating (and *ceteris paribus* we like elevating) those of sances, bicycles, and patent medicines; in the library we read what lies about, giving a theoretic, but not a practical preference to its higher varieties. Oftenest it is the novel, sometimes the magazines, occasionally a current book, but a standard one; those last live on the shelves; to take for mere everyday employment is something of a deification like expecting the Epicurean gods to come down and should their shoulders with ordinary mortals. We most of us, we exercise a deliberate choice, prefer matter to manner. Indeed, is one of the reasons why the true man of letters is looked upon with such scorn, but some of us are not altogether

Socrates said our only knowledge was
 To know that nothing could be known—a pleasant
 Science enough, which levels to an ass
 Each man of wisdom, future, past, and present.

But for our part we find it more comfortable to confess
 Ignorance after and not before we have assured ourselves that it
 is inevitable; and for our mentor, if we were to cease to read, he
 must cease to write, which would be a pity.

H. W. FOWLER.

THE DRAMA.

"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE."—JOHN DURNFORD, M.P.

"With such a being as man in such a world as the present"—to borrow Walter Hagehot's favourite quotation from Bishop Butler—it is idle to repine over the vogue of sentimentality in the playhouse. A clear-sighted outlook upon life is the last thing the average playgoer troubles himself about. What he wants is a gentle flattery of his illusions. He is loth to part with pleasant conventions and likes to live in a Fool's Paradise. Hence the instant and overwhelming success of such plays as Mr. H. V. Esmond's *When we were Twenty-one*. Mr. Esmond must know as well as the rest of us that his picture of life does not correspond with the reality; but he also knows that he can depend upon a general agreement among his audience to make-believe, to sacrifice truth for the sake of sentiment. His audience will contentedly accept the old convention of the typical hobblerhoy blinded by calf-love—a Penderennis making a young ass of himself over a Potheringay. It will also accept the old convention that a middle-aged gentleman must never be allowed to conceive of himself as the object of a young lady's affection—even though that young lady makes advances almost beyond the limits set by maiden modesty. Every telly that the boy Dick commits—he gets tipsy, he shows gross ingratitude to his benefactors, he secretly marries a woman of the town—is held absorbed by the commonplace that "Boys will be boys." And every absurdity in the conduct of Dick, senior, the lad's godfather, is held justified by the convention that elderly bachelors exist on the stage solely for the function of continuous self-sacrifice. The right name for this sort of thing is "staginess," and staginess seems to be Mr. Esmond's besetting sin. He provides Dick, senior, with three comrades—elderly bachelors like himself—in order that the four may strike attitudes throughout the play as a typical group of friendship. They play cards together, or they drink together, or they have reminiscences of their merry youth together—have, in fact, no life outside their collective existence. They even visit a night-club together, in order to rescue the boy, of whom they are joint guardians, from the clutches of "The Firefly." The woman at this club, who is sick of her meretricious surroundings, drinks to drown her care, and tragically begs innocent boys to flee from the wickedness of the place, is typical of Mr. Esmond's fancy for sentimental convention. So is the flamboyant "Firefly" with her red wig and her saucy tongue and her train of raffish victims. In short, the whole atmosphere of the piece is an atmosphere of cheap and silly sentiment. Yet one willingly pardons the author *ten conditions, bien entendu*, that he doesn't do

has several stories to tell but succeeds in telling clearly. (1.) There is the pursuit of a young married woman by an unscrupulous Marquis, who interrupted dinner at an inn, as in a play of Mr. and to the rescue of the foolish woman by a strong who takes the scandal of the elopement on her own in the play of Mr. Carton's. (2.) There is the strong-minded woman and Durnford, who, like Char hero, has a mad wife locked up somewhere. And political story, in the rivalry of Durnford and the the leadership of the Liberal party. Somehow the the virtuously hopeless attachment and the (quid politics do not mix. Are we to be interested a misadventure of the silly little married woman daughter? Or in the gradual conversion of Durnford against the strong-minded woman into ardent love bearings of the various love-affairs upon the inner English politics? Perplexed with these questions, ends by giving it up and hoping that, when next writes a play, he will choose some clear and simple stick to it. There are some amusing details of m this piece—a railway-inn, with an outlook on and engines that go puff-puff, and an election c with the humours of polling-day. And there is acting on the part of Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss and Mr. Herz. But ingenuity of *mise-en-scène* is thing as the art of play-writing, and clever a adequate substitute for solid characters.

A. H. V.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

NORFOLK.

THE VICTORIA HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK.
 Edited by ARTHUR H. DOUBLEDAY. (Constable's guineas.)

As Norfolk is the fifth largest of the counties and has a vast number of parishes within its limits, fitting that the scheme of the Victoria County History assign to it six volumes instead of the four that the great majority of the shires. This opening volume, the main, with the natural history of the county, has been fittingly divided between capable local students who are recognized as having general expert knowledge.

Norfolk is a tolerably flat county rising in altitude of 350 feet, and does not possess the charming geological formation of many another county; but the white chalk cliffs of Hunstanton, the mud cliffs of Norwich Cragg, and the Cromer Forest Bed yield of fossil remains that the county is well known to geologists as well as to English students. Its palaeontological literature is abundant, and Mr. H. has shown a rare discrimination in dealing with it in a succinct but interesting manner. There are few parts of the coast of England where nature has been so busy in changing the surface of the land. The portions of the Norfolk coast, especially Happisburgh, have for centuries been steadily

Botany is under the general editorship of Mr. Herbert D. Goldhart. It is satisfactory and unexpected to learn that the number of species has certainly not diminished during the last fifty years. Notwithstanding the disappearance of a few rarer plants through drainage of the bogs and improvement of the sea coast, their loss has been more than compensated for by the discovery or recognition of other plants which had escaped the skilled attention of the earlier botanists. We scarcely recognized, by-the-by, that able local botanist the late Rev. G. Montford under the spelling, "Munford." Ferns which only grow on rocks are of course not to be found in Norfolk; but there is a remarkable abundance of those species which pertain to marshes. *Lastrea extata* has been found in all the four botanical divisions of the county, whilst in some of the marshes *Lastrea Thelypteris* is actually mown and used for packing and rough litter. "*Osmunda regalis* has been harried by collectors for sale until many of its clumps have disappeared; it is, however, still tolerably widely distributed." Notwithstanding the extent of the Norfolk coast line there are but very few growing species of marine algae; this of course arises from the almost entirely sandy or muddy nature of the shores. The marine zoology, well treated by Mr. Walter Garstang, is interesting, but less rich than that of Essex, owing to the lack of sheltered creeks and inlets. The number of molluscs recorded for Norfolk amounts to 100, which, out of a total of 139 known in the British Isles, is a very high county average. The zealous entomologist cannot fail to be pleased with Mr. J. Edwards' account of the beetles, of which some 1,800 different kinds are known to occur in the county. The description of some of their highly ingenious habits, for which nature has so abundantly fitted them, are even interesting reading to the unlearned. Every one will rejoice to have Mr. Barrett's trustworthy assurance that there is no risk of the extermination of that handsome and striking butterfly, the swallow tail; the fens of Norfolk, in conjunction with those of Cambridgeshire, are the sole haunts in these islands of that notable insect.

Under the unpromising heading of "Reptiles and Batrachians," Mr. Southwell puts on record two facts that were well worth noting. The remains of the European freshwater tortoise have been discovered in two recent deposits in the county under such circumstances that it seems probable that this species existed "contemporaneously with the human inhabitants of the locality." The edible frog was noticed in this and the adjacent county of Cambridge so long ago as 1844, when Professor Bell was assured that it had long existed in certain localities, and from the loudness of its voice had obtained the name of the "Dutch nightingale." Subsequently it became known that Mr. Berney, of Morton-hall, Norwich, had, in 1837, imported both edible frogs and spawn from Paris and from Brussels, which were deposited in meadows and ditches at Morton, Hockering, and Foulton, Norfolk. There were further importations in 1841 and 1842. In June, 1853, Professor Newton discovered a colony of these frogs at Rockland All Saints; in May, 1876, he rediscovered them in a pond at Stow Bedon. It was naturally assumed that all these frogs were of the French or Belgian type, and were descendants of Mr. Berney's importations. But when examined by Mr. Boulenger, he was surprised to find that though the frogs from Foulton were of the French form, those from Stow Bedon (Norfolk) and Foulmere (Cambs.) were examples of a race abundant in Italy and could have had no connexion with Mr. Berney's introductions. This Italian form (*Rana esculenta*

successors. The earliest reference to Norfolk ornithology obtained from the *L'Estrange Household Book* as our year 1519. This was followed by the shrewd observations of Thomas Browne, written about 1691, but not published until 1835. The other chief bird writers for the county are Sheppard, Whitear, Hunt, Paget, Richard Lubbock, G. Fisher, and lastly Mr. Stevenson, to whose admirable writings full justice is done. No part of the kingdom is situated than Norfolk for the visits of the great army of migrants. Mr. Gurney's eloquent and graphic passage (two of their autumnal advent is quoted with happy effect) the greatest care has been taken with the list of Norfolk supplied by Mr. Southwell; if anything, he errs on the scepticism, which is not a bad fault. A curious slip is noted when Mr. Southwell writes of the "Reed Head Blackheaded Bunting"; they are distinct species. An omission which was noted in the corresponding volume of Hampshire in this series also occurs in the descriptive natural history of the county of Norfolk. It is not a general literary public, but the most intelligent naturalists, who take a considerable interest in local both flowers and insects and birds; such titles are infrequently a noteworthy origin. But these pages are most part quite silent in this direction. We have only nine local names mentioned even for the birds; for instance Goldfinch is termed "King Harry," and the Red Diver "the Sprat Loon." Could not room be found for information of this character in a subsequent volume might possibly be comprehended under the wide-spread title of Folk-lore.

The general survey of natural history having been accomplished, it was found that there was room in the volume for disquisitions on "Early Man," by Mr. Clinch, "Romano-British Remains," by Mr. Haverfield, "Anglo-Saxon Remains," by Mr. Reginald Smith, illustrated by an instructive map. Mr. Clinch takes the usual round of man of the palæolithic, neolithic and iron ages, each aptly illustrated by objects discovered in the county; the topographical list of prehistoric antiquities in Norfolk is admirable and seems to be exhaustive. Haverfield has done his work with that admirable clearness of illustrated detail for which his name is almost proverbial. Mr. Reginald Smith is an excellent describer of Anglo-Saxon antiquities, and proves that thorough knowledge of museums both national and local. His single brief paragraph on earthworks can only be described as paltry, and showing no grasp of the main question, far more important than the chronicling of trinkets and ornaments. Probably, however, such deficiencies will be to some extent made good in the subsequent topography.

The volume is well supplied with maps and illustrations, the latter largely representing objects of antiquarian interest. One full-page presentation of Anglian ornaments in the Museum is exceedingly well reproduced in colours. In the frontispiece we are glad to notice the work of that able black-and-white artist, Mr. William Hyde, who presents a fine view of Norwich—the spire of its cathedral set against a lowering sky. Besides the botanical maps there are geological, prehistoric, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon.

The Victoria County History Syndicate is to be congratulated on the launching of the preliminary volume of another

SOME RECENT HISTORICAL BOOKS.

Modern Europe.

Mr. W. Alison Phillips is already known to us by an interesting study of Walther von der Vögelweide and by a judicious and well-written History of the Greek War of Independence. His *MODERN EUROPE* (Rivingtons, 6s. 6d.) will certainly greatly raise his reputation, and, indeed, should give him distinct rank among historians of the day. The history of Modern Europe from 1815 to 1870 is, of course, full of vexed questions, and we should no doubt have many points which we might discuss with Mr. Phillips; none, however, which would alter our opinion of the book. It has achieved, with a remarkable success, the difficult task of compressing into a compact space the long history of a time of extraordinary complications and entanglements; but much more important—it has never lost vigour and interest throughout the whole survey. The book is clearly that of a man who searches for principles, but who does not ignore, neglect, or adulterate facts. The completeness of the book is really extraordinary. It is very difficult to find anything that is left out, and where some sides of the subject, such as the internal affairs of the different States, are definitely subordinated, the most admirable proportion of treatment is still observed. One omission there is, however, and that an international one. Military history is practically excluded, rather after the fashion of the late John Richard Green. The omission is excusable if not inevitable. Less clearly intended is the omission of any definite discussion of the progress of thought. But, it need hardly be said, the inclusion of these two subjects would have at least doubled the size of the book. Mr. Phillips writes an easy and expressive style, which might be the better, perhaps, for an occasional pruning; he has at least the cardinal merit of securing and retaining interest. The book is by far the best and handiest account of the international politics of the nineteenth century that we possess.

A new edition of Dr. Dyer's *HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE* has long been wanted, and we are glad to find that its issue has been entrusted to the competent hands of Mr. Arthur Hassall (G. Bell and Sons). Two volumes are now published, and Mr. Hassall promises us a thorough revision of the book in the light of recently published work, and a continuation down to the end of the nineteenth century. These additions should make the book, which was originally a remarkable achievement of compression and arrangement, thoroughly in keeping with the more modern standard of accuracy. We gather from Mr. Hassall's introductory note that the more important changes will occur in the four later volumes. In the volumes before us very few changes have been made, and some alterations that we might reasonably have anticipated are still to seek. Dr. Dyer's notes were largely of the nature of a bibliography, and these Mr. Hassall seems for the most part to have left untouched, thus, as we think, losing a most important opportunity of increasing the value of the book. Dr. Dyer was so accurate and so sensible a writer that his opinions require very little modification: but the secondary authorities, for the whole of the period covered by these two volumes, have been almost entirely replaced, since his first edition, by newer and more exhaustive books. To these Mr. Hassall makes no reference. We might multiply instances, but it may suffice to say that it was with a shock that we concluded in vain our search for a reference to Bishop Creighton's history of the

written by Menasseh Ben Israel to promote the rights of the Jews, 1619-1656, but secondarily it has an extremely interesting introduction by Mr. V. Three excellent portraits add greatly to the value. The first is a photogravure from an etching by Rembrandt, a second a reprint of the original title-page to "The Jews of Israel," 1652, and the third a reproduction of a portrait by Rembrandt in the Hermitage Gallery, certainly of an eminent Jewish Rabbi of the seventeenth century, has not so certain an identification as the others. The interest of the book itself is both personal and historical, it shows the nature of the relations between fanatics and merchants almost equally—the great mercantile and non-Christian body, and the Jewish community, which it was prepared and, after two defeats, carried out. Some of this work had been done by students, notably by Mr. Sidney Lee; but in the edition of Lucien Wolf collects and enlarges it very ably, the interest centres round two characters. The ascetic Menasseh Ben Israel is well drawn in Mr. V. tion, and we feel a real sympathy with his struggles and disappointments of its close. He was one of the few who have done great work and "died in exile." Oliver Cromwell himself also receives in Mr. Wolf's touches illustrative of his masterful will and his gain of his ends in spite of the opposition of the Protectorate. The volume is a valuable resource.

The Fallen Stuarts.

The Cambridge Historical Essays, of which *THE STUARTS*, by F. W. Head (Cambridge University Press, No. XII.), have long been recognized as attaining a high degree of merit, including as they do such clever studies as *Whalley and Mr. Headlam on Greek Politics*, *the Constitutional experiments of the Commonwealth*, *Figgis on the Divine Right of Kings*. Mr. Head's essay, interesting as any of these, is a sound and scholarly study. It may be taken as a sample of what Lord Acton's Cambridge has done for young historical students—to a first hand study of original materials. In the chief original source is the Gualterio have supplied some very interesting illustrations of the tortuous Papal diplomacy of the first half of the century. Mr. Head has added a useful appendix has quoted many passages from the MSS. It is to be hoped that some other competent scholar would edit the book. The book may be commended as a sober and judicious subject hitherto little understood. It is to be wished that the author had treated the period of the '45 up to the death of Henry, Cardinal of York—the end of the whole story—in more detail. What Mr. Head has told us makes us wish for more, and unless mistaken Mr. Head might have supplied what we need—the many interesting and novel points that emerge in any way we may note the proposal of Louis XIV. to Clement XI. that the Holy See should achieve Italian sovereignty by the aid of French and Spanish arms. It was not half a century before Napoleon proposed to win the same position for Savoy. The rule well written; but we cannot refrain from following magnificent mixture of metaphor and

temporary Writers " the best material arranged with skill and discrimination. The picture presented is both vivid and complete. The selection of passages could hardly have been better chosen or better arranged, and it is a distinct advantage that the book carries down the story to include the Swedish plot and the Spanish invasion of Scotland, so that with " The Rising of 1745 " we have now a complete companion, in selections from contemporary writers, to the modern historical accounts of the Jacobite movements of the eighteenth century. We say complete, but perhaps we are hardly accurate in so doing, for we find no reference to the Oxford riots of 1716, papers concerning which were laid before the House of Lords and published in the following year, or to the less well known case of " Rex v. Tyrell and others," heard at the summer assizes of Oxford in 1747, a pretty piece of reading and a valuable illustration of contemporary feeling. But these, it may be said, do not concern Scottish history, though they belong to the history of Jacobitism. In any case, it is a proof of the completeness of Mr. Terry's work that we can note only such, and such like, omissions. The maps and portraits, and particularly the reproductions that illustrate the volume, are excellent. We wish, however, that Mr. Terry had stated in each case the sources from which he obtained them (e.g., the portraits facing pp. 22 and 200). It is a distinct loss, too, that no sketch of the history and value of the authorities and books referred to is given, as was done in the case of Mr. Nutt's companion series on English history. Only scholars will know the nature of the different writers quoted, not to mention the MSS. which have been used for the first time by Mr. Terry. The book is, however, not only valuable to historical students, but is full of good reading, both entertaining and dramatic.

English-Scottish Relations.

Mr. R. S. Rait has followed up his essay on the Scottish Parliament with a book of equal value in AN OUTLINE OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND (500-1707) (Blackie, 7s. 6d. n.). Designed, no doubt, on the model of M. Leroix's studies on the relations between France and Germany, it is less minute and elaborate in execution. It contains, in the first place, a discussion of the question of the racial animosity between the Lowlands and Highlands. Mr. Rait is not disposed to deny that the Lowlanders were English in speech and manners, but he denies that they were English in blood. None the less he admits that there was still a " Celtic heritage of the Lowlands " of which the importance of the great families of Gordon and Douglas was a survival. For his view much is to be said. The battle of Harlaw in 1411 has been made much of by supporters of the theory of racial antagonism; Mr. Rait shows that its meaning has been misunderstood. On the other hand, it seems to us that he somewhat minimizes the significance of the charters of Edgar to " both Scots and English." The subject has, of course, its bearing upon the question of the feudal relations of Scotland with England, which also is discussed by Mr. Rait. The English party in Scotland up to the Reformation—we hardly see the reason for the dividing line—are to Mr. Rait traitors and mercenaries. The later relations are well, if too briefly, sketched, and the account of the Union is particularly well done. There is an interesting appendix on the Feudalization of Scotland. The whole subject is worth a more minute treatment than Mr. Rait has yet been able to give it.

author. The " Essays " are in fact reviews of current literature which appeared in a weekly journal, and the opening one, under the ambitious title " English Literature," consists merely on four recently published " Books for Students of English Literature." It contains, however, it need scarcely be said, many interesting remarks—especially on the relation of poetry and prose—and the same may be said of all the others which will also have their value as admirable objects of the art of cultured and urbane reviewing. Other books skinned over are The Annals of the English Stage, by Mr. Gosse's Poems, Ferdinand Fabre, and the Conte Angustine Filon; there is a capable but not striking review of " Robert Elsmere "; but the most important of the " Essays " are, we think, that on Amiel and that on Wordsworth, a penetrating and admirably expressed investigation of Wordsworthian spirit.

Motors.

That large and increasing public which is interested in the motor car will welcome, if they have not already welcomed, Mr. W. Worby Beaumont's recently published volume, MOTOR VEHICLES AND MOTORS (Constable). Self-propelled carriages are evidently destined to figure largely in the traffic of the future, and it is highly desirable that the country should take a proper share in the development of this new industry. Mr. Beaumont's work will contribute to this degree towards this end. He traces the progress of the motor car from its early beginnings a century ago or more to the present types, such as enable immense distances to be travelled at express speed. As might be expected, French developments figure largely in the story. It is curious, however, to note that that nation appears in the forefront in most matters relating to travel, whether in the heavens, on the earth, or in the depths of the sea. British firms have indeed aroused themselves since the removal of our steamship regulations about five years ago, but anything like our superiority in the matter is beyond the reach of hope. It might profitably be directed to the appearance of the motor car, and it is worth suggesting that a boat should be taken as a model instead of a brougham or a landau. Those who are interested in the relation between the old and the new methods of locomotion will find reference to the tables here presented, that, for certain work, the motor car already has the advantage of the horse, in economy, as well as in speed. Engineers and others interested in details of mechanism will be able to indulge their desires to the full as the number of drawings is very large and their execution beyond reproach. The amount of space devoted to a consideration of air resistance is, however, very small, while for Patent-office records and the thermodynamic principles of internal combustion engines we must await the appearance of the forthcoming volume.

Commercial Education.

The publication of Mr. Fabian Ware's ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY (Harper, 3s. 6d.) is timely. The temporary withdrawal of the Government from our future administrative authorities a short breathing-space. We cannot imagine a better preparation for the task than the perusal of this admirable account of the history and educational methods. Out of the confusion of blue books the author has skillfully disentangled the principles that have governed Continental and American statesmen in their attempts at commercial education, and has presented a clear and

subjects been allowed to encroach upon the sphere of Secondary Education. German legislators, in particular, have in all their curricula kept before them the two-fold aim of all honest education. In providing a type of education suited to train a boy for the future surroundings of business they have not failed to include a generous allowance of those more liberal and humanizing studies which will best fit him for the responsibilities and duties of citizenship. One point in the German system is justly praised. The course of education is guided by the deliberate recommendations of the teaching profession, not, as too often with us, by the haphazard predilections of local tradesmen.

More ambitious but less satisfactory is Mr. E. E. Whitfield's *COMMERCIAL EDUCATION* (Methuen, 5s.). It not only sets forth what has already been done in this direction by England and her rivals, but outlines an ideal form of commercial training in all its stages. According to the preface, the book is intended to serve as a general introduction to the same publisher's Commercial Series. Perhaps this accounts for its diffuseness, and explains the series of snap-shots of this and that particular branch of study which the author gives. Several chapters cover ground sufficiently dealt with by the average elementary handbook of Political Economy. Too much space is devoted to the details of the machinery of commerce, which can surely be best picked up in the business house. Mr. Whitfield believes that commercial subjects can in themselves furnish a liberal education, but after his kindly and flattering reference to Cicero, as the "famous, scholarly Roman orator," one is not surprised that he gives Latin a place in his time-table. Still, as it is to be laid aside with other childish things by the boy of fifteen, it cannot do much harm. An appendix contains a number of specimen papers, from which we gather that the examining bodies of Commercial Institutes do not always rise superior to the old-fashioned methods of Ollendorf. Such sentences as "This young lady has a little mouth" and "Is my face swollen" do not seem particularly appropriate to the requirements of Portuguese trade. Mr. Whitfield writes with evident knowledge and earnestness, but his composition is painfully slipshod, and his discussion of difficulties too superficial and desultory to be of much value.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD (Macmillan, 6s.), by F. Hooper and J. Graham, is similar in aim and treatment to Mr. Fabian Ware's book. While it lacks the latter's statesmanlike grasp of principles, it is fuller in detail and more directly useful to those engaged in the active supervision of commercial schools. A practical experience of the requirements of British trade leads the authors to regard five subjects as essential to any well-considered scheme—modern languages, commercial practice, the study of materials, and the general principles and law of commerce. Such a course obviously requires careful graduation, and could not at present be undertaken by any one type of educational institution. Many admirable suggestions are given us as to the best way of rapidly adapting our existing educational machinery to cope with this or that part of the work. The claim advanced that the commercial departments of secondary schools should receive the same recognition from Government as the teaching of science and art is certainly reasonable. A generous subsidy means improved teaching, and this combined with a uniform system of inspection and examination would at once be a step in the right direction. One cannot but

FICTION.

"Sir Richard Calmady."

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY (Methuen, 6s.) is a novel of considerable length, as novels run in fact to 618 closely-printed pages take the recital of a human drama on such a scale of considerable confidence, but the confidence is well-founded. A picture so finely and amply colored in detail of which vibrates as it were with thought and feeling, required a large canvas. "Sir Richard Calmady" is a judgment, among the three or four novels of the series—one other of them, at least, having been also written by a woman—which, whatever popularity they may attain, will probably raise the art of fiction to a higher level.

The idea of a great landowner whose physical defects barred him from the usual pursuits, and left him no proper to his position, was the motif of Mrs. Craik's "Life." Lucas Malet has conceived it in a manner more subtle, and suffused it with the glow of an extraordinary dramatic imagination. The opening of the book describes the circumstances which attended the birth of the hero, of an heir finely developed both in mind and body, dwarfed and crippled from the hips. We are introduced once with the most baffling riddle of life—a riddle which can find, and to which the author offers us, no answer, though it cannot be answered in the mass, the hero must solve it for himself; and in this book we have presented a moving picture of a nature keenly intellectual, sensitive, bred, animated by strong and incalculable passions, struggling against the mysterious and immovable barriers of fate has imprisoned him, and finding, less by the experience, some kind of clue to the strange mystery of his birth.

Given the central conception—a comparison of the greatness of this novel does not lie in its plot or the lines of its construction. There is the one character which has to work itself out, there are the other characters, there is the beautiful adventuress who is in the mire, there is his purging and discipline in life and his gradual conversion to a career spent not for himself—themes well-worn enough, but so convincing, how enthralling they become in the hands of a powerful writer! Lucas Malet has no *gospel* *arrière pensée*, no ideas which she is anxious to develop through the mouths of her characters. Like the greatest novelists she aims only at the essential truth of character. We do not think any living writer could so profoundly and vividly a realization of mental history as is done in the case of Richard Calmady. He is a man yet he is intensely interesting alike in his submission; the impalpable influences of his will, of his alert and cynical intellect, and of both sides with his bodily deformity, are traced with fulness and power. Unlike that of many of our novelists the psychology of Lucas Malet is always human. For her all the incidents, great or small, aspects of nature are full of meaning as mirrors of life. Add to this a trained eye for detail, whether of landscape or of the minutest details of power, and a profound

September 14, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

the ascetic priest, and the minor characters, Roger Ormiston, Lord Shotover, Dr. Knott, and others—even if Lord Fallowfield be, unconsciously no doubt, a little reminiscent of Cousin Fenix—are strong and interesting. The story gains enormously in charm from its picturesque setting at Brockhurst, the ancient home of the Calmadyx. No recent author that we can remember, not even William Black, reveals so unerring and resourceful a faculty of giving every scene the true romance of its surroundings as Lucas Malet.

In the strength and insight with which the story has been conceived, in the wealth of fancy and reflection bestowed upon its execution, and in the moving sincerity of its pathos throughout, "Sir Richard Calmady" must rank as the great novel of a great writer.

THE LATE REV. E. L. CUTTS, D.D.

Though not amongst the foremost writers of his day in history, archaeology, or theology, Dr. Cutts, who died last week ripe in years, was a man of real mark in literature. For thirty years he held the benefice of Holy Trinity, Haverstock-hill, and was an assiduous reader at our public libraries, producing valuable and appreciated books for a period of over fifty years. Mr. Cutts produced his first book in 1849, a few months after taking his B.A. degree at Queens' College, Cambridge. It was entitled "A Manual for the Study of the Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses of the Middle Ages." Considering the youth of the writer, this well-illustrated book was a remarkably able compilation, and at once gave Mr. Cutts a standing among the antiquaries and ecclesiologists of the day. At the present moment there is no other manual covering the like ground, and the book commands a good price. After admission into Holy Orders Mr. Cutts held successively curacies at Coggeshall and Billericay, Essex, and on the formation, in 1852, of the Essex Archaeological Society was appointed its honorary secretary. One of his first duties, and an easy one, when occupying that position was to slay the crack-brained theory published by a brother cleric that Colchester Castle was a Roman temple. A book on the decoration and furnishing of churches, brought out whilst Mr. Cutts was in Essex, did in its time good work in curbing the extravagances of those who were fired by the shallowest side of the Oxford Movement. In 1865 Mr. Cutts was appointed secretary of the Additional Curates' Society. Once in London his spare time was given to literary work down to the very year of his death. In 1872 a well-illustrated book of his on "Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages" was produced by Messrs. Virtue and Co., treating of the monks, pilgrims, minstrels, knights and merchants, &c., with abundant quotations. For the first time, several of these matters were dealt with after an accurate fashion; the hermit, for instance, instead of being the half-crazed, ascetic enthusiast of romance, was shown to be "a sober-minded, civilized person with definite duties."

Soon after this began Mr. Cutts' connexion with the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, of which he was one of the chief literary mainstays for the past thirty years. In 1874 that society issued his "Turning Points of English Church History," which had had a sale of 24,000 copies by 1895, when the last edition was issued. This was followed by "Turning Points of General Church History" and by works on the life and times of Charlemagne, Constantine the Great, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine of Canterbury. He was also the writer of various religious books and treatises, the most important of which was "A Devotional Life of Our Lord," of some 600 pages, published in 1882. Various tales of Church epochs were put forth by Mr. Cutts, the best of which, reprinted in 1899, is "Amina, a Tale of the Nestorians."

In 1888 Messrs. Longmans published Mr. Cutts' account of Colchester, in the Historic Towns Series. His heart was chiefly

Correspondence.

LITERARY AGENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, I have read with interest both the article and letter referring to authors' agents which have appeared in *Literature*.

It would have given me great pleasure, Sir, with you to have written at some length on a subject of which I have particular and varied experiences, a subject, too, of the importance to authors, but arrangements have been made to discuss the subject fully and exhaustively in the coming issue of the *Author*.

I should like, however, to draw attention to one or two points which have come before me, especially as complaints, not only from the lesser author, but also from the author of large works, are getting more frequent, and in many cases very serious.

First (a point which you have yourself clearly emphasized) the increase of complaints tends to confer success of an agent for one of his employers means failure for others in the same direction for others.

Secondly, "the detectives of Portugal-street (or under the new address of Old Queen-street)" need to be particularly wary, because the majority of agents posing as secretaries of authors are confidential advisers are repeatedly impressing upon employers that the contracts they make must not be referred to the secretary of the Authors' Society. The deception is obvious.

The same tone was taken by the publishers when the society was first started, and is taken even now when it is taken safely.

And, thirdly, in spite of your correspondent's statement that it is not of infrequent occurrence that agreements have been passed, by these self-appointed lawyers, which no confidential adviser ought with self-respect to ask his employers to pass, in some cases insist upon his employers adopting a deduction again is obvious. Under certain circumstances more useful to keep in touch with the publisher or editor than the author. If this is not a fair deduction, then the agent is incompetent.

I have put forward these statements with due and deliberate consideration, and can support them by examples which will regret be it spoken, are constantly becoming more frequent.

It is only fair, however, to state that some agents are of the greatest benefit to some authors and some authors would find their incomes considerably reduced if it were not for agents.

As it is, from my point of view, desirable that these points and many others bearing on this subject should be dealt with where, I regret that I am unable to use the medium of an influential paper to a great extent.

Faithfully yours,

G. HERBERT THING,

Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors.

39, Old Queen-street, Storey's-gate, S.W.

"SO LONG."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your account of Walt Whitman's work tempts me to ask a question never yet, I believe, satisfactorily answered. What is the origin of the phrase of farewell "So long"? I think it first appeared in print in one of Walt Whitman's Songs of Parting, published nearly fifty years ago. "While my pleasure is yet at the full I whisper 'So long!' And take the young woman's hand and the young man's hand for the last time." Some take it to be Scriptural, others French-Canadian, "à tantôt." It is undoubtedly of American origin, though now used all over the world.

Faithfully yours,

D. P.

11th Sept., 1901.

BYRON AND SOUTHEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the brief notice of Byron's Works in your issue of Sept. 7, the reviewer observes that "the only kind thing Byron ever said" of Southey was that "he was not ill-favoured." The writer has forgotten that, after meeting Southey in London in 1813, he said, "to have that poet's head and shoulders I would almost have written his sapphics." Another remark of Byron's, which most readers will consider more "kind" than just, was his estimate of Southey's "Roderick" as the first poem of the time.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. D.

Winston, Crowborough, Sept. 10.

SHAKESPEARE FIRST FOLIOS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Referring to the account of the sales of the first folio "Shakespeare," in your issue of July 20, 1901, the following extract from the *European Magazine* of April, 1790, may be of interest:—

The collection of Shakespeare's Plays, 1623 (commonly called the first folio) was sold at Mr. Egerton's auction room for no less a sum than £35 14s. The Dukes of Grafton and Roxburgh were the competitors for this volume. The latter was victorious. At the same sale *Romeo and Juliet*, 4to., 1599, was purchased for £7 15s. and *Hamlet*, 4to., 1604, for £17 6s. 6d. A three-guinea subscription receipt for Alderman Boydell's "Shakespeare" was likewise disposed of at the same time and place for £6 8s.

Yours, CHARLES WALLIS.

Cape Town, Aug. 14, 1901.

PIQUET OR ÉCARTÉ?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A curious error has been perpetuated through the numerous editions of Dickens' works, and I have never seen any notice taken of it.

In "Dombey and Son," chapter 21, page 252, of the Authentic Edition, the Major and Cleopatra sit down to play "piquet."

"Do you propose, Major?"

MISTAKES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The typographical errata (including accented "Lidgé") cited by your reviewer as "More Mistakes We Make" were corrected months ago, so I have not the pleasure that I should have had of sending him a "Thank you."

As a reviewer of my assertions, however, he has imperilled his position, for he suggests that when of Craighurnfoot had a bairn in the cradle when sixty years old "it is I who imagined such a thing that he would like to see the reference. He does honour. I modestly disclaim the imagining, for reason that the credit belongs to Scott. My co-oonce read "The Antiquary." He will find that died her skin was so shrivelled with age that mummy's. This can only reasonably be put down some eighty or eighty-five years, though there of evidential value. Now in chap. 29 we Eveline's death occurred twenty-three years before at that time old Elspeth must have been at sixty. And it was Elspeth herself who said—clump the death of Eveline, for which she was so much had never "had a day's peace—Has not my house with my bairn in the cradle? Have not my boats. Have not a' that were dear to me dree'd penance. Perhaps this will satisfy Mr. Crittle, who obviously know his Scott.

A knowledge of the difference in meaning of "and" "translating" would also be of service to him. He would then see that when I speak of Plutarch "Heureka," Mr. Clark does know in what language I wrote.

Which shows that there are "ignorant" reviewers other "ignorant" people such as,

Yours respectfully,

C.

11 21, Illey-road, Hammersmith, W., Sept. 7.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Art again takes the leading place in Mr. list. Mr. Baldry's book on "Hubert von Herkenrode and Works" with a binding designed Herkomer—will be ready about the end of the list also includes "Fra Filippo Lippi," by Edwin uniform with Professor Langton Douglas's "Fra continuation of Lady Dilke's work on French art in century dealing in the present volume with "Fiction and Furniture"; "The Print-Collector" by Alfred Whitman, of the British Museum Pictures at Windsor Castle," by Ernest Law worth Van Dyck Sketch Book," by Lionel Unst being here reproduced for the first time; and the Saluts in Christian art entitled "The Church as Depicted by the Great Masters," by M. (N. D'Anvers). In addition to their new "Miniature Painters" and further volumes in their "Great British Artists" Series, Messrs. Bell are preparing illustrated "Handbooks of the Great Craftsman" edited by Dr. G. C. Williamson, the editor "Masters." The first three volumes will be

Gower, in two volumes; the first series of "Shropshire Houses, Past and Present," illustrated and described by the late Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P.; the second volume of "The Letters of Thomas Gray," edited by Duncun O. Tovey, (Hohn's Libraries); "The Age of Shakespeare," by Thomas Seecombe and J. W. Allen, in the series of "Handbooks of English Literature," and "The Life of Napoleon I.," by John Holland Rose, M.A. (two volumes).

Messrs. Pearson will publish next week an illustrated book on "How our Navy is Run," by Archibald Hurd, with an introduction by Lord Charles Beresford. Later in the month they will add "Ben Hur" to their "Scarlet Library," with illustrations by H. M. Brock, and issue the third volume of G. Barnett Smith's "Heroes of the Nineteenth Century." For next month they promise a biography of Lord Kitchener, by Mr. Horace G. Groser, a history of "French's Cavalry Campaign," by J. G. Maydon (of the Legislative Assembly of Natal), and a volume on "Modern Billiards," by John Roberts and other experts. Later will come "The Log of an Island Wanderer," an illustrated record of travels in the Southern Pacific, by Edwin Pallander; and "Patriotic Song," an anthology of loyal verse of Great Britain and her colonies, by Arthur Stanley. Their novels include "Mansue," by Clive Holland—a sequel to "My Japanese Wife"; "Don or Devil?" by William Westall; "The Goddess of Gray's Inn," by G. B. Burgin; "Willowdene Will," by Halliwell Sutcliffe; and "The Peril of the Prince," by Hendon Hill.

"New Poems," by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and "Other Poems," by Mrs. Meynell, are the only new volumes of original verse in Mr. Lane's autumn list, but he will have eight or nine volumes for the Lover's Library and Flowers of Parnassus Series. Volume II. is also announced of "Florilegium Latinum," giving celebrated passages, mostly from English Poets, translated into Latin, edited by the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray and the Rev. E. D. Stone. Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation," which again figures in the list, consists of a series of critical essays on William Watson, Stephen Phillips, Mrs. Meynell, Francis Thompson, F. B. Money-Coutts, and other living poets, and will have thirty-three portraits from woodcuts by Robert Bryden. The more important of Mr. Lane's other books are "King Monmouth: being a History of the Career of James Scott, the Protestant Duke, 1649-1685," by Allan Fea—"Jane Austen: her Homes and her Friends," by Constance Hill, illustrated; "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy," by Professor Bertram Windle, illustrated by Edmund H. New; "Ancient Royal Palaces in and near London"—twenty lithographs by T. H. Way, with descriptive notes by Frederic Chapman; "Thomas Wolsey: Legate and Reformer," by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton; "Walt Whitman, an Essay," with a selection from his writings, by Edmund Holmes; another album of cartoons by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson entitled "The Widow and her Friends"; "My Vicarage Garden," by Canon Ellacombe; and "From the Heart of the Rose: Letters on things natural, things serious, things frivolous," by Helen Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton), who has also written an introduction to a new edition of Francis Bacon's essay "Of Gardens" which is to appear with a frontispiece and cover design by Edmund H. New. Mr. Lane's new novels are "The Just and the Unjust," by Richard Bagot, "The Usurper," by W. J. Locke, and "The World's Delight," by Mary J. H. Skrine.

Judge O'Connor Morris' new work, "Present Irish Questions," will be published by Mr. Grant Richards in October. It deals specially with the question of the Irish land.

Mr. John Macquenn announces Dr. Maurus Jokai's new Historical Romance entitled "Manasseh," a story of life among a primitive people in far Transylvania.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., whose autumn list includes Mr. Guy Boothby's "Farewell, Nikola!" are publishing the following novels:—"The Fighting Troubadour," by Mr. A. C. Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York"; "Zike Mouldon," by Omer Agnus; another book by Mr. B. N. Stuchlik, the American dramatist and novelist; "The

other Florside Tales"; "The Ambassador's Venture Allen Upward"; "A Man of Millions," by Dr. Keigh; "Lepidus the Centurion," by Mr. Edwin L. Arnold.

Mr. Hrimley Johnson informs us that by Mr. Alfred desire the future profits accruing to the author also in Great Britain of "Master and Slave" are to be to the Bethesda Strike Fund.

Books to look out for at once.

- "The Dictionary of National Biography," Supplementary (Abbott—Childers) and H. (Chippendale—Hosie). 8m 15s. net and 20s. net.
- [The third and concluding supplementary volume October 25.]
- "Stringer Lawrence, the Father of the Indian Army." By C. Huddolph. Murray. Illustrated.
- "The Voyage of Ithobal." By Sir Edwin Arnold. Murray. [An epic poem dealing with the first circumnavigation alluded to by Herodotus.]
- "How our Navy is Run," By Archibald Hurd. Pearson. 3s. Introduction by Lord Charles Beresford. Illustrated.
- "A Nest of Linnets." By Frankfort Moore. Hutchinson. 6s. [Historical romance of Bath, introducing Dr. John Walpole, the Sheridans, &c.]
- "The Right of Way." By Gilbert Parker. Heinemann. 6s. [A Canadian romance.]
- "Dante's Last Journey." By David Christie Murray. Methuen. 6s.
- "Master of Men." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Methuen. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- KING MONMOUTH. A History of the Career of James Scott, "the Prot." 1649-1685. By ALLAN FEA. 9x5½, 435 pp. Lane. 21s. n.
- ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AND QUEEN OF HUNGARY. TECHNOL. Trans. by E. M. Cope. 9x5½, 260 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.
- JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. By F. A. OBER. 8x5, 191 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d. n.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- THREE CHRISTMAS GIFTS, AND OTHER TALES. By A. D. BRIDGES. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s.
- WITH CUTLASS AND TORCH. (A Story of the Great Slave Coast.) STABLES. 7½x5½, 322 pp. Nisbet. 5s.
- NINE UNLIKELY TALES. By F. NESBIT. 7½x5½, 297 pp. Unwin. 6s.
- BAKER MINOR AND THE DRAGON. By G. F. FARRAR. 8x5½, 210 pp. Cassell.
- TOM AND SOME OTHER GIRLS. By Mrs. VAIZEY. 7½x5½, 279 pp. Cassell.
- BLAZING ARROW. A Tale of the Frontier. By F. R. ELLIS. 7½x5, 230 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.
- THE PINK KNIGHT. (Dumpy Books for Children.) By J. R. MACKENZIE. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.
- THE SIX INCH ADMIRAL. By G. A. HERT. 8½x4½, 127 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- THE FABLES OF ORIBILIUS. Part I. By A. D. GOSLEY. 7x4½, 58 pp. Marshall. 2s.
- RUSSIAN SELF TAUGHT. By C. A. THOMAS and J. MARSHALL. 7x4½, 111 pp. Marshall. 2s.
- THE VILLAGE SCHOOL READER. Ed. by C. S. ROUSSELL. 7½x5½, 191 pp. H. Marshall. 1s. 6d. n.
- THE STORY OF THE PIRATE. (Our Walter Scott Readers for Young People.) Black. 6d. n.
- POEMS OF SHELLEY. (Literature Series.) Black. 6d. n.
- A FIRST HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Part I, to 1066 A.D. By C. L. THOMSON. 191 pp. H. Marshall. 1s. 6d. n.
- EURIPIDES (Medea). HOMER (Odyssey I). EURIPIDES (Hecuba). Classics. Ed. by REV. T. NICKLES, A. W. UCHERT, and E. C. MARSHALL. Bell. 2s. each.
- BOYS AND GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS. A Reader for Upper Standards. By J. FINNEMORE. 7x4½, 260 pp. Black. 1s. 4d.
- CARMINA BRITANNICA. A selection of Poems and Ballads Illustrative of British History. By C. L. THOMSON. 7½x5½, 261 pp. H. Marshall. 2s.
- BROWNING'S "STEAFORD." Ed. by ANNE WILSON. MACAULAY'S "JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH." Ed. by J. DOWNER. (Blackie's English Classics.) Blackie. 2s. each.
- CÆSAR, THE GALLIC WAR. Book IV. Ed. by J. BROWN. (Lima. 1s. 7½x5, 111 pp. Blackie. 2s.
- GREEN GRAMMAR PAPERS. By A. C. LIDDELL. 6x4, 105 pp. H. Marshall. 2s.

- STRAWS IN THE WIND.** By CARLTON DAWK. 7½ x 5¼, 340 pp. Hurst and Blackett, 6s. [Security of today.]
- THE WESTERNERS.** By R. E. WHITE. 7½ x 5¼, 370 pp. Constable, 6s. [The American Indians in the early twenties.]
- THE KEY TO THE RIDDLE.** By MARGARET S. CUMRIE. 7½ x 5¼, 354 pp. Nisbet, 6s. [A story of the Valentin, 1688. The riddle is Life, and the key Divine love.]
- A UNION OF HEARTS.** By KATHARINE TYNAN. 7½ x 5¼, 296 pp. Nisbet, 6s. [Modern Ireland.]
- TWO GIRLS AND A DREAM.** By JEAN DELAIRE. 7½ x 5¼, 286 pp. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d. [The struggles of two girls in London to succeed in art and letters.]
- THE TEMPTRESS.** By W. LE QUEREY. 7½ x 5¼, 345 pp. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d. [The story of an artist, an adventurer, and a model.]
- BLUE BONNETS UT.** By T. FINKERTON. 7½ x 5¼, 318 pp. J. Long, 6s. [A tale of "the 45."]
- A BOWER OF WHEAT.** By H. BINDLOW. 7½ x 5¼, 373 pp. Chatto and Windus, 6s. [Farming life in Canada.]
- THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY.** By LUCAS MALET. 7½ x 5¼, 618 pp. Methuen, 6s. [See Review p. 269.]
- FORTUNE'S DARLING.** By W. RAYMOND. 7½ x 5¼, 380 pp. Methuen, 6s. [English country life in the early days of railways.]
- LOVE IDYLLS.** By S. R. CHURCHETT. 7½ x 5¼, 304 pp. Murray, 6s. [In white landing with green ribbons.]
- HUBERT SHERRBROOKE, Priest.** By TAKIRA. 7½ x 5¼, 348 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, 6s. [The love story of a ritualistic and collusive Somersetshire vicar.]
- THE FIGHTING TROUBADOUR.** By A. C. GUNTER. 7½ x 5¼, 271 pp. Ward, Lock, 6s. [A tale of the wars of Prince Eugene.]
- RICKENY'S FOLLY.** By TOM GALLON. 7½ x 5¼, 301 pp. Methuen, 6s. [Tells of a man who, visiting England on a quixotic mission, is suddenly plunged into a strange tragedy in suburban London.]
- ROYAL GEORGE.** By R. HAINES GOLD. 7½ x 5¼, 333 pp. Methuen, 6s. [A Dartmouth story of the time of George IV.]
- BAGBYN DAUGHTER.** By N. and B. VAN VORST. 7½ x 5¼, 318 pp. Grant Richards, 6s. [A story of to-day, in Chicago and London.]

LITERARY.

- THE WORKS OF WALTER PATER.** Essays from the *Guardian*. 9½ x 6, 149 pp. Macmillan, 8s. 6d. [See Review p. 259.]
- FAME AND FICTION.** An Inquiry into certain Popularities. By E. A. BENNETT. 7½ x 5¼, 200 pp. Grant Richards, 6s.
- NOTES FOR A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.** By COL. W. F. FRIESTER, C.B.E. 7½ x 5, 88 pp. Holling, 6s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- OUR ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA.** By R. S. SKIRVING. 7½ x 4¼, 43 pp. Australian Book Company. [Criticism of the medical and other arrangements by a consulting surgeon to the Australian Contingent.]
- THOMSON'S GARDENER'S ASSISTANT.** New Ed. Divisional Vol. IV. Ed. by W. WATSON. 11 x 7½, 192 pp. Greesham Publishing Company, 8s.
- THE SOVEREIGN HERB.** A History of Tobacco. By W. A. PENN. 8 x 5½, 326 pp. Grant Richards, 6s.
- THE CHILD AT HOME.** By MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS. 7½ x 5, 81 pp. Nisbet, 1s. 6d.
- BUDDHIST ART IN INDIA.** By PROF. A. GRUNWEDEL. Trans. by AGNES C. GILSON, with 154 illustrations. Revised and Enlarged by J. BURGESS, C.I.E., &c. 10½ x 6½, 428 pp. Quaritch, 12s. 6d. n.
- A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH COLONIES.** By ANNE F. DODD. 7½ x 5, 222 pp. Dent, 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- BOWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.** Vols. I. and II. Ed. by AUGUSTINE BIRKBECK. 8 x 5½, 264 pp. Constable, 6s. n. each vol.
- DON QUIXOTE.** Vol. II. (Complete Works of Cervantes Vol. IV.) Ed. by J. FITZ-MARRIS KEELY. 7 x 5, 245 pp. Glasgow: Gowans and Gray, 1s.
- THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT.** By REV. M. MACCOLL, D.D. Tenth Ed. 7½ x 5, 377 pp. Longmans, 3s. 6d. n. [With a new preface characterizing critics, and treating of the doctrine of the Beatific Vision.]
- REMARKABLE ECLIPSES.** By W. T. LYNN. Sixth Ed. 6½ x 4, 66 pp. Sampson Low, Ed.
- A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION.** By MARK J. PERCIVAL. (6d. Library.) 9 x 6, 128 pp. Methuen.

THEOLOGY.

- PAGANISM IN THE PAPAL CHURCH.** By W. J. WILKINS. 7½ x 6, 245 pp. Hutchinson, 3s. 6d. [The resemblance between the religious practices of Hinduism and Romanism. Written to show that a departure from "the simplicity of Scriptural practice" means "moving towards the old paganism which the Church only partially overcame."]
- FOLLOW THOU ME.** Letters written on joining the Church of Scotland. (Paper Pamphlet.) By R. MACLACHLAN. 5½ x 3½, 30 pp. Inverness: Nelson, 1s.
- THE PASTORAL EPITHELION.** (The Century Bible.) Ed. by R. F. HORTON, D.D. 10 x 4, 195 pp. Edinburgh: Jack.
- RAISTR AND WORTHIES.** Sermons by J. H. RAISTR. 7½ x 5¼, 161 pp. Edinburgh: Jack. [Twenty-one of the twenty-seven sermons are on Biblical characters. The last is on the *Memories of the "Miles."*]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House.

PROBLEM No. 230, by H. JONSSON, Sweden.

BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 11 pieces. White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 231, by L. COLLI.

BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 11 pieces. White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 232, by H. OTTEN, New pieces—K at Q R 8; bishops at Q 7, Q Kt pawns at Q B 2, K Kt 3. Black (3 pieces)—K Q Kt 5; pawn at Q R 3. White to play and win.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 203, Nemo (3) followed by 2. B-B 4 ch, Kt-Q 3 ch, Q-Kt &c. No. 207, Koudelik. The author's key is Waters, however, sends a solution by Kt-Q 3; No. 208, De Musset (3), 1. R-Q 7, Kt x R; No. 209, Shinkman (2), R-Q sq. No. 210, Shin No. 211, Corrias (2), Q-R 4; No. 212, Nemo K-K 6; 2. Kt-P, &c., many variations. N key Kt-Q 3, threatening 2. Kt-B 4 ch, &c. No. 214, Troitzky, 1. R-K B 2, R x R; 2. Kt-3. Kt-Q 4 ch, K any; 4. Kt-B 3 and wins. 1. P-B 7, R-Q B 5; 2. R-R sq ch, K-Kt 4 R-R; 4. Kt-K 4 ch, K any; 5. Kt-B 3 and Tarrasch, White wins by 1. B-R 2 ch, K-K B; 3. K-B 2, K-R sq; 4. Kt-Kt Kuntzitzky (2), R-Q 7. No. 218, Thomson threatening 2. B-K 6 ch, &c. No. 219, Troitzky the key, and White wins. Thus if 1. Q-2. Kt-B 7 ch, K-B 5; 3. Q-R 4 ch, &c. gotsch, 1. Q-Kt 4 ch, K-K 8; 2. Q-K 3. Q-Kt 2 ch, K-Q 8; 4. Q-B 2 ch, K-K 8 K-B 8; 6. Q-B 2 mate. No. 221, Jarosz (2), Pradignat (3), key B-B 2. No. 223, Stepa by 1. R-Q 7 ch; 2. R-Q 8 ch; 3. P-K 7 ch; 4.

Correct Solutions received as follows: worth (Southall), 201, 204, 206, 211; L. G. 1, 200, 202, 206, 211, 212; W. P. Brecknock (213 to 216; Eugene Henry, 208 to 210; J. D. 203, 207, 211 to 213, 217, 218; R. H., 206, 211 (Grand Rapids), 196, 197, 200, 203; A. C. V. to 223.

GAME No. XCIX.—An amusing variation Defence.

WHITE. M. Mare.	BLACK. M. Troys.	WHITE. M. Mare.
1. P-K 4	P-K 3	13. Kt-P
2. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	14. P-Kt
3. B-K 2	P-P	15. K-Kt sq
4. Q-Kt-Q 2	Kt-K R 3	16. P-P
5. P-Q B 3	P-Q Kt 3	17. B-Q 3
6. Q-B 2	B-Kt 2	18. B-B 4 ch
7. B-K Kt 5	Q-Kt-Q 2	19. B-Q sq
8. B-K sq	B-K 2	20. Q
9. B-K sq	Castles	21. K-R sq
10. P-B 3	P-Q R 4	22. Q-Kt 2
11. Q-P 3	Kt-P	23. P-K R 4
12. R-Kt	R-B	24. P-B

GAME No. C. Played in New South Wales tournament at Sydney:—

CENTRE GAMBIT
WHITE. BLACK. WHITE.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 26. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Two brothers who work in collaboration will form the subject of our Portrait Supplement next week, viz.,

MM. PAUL AND VICTOR MARGUERITE, the now famous authors of the great dramatic romance of the Franco-German War—"Le Désastre." The portrait is a reproduction of a highly interesting and characteristic picture which was exhibited in the Salon in Paris this year.

Next week's issue of *Literature* will also contain an illustrated article on Crabbe and Aldeburgh.

* * * *

The Alfred Millenary Celebrations began on Tuesday, and the pilgrims to Winchester have been shown the antiquities, have been lunched and dined, have heard Sir Henry Irving recite "Becket," and have stood or sat through many speeches and addresses, including Mr. Frederic Harrison's brilliant lecture on King Alfred the Great. We shall deal fully with the proceedings next week.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Love and his Mask." By M^{lle} Muriel Dowie. (Heinemann.)
"To the South Polar Region." By Louis Beernaerdt. (Hurst)

The history of the House of Tauchnitz is told in an interesting article contributed to the *Pall Mall Magazine* by Tighe Hopkins. Let it never be forgotten that, though Tauchnitz began his operations long before the invention, he never pirated an English author's work. Always asked and paid for permission to reprint, and had not been a baron already, he should have been so for this spontaneous integrity. As it was, he grew rich without forfeiting the friendship of literary men. Many of the letters to him are printed in Mr. Tighe Hopkins' article, and are interesting to read. This, by Lord Beaconsfield, is characteristic:—

It is with extreme satisfaction that I have to your wish to prepare an edition of "Contingencies" for continental circulation, and especially for the German. The sympathy of a great nation is the most precious attribute of an author, and an appreciation that is offered us by a people has something of the character and value which we attribute to the fiat of posterity.

So is this by Charles Reade, who notoriously held a high opinion of his own work:—

Surely the Tauchnitz Collection is not complete without my works. It is a noble collection; it contains many who are superior to me in merit and reputation, but it contains the entire works of many writers who do me to my knee.

Macaulay's reply to a proposal that he should write the history of English literature in the nineteenth century is interesting:—

If I am to bring out any more volumes of my works, I must devote my whole time to that work, and myself to be seduced from it by any temptation. A highly finished account of the English literature of the nineteenth century would occupy me many months. A sketch would do me no honour. I should not rely on myself the business of estimating the merit of contemporaries. It would be quite impossible for me to do the truth without inflicting pain and making enemies.

So is Charles Lever's modest attitude towards a proposal to print his portrait as a frontispiece:—

You ask about the portrait annexed to "John Raffles." It is not—at least so say my friends—a resemblance. I can myself assure you—that I do not squint, what abominably. I must confess I have no long nose, and believe that my trash will read without the assistance of "my countenance."

In fact the whole article is full of interesting anecdotes which should on no account be missed.

* * * *

Literary aspirants who believe that their manuscripts are rejected only because publishers' readers are incoherent probably have their belief confirmed by the statement

We should certainly like to see a type-writer girl's fifty-cent verdict on such a work as "The Ring and the Book," or "Diana of the Crossways."

The author's method of triumphing over difficulties was ingenious. He hired two authors of "national reputation" at high fees to read his book and report on it. They reported favourably.

Armed with these letters, I invaded the offices of a prominent publisher whose readers had already condemned the story, and said that I was not prepared to listen with much patience to opinions by his readers, when I held two written opinions by acknowledged writers and scholars that the story was meritorious. The long quest for a publisher ended—the adverse decision was reversed, a very favourable contract was signed—the book is on sale.

It is a pretty story of perseverance rewarded; and if competent readers could really be got to read at the author's expense in the publishers' interest, the publishers would no doubt be grateful. But the author who for a large fee got an unfavourable verdict would probably be discontented.

The great American book-stores have been making desperate efforts to break down the boycott imposed on them by publishers for giving discount on net books. Their method has been to put up and duce middlemen to get the books for them; which is pretty much what any one with a knowledge of human nature in general and American enterprise in particular would have expected. Several such sources of supply have been discovered and closed down, but others have been opened up in place of them; and if the victory does not, in the long run, rest with the book-stores, we shall believe that there must have been something wrong with the Political Economy which we learnt in the days of our youth.

The new illustrated monthly magazine the *Connoisseur* (Satpasa Low, Es. n.) is the most interesting first number of an art journal that has appeared since the initial issue of the *Studio*, now some years old. Although it is not largely intended to be of service to the neophyte, but rather to entertain and assist the careful buyer and the expert man of taste, still Mr. Cyril Davenport's article on "Gem Collecting," Mr. Arthur Butler's on "Hall Marks on Old English Silver," or Mr. Horace Townsend's on "Sheffield Plate" will be found of infinite value to all who desire a groundwork of historical information on which to base their growing taste, and the illustrations are copious and admirably produced and the notes on news and sales full and pleasantly put before us. A series of visits to the collections of famous connoisseurs begins with an account of the pictures collected by Sir Charles Tennant, prefaced by an extremely good portrait of the collector himself. We look forward to future issues of the *Connoisseur* with great interest.

Dr. James Cranston, who died at Stroud the other day, was for six years rector of Dumfries Academy, where Mr. J. M. Barrie was one of his pupils. He had in his possession several caricatures drawn by the future author of "The Little Minister." Dr. Cranston was a well-known Scottish educationist, and translated several Latin works into English, including those of Catullus. He also edited the poetical works of Alexander Scott.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Poor mourners of the ruined year,
How sad, in summer's vast decay,
Your white and purple blooms appear!
Like children of some house whose
Is darkened of good fortune's sun
Who yet will make some small arra-
Of ancient state to keep at bay
The truth, that all their state is gone.

Poor orphans, who have never seen
The mother-prime that gave you birth
That with her warm breath kindled green
Your pallid leaves just free from earth
And nursed but never knew the flower
Shrill autumn thinks so little worth
What wonder if, amid his mirth
Of herald winds, you shrink and cower

Sad witnesses of change and death,
Lost children of a brighter day,
Fulfilled your little space of breath,
And you, in turn, shall fade away
To some still heaven, perchance (who know)
Where lilac, daffodil, and may,
Late balm and early primrose gay
Make endless summer with the rose.

ARTHUR

Sir Theodore Martin celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. J. C. musical critic. He lived in Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh, and was the great-grandson of "Tom Bowling."

The monks with whom M. Huysmans has Ligugé are about to leave France in consequence of the Associations Act. The novelist will not accompany them, but will return to the Latin Quarter in Paris.

M. Verestehagin, who recently visited the P made studies for over a dozen pictures of episodes of the Philippines, which will be exhibited in North month.

September 22 was the day appointed for the bust of Paul de Kock at Romainville; but it being necessary to postpone the contemplated ceremony on account of a scarcity of funds.

The printed books at the Bibliothèque Nationale numbering about 1,200,000 and occupying two miles are being rearranged. The change entails the re-60,000 volumes of manuscripts.

Some young ladies who presented Count flowers on his departure from Yasnaya Polyana were arrested by the police, and their schoolmistress with them, was dismissed from her post.

One of the latest adaptations from novels for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," founded on "Notre-Dame de Paris" by Mr. Ben-Landau.

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should not be far wrong in identifying him with an individual whose right to live was amusingly vindicated in our columns last week—the "general reader." As to his qualities, there is a difference of opinion, and we are by no means sure that the general reader, though he certainly exists, is not as impalpable and fleeting, in bodily shape, as an Arabian genie. At one moment he is all for emotions, at another for facts; now he is a religious enthusiast, and now an honest doubter; to-day he will sip on horrors, to-morrow on mild and sugary confections; if for a season he is all for social exclusiveness and luxurious living and aristocratic Guardsmen, he will soon cut himself adrift and find his only solace in the life of the slums. The general reading public, in fact, has in the last thirty years—since the Education Act—become so enormous and heterogeneous a mass that to take a composite photograph of its features is impossible; the result would be only a meaningless blur. There are so many distinct classes; often they do not even overlap. How many readers of Mrs. Humphry Ward read also Mr. Silas Hocking? Some will prefer the ordinary and easily digestible fare provided by many admirable writers, while the strong meat of such a book as "Sir Richard Calmady" is only for the seasoned and mature; and the two classes of readers are not interchangeable. Hence we doubt whether Mr. Bennett's list of common qualities is of much value. We doubt whether it can safely be said that the average reader insists on "an imposing plot, heroic characters, and fine notions." These may be the qualities which make books live, but they are not qualities most conspicuous in "Three Men in a Boat," or in "Sentimental Tommy," or in "A Double Thread." We doubt equally whether our average reader "has a blind spot in his eye for beauty." He is not so callous to the charms of style as is generally supposed. To like bad wine is not the same thing as to dislike wine. Even if he does not, as Mr. Fowler put it in his "Personal View," "collect pretty sayings in a commonplace book," he is certainly affected by a full, rhetorical, and imaginative diction. It is, in fact, one of the chief secrets of the popularity of Miss Marie Corelli. As little does he always want "glaring tints, and crudity of sentiment," or to be "knocked, blinded, or deafened." What about Miss Wilkins, or Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, or Miss Charlotte Yonge? Nor is "a book of revolutionary ideas" always a "success of scandal." "Robert Elsmere" was not. In two points only we believe Mr. Bennett has approached a sound solution of the problem. The general reader shares the common interest which mankind of almost every age has taken in religion—though it is a curious fact that the popularity of the religious novel is peculiar to our own generation. And he much prefers a happy ending—not, however, because he insists that virtue should have its deserts so much as because he reads to be pleased rather than depressed. Apart from these two *desiderata* the general reader reflects only the tastes and movements of society outside the sphere of literature. At the present moment, the writer who tilts at priests and churches and stereotyped creeds and lack of Christian charity "omne tulit punctum." It is an easy method of winning applause, and it does not redound so much to the credit of the general reader as does the fact that his literary leanings do not testify at present so conspicuously as one might expect to the growth of flunkeyism and timocracy. A season of commercial prosperity, an era of social reform, a war, new departures in science or thought, all immediately affect the barometer of popular taste; and they will continue to do so despite all the laudable efforts which Mr. Bennett would have the cultured

Literature Portraits.—XX

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The union in one philosopher of a remarkable identity with an acute appreciation of the virtue of a mundane stock and shares does not, perhaps, suggest a being of the highest nature.

Yet so fine a man was Emerson that he could be of the material as well as the spiritual world, and of the noblest men of his century. His range was such that he could grasp the secret of a thousand worlds; it was that his vision at least "has Olympus for one pole, the exchange." But his greatness is beyond dispute; we may not quite agree with the enthusiast who ranks Shakespeare or Goethe be the Mont Blanc, Emerson having *aiguille* of lesser breadth, but well-nigh equal we can, at least, own that he towers above his contemporaries and has left upon literature an impression of nobility such as all the nations of the earth may envy to their people.

An Academic Cult.

Although he may be not greatly read in England, his popularity in the United States flourishes. There is hardly any serious current paper or magazine now in America that does not contain a direct reference to Emerson or his work. No education without a knowledge of what may be called his aphorisms. His aphorisms have often passed into familiar household words, his ideas, unacknowledged—perhaps unrecognized—foundation for many hundreds of "new movements"—and yet, there are doubts as to his writings "imperishable Scriptures." There are even those who, away from the difficulties he offers and account of his unbounded influence by telling of his remarkable personality. Mr. Archer recently found occasion to say that what we know, to feel, and to declare, is "that here we have a man of a unique spirit, a unique combination of him the metaphysician, who has contributed to the literary language some of the most inspiring pages and passages holds in that literature an eminent position, peculiarly testably his own." Like most of the essential things about it has been said before, and in many ways; it is excellent and yet it sometimes seems to this generation that Emerson, vast as was its initial grandeur, has passed of its usefulness, and, like an old and noble servant removed with dignity aside, offering, as it were, the arduous doing to the lusty and eager heritor of its own fine traditions.

Emerson himself was so completely altruistic in his thought that if it were permitted to him to view from his heights the fact that the crowd who once followed him and made him foster-parent of their mental life, less ashes of people who greeted his every word with an air of approval, had grown less and less with each year, he would admit that what is, is right. A man who can feel mental unity, who can say: "The whole world is a festation of Vishnu, who is identical with all things, regarded by the wise as not differing from, but as itself themselves. I neither am going nor coming; nor is there in any one place; nor art thou, thou; nor are other

pletely forgotten, overshadowed, and lost? The reader of to-day seeks in vain for the quality of quiet laughter in much of his work.

The tongue is prone to lose the way
Not so the pen, for in a letter
We have not better things to say
But surely say them better.

And yet even his correspondence is not fraught with wit. It is perhaps a quality we evaluate a little too highly at the present time. Anyway, the young American in the age of "movements" was well satisfied without the grace of humour in the work of Emerson. Culture appeared too vital a thing for many to admit the humorous side of it. But there were those who did. Lowell, for example, who treasured the memory of this time for its qualities of inspiration and pleturesqueness, said that nature is always kind enough to give even her clouds a humorous lining, and that which is called transcendentalism was not without its comic side. One sometimes feels that this particular part of the

prove him correct? Who shall say—so conditions that a few decades have wrought? range of Emerson," wrote Lowell, "is narrow, read crille must feel at once; and so is that so is that of Dante, so is that of Montaigne Schiller, so is that of nearly every one except but there is a gauge of height no less than individuality as well as comprehensiveness, a there is the standard of genotic power, the outline as distinguished from the receptive mind staminate plants in literature, that make no fruit but without whose pollen, quintessence of fruct garden had been barren. Emerson's mind is empty those, and there is no man to whom our nesthetic much. The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesiast Revolution politically, independent, but we we and intellectually moored to English thought the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and blue water. No man young enough to have felt cease to be grateful for, the mental and moral received from the writings of his high-minded and countryman. That we agree with him, or th agrees with himself, is aside from the question arouses in us something that we are better for ha whether that something be of opposition or assent always to what is highest and least selfish in us, fo the generation younger than his own would be dis

The Change in View.

That generation younger than Emerson is pass almost passel, away, and some there are who s he himself did of Knox, as "a rash and unsati but charged with pungent and unforgettable trut nesses, which occasionally affrighted his mind us calm, but the unforgettable truths remain, be occasionally obscured by the educatio which they take the stage. He was an arist preached from democratic pulpits the creed of pa and universal love. He spoke haughtily of fine s protection against the vulgarities of the street a but he did not very much care himself for th of men. Out of the fulness of his wisdom taught a young and excited nation some of th experience and the refinement of antiquity. H naïf and the fresh in a day when it seemed digni to address the cosmos in such words as "Good by I'm going home."

The great minds must always appreciate somewhat confused outlook upon life, but th followed him unthinkingly long ago are now incl him one of the most unsatisfactory great men in While his contempt for the connoisseur, the ep sense, the humorist, alienates the suffrage of which he had much in common, his ineffective d dried moral teacher shuts him out from the admir ing such as his personal appeal would have alwa His philosophy has been beaten out too thinl; line of his has been quoted in a hundred lect those dying "Literary Societies" where they praise of an elusive, possibly misunderstood, tra tion, and at least the charm of language



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

movement has developed with the effluence of time. The spirit of acceptance which enabled the people of America to greet the teachings, amorphous as they sometimes appear, with so long and so warm a welcome has been followed by a more critical and perhaps less wisely generous attitude. He who was the new light, the saviour



EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD.

And yet the men who followed him insisted on his being an inspired prophet. He was accepted here as an ethical light, a practical preacher—one who would provide an utilitarian code, a moral rule, whereby the earnest and the gentle could make their way to a sort of prudential paradise far beyond the vulgarities of the street and the tavern, but with fair roads and all necessary conveniences for refreshment. But those among the lesser minds, who look to him for an ethical code or desired a guide for the progress of life, have perhaps discovered after consideration that they appeal in vain. What he says on the matter of an elevating culture is, in effect, his creed for the conduct of many conditions of life. "As respects the delicate question of culture, I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down," he writes.

For positive rules, for suggestion, nature alone inspires it. Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners?—the golden mean is so delicate, difficult—say frankly unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanour? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is continually attained. There must not be secondariness, and 'tis a thousand to one that her air and manner will at once betray that she is not primary, but that there is some other one or

affection and honour, because he was not lying in things"; he will ask you "what is vulgar, and the vulgarity, but the avarice of reward?" And answer the difference of artisan and artist, of talent and genius and saint. The man whose eyes are nailed not on his act, but on the wages, whether it be money, fame, is almost equally low; "he will suggest valuable thoughts and hint a fine vista of aims at last, but he will be found general when his disciple particular, suggestive when the student demands rule of life. That is to say if the student be in a by-side with much that is illusive he will come up concrete passages as the following:

Genial manners are good, and power of action in any circumstance, but the high prize of life, fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to which finds him in employment and happiness—to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues. I doubt not this was the meaning of Socrates, nonneed artists the only truly wise, as being apparently so.

And certainly many of his most dogmatic utterances

"Non-Sequelousness."

Some of his contemporary admirers hinted at this inconsistent attitude, and many to whom he is a hero at the present time admit his non-sequelousness—now that Mr. Birrell has used that term in this connexion. As "Vernon Lee" has said, "He openly deprecates any attempts at consequentiveness, he warns mankind against wanting to do that which cannot be done without the wanting, against wishing to be or to have what they are not or have not already. He is the apostle of spontaneity; in his consuming passion for reality he confounds the deliberate with the artificial, and the artificial with the futile. The benefit of Emerson's advice on this head depends on the recognition that there are some things we can never do, some things we can never have or be—namely, all those of whose nature there is not in ourselves already a germ, a possibility." This is a very valuable lesson for Emerson to have taught; it had, however, been hinted at some time before his day in the phrase "Know thyself." But the author we have quoted is ready with an excellent defence if we aver that "the glittering cascades" of his diction confuse. "Yet," she writes, "it is doubtful whether it is not better thus—better that the exaggerations and shortcomings should be corrected by Emerson's readers than forestalled by Emerson himself. It is possible that with men of this mystic, symbolical temper the greater lucidity and practical applicability (since practice is based on reality, and reality can be obtained only by being held) might fail to compensate for the diminution in suggestiveness and directness. The prophetically enounced thought works its way deeper, perhaps, into the mind of the hearer when it is such as does not graze off the surface."

Of course, there is much to be said for the indirect as opposed to the direct statement of a thesis. But those who have made the widest use of Emersonian *dicta* in our day have often put forth by no means the best teaching of their master simply because his method has misled them. The matter is looked at from a practical and very different side by Mr. Birrell. He first states that "a wise author never allows his reader's mind to be at large, but casts about from the first how to secure it all for himself. He takes you (seemingly) into his confidence, perhaps pretends to consult you as to the best route, but at all events points out to you the road, lying far ahead, which you are to travel in his company. How carefully does a really great writer, like Dr. Newman or M. Renan, explain to you what he is going to do and how he is going to do it! His humour, wit, and fancy, however abundant they may be, spring up like way-side flowers, and do but adorn and render more attractive the path along which it is his object to conduct you. The reader's mind, interested from the beginning, and desirous of ascertaining whether the author keeps his word, and adheres to his plan, feels the glow of healthy exercise and pays a real, though unconscious, attention. But Emerson makes no terms with his readers, he gives them neither thread nor clue, and thus robs them of one of the keenest pleasures of reading—the being beforehand with your author, and going shares with him in his own thoughts"; and then Mr. Birrell adds, compare him with whom you will, "the unparalleled non-sequelousness of Emerson is as certain as the Correggion of Correggio." In these circumstances it seems that "admiration gives way to astonishment, astonishment to bewilderment, and bewilderment to stupefaction." It may be owned that Emerson was not thus cunning in the art of interesting his readers. He came to the world with the proud mission of showing us the occult greatness of life, the secret miracles of the spirit. His methods were those, easiest to him,

absorbed and retaught, that it is not easy to judge recently some of the more important essays have in a new edition, and M. Maurice Maeterlinck him as "the good morning shepherd of pale with a new optimism that is natural and sensible, to give us some picture of the impression Emerson within his mind:—"Man is eager for explanations, must have his life shown to him. He rejoices to find exact interpretation of a petty gesture he has been twenty-five years; yet there is no petty gesture in the main attitude of the common soul. You will not find quality of the soul of a Marcus Aurelius here, Aurelius was thought itself. Who among us, in the life of a Marcus Aurelius? . . . Here I am trimming his trees, Peter who is building his house, you who talk to me of the harvest, and I who give you yet we are made so that we draw nigh to the astonished at what we effect. We did not know of the universe attended upon us, and we turn away without saying anything, like people who have seen Emerson comes to affirm simply this equal and serene of life. He encompasses us with silence and wonder, shaft of light under the foot of the artisan in his workshop. He shows us all the powers of his busy in supporting the threshold where two meet of the falling rain or the rising wind; and at wayfarers accosting each other he makes us see the god smiling upon another. He is nearer to us than our every-day life, the most watchful and persistent, the most upright and scrupulous, perhaps the most. He is the sage of common-place days; and common are the sum and substance of our being."

If you walk along the Strand you will see a boot-shop window plainly marked with the words "Shoe, good all through." And so his influence as an avatar has managed to reach from the point of interests the author of the most spiritually exalted our period to the mind of the practical maker of slight distance for one man's mental attributes to our first he wrote:—"I think nothing is of value, in fact the transcendental and the extraordinary." For said:—"No matter whether he makes shoes, or staves, it is the privilege of any human work that he invest the doer with a certain haughtiness." It is of him that he was the lord of extremes, holding the nadir in his two hands. The telling and thought and language came naturally to him and touch the spirit of widely different men.

The Poet.

"I do again desiderate some concretization of the abstracta" was the cry with which Carlyle, in effect of Emerson's writings, but if, as he owned, sincere of vision be among the qualities which make a poet of "Wood-Notes" and "Threnody" must by that title. The beautiful *abstracta* crystallize in lighter verses and leave us with a very tuneful marvellous melody. In many, too, that are some as a whole, there are lines which are perfect, which feeling of absolute delight. The verses which beg

Give all to love;

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So with the verses he calls "Manners," he concludes with a note of beauty, unforgettable, unimpeachable :

Grace, Beauty, and Caprice
Build this golden portal ;
Graceful women, chosen men,
Dazzle every mortal :
Their sweet and lofty countenance
His enchanting food ;
He need not go to them, their forms
Beset his solitude,
He looketh seldom in their face,
His eyes explore the ground—
The green grass is a looking-glass
Whereon their traits are found.
Little and less he says to them,
So dances his heart in his breast ;
Their tranquil mien bereaveth him
Of wit, of words, of rest.
Too weak to win, too fond to shun
The tyrants of his doom,
The much-deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb.

In the following stanzas one has an example of Emerson undertaking the difficult and hardly lyric task of telling, as it were the story of his mystic nature in verse :—

WALDEINSAMKEIT.

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea ;
The forest is my loyal friend,
Like God it useth me.
In plains that room for shadows make
Of skirting hills to lie,
Bound in by streams which give and take
Their colours from the sky ;

Or on the mountain-crest sublime,
Or down the oaken glade,
O what have I to do with time ?
For this the day was made.

Cities of mortals woes-begone
Fantastic care derides,
But in the serious landscape lone
Stern benefit abides.

Sheen will tarnish, honey cloy,
And merry is only mask of sad,
But, sober on a fund of joy,
The woods at heart are glad.

There the great Planter plants
Of fruitful worlds the grain,
And with a million spells enchants
The souls that walk in pain.

Still on the seeds of all He made
The rose of beauty burns ;
Through times that wear and forms that fade,
Immortal youth returns.

The black ducks mounting from the lake,
The pigeon in the pines,

See thou bring not to field or stream
The fancies found in books ;
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch your own
To brave the landscape's looks.

Oblivion here thy wisdom is,
Thy thrift, the sleep of ears ;
For a proud idleness like this
Crowns all thy mean affairs.

The same idea is somewhat differently treated in the following poem :—

THE APOLOGY.

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen ;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook ;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious hand,
For the idle flowers I brought ;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers ;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong ;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

The somewhat elusive character of these two poems prove that, as a friend of Emerson told us long since, that many of his best poems can be found only in his life, an intercourse with his intimate friends. This is very pleasing to his contemporaries, but unfortunate for those who come into the world a few generations later and desire a just opinion of his work. Such poems, however, as "The Girl," published first in 1858, may be considered fair evidence which Emerson may stand or lapse as a poet, for here he has the lyric opportunity which some of his more intentionally essays in verse deny him. We fear the following will hardly thrill the modern reader :—

The sun goes down, and with him takes
The coarseness of my poor attire ;
The fair moon mounts, and aye the flame
Of Gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale Northern girls I you scorn our race ;
You captives of your air-tight halls,
Wear out in-doors your sleeky days,
But leave us the horizon walls.

And if I take you, dames, to task,
And say it frankly without guile,
Then you are Gypsies in a mask,
And I the lady all the while.

Go, keep your cheek's rose from the rain,
For teeth and hair with shopmen deal ;

It is rather remarkable that one who can write the baldnesses of, say, the fourth stanza, should in the same moment, as it were, be able to give the charm of the last two lines of the (penultimate stanza. But such an example is highly characteristic of Emerson; side by side with infinite beauty lie the things that are harsh, clumsy, depressing; near his bravest flights of transcendental beauty jostle what we often find a somewhat ignoble utilitarianism, or so it sometimes seems to those who have not been under the influence of his immediate personality. Those who were thus fortunate have ever spoken of all his works and moods with enthusiasm.

His Personality.

One said, "If Emerson goes to hell the tide of emigration will set that way." Lowell's testimony to his influence and worth is well known. Mrs. Lowell said to a friend, "If he but mentions my name I feel myself ennobled." As he wrote himself, "The boundaries of personal influence it is impossible to fix, as persons are organs of moral or supernatural force." Such diverse personages of his time, as Hawthorne and Walt Whitman and Harriet Martineau, Carlyle and Thoreau, to mention a few out of many hundreds, were among those whose intercourse with him led them to appreciate the beauty of his nature and the comprehensiveness of his outlook upon life. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Life" displays it in every chapter; his immediate friends show it in every word they have written of him. Looked at from any point of view his personality was obviously that of a gentle, wise, and magnetic character.

Biographical.

"I have the feeling that every man's biography is at his own expense. He furnishes not only the facts, but the report. I mean that all biography is autobiography. It is only what he tells of himself that comes to be known and believed." These were the very characteristic words which Emerson himself pronounced upon the subject, and, in effect, he provides his autobiography in his writings, but those who run as they read will not be able to find it. The plain man who does not happen to be a careful student of the young American of 1813-1819 may come to believe the pursuit a little difficult. Ireland, Cooke, Conway, and, after a particular fashion of his own, Oliver Wendell Holmes, have all given us admirable pictures of Emerson's quiet and effective life, while Mr. J. E. Cabot, from his fulness of knowledge has produced a sound and absolutely authentic history. But, as Dr. Richard Garnett says, in a note to his "Life," which makes the best possible use of all these and other sources of information, Emerson did not live his days with any thought of providing amusing matter for his biographers; he neglected an opportunity, as do many great men, and led "a life devoid of incident, of nearly untroubled happiness, and of absolute conformity to the moral law." Born on May 25, 1803, the third son of William Emerson, minister of the "First Church" in Boston, Ralph Waldo Emerson learned to know almost the whole of the intellectual life of the century upon which his influence grew to be considerable. He came of one of the American "Academic Races,"

estate Boston had grown to be the centre of American literature; it may still have been the gods, but great voices were heard echoing from the

The main influences in Boston were "Unitarianism and ruffled-shirt Episcopalianism" whose atmosphere appears to have been fitted for the of Emerson's mystic and profound mind when began to study theology. Six years later he as minister of the Unitarian church in Boston married Ellen Louisa Tucker, to whom some of as "To Ellen in the South," "The Amulet," & less, written. After a few years his wife die first visited Europe, meeting, in England, "ar and Wordsworth. In 1831 he removed from Be famous old Manse, Concord. A second mar peaceful days followed, during which he lectu country and preached his message at home at the of Philosophy at Concord. The story of his life h many times; is not the name of his biographer most valuable account of his life is to be fou The chronological list of these as given in Dr. where may be found Mr. John P. Anders bibliography, is as follows:—

"Nature"	1836	"Conduct of Life
Essays (First Series) ...	1841	"May Day and O
Dial (edited)	1841-44	"Society and So
Essays (Second Series) ...	1844	"The Wanderer,"
Poems	1847	(edited) ...
Miscellanies... ..	1849	"Letters and Soc
"Representative Men" ...	1850	"Correspondence
"English Traits"	1856	Carlyle and R. W.

While the first essays were appearing, experiments inspired by Fourier's ideas—in Als at Fruitlands and the widely-remembered at Farm—were greatly talked of. About this time to Carlyle that every reading man has a draft munity in his waistcoat pocket. These plans which his friends propounded interested him watched them with a somewhat amused smile.



was almost persuaded to become a Brook farmer. As a matter of fact, however, his spirit was detached and individualistic in a marked degree. "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of your principles," he wrote. Mysticism, study, his devotion to something afar, his general philosophy, made his earthly existence so slight an occurrence. In his career of living that, as one of his biographers has said, the accidents of time and space seem quite secondary matters to one who has been long living in the companionship of his thought. In what seemed at the time the great matter of Brook Farm his "crystal isolation" determined his action—the highly intellectual plan was to get itself enacted, so to speak, without his aid. Although there was tragedy in it, one cannot but be grateful to those ladies and gentlemen who provided Hawthorne with the ground-work of his novel "The Blithedale Romance," which will keep its memory fresh. "The Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education" has long since passed away, but the romance remains, humanly speaking, for all time. The men and women who initiated the experiments have gone, but they were the spiritual children of Emerson, and their example, their ideal, has brought forth fruit.

After publishing his poems, Emerson again visited England and lectured here. About 1860 his power was at its zenith, and afterwards his life appears to have passed in unbroken serenity. The lectures were heard with avidity, his books were read with delight; his serene power was lauded in a hundred schools. "No modern thinker has so courageously fulfilled the duty of hope," said one of his recent critics; "none has written in so invariably happy and courteous a temper." This phrase naturally reminds one of his long connexion with Carlyle. In regard to his supposed likeness to Carlyle, one of his warmest admirers, Russell Lowell, has pictured him, very truly and amusingly, in his early verses the "Fable for Critics." It wearied people of his generation to hear Emerson constantly named with Carlyle, and thus Lowell comes to make his informing contrast;—

There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,
Carlyle's the more burly, but E is the rarer;
He sees fewer objects, but clearer, truer,
If C's as original, E's more peculiar;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson;
C's the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—
E the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
Where the one's most abounding, the other's to seek;
C's generals require to be seen in the mass, —
E's specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
C gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,
E sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense;
C shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,
While E, in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of more every day;

and so forth until a good deal of kindly jest and criticism has been spent upon one who could have been laughed at a good deal more bitterly and remained unhurt.

Last Stage of all.



"Up to this moment," I inquired, "how many criminals have you reformed?"

"Not one!" said Hollingsworth, with his eyes still fixed on the ground. "Ever since we parted I have been busy with murder."

[From "The Blithedale Romance" Illustrated by F. H. Townsend (By permission of Messrs. Nisbet and Co.)

"It was my fortune," he says, "to be sent to at Mr. Redpath's suggestion, to see if Mr. Emerson come in and give us a lecture. I went out and met the man at the Mansel-house. He greeted me very cordially accepted the invitation to come in and lecture. The old South was filled with as choice an audience of blood of Boston as has ever assembled in that old hall. Emerson came in and was introduced by Father Ne began reading his lecture the audience was very. After a few moments he lost his place, and his grand sitting in the front row of seats, gently stepped toward reminded him that he was lecturing. He saw at once was wandering, and with the most charming, characteristic bow he resumed his place, an incident that to affect the audience more than anything that could have occurred. A few moments later he took a manuscript in his hand, and turning round with it, I side table." The scene was closed by a tactful American who went to Emerson and warmly thanked him for the lecture. This was the last public appearance of one whole world held in veneration. His last public act—charity and the cause of tender thoughts and tears to were near at hand. In 1882 he passed peacefully from he considered as a part of some great whole. His

"Good-bye," verses of which he said, in forwarding them to Mr. Freeman Clarke for publication, "I send you a corrected copy, but I wonder so much at your wishing to print them that I think you must read them once again with your critical spectacles before they go further. They were written sixteen years ago (1824) when I kept school in Boston and lived in a corner of Roxbury called Canterbury. They have a slight misanthropy, a shade deeper than belongs to me." This "Good-bye" was, however, intended as a farewell to Boston and the business of the city, rather than an adieu to the world at large as it has sometimes been thought :

Good-bye, proud world ! I'm going home ;
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine,
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam ;
 A riversark on the ocean brine,
 Long I've been tossed like the driven foam ;
 But now, proud world ! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face ;
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace ;
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;
 To supple Office, low and high ;
 To crowded halls, to court and street ;
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet,
 To those who go, and those who come,—
 Good-bye, proud world ! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone
 Bosomed in yon green hills, alone,
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned ;
 Where arches green, the livelong day,
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And vulgar feet have never trod
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

EGAN MEW.



THE SECRET OF EMERSON

A "Personal View"

By Dr. RICHARD GARNETT, C.

Much may not unjustly be said in disparagement of Emerson, but the fact remains that within little more than half a century his countrymen will be keeping his centenary, and his proceedings will be followed with lively interest. The English language is spoken, and here and there where it is not. After this, discussion as to the fact of his influence may be waived as superfluous ; but it is useless to seek for some formula summing the method of his expressing, if this be possible, the peculiar secret of his revelation. No such definition can be exhaustive, though the quality of genius, however great their diversity, always has a quality in common, that they are incommensurable. The approach as near as is feasible, and, reversing the process, himself tells us of the instinct of the human mind to circle as widely as it can around every object, drawing to the original as may be, in the hope that one name will come to be inscribed in process of time.

If one strove to state the peculiar characteristic of Emerson in the fewest possible words, it might not be unprofitable to call him as a seer without pretensions to the supernatural. He is midway between mystics like Blake and Swedenborg, whose teaching is professedly based upon communication with the spiritual world, and reasoners like Stuart Mill or Herbert Spencer. It may be objected, does the poet, who, though he has claimed Dante, claim to have perambulated Hell, Heaven, and Purgatory, must be able to affirm with Coleridge,

I on honey-dew have fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

But there exists a clear distinction between poet and seer, including under this term all obviously inspired writers. The former, in their form of expression be verse or impassioned prose, Emerson. It is the distinction between inspiration and intellect. The poet, when he really writes as such, is in an abnormal state. He is conscious of a visitation, of the presence of something that has come from another world, his seeking, and might any moment depart, leaving him dumb and mute. "The mind in creation," says one of the great poets, "is as a fading coal, which some invisible power, an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness." Literally and figuratively, may be described as lightning. It is as conspicuous in great imaginative prose-writers as in the poets themselves. In Emerson it is exceptionally wanting, but is replaced by the gift of intuition, though perhaps not finer, endowment of intuition, not a prophet, but a seer. It is usual to class him as a poet, and the points of contact are assuredly numerous.

within. And, as a crystal or a gem cannot be partly genuine and partly false, Emerson is commonly either very right or very wrong. You cannot say of his deliverances, as so often of Carlyle's, that they are a mingling of truth and error; they must in general be taken altogether or rejected altogether. If they are accepted, this is by no means due to the author's powers of reasoning, or to any special gift of eloquence, or to the ability to overwhelm the contrary views with sarcasm and invective. The appeal is simply to the intuitive faculty of the reader or hearer, who is supposed to be capable of verifying what he was incapable of discovering for himself. This is precisely the position of Blake or Swedenborg, and Emerson is hence more fitly classed with the seers, whose insight comes to them by simple intuition, than with the poets and prophets, who require to be taken out of themselves.

To all but a thorough mystic Emerson's advantage over Blake and Swedenborg must appear unspeakable. Their supernatural pretensions are a continual offence, inasmuch as, by a continual propounding of what it is impossible to accept, they force upon the most friendly hearer the alternative of deception or delusion. Neither of these has any possible application to Emerson; he might as well be accused of burglary or arson. It is much to have demonstrated that there is no necessary connexion between spiritual insight and supernatural phenomena, and that a seer need never have had a trance in his life.

From a purely literary point of view, Emerson's peculiar gifts may well be less advantageous to him. They disable him from the practice of literary art on any extensive scale. Art implies the subordination of parts to the total effect. Something must be kept in the shade. Emerson's disquisitions, consisting mainly of a succession of detached thoughts complete in themselves and but loosely connected with each other, are incapable of this treatment. As they resemble crystals in their purity, their individual symmetry, and their permanent worth, so also in their incapacity for combination, save as constituents of a chain or a pattern. As a German æsthetician might say, Emerson's composition is deficient in architectonic; he builds up nothing. How weak the instinct for formative art was in him, his *Essay on Art*, valuable and suggestive as it is in many respects, sufficiently indicates. The same indifference to art is notable in the other great teacher of his age, Carlyle. Yet one feels sure that this consummate master of portraiture with pen and ink must have appreciated a fine portrait with the brush when he saw one; one has not the same confidence as regards Emerson.

Carlyle was an artist in other respects; he delighted in the concrete, and he excelled in giving his conceptions imaginative form. The concrete is in a sense the element of art, whose most airy conceptions must be moulded out of something, and their embodiment in imaginative form is, at least as regards its higher departments, the very cause and condition of its existence. Emerson's remarks frequently

in its totality. Much less can he create a person or a movement, as Carlyle has done in "Sartor Resartus." His loss must be may be realized if we can imagine poetry and all the wisdom of "Sartor Resartus" but *Tiefelsdrückh* and *Weissenlichtwo* and *Kat* whatever imports substance to the vision take Emerson could have embodied his gospel in a figure *drückh*, or even in lifelike portraits of some of the disciples with whom he was actually familiar, such as Alcott, he would have appealed to much wider circles, gained greatly in influence and popularity. Ruskin is able as Emerson of evolving an ideal character delineating a real one. The sight of so extensive "Modern Painters" is somewhat alarming; one hears echo Carlyle's naive ejaculation on beholding a house and furniture, "Can all that have come out of But Ruskin's subject compels him to deal with the He means to preach and he does, but he cannot do five minutes without importing some gorgeous landscape, beautiful natural object, or striking trait of human or supreme work of art.

24 Emerson has, nevertheless, one signal advantage over his contemporaries who claim to be something more than narrators or reasoners. None of them is so like him in the very element of beauty. The beauty which commends itself to him when it came as art at one time, the primal source captivated him entirely when it itself as nature, or as human characters, or institutions with the reason of things. He then writes as with pleasure; his words are the aptest and choicest. His language has in a remarkable degree the power of expressing a sentiment of beauty. Unlike the ambitious splendours of the dainty device of Pater, his words never appear to be for the sake of rhetorical effect, or selected for passion but to come of their own accord as self-conscious thoughts, no others are the right ones. Save for an occasional at unseasonable smartness, his diction never loses its propriety. It may be said to him, as he says to his

Thou can'st not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

The character which we have attributed to Emerson, a seer without supernatural pretensions invites comparison with two illustrious Englishmen of whom the same may be predicated, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Coleridge perhaps be entirely acquitted of an occasional proper querade in prophetic attire; but undoubtedly the more he is the less he is of a seer. His claims to the gift rest less upon his philosophical than upon his critical which are sometimes so marvellously illuminating directly derived from the source of all light, and corroborated by the exercise of the reason.

in isolated sayings, nearly always polished and symmetrical, and in a few poems like "Rhodora," so beautifully finished as to render the generally amorphous character of his poetry almost incomprehensible. Another puzzle arises out of the lack of humour common to both these illustrious men. One has just as much of it as the other—that is to say, neither has any; and yet, by some grace of innate refinement or benediction of the Muses, Emerson never appears absurd from insensibility to the humorous, as frequently happens to Wordsworth.

THE DRAMA.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."—"ARE YOU A MASON?"

A newspaper paragraph seriously disconcerted me the other day by referring to some Edinburgh gentleman as "the original of Sherlock Holmes." Whatever the facts may be, I would much rather not think of this great man as modelled on any actual person. I should as soon believe in "the original" of Vantrín or of Monte Christo or of Falstaff. There was, by the way, an original of Falstaff, but who really knows or cares anything about him? No; Sherlock's father was M. Lescocq, and his grandfather was Zadig. And his twin-brother (if you don't believe me see the portraits of Sherlock in the *Strand Magazine*) is Mr. William Gillette, the American actor, who has helped, or been helped by, Dr. Conan Doyle to construct a play about him, and, what is more, takes the principal part in it himself. It is a wonderful thing to meet the legendary Sherlock face to face, to be on familiar terms with him like Dr. Watson (have we not always envied that naive medical man?), to see him at work, burying his thoughtful brow in his capable hands, or meditatively puffing at his pipe, or injecting cocaine (despite Dr. Watson's earnest remonstrances) into his wrist-veins, or toying with a revolver, or wearing elegant evening dress with the best of 'em, or holding a horde of ruffians at bay with a mere frown. I say it is a wonderful thing—most of us would have as soon expected to make the personal acquaintance of Li Hing Chang, or Aguinaldo, or M. Santos Dumont, or the other heroic figures of the illustrated newspapers—but like all such introductions it is a little disappointing. And the reason for that is that imagination, in such cases, always transcends reality—a reason by the way which Lamb gave for objecting to *Lear* on the stage. The idea we have formed of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra and the rest from Greek legend is something bigger than the dust and gold ornaments found at Mycenæ, whatever Dr. Schliemann may have thought to the contrary. Still, there are two sides to every question, and a flesh-and-blood Sherlock in the playhouse will be eagerly welcomed by the unimaginative. The pity of it is that the particular adventure of Sherlock Holmes which is shown at the Lyceum is not absolutely characteristic; it does not exhibit the quintessential—that is to say, the detective—Holmes so much as the man of cool courage. Now, much as I admire Sherlock's iron nerve, I had always thought that the very best part of him was the brain—the Newtonian brain which deduced the process of the suns from the fallen apple, the Napoleonic brain which marshalled big battalions of facts, the Nasmyth steam-hammer brain which cracked nuts with the nicest adjustment—in short, the Sherlockian brain. And in the Lyceum play, though Sherlock cannot be

Sherlock behave in the Stepney gas-chamber? The next step is to tell the ruffians that he proposes to identify them at Bow-street next morning; his next is to smother the ruffians with a chair; and his third is to use the ruffian's cigar as a will-o'-the-wisp. "Follow the light," the ruffian is heard to shout out of the darkness, and follow it to the window only to find that the ruffian is stuck in the shutter while Sherlock escapes by the fire-escape. But I am bound to add that Sherlock's brain does not fail. For, knowing that the glow of a cigar could be seen by the vast audience of the Lyceum, it has a small red electric light. Evidently mechanical engineers have a great fascination for Mr. Gillette. He pulls down the curtain by turning black darkness when the act begins and vice versa when it ends. I confess my conservative notions that the old-fashioned curtain is as well; but Mr. Gillette comes from the land of Electricity, and he has a perfect right to play with electricity if he choose.

He is, however, something else than an electrician. He is a highly accomplished and conscientious actor. He is a playgoer who have already seen him over here. *Johnson and Secret Service* know very well—and gives you the impression, right or wrong, of the character off as well as on the stage. An actor who gives you just that impression is, of course, the very man to play the iron-willed Sherlock Holmes. Whether the actor has his voice for the part or not I do not know; but it is a thing, toneless, almost dead. Mr. W. L. Abingdon is fully lurid as the Napoleon of Crime; and Miss Thorne is a female villain with much gusto.

At the Shaftesbury there is to be seen a farce of the American idiom "from the German of Laufs" whoever they may be. As it is called *Are You a Mason?* wise will already have guessed that it deals with husbands who account to their wives for "nightly visits to a masonic lodge." This joke is borrowed from another which is concerned with dressing up a man in a woman's dress. It all takes place amid incessant noise, and, to my taste, vulgar, brainless affair, which substitutes tomfoolery for fun. But I see that many newspapers report very favourably of it, and I am quite willing to admit myself an unqualified from a proper appreciation of riotous and practical jokes.

A. B. W.

"Taste is the feminine of genius." Few ventures to think, would be able to say at once that this known aphorism comes out of "Polonius: A Collection of Saws and Modern Instances" made by Edward FitzGerald. The saying is FitzGerald's own, though the book is a collection of excerpts from other writers. Such miscellaneous stuff is the chief interest of "Notes for a Bithynian," by Edward FitzGerald, by Colonel W. F. Prideaux, that, "perhaps, the first appreciation of FitzGerald which had appeared in public" was a very favourable notice of the "Six Dramas of Calderon freely translated," by Archbishop Trench in his "Life's a Dream" (1881). Prideaux's notes are intended rather as an introduction to the study of FitzGerald than as an exhaustive bibliography. He confines himself to the issues which were printed in

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MEN OF OUR TIMES.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY SUPPLEMENT. Vols. I. and II. (Smith, Elder, 15s. n. per volume).

The supplementary volumes of the dictionary are three in number. Two are before us, and the third is announced for October 25. An unique feature is the memoir of the founder and publisher of the dictionary, George Smith, written by the editor and printed as a preface. It is an interesting record of the useful though uneventful career of a hard worker whose activities were multifarious. George Smith was not only a publisher, but an export agent, a shipowner, a proprietor of two newspapers, and of the mineral water with which, as many advertisements have proclaimed, her late Majesty Queen Victoria used to dilute her whisky. He was probably better loved by more eminent men of letters than any publisher of his generation. His relations with a few of them—with John Ruskin, and James Grant, for instance—may have been strained; but most of the rest, from Thackeray to James Payn, bore enthusiastic testimony to his worth. And he was one of the few publishers who have been at once able and willing to render literature disinterested service. This dictionary, which is his finest monument, is the best thing of the kind in any language; and he produced it at his own cost, whereas similar dictionaries elsewhere have been subsidized from the public funds. The few public honours which he received were quite inadequate to his deserts. Most of the names that appeared in recent birthday honour lists were less worthy of the distinction than his.

We are informed that more than two hundred of the names in the supplementary volumes "represent accidental omissions from the previously published volumes." It is not really a large number, considering the scale on which the work was done; and, so far as we can see, none of the omissions were of grave importance. A few Indian warriors, a few mediæval chroniclers, a few seventeenth-century divines—these are the principal persons whose claims to biographies were overlooked. The main purpose of the supplement is to deal with distinguished persons who died at too late a date to be included in the original work. The length and character of the list is melancholy evidence of the loss we have sustained during the period in all departments of activity. We find lives of statesmen like Gladstone, Bright, Childers, and Lord Randolph Churchill; of poets like Browning, Matthew Arnold, and the author of "Ionica"; of novelists like William Black, R. D. Blackmore, and Wilkie Collins; of historians like Froude, and Freeman, and Creighton; of divines like Edward White Benson, and Harold Browne, and Harvey Goodwin; of such eminent men as Sir Samuel Baker, Colonel Valentine Baker, Ben Brierley, Lewis Carroll, Richard Congreve, Birket Foster, Archibald Forbes, Sir John Gilbert, Sir George Grove, Sir Augustus Harris, and Admiral Hornby.

The supplement differs from the body of the work in the fact that many, if not most, of the contributors were writing of men whom they had known personally; and the difference is reflected in the tone of many of the contributions. The rule "no flowers by request," though still no doubt maintained, has not been enforced quite so rigorously as heretofore. A certain latitude is given to enthusiasm; and there are sometimes reticences which would not have been observed by the historian dealing disas-

he displayed. In dealing with a noble life, and that "always pay the personal attention which political and the less elevated kind expect." Mr. Paul does not refer to the new explanation given in Lord Selborne's "Memoirs" (1898) of Gladstone's sudden dissolution of Parliament as an explanation, we may add, corroborated in the case of Mr. Childers. Mr. T. S. Lendon's life of Mr. Bright is by comparison colourless. Mr. Selous's life of Lord Randolph Churchill is picturesque, the chief interest from the speeches being remarkable for their aptitude. The longest of the literary lives seems to be that of Mr. Browning by Mr. Edmund Gosse, which covers four volumes and includes a considerable enumeration of personal details. Dr. Richard Garnett writes very soberly of Mr. Arnold. He is perhaps the most successful of the contributors in suppressing his enthusiasms. Mr. Stuart J. Reid's life of R. D. Blackmore is unique in resting upon no other than "personal knowledge and private information." It is the most interesting and valuable of the lives. Other lives to which we will draw attention are those of Mr. J. P. "Alpine Guide" fame, by Mr. Douglas Freshfield; of Mr. Stuart Blackie (very picturesquely written) by Alexander Gordon, of Edward Bradley, the author of "The Green," by Mr. Thomas Seecombe, of Dean F. Mr. A. F. Pollard, of Wilkie Collins by Mr. Seeley, of Lewis Carroll by Mr. E. V. Lucas, of James Anthony Keymer by Mr. A. F. Pollard, and of P. G. Hamerton by Dr. C.

ECONOMIC FACT AND FANCY.

Mr. Hobson has taught us to expect from him a clear and well-written work, and his latest volume "THE QUESTION" (Nisbet, 7s. 6d. n.)—is clearly the work of a writer who is genuinely convinced of the importance of his beliefs. Mr. Hobson is an idealist, and his books possess an attraction which only the work of the enthusiast can possess. They also have the inevitable faults of such work. The first thesis is apparently as follows. There is one Social Problem, not many Social Problems. Political economy professes to deal with the economic side of this Social Problem, but in reality it is useless, because it professes to value by money, and "money measures not wealth but utility. But what is want but utility? And surely value is determined by utility, and can therefore be roughly measured by the money Mr. Hobson so heartily despises. Again, political economy treats of the economic man, a being who is an egoist. Mr. Hobson. We cannot help thinking that our unduly hard upon the economists. No one who has read Mill's Fifth Book could accuse him of dealing with a narrow and inhuman science. Moreover, no one has yet refuted the old arguments that ordinary men in the ordinary of life are "economic men," that, even granting the existence of many other motives than that of "enlightened self-interest," it is important first to realize the effects of the economic motive, and then to allow for the others. You must find your skeleton before you can draw your full figure. Mr. Hobson suggests that economics are only valuable as an abstract science, that economists can give no statesmanship or to the solution of the Social Problem, who can deny that abstract economics have had a

expect to find more than mere suggestiveness in his books. Yet when one comes to examine the truths he enunciates with such a joy of new discovery and often in an unnecessary paradoxical manner one finds that after all they are mostly old familiar friends. Mr. Hobson makes one think that he is in such a hurry to preach his own particular gospel, and incidentally to condemn those who differ from him, that he has not had time to read carefully the writings of those despised economists, for in the pages of Mill and of Marshall may be found all that is of real importance in Mr. Hobson's work. The rest is largely skilful juggling with words or fighting with enemies which, if indeed they were ever more than misty ghosts, have long since ceased to exist.

Mr. Macrosty's book *TRUSTS AND THE STATE* (Grant Richards, 5s.) is very different. It is the first volume of a new Fabian Series, which is to consist of "volumes dealing from the Fabian point of view with politics and economies." It has the severely practical aspect of so many of the Fabian documents, and deals not with vague and attractive ideas as Mr. Hobson does, but with material facts and figures. The chief fault we have to find with it is its title. "Trusts" are an absorbing subject, and we are all anxious to hear the opinion of experts upon this new or apparently new economic phenomenon. But of Trusts themselves Mr. Macrosty tells us comparatively little. About half his book is taken up with an historical sketch of English economies, which is fairly accurate, not particularly inspiring, and written—as indeed the whole book naturally is—with a strongly marked bias. There is also much that is interesting and sympathetically written about Co-operation, Trades Unions, and the like. Mr. Macrosty's main point is that commercial enterprise has passed out of the region of Individualism proper and is now almost entirely dependent upon consolidated organizations managed by salaried experts. This is the intermediate stage, which is to lead us to State control and to—jawbreaking word—collectivization. But it is not quite clear that either trusts or municipal water supplies, or even Imperial dockyards and the Post Office, do necessarily lead us to State Socialism, and Mr. Macrosty does not make it at all evident that such a consummation is desirable. We are aware that he thinks it desirable, but we do not gather his reasons. Our freedom no doubt must be restricted to some extent; and great trusts may well be obliged to submit to more publicity, even to more interference, than the multitude of small traders, in whose numbers lies safety. But that does not carry us necessarily to the doctrine that freedom should cease or that the régime to which Mr. Macrosty looks forward would not be undermined by real tape and incompetence.

After the numerous more or less Utopian schemes for social reform with which we are deluged, Mr. Mackay's book *PUBLIC RELIEF OF THE POOR* (John Murray, 2s. 6d. n.) is as refreshing and bracing as cold spring water after sweet and cloying liquors. Mr. Mackay's precepts are dictated by common-sense and far-seeing charity. He is convinced that "pauperism and dependence among the poorer classes are largely artificial and unnecessary conditions," and that "what is wanting to secure the great reformation which lies within reach is a reasoned conviction of the possibility of dispauperization." The six lectures which form the substance of the book present the arguments which establish the theory and enunciate the general principles. While most social schemes involve great changes, revolutions, upheavals, and are yet quite uncertain as

The principles elucidated by Mr. Mackay—destitution is economically avoidable, and that depends on two things: the quickened economy of our industrial population, and the relaxation of the feudal status of servitude which, as the paupers in our midst, arresting progress and development, business is to secure a free outlet for the true economy of social life, and to lessen the retentive para-man's primitive immobility and indolence, the mind which are apt to be impervious to the benevolent economic motive."

These principles Mr. Mackay illustrates and his tracing out of the origin and history of the Law, and his description of its present condition. The fifth chapter considers the relation between voluntary agencies of relief, and in the last an account of the present drift of events. The whole volume and we trust that it may be widely read.

IN *THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MONEY* (Macmillan) Mr. Carlile has endeavoured to trace from the beginning point the various changes undergone by money. He points out that monetary historians usually confine themselves to the passing of statutes or the adoption of standards of realizing that "the function of legislation is mainly to the consecration of facts that are already done." For instance, the Act of 1816, which is generally taken as the point of transition from a silver to a gold standard in England really only stereotyped existing conditions. Ordinary silver coins had become so worn that their face value was greater than their intrinsic worth. Gold coins, in imitation of this state of things, were issued with a face value greater than the value of the metal in them. Gold, Mr. Carlile believes, had become the standard in the eighteenth century. The book is divided into two parts—the first describing "Historical and Monetary Standard"—and the second "The Origin and Nature of the Standard" is an interesting and valuable piece of work. It is a pity that Mr. Carlile does not refer to any of the original sources, but merely to modern authorities. His style is on the whole pleasant but at times verbose and slightly obscure.

The second volume of Mr. Edmond Kelly's *THE HUMAN EVOLUTION* (Longmans) deals with *Collectivism versus Individualism*. Mr. Kelly is enthusiastic, yet broad-minded and moderate in his views on collectivism as an ideal at which to aim. He thinks that the times are not yet ripe for the collectivization of society, and that collectivism cannot be imposed upon a nation not ready to grow up, if at all, gradually and naturally, but should do this, men's minds must be prepared. It must be clearly set before them, and the work of education must be undertaken seriously. The first part of the book deals with individualism, its nature and history, its "institutions," and its results. Mr. Kelly feels that the institutions are evil, that the amount of crime, misery, and poverty in the world are so great that every man and woman should think at all, and it is intolerable. Mr. Kelly's own plan for the future of New York should succeed in reality. Next, in Book II., we have collectivism and discussed, some of the objections to it and

Everything is divided up into neat headings, paragraphs, sections, and subsections, and in the midst of such an orderly but scrappy array it is quite bewildering to come across appeals to "you, reader," a method of address to which we are unable to reconcile ourselves.

In the Far West, as in the Middle Ages, there are still writers who take all knowledge for their province. Their books, which they produce with refreshing ease, are largely made up of long quotations from the most diverse writers. Even when they nominally confine themselves to one subject, they take care to choose a satisfactorily wide one, which will give scope to their versatility and to their notebooks. Dr. E. A. Ross, the author of *SOCIAL CONTROL* (Citizen's Library, Macmillan, 5s. n.), is Professor of Sociology in the University of Nebraska. We should imagine from his book that he is a useful and capable teacher, whose lectures prove stimulating to his pupils. He is clearly a man of wide reading, and touches a number of notes whose multitude must occasionally prove bewildering to his readers. The chapter on Personality may serve as an instance; it contains an astonishing number of illustrations, but we must confess our ignorance of the personalities of the presumably Western heroes Sam Houston, Phil Kearney, and Custer of the Yellow Curis. Neither are we quite certain of the significance of "ankylosis." When, breathless, one arrives at the end of Dr. Ross' volume, and meditates upon its contents, the first conclusion is that it might all have been equally well said in about half the space; the second, that the style is unnecessarily precious at times, and the quotations too numerous and commonplace. For the rest, no doubt, the book will prove useful to young students of sociology, who must, however, remember that "no light responsibility is laid upon the investigator who explores the mysterious processes that take place in the soul of a people, and dissects in public the ideals and affirmations elaborated in the social mind. The fact of control is, in good sooth, no gospel to be preached abroad with allegory and parable, with bold type and scare head-lines." Finally, we may quote two sentences from the chapter on Art. "In many the first straying from the ego is not toward fellowship, but towards the vast. Not sympathy, but thirst for largeness, carries them out of themselves." Here we feel that we have found the keynote to Professor Ross' work.

Mr. Max Hirsch, of Melbourne, the author of *DEMOCRACY VERSUS SOCIALISM* (Macmillan, 11s. n.), was moved to produce this book by his evidently sincere conviction that Socialism could not prove a cure for social injustice, and that the writers who share this view have devoted far too much time and space to purely negative criticism. He himself has endeavoured to write a book which shall deal with Socialist conceptions and proposals as a whole. His work is divided into five parts, the first of which analyses and describes Socialistic teaching, the second and third criticize Socialist economics and ethics and explain the author's own views as to true economic and ethical principles. The fourth shows the conflict between the industrial and distributive proposals of Socialists and the probable results of the former. In the fifth Mr. Hirsch describes the social reforms he would himself wish for, and the means which he considers best adapted to promote social justice. The book is evidently the work of a conscientious and hard-working man. Mr. Hirsch has read the vast literature of his subject carefully, and his own proposals (the institution of the Single Tax on land, which by checking monopoly enables the State to secure equal rights and equal

THE MOORS.

THE LAND OF THE MOORS. By RICHARD MEAKIN.
(Sonnenschein, 17s.)

The second volume of Mr. Meakin's exhaustive Morocco is more interesting, though not more valuable than the first. "The Moorish Empire" necessarily contains a deal of jejune chronicle, where the dull crimes of Soverelgns were unrelieved by any of those efforts of mind and art which often redress Oriental despotism. "The Moors," on the other hand, deals with the country, without too much insistence on historical even when they awaken European associations. In the Tangier, for example, it would have been absurd to include an interesting episode—brief and fruitless as it was—of the rule in that beautiful town, the loss of which was among the blunders of our statesmen in the days when Imperialism was undeveloped. Mr. Meakin is, as usual, full and accurate in information on this subject, and his account is enlivened by some excellent contemporary illustrations of Tangier in the day of Charles II., who himself regarded it as an immense magnitude in the Royal diadem, while Mr. Pepys it would be "the most considerable place the King hath in the world." No such glorious anticipations were as to the future of Bombay, which Catharine of Braganza brought to the Crown at the same time as Tangier; but the two cities has reversed all prophecies. Bombay is the centre of Indian commerce, whilst Tangier is a not very sanitary and pleasure resort for a few Europeans, restricted by ignorant and uncivilized Government that the Meditteranean has known since the invasion of the barbarians. Tangier has been full of contradictions. The English began, by breaking images and sacking the city, but very soon the new possession came to be regarded as a papacy, where "Irish troops and Roman bastards sport themselves unchecked." The history of the city of Tangier might supply one of the few arguments of ingenious pleader might adduce in favour of the cultivation of the Irish language; for when the garrison was closed the Moors in 1678, it kept up communications with the messages shouted in Irish through speaking-trumpets to the present day the advocates of the Irish tongue appear to be able to dispense with such artificial aid to making themselves audible. The whole history of Charles' mismanagement of Tangier is a lamentable example of opportunities thrown away. As Pepys said, "this place was to the King, as Carnarvon says of wood, that it is an exercise of providence by God for the payment of debts"; who found to cost money, instead of bringing it in, it was done, and the "jewel of the diadem" was treated as paste.

Mr. Meakin's admirable accounts of all the chief towns of Morocco—Tetuan, Larache, Salé, Rabat, Mazagan, Fez, Mequinez, Marrakesh, &c.—the sacred towns of Idris, Zarlou, Sheshawan, and Wazzan, and many of the places, are a mine of information, carefully selected from the best authorities, and supplemented and verified by his own exploration. It is not an easy thing to explore Morocco without disguise oneself as a native (though not necessarily a Mahomedan) in order to escape the imputation of a

greater, though Pellow believed that "hollowing and staring" at the royal beast and abusing him in the language of the country—supposing him ignorant of English—would suffice to rout him. The Arabs are said, however, to have discovered a better method, founded upon a knowledge of the lion's sense of decorum; they preferred to meet him naked, and Leo Africanus reported, somewhat sceptically, that if a woman did so the lion would "with crying and roaring cast his eyes upon the ground and so depart." The volume ends with a brightly-written description of the author's personal experiences when travelling in Morocco, which has perhaps too much the air of a magazine article to be quite in keeping with the solid and detailed information presented in the rest of this useful and elaborate volume. The numerous and excellent illustrations are an attractive feature.

BOSWELL ONCE MORE.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. Edited by AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, and Illustrated by Portraits selected by Ernest Radford. In six volumes. (Constable, 6s. 6d. per volume.)

The editions of Boswell increase apace; and, since "the immortal biography" is "a book which no gentleman's" (or, indeed, no moderately well-educated person's) "library should be without," it is well that the variety of the supply should keep pace with the demand. By this time, however, the biography, with all the possibilities it offers to the commentator, has probably been edited and re-edited as elaborately as human ingenuity can contrive, and nowadays the interest in a new edition is almost inevitably bibliographical rather than literary. It would be difficult, for example, to surpass Dr. Birkbeck Hill's encyclopædic recension for thoroughness, or Mr. Arnold Glover's for dainty convenience; and most other recent editions range, as it were, between these two, like men-at-arms in a goodly line, "tallest on the right, shortest on the left." So, when a new reprint of Boswell comes before us, we ask, naturally, what the publisher or printer rather than what the editor has done for it; and the rivalry of the booksellers in respect of this particular book is now almost exclusively a rivalry of form and decoration.

This consideration, indeed, is particularly true of the handsomely bound edition which Messrs. Constable are now engaged in producing; for in this case both the notes and the introduction, for which Mr. Birrell is responsible, have, if we mistake not, appeared in an earlier reprint issued by the same house some few years ago. Indeed, it seems that the same plates have been used for printing both editions, and the result is not altogether satisfactory, for the page of type designed for the smaller edition is not in very happy proportion with the wider margin now employed. The result is that the typography looks too delicate for the volume, and there is a loss of that harmony between external and internal decoration which is the high-water mark of artistic manufacture.

The new edition, however, is far from being a mere replica of the old, for it contains a very interesting and well-conceived novelty in the shape of an exhaustive series of portraits, upon which, since they form the principal feature of the edition, a good deal of thought has been very properly bestowed. Mr. Birrell has selected a series of portraits which are

commentary upon the passage they reinforce. We are, however, to a certain lack of confidence in the fact that Mr. Radford seems to us to have performed the task of his undertaking.

The preface which he supplies is couched in the same style altogether. It is partly marred by an affectation of being quite out of keeping with its surroundings, a sort of functionless slovenliness of arrangement which is due to a nonchalance and flippancy to a task in which there is no possible room for the display of such follies, from saying that a share of wit and humour is "in keeping with the atmosphere of Boswell"; humour, in the sense of the original. But literary affectation seems a violence to the occasion, and both of these are Mr. Radford's notes.

This, for instance, is what we mean by trivial style:—

The Johnsonian of whom I pretend to know is an imaginary creature, knowing so little of art that he can be a considerable tract of uncultivated land on the estate; and now that his hero's life is about to be illustrated with portraits, it may seem that the time has arrived for giving a little at least.

Or again this:—

Though it may not have been easy, the fact that he was enabled to do so, enabled Mr. Leask to suppress signs of his mirth; and the consequence is that the result of its class and kind is one of the very best.

Each of these passages offends the taste in a different way, but none of them is conceived in a tone the least becoming to a Johnsonian commentator. Even more fantastical than these are Mr. Radford's little comments in the table of illustrations.

William Hogarth. 1697-1764.

National Portrait Gallery.

Thinks Johnson may be an idiot.

An entry like this is in the worst literary taste, not only otiose, but positively stupid. By such errors Mr. Radford detracts very seriously from a really valuable labour of research and selection.

Mr. Birrell's part in the edition is already well known to collectors of Boswelliana. He does not, perhaps, give a very ponderous view of the duties of an editor, but he has performed a congenial task with all his accuracy and grace. "When you know you must be content," he writes with his easy air of graceful concession, "the best course is to decline competition." And so he has adopted a no elaborate system of annotation, contenting himself with the best of Malone's notes, supplementing them with only a few, of his own, and confining his functions mainly to the provision of a characteristic and engaging introduction which, if, after the fashion of Boswell's essays, it does not penetrate very deeply into the life of his subject, is at least completely successful in arousing the interest of the reader, and in putting him in vein for the generous wit and wisdom which Boswell and Johnson have bequeathed to him. In short, Mr. Birrell lets his author speak for himself, standing modestly aside in the presence of a man whose literary quality no amount of commentary could enhance.

does not justice to the pains and judgment of the collector. A very little extra trouble would have prevented this; as it is success has been missed, as it were, by a hair's-breadth. This is a great pity, for the edition, of which the volumes are handsome and light to the hand, might have been made quite unique of its kind, whereas in its present form it seems to us much better in conception than in execution.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Josephine.

Mr. Frederick A. Ober's biography of JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH (Unwin, 7s. 6d. n.), is written in the style of a sentimental historical novel, which is by no means the best style available for the purposes of the biographer. The author appears to have had access to "family archives" which gave him an advantage over other biographers in dealing with Josephine's early life in Martinique; but they do not appear to have been a very rich mine to dig in, and the new matter is of little interest or importance. The general purpose of the book seems to be to whitewash the Empress; Mr. Ober's method of dealing with adverse evidence is the very simple one of saying that he does not believe it—not a very effective method when evidence is strong. Nor does he present that adverse evidence with the impartiality proper to an historian. His great concern is to discredit the legend that the wife of Napoleon was the cast-off mistress of Barras, and that Napoleon got the Italian command as a reward for marrying her; and he imagines himself to have disposed of the story by quoting Carnot's statement that it was he, and not Barras, who proposed Napoleon for the appointment. But this statement, even if true, really proves very little. Even if Carnot proposed the appointment, its confirmation may very well have depended upon the good will of Barras; and if Napoleon and Josephine believed in the influence of Barras, our opinion of their conduct can hardly be affected by the discovery that Barras imposed upon them. Nor is it fair to represent that the case against Josephine rests solely upon the gossip of jealous women. It also rests upon very circumstantial statements made by Barras himself in his recently published memoirs. The whole book, however, is written in the tone of the special pleader, as witness the statement that, in associating with the murderers of her husband and her friends, Josephine "merely accepted the inevitable." There was nothing whatever inevitable about her conduct. She was perfectly free to go back to her mother in Martinique if she chose. As a matter of fact, she was a woman with a singular lack of sensitiveness, as Napoleon soon discovered, and as his letters to her bear ample witness.

Travel in the First Century.

The subject of TRAVEL IN THE FIRST CENTURY (Cambridge University Press, 5s.) is an attractive one, though it undoubtedly loses somewhat in special interest when we remember that travel in the eighteenth century was very similar to travel in the first century; if anything it was a little less convenient. Horace and Dr. Johnson made their journeys in similar fashion, save that the former had the advantage of good roads. As a clever writer has remarked, Trajan and Peel took the same number of hours to travel from Rome to London. Miss Caroline Skeel has, so far as the limits of an essay allow, gathered together in this volume, which was written for the Gibson Prize at Girton, the chief

on the few references which can be found to riding on a horse. In addition to the one or two which she quotes we have Pliny's remarks (Epp., l., xvii.) about the way to the Laurentian villa, which show that journeys on horseback were uncommon whenever the route lay out of the main roads.

Grasses.

Professor Marshall Ward, of Cambridge, has written (Cambridge University Press, 6s.) "In the hope" that he may find in fields and on hill-sides as well as in laboratory specimens of our ordinary grasses in the hand. It is a book of our common native species of grasses, so arranged that readers may learn how to examine and understand the parts of "these remarkable plants," with plenty of statements about the biology and physiological peculiarities of grasses. The scheme of the book is clear and compact, somewhat reminding a critic of that of the best flora of France, but full of original touches, such as we have expected from Professor Ward. Two chapters are devoted to preliminary information about the vegetative organs of grasses, then the author supplies a list of grasses classified according to their vegetative characters.

A chapter of information about the anatomy and life of grasses is followed by a list of grasses classified according to the anatomical characters of the leaf (readers should early notice the descriptions of two *glyceria* and *fluviatilis*); a well-illustrated disquisition upon grass flowers introduces a catalogue of grasses grouped according to their "flowers and inflorescences," (which will fascinate young botanist who takes the book out of doors to living specimens); and after information about the "seeds" we have a synopsis of grasses classified according to their grains. A useful "bibliography," from which of Babington need not have been omitted, precedes the best indices ever issued with a small English scientific book in many respects a model botanical handbook.

Science.

In old time the great Cathedrals were led to develop their own "uses." In the same way it is in our own day more and more the custom for the principal seats of learning to evolve their own laboratory courses, to which only special books are appropriate. Nay more, by the issue of LABORATORY EXERCISES IN PRACTICAL PHYSICS (Cambridge University Press, 4s.) Drs. A. Schuster and C. H. Lees, of Owens College, have shown that, in one and the same institution, a difference of opinion may bring about radical changes, even in a few years. The predecessors, Prof. Halfour Stewart and Mr. Haldane G. Crease, have a series of which, unfortunately, the volumes on Light and Heat have not yet appeared, but which in general scope are superior to anything of the kind attempted either before or since. But its very comprehensiveness detracts from its value for certain purposes, and the modern tendency to specialization leads, however undesirably, to a reduction of books addressed to candidates for a degree, in this case that of B.Sc. at the Victoria University. Within the limits assigned, however, this is an admirable both in design and execution, and in accordance with their unwritten motto "Be ye diligent in correcting." The authors impress upon the student the most important tasks. Another feature of the book is the comparative number of experiments which have to be gone through in the sequence of the special purpose of the book just referred to.

expressly disavow any attempt at completeness it is not possible to find fault with them for leaving gaps here and there, provided that these are not of vital consequence. A few trifling printer's errors have escaped notice in the revision, and the punctuation marks have, for the most part, been allowed to take care of themselves.

The third instalment of Huxley's collected papers, *THE SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY*, VOL. III. (Macmillan, 30s. n.), covers the period 1861-1872. In some ways it is the most important part of his career. It includes the work of his ripest years, before the burden of official responsibility and ill-health had begun to weigh on him too heavily. Here are to be found his papers on the classification of birds; the mutual affinities of dinosaurs, birds, and reptiles; the methods and uses of ethnology; and the relations of the organisms of yeast and mould (*Penicillium*, *Torula*, and *Bacterium*), besides addresses to learned societies, which may even now be perused with pleasure and profit. The entire list extends to thirty-eight separate headings, and in all of them may be discerned his keen powers of observation, his swift critical and logical acumen, and his lucidity of exposition. At an early period he confessed to Sir H. de la Beche that "he did not care for fossils." When Palaeontology began to be looked upon less as the handmaid than the nurse of the theory of evolution his change of attitude was very striking. From this time forward Huxley gradually drifted away from his physiological studies, and became more and more absorbed in the grand generalisations opened out by the "Origin of Species." Of special interest to him were the problems of avian and reptilian morphology presented by the still-surviving *Ratite* and the extinct forms *Archæopteryx* and *Compsognathus* on the one hand, and the dinosaurs with their peculiar affinities on the other. Ultimately he was led to unite the two classes in one province—*Sauropsida*—just as fishes and amphibians fell into the province *Ichthyopsida*. Another demonstration of the highest interest to all evolutionists was the genealogy of the *Equide*, traceable through Marsh's discoveries from Eocene to modern times in a continuous chain, though the linking of the early and final forms would have been deemed audacious in the extreme had it rested on conjecture only. Yet Huxley never allowed judgment to wait upon enthusiasm, and his care to avoid overstepping the bounds of legitimate inference is well shown by his coinage of the word *homotaxia* to express the similarity of arrangement of strata in detached or widely separated areas, without implying that layers in which even the closest parallelism can be traced are necessarily contemporaneous in date. Many of the papers furnish food for reflection, but it may be remarked that these on ethnology do not, either by their number or the nature of their contents, represent the full value of Huxley's services to that science. With the year 1870 a turning point in his career is reached when, as president or officer of this or that society, or as a member of the London School Board, or of a commission of one kind or another, his energies were directed into other channels, during such intervals of decent health as an overworked system allowed him to enjoy. Two years of this period are covered in the present volume; the remainder will be dealt with in the final volume now in course of preparation.

New College.

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, by H. Rashdall and R. S. Rait, M.A. (College Histories Series) (F. E. Holkinson, 5s.),

at any rate to Walter de Merton and William of Wykeham, that life had greater affinity to Scotch than to English studies of to-day. The Universities, as Dr. Rashdall says, were originally "great guilds or autonomous corporations of teachers, in the south of England, gradually acquired legal status and privileges, endowments. The College system introduced the University system. A College was only a way of supporting students who were attending the University. That in course of time the shadow of the University was due partly to their *esprit de corps*, but still more to the system introduced, as Dr. Rashdall claims, by William of Wykeham and destined "to revolutionize Oxford education by the teaching of the University Regents (i.e., Masters) still called *Magistri Regentes* in the Latin form of Convocation) and practically to transform the University into a federation of educationally independent and isolated Colleges. But Dr. Rashdall is probably right in holding that the College founders had no conscious intention or purpose of effecting a change. Wykeham, for example, was not an educational reformer that he is sometimes credited with. His immediate design, as specified in his foundation charter, was to remedy the falling off in the number of students which drew them to other avocations, and the lack of discipline which led to "Idleness and frivolous vanities"; the educational idea being "an increased appreciation of sound grammatical teaching." But the two nobles by which the "sole and munificent founder of the Winton Colleges" sought to carry out the scheme of his own time, have after many vicissitudes of which they became instances of the very able and intended to cure, well justified his care and liberal story of those vicissitudes through the Reformation, the Revolution and the Restoration, the death of the eighteenth century, and the awakening life of the nineteenth, we must refer the reader to the picturesque pages of Dr. Rashdall. The four notary, clerk of the works, architect, Royal High School, pluralist, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord High Treasurer of England played a leading part in English life from the founding of Winchester and New College *exigit perennius*.

SOME FAVOURITE BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS. *Shaylar* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), is a neatly printed book by an author who has published one or two other books of the same kind. It is designed mainly for the "general reader" to learn more than he generally knows of the sound of which is familiar to him, to "put to further study of the great classics by a short writer, and an extract or two from their writings to gratulate Mr. Shaylar on his selection, which is judicious.

Those who like small talk about "royalties" care whether it is well substantiated or not will unhesitatingly shoulder to shoulder and form a public for E. M. C. (The Oxford of Mrs. Clara Tschudi's *ELIZABETH EMERSON* (Sonnenstein, 7s. 6d.). The writer makes no pretence of any first-hand knowledge of her subject; and it is

War." This introduction points out that several of our disasters in the early stages of the Boer campaign resulted from the violation of one or another of these maxims. The moral is, that it is necessary for soldiers to be clever as well as brave, and studious as well as clever, not only remembering the maxims but knowing the military history which illustrates them. A good deal of this history, with hints for further researches, will be found in the notes appended to the maxims.

Canon Twells has some claim to our remembrance as a hymn-writer, if only as the author of "At even, ere the sun was set," which is certainly one of the most popular hymns in the language. He was also a thoughtful preacher, who had ideas of his own on the subject of sermon writing, and expounded them in an interesting little book called "Colloquies on Preaching." But the MEMOIR OF HENRY TWELLS, which was the last work of the late Dean of Peterborough (Wells Gardner, Darton, Gs.) contains a great deal of matter—chiefly letters in verse—which would have been better omitted. Canon Twells had a remarkable facility in rhyme; he could turn out friendly letters in this medium with singular ease, and no doubt they were very welcome to the recipients, but they are certainly not worth reprinting, and they rather tend to give a false picture of the man. It is interesting to note that the subject of this memoir was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, under Dr. Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, where he had as schoolfellows such future dignitaries of the Church as Benson, Lightfoot, and Westcott. He was for some years a Proctor in Convocation for the Peterborough Diocese, and he founded and endowed the Church of St. Augustine's at Bournemouth.

It seemed doubtful, at a first glance, whether the papers brought together by Mr. Richard A. Armstrong under the title of MAKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Unwin, 3s. 6d. n.) were to be regarded as lectures or as sermons. Reading a few paragraphs aloud, and fancying that we heard a sound as of the thumping of a hollow tub, we gathered that they belonged to the latter category. The presumption is, however, that the bulk of the congregation which listened to them was very imperfectly educated, and it is not unlikely that they set that congregation thinking, and even induced some members of it to read the works of Darwin, Matthew Arnold, Ibsen, Newman, and Martineau. In that case they served a useful purpose. There are not wanting indications that Mr. Armstrong could do better work (from the literary critic's point of view) out of the pulpit than in it.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN INGELOW (Wells Gardner, Darton, 3s. 6d.) is an anonymous book raising by its title expectations which the contents do not fulfil. The earlier chapters merely give conjectural gush about Jean Ingelow's childhood. The later reminiscences are rarely personal, and mainly trivial. We read, for instance, that "two of her fellow pupils of whom she sometimes spoke were the Misses Rogers, beautiful girls of good family in Lincolnshire, both of whom died young." And that is all. With that idle remark the Misses Rogers, whoever they may have been, pass and are no more heard of. We are told again that Jean Ingelow had many admirers, but we are not told so much as the name of any one of them. The most interesting story in the book is that, when Tennyson met Jean Ingelow, he exclaimed: "I declare you do the trick better than I do." But this is really the only interesting story that the book contains. Closing the volume we feel that the life of Jean Ingelow remains to be written, and ought to be written, and that Mr. Mackenzie Bell, whom the anonymous author frequently quotes, would probably write it as well as any one.

FICTION.

"Back to the Army Again."

All of the many different kinds of novel readers LOVE AND HIS MASK (Heinemann, 6s.), by Méné Mur (Mrs. Henry Norman). It is a book that skilfully the more interesting points of a war story, the intimacy of the now popular love-letters, the joys of an aristocrat, the consideration of the subtleties of a woman's heart, the delineation of the conventional, straightforward, no less, necessary mind of man. The simple hero who attracts the beautiful woman, and widow, Mrs. Leslie unknown to her. It is Major-General the Hon. Basil Riddington, V.C., C.B., commanding the 6th Brigade, of those heroes a little more frequent in the fiction of lady novelists than in the rough-and-tumble of the continent of lost reputations. He has been in the war, has won his commission; he is a little over forty; he is well liked by the English men and women of his day. Leslie has reached the age when a woman knows she wants something, and knows also that he will never understand, or rather he will always misunderstand, what it is that she wants, she had ruled him out of the sum altogether. What she could never be had, she argued, from any man if she knew so she had decided to secure it to herself by not knowing. The idea, though a new and unused idea, was, in its simplicity. She had ruled him out, but she had carefully the man who was to be her *quantité négligable*. Basil Riddington is the man for her purpose; to him, unknown and unknown, she writes her secret meaning. That no one shall know is a rule that she strictly observes; a typewriter and other mechanical attributes help to this end. "Secrets," says the author, "are commonly supposed to be difficult to keep; for especially so. This is really because most people are very hearted in their desire to keep secrets—again, women particularly so. It may not be good for her to do so, but a woman can keep a secret, even as the marble conceals the secret of legend—through a hundred years." Although we personally know any lady who has kept a secret for a hundred years, the fact that a woman can be close if there be a personal need for it has been proved often enough. Leslie is a secret—she is a most delightful woman, simple as a child, and believing herself to be remarkably complex—but her stances are against her and, as the story develops, this is apparent. Toby Tollenache and Basil Riddington, who at first appear to have equal chances for the hand of Leslie, are "ruled out" man, are the pleasantest of fellows. The characters of the book interest us at once and hold us out; the story is a refreshment from the beginning to the end. We like it better than Mrs. Norman's previous novels, in this opinion we shall, we believe, find ourselves in agreement with the general public. "Love and his Mask" will be one of the most popular novels of the autumn season.

Mrs. Voynich.

Mrs. Voynich fully demonstrated her power in "Gadfly," but, not content with the victories that volume won for her, she has, in JACK RAYMOND (Heinemann, 6s.), chosen an almost impossible subject, determined, as it would appear, to show us that in the most difficult circumstances her talent could command our admiration. There is hardly anything

boy and his mother bring new light and love into the soul of Jack. The narration of his devotion makes an extremely unconventional book in which extraordinary insight is blurred by lack of external information, happy inspiration marred by what appears to be purposes foreign to art. There are drama and sympathy in the book, but Jack Raymond remains not quite articulate and real. He is of the kind of subjective character that clever lady novelists create to further their own usually altruistic or reformatory ends. Such novelists as Onida, Livingston Prescott, and Olive Schreiner have produced this kind of man and very effective and heartrending he is—but is it art? Mrs. Voynich is so bold, so cunning, so alert in her work that one is inclined to beg her to consider the question. If the early part of the book is intended by its moral to ameliorate the condition of youth this inverted idealism will militate against so admirable a purpose. To overstate a case is not the way to win it. If on the other hand the opening of the story is intended as a prelude to a work of art, it lacks the spirit of beauty. Judged by the highest standard, the only one suitable for any writing of this clever lady, "Jack Raymond" is unsatisfactory. It is an unpleasant essay in a direction that is most difficult to all who take the profession of novelist seriously. Its unconventionality is not atoned for by its undoubted sincerity.

Mr. Richard Marsh.

Mr. Richard Marsh is acquiring a reputation as a weaver of mysteries, and as a prolific writer who may generally be trusted not to waste too much time in beating about the bush. In *MRS. MUSGRAVE AND HER HUSBAND* (John Long, 3s. 6d.) he secures for us a plentiful crop of murder and suicide, and manages by this simple device to give his story a flip when ever it shows signs of becoming dull. To do him justice, the interest is sustained well enough (it is a short story, and there are five violent deaths in it), but the main features of the tale can scarcely be called pleasant. There is cleverness displayed in the construction, although suicide is always a poor way out of an *impasse*, and the scene culminating in the murder in a railway carriage is not badly done. It was presumably for the sake of heightening the agony that Mr. Marsh chose to pile these horrors upon the unfortunate heads of a newly-married pair. They appear an amiable couple, and we are sorry for their troubles, but this sort of direct appeal for pity is apt to overshoot its mark. Mr. Richard Marsh is of the forcible school, and his reasoning is scattered with too generous a hand. Fortunately for him there are plenty of people who like a high flavour.

Some of the same author's stories in *BOTH SIDES OF THE VEIL* (Methuen, 6s.) are also exciting enough. They are a curiously mixed collection, however, and not a few, especially towards the end, are weak and dull. It may be that the arrangement is faulty. Mr. Marsh has never been remarkable for his attention to detail—his proofs, for example, are more carelessly revised than those of any author we remember—and he begins this volume with so startling a pair of stories that such quiet interludes as "The Match of the Season" and "A Rubber or Two" strike the reader as somewhat commonplace. Two or three of the stories are connected with spiritualism, which gives the author an opportunity for a title and for a rather attractive cover.

American-Historical.

The purveyors of historical romance are having a great

while Colonel George Rogers Clark and his sub-finest of fine fellows. Alice Roussillon, too, is something out of the common. But the writing once careless and clumsy. No doubt this is of 19 in these days. America demands historical publishers know how to push a story that popularity; and the author can readily console own phrase) with "the beatitude of him whose are latest." We do not imagine that his book remarkable popularity in England.

Court Dress.

PRINCE CHARMING, by "Rita" (Sands), pretty little fantasy indeed. There is plenty of Court flattery, and tinsel compliment, but with of sound principles concealed in the background in Anthony Hope's earlier vein, when he books as "The Heart of Princess Osra," and at the most serious parts, anything but good experiences of the unknown Prince in Eri author's fanciful name for Hibernia) make episode as could be wished. "Rita" has most of her sex, and she has also vivacity and pleasant talent for handling conversation. She correct her proofs more carefully, or employ in duty off her shoulders. But in all essentials the book of its kind.

MY HEART AND LUTE, by A. St. Laure Stoughton, 6s.), would not be a bad story dialogue, which is like nothing either human or Lord Rodwell is asked, "Have you ever in replies "Never, 'pon my honour. Delighted, you know?" On another occasion he greets "Ah! Lady Wentworth, delighted to come. It is a trick of certain writers to fall back on the you know?" when they wish to suggest inanely it—not in the characters alone, but in the whole

MR. LEOPOLD LUGWELL: HIS BIRTH AND Philip Sterne (Blackwood, 6s.), deals with a chiefly unpleasant, in a manner that is decidedly except for some rather tedious conversation laboured repartee. Mr. Leopold Lugwell little than he does anywhere else. In fact, he all into the story, which plays round the character and mother, a strangely assorted couple of unflings. The book is a trifle long-winded, but quite

It is remarkable that, no matter how bad can generally muster opposite its title-page a noticeless, if not of itself at least of some of the author. *THE CHARM OF LIFE* (Griffiths, 3s. author of "An Episode at Schmeks," and this work appears to have been regarded with indifference by the reviewers. We fear that the most courteous gentlemen will scarcely mete out the same anonymous writer's last novel, which is a work indeed. The main idea of the story is sentimental; it is told with portentous dulness patches of (unintentionally) comic melodrama writing the less said the better.

DEARS, by Ethel Watts Mumford (Putnam,

September 21, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

LIBRARY NOTES.

In last week's *Literature* we gave a select bibliography of Alfred the Great. The Manchester Public Libraries have now issued a special list of works which more than ever shows what a great contribution has recently been made to our knowledge of Alfred. The list is divided into sections on the life, writings, kingdom, fleet, and general history of the king, and is excellently annotated. A certain number of volumes appear to have been dragged in, but the list should provide an admirable basis to work upon.

"The Library Association Year Book" for 1901 reproduces most of the annual features which render it of use to those interested in libraries. Under the head of examinations and classes are printed the questions set at the professional examination. Last year we commented unfavourably upon the questions, which were mostly quite out of the region of practical librarianship. The present papers are of far greater utility. They demand knowledge of importance to any librarian, and are of a kind to encourage the aspirant for a certificate. Some, however, presuppose too great critical faculty on the part of the examinee, who is asked to state at length matters of opinion rather than of fact.

Petty thefts constitute a well-known annoyance to the librarian. The offence is often so needless in kind that it is arguable whether it is not the result of some kleptomanic tendency. From a certain Church paper in a London library the Sunday-school lessons have been weekly "commandeered." After all a kleptomanic may be of some service in a library. The harm often done to the reference department by the acceptance of worthless gifts was referred to in a paper read at the Plymouth Conference of Librarians. Let librarians who suffer from depredations place a few open shelves in the news-room and on them their unwished-for gifts, surmounted, if necessary, by a card, "Please take one." It is conceivable that the book and paper thief might be moved to repentance.

Mr. G. K. Fortescue's presidential address to the Library Association has drawn attention to the abortive catalogue of the British Museum in 1841, of which only letter A was published. On a vote of over £21,000 for the Museum Sir Robert Peel was asked when the catalogue would be completed and printed. He replied, "Owing to the assiduity of persons entrusted with the preparation of the catalogue it is now nearly in a complete state, and will soon be available to the general readers . . . I may state that the catalogue will be printed by the 31st December, 1844." Rarely are such precise Ministerial assurances so wide apart from actuality.

The Librarian of the South African Public Library, Cape Town, writes to us as follows:—

I have not seen the article in the *London Argus* of June 21st dealing with Public Libraries at the Cape, to which you refer in your issue of July 6th, but I hope it is not so misleading as your extract would lead one to suppose. The writer has evidently obtained a "general abstract of returns from all libraries" for the year 1899, which cannot be relied upon for statistical accuracy when required for librarians' purposes. Had the writer turned to the balance sheets and reports of the various institutions he would have learned that the sum of £2,325 was the grant to this library for a year and a-half, and that the income given as £3,792 was a total containing amongst other things the balance brought forward from last year. The general abstract of returns only contains such information as is asked for by the Colonial Government. For other not less interesting matter we have to consult the reports themselves. I cannot tell whether the writer made clear that there is no free library in South Africa such as there is in England for that matter.

Correspondence.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the course of his thoughtful article on Morris, which appears in your issue of the 14th, Wallace L. Crowley quotes the words "fully conscious position in English letters, and regarding Mr. Swinburne his only equal among living poets" which form a description by me of Morris (that occurs in an article published in the *Fortnightly Review* for November), then adds, "we doubt whether the author of 'The Paradise' ever considered himself in comparison with Swinburne."

Perhaps I may be permitted to mention that in years that elapsed between the death of Tennyson and Morris' own death in 1896, the remark to which Mr. Morris was justified fully by Morris' conversational presence; though concerning the claims as a poet of his long friend Mr. Swinburne, Morris spoke always with the characteristic force of eloquent persuasiveness as to least one of his auditors feel that it is only the really who can judge adequately of a supreme poet.

I am, &c., MACKENZIE

London, Sept. 17.

LITERARY EARNINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With respect to your remarks, published in issue of last week, touching the question of remunerative journalistic work, will you kindly allow me to make a comment? While a thousand words or so can be written in an hour or thereabouts, the information itself may be the cost of years, or perhaps considerable expense has been incurred in obtaining the information, irrespective of the time and money expended. This remark is, of course, an obvious one, considering the prospects of journalism as a "profession." Important matter of expenses must never be lost sight of. Taking into account the cost of obtaining the material, the time and trouble expended, the remuneration received is frequently by no means excessive, to say the least.

Yours respectfully,

September 15, 1901.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS A WRITER.

President Roosevelt's first book was his history of the Naval War of 1812, published in 1882, when he was twenty-four years old. His next contribution to literature, curiously enough, will be another study of the same subject, to occupy the first place in the sixth volume of Mr. Laird's history of the Royal Navy, which Messrs. Sampson Low are about to publish. When it was first announced that Clowes had invited both Captain Mahan and Mr. Roosevelt to assist him in his work, a New York literary journal commented that at last English readers would be told the whole

Powell and Selous in England, his books are extremely popular—especially his hunting books. His "Naval War of 1812," too, is in its eighth edition, and his history of "The Winning of the West," in four volumes, appears both in the library and cheap editions, while a volume of "Episodes" from the same work—useful for the American student rather than the general reader—came out not long ago. The President publishes his books with several firms, including Messrs. Scribner and the Century Company, but mainly with Messrs. Putnam. They issue all the works just mentioned, as well as his "American Ideals and Other Essays, Social and Personal," which is of special interest at the present moment. He also contributed the volume on New York to Messrs. Longman's "Historic Towns Series." His latest book is his "Oliver Cromwell" (Constable), the special interest of which—as Mr. Frederic Harrison remarked at the time—lies in the fact the author has opportunities for judging the career of the Protector "from a practical experience such as none of the previous biographers (and hardly Mr. Morley himself) have possessed." The following is a list of the President's principal publications: "The Naval War of 1812," 1882; "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," 1885; "Life of Thomas Hart Benton," 1886; "Life of Gouverneur Morris," 1887; "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," 1888; "The Winning of the West," 1889-95; "New York," 1891; "The Wilderness Hunter," 1893; "American Ideals," 1898; "The Rough Riders," 1899; "Oliver Cromwell," 1900. He is to be part author of the Deer Family in "The American Sportsman's Library" (Macmillans).

The first of Messrs. J. M. Dent's new season's children's books will be a new edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," edited by Marian Edwards, with illustrations by R. Anning Bell. They have a new series of little books for young children, entitled "The Bairn Books," to be opened with "A Farm Book" and "A Book of Days," illustrated by Charles Robinson. The same publishers, with their usual enterprise in embarking on series of reprints, announce "The Cloister Library," a new series to contain a selection of works of a meditative character. The first volume will contain Sir Arthur Helps' "Cloister and the Crowd" and "Companions of my Solitude." This will be followed by St. Teresa's "Way of Perfection," with a prefatory note by Dr. Alexander Whyte; and other volumes will be Crashaw's Poems, Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," the Letters of St. Francis of Sales, Herbert's "Temple," the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and selections from Dora Greenwell's Writings.

"Scottish Men of Letters of the Eighteenth Century" is a volume which Messrs. A. and C. Black have in preparation, by the Rev. Henry Grey Graham, whose "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century" has just reached its third (revised) edition. It refers also to Women of Letters to whom Scotland is indebted, such as Mrs. Cockburn, Lady Anne Barnard, Lady Nairn, and others. Messrs. Black also have an illustrated volume of travel in the South Seas, entitled "Sunshine and Surf," written by Douglas B. Hall and Lord Albert Osborne; and "Human Nature and Morals, According to Auguste Comte," with notes illustrative of the principles of Positivism, by Dr. John Kells Ingram.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish this autumn Mr. P. E. Newberry's "Foreign Tributaries of Thothmes III.," his second memoir on the great tomb of Rekhamara at Thebes, and also an "Introduction to the Study of Egyptian Scarabs" by the same author, illustrated by over a thousand specimens. Messrs. Constable will also shortly have ready "English Coronation Records," edited by Leopold G. Wickham Legg, with many illustrations, and a long note on the

J. Guthrie, sometime editor of "The Elf," viz. of Edgar Allan Poe," in six quarterly parts, printed in eighteenth century manner, and the first three "Brownie Series," little square volumes in "The Rainbow Garden," from the same volume of stories and drawings by Miss Grant, niece of Charles Kingsley.

The fresh items in the new list of books in the Clarendon Press include "The Lay of Havelok edited by Dr. Skeat; Volume IV. (Latin Works) Complete Works of John Gower," edited by G. "The Works of John Lyly," edited by R. "The Troubadours of Dante," by H. J. Chayl German Prose Composition," by E. Ehrke; "spondence of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex," man; "The Welsh Wars of Edward the First," b "The Memoirs of Bishop Burnet," derived from Harl. MS. 6584, Bodleian Add. MSS. D. edited with Notes and a Prefatory Essay on History, by Miss H. F. Foxcroft; "Εραγιστή: J. Cook Wilson, M.A.; "Selections from Platonists," edited by E. T. Campagnie, M.A.

"Dragons of the Air," by Prof. H. G. (from Messrs. Methuen), is a popular history of t able flying animals which ever lived.

"Mastersingers: Appreciations of Music a is the title of a new musical book to be publis by Mr. William Reeves, including an Essay on The author is Mr. Filson Young.

Messrs. Dent inform us that the co-operati Hazlitt, grandson of the critic, has been obtaine coming edition of Hazlitt, and he has put at th store of portraits.

THEOLOGICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.—MESSRS. S publishing among other religious works: "O and Modern Ritualism," by the Rev. F. Meyrie firmation and Communion of Infants and Young the Rev. H. Holloway, with a preface by Vis "A Thousand Things to say in Sermons," by the I Corbett; "Religious and Social Work amongst C Lucy Freeman; a new volume of sermons for S Canon Skrine; "The Coronation Service," incl and order of the service as used at the Coron Victoria, by the Rev. J. H. Pemberton; and la "Sermons for the Coronation," by various preac a selection of Coronation hymns and tunes, incl verse for the National Anthem.

Apart from the new work by Dr. Spence on "Ea and Paganism" already referred to in *Liter Cassell* announce an important volume on "The of the Redeemer," by various writers, including Gloucester, Dr. Lefroy, Dr. Crosswell Donne, Bis U.S.A., and Principal Fairbairn. They are als newly-illustrated edition of the "Child's Bible also be issued in twelve monthly parts, beginning

Messrs. Macmillan's announcements for their logical Library are:—"The Brahmo Samaj an in their Bearing upon Christianity: A Study in I by Frank Lillingston, M.A., Lecturer in Heb History at Selwyn College, Cambridge; "H sinistical Polity," Book V., edited by the Rev. "Land's Controversy with Fisher," edited by Simpkinson; "Sermons," by the Rev. H. C. B Earliest Gospel: A Historico-Critical Commenta According to St. Mark," by Professor Allan Luke the Prophet," by Dr. Edward Cairns Selwy Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the I. Hubean Lectures for 1900-1 by the Preside College, Cambridge; while from America, in the "The Great Middle Ages," the same firm, are, am

the same press—the new edition of “*Nova Legenda Anglie*,” in two volumes, re-edited by Dr. Carl Horstman. The text is based on the printed edition of Wynkyn de Worde (1510), and includes much fresh material. The first part of Dr. Stockoe’s “*Manual of the Four Gospels*” will also be published shortly.

Messrs. Methuen announce “*An Old Testament History*,” by Dr. G. W. Wade, Tutor at Lampeter College. The next volume in their Library of Devotion will be “*The Song of Songs*,” being a volume of selections from St. Bernard, edited by Mr. B. Blackland.

On October 11 Messrs. Methuen will publish Dr. A. Robertson’s “*Regnum Dei*”—the Hampton Lectures of 1901, reviewing historically the main interpretations of the teaching of Christ. Next month they will issue a life of Bishop Butler by the Rev. W. A. Spooner in their series of “*Leaders of Religion*.”

Messrs. A. and C. Black announce “*A Historic View of the New Testament*,” by Dr. Percy Gardner—a volume containing the lectures delivered by the author on the new Lowell foundation in London. The views set forth by the writer are the same as those maintained in his “*Exploratio Evangelica*,” of which these lectures may be regarded as a summary adapted for more general circulation. The same publishers are preparing a new life of Christ (“*The Story of Stories*”), written for children by the Rev. R. C. Gillie, and illustrated by famous pictures.

The next volume of Messrs. Putnam’s “*International Handbooks to the New Testament*” will be Dr. Orello Cone’s work on the “*Epistles to the Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, and Philomen, the Pastoral Epistles, the Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude*,” with a sketch of the Canon of the New Testament. Other theological books from Messrs. Putnam include “*The Christ Ideal*,” by Horatio W. Dresser; “*The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth*,” by the Rev. Henry Frank; and “*The Passing and the Permanent in Religion*,” by Dr. Minot Savage, author of “*Life Beyond Death*.”

Books to look out for at once.

“*The Edinburgh Folio Shakespeare*,” Part I. Edited by W. E. Henley, Grant Richards.

The first part of the new Shakespeare, printed at Edinburgh by Messrs. Constable. The cost of each part (there are to be forty parts altogether, pagod to make ten volumes) is 5s. n., but the work is sold only in complete sets.]

“*Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.: A Study and a Biography*,” By A. S. Baldry. Bell and Son. 23 3s. n.

With Photogravure Plates, &c., and Binding designed by Professor Herkomer.]

“*Arts Under Arms: An University Man in Khaki*,” By Maurice Fitzgibbon, Moderator in Classics, Trinity College, Dublin, late of Forty-fifth Company (Irish Hunt Contingent) Imperial Yeomanry. Illustrated. Longmans. 3s. n.

“*Pictures of War*,” By John Stuart. Constable. 7s. 6d. [A Boer War Book. Maps and Plans.]

“*Glories of Spain*,” By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. Macmillan. Illustrated.

“*The Spanish Settlements within the Present Lines of the United States, 1513-1561*,” By Woodbury Lowery. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

“*Old Dutch Towns and Villages of the Zuider Zee*,” By W. J. Tuin and J. G. Veldheer. Illustrated. Fisher Unwin. 21s.

“*With the Flag at Sea*,” By Walter Wood. Constable. 6s. Illustrated by H. C. Soppings Wright.

“*The Last of the Masai*,” By Sidney Langford Hinde, H.M. Collector British East Africa Protectorate, and Hildegard Hinde. Illustrated. Heinemann. 15s.

“*Dragons of the Air*,” By Professor H. G. Seeley. Methuen. 6s. [A popular history of the extinct species of flying animals. Illus.]

“*Famous Violinists of To-day and Yesterday*” and “*Famous Pianists of To-day and Yesterday*,” By Henry C. Lahee. Putnam. 6s. each. Illustrated.

“*Owen Glyndwr, the National Hero of Wales*,” By Arthur G. Bradley. Putnam. 3s.

[“*Heroes of the Nations*” Series. Illustrated.]

“*Heroes of the Nineteenth Century*,” By G. Barnett Smith. Vol. [III]. Pearson. 5s.

“*From the Heart of the Rose: Letters on Things Natural, Things Serious*,”

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINT

ART.

FRANCESCO BAIROLINI Called *Francis*. *Great Masters in Painting and* By D. C. WILLIAMSON. 8-6½, 160 pp. Bell. 6s.

THE STUDY AND CRITICISM OF ITALIAN ART By H. BERNARD. 9-6½, 10s. 6d.

DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, Vol. IV. Roman. 12½ x 9½, 240 pp. Sampson Low. £2 2s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN INOULOW AND HER EARLY 7½ x 5, 160 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d.

[See Review, p. 283.]

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA The Philosopher Reformer of the First C. O. R. M. MEAD. 9½ x 6, 159 pp. The Theosophical Publishing Company.

THE QUEEN'S COMRADE. The Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of 3. By F. MOLLOY. Two vols. 8½ x 5½, 660 pp. Hutchinson. 15s. n.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY Supplementary 2s. By HENRY LEE. 9½ x 6½, 430+462 pp. Smith, Elder. 15s. each. [See Review, p. 227.]

THE CHILDHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA. MRS. GERALD GURNEY. 230 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

[Contains some unpublished correspondence between the Duchess and the Bishops of London and Lincoln and new matter relative to the Queen.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BEDTIME BOOK. By MRS. E. AMES. 8½ x 10, 103 pp. Grant Richards.

MOTHER HOLDA STORIES. By EDITH H. SCOTT. 7½ x 5, 160 pp. Allen.

HOW THE DREAMS CAME TRUE. By the Author of “*When the Sun Again*.” 7½ x 5, 192 pp. Religious Tract Society. 2s.

TREASON TRIUMPH. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. 7½ x 5, 192 pp. K. 7.

[A story of the struggles between master and men in the early days of.]

ANTHONY CRAGG'S TENANT. By AGNES GIBBERN. 7½ x 5, 206 pp.

[Cragg is a furniture dealer.]

MORE ABOUT PEGGY. By MRS. G. DE H. VAIZEY. 7½ x 5, 267 pp. R. 7.

EDUCATIONAL.

POEMS OF LONGFELLOW. (Black's Literature Series.) 6½ x 4½, 88 pp.

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES. 1307-1306. (Black's Series.) By N. L. FRAZER. 7 x 4½, 128 pp. Black. 2s. 6d.

JULIUS CÆSAR. (Black's School Shakespeare.) Ed. by L. W. LLOYD. 7-Black. 1s. n.

CÆSAR, GALLO-WAR I.-III. (Classical Texts.) Ed. by J. M. HARRISON. 171 pp. Blackwood. 1s. 6d.

JOHN RULL, His Origin and Character, and Other Papers on Education. By 7½ x 5, 76 pp. Allen. 6d. n.

FICTION.

THE ROMANCE OF A HILL STATION, and Other Stories. By V. VALENT 149 pp. Unwin. 2s. 6d.

[Short Stories of Anglo-Indian Society.]

UNPROFESSIONAL TALES. By NORMAN. 7½ x 5½, 240 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[Stories and Scenes partly from real life, partly fanciful.]

MY FANCY LED. By LESLIE KEITH. 8-5, 230 pp. H. Marshall. 3s. n.

[A modern English love story.]

THE TRIUMPH OF HILARY BLUCHLAND. By R. MITFORD. 7½, Chatin and Windus. 6s.

[A tale of the Mahabharata war.]

HERB OF GRACE. By ROWAN CAREY. 7½ x 5½, 484 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

MEMORY STREET. By MARTHA BAKER DENN. 7½ x 5½, 312 pp. Jarrod.

[A Story of New England life and character, by an American author.]

THE FOURTH ESTATE. By A. P. VAIZEY. Trans. by Rachel Chalk. 461 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[The scene is in Spain. The story contains the quarrels of two editors.]

YOUTH GOES A-MARKETING. By J. A. PEARCE. 7½ x 5½, 362 pp. All.

[Cornish mining.]

HEARTS IN REVOILT. By H. GILBERT. 7½ x 5½, 367 pp. Allen. 6s.

[Lower middle-class life in London in the early seventies depicting the young men against religion, loved by a girl who is torn by her love for the sense of religious duty.]

ONE OF THE RED SHIRTS. A Story of Garibaldi's men. By H. HAYES. 368 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

STEPHEN CALINAIL. By JULIAN STURGIS. 7½ x 5½, 371 pp. Constable.

[Some of the chapter headings are “In Summer Term,” “To the City,” “Start for Stamboul,” “In Fight and Fever,” “At a Political Meeting,” “Cathedral City.”]

DEBCLAVEL. By MARY E. PALGRAVE. 8-5½, 392 pp. Religious Tr.

3s. 6d. [England two hundred years ago.]

DAUNTLESS. By E. MARTIN. 7½ x 5½, 366 pp. Pearson. 1s.

[A story of the time of the Civil War.]

A STOLEN OPERA. By CHARLES DICKENS. 7½ x 5½, 397 pp. Pearson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO REMEMBER. By F. H. MILNE. 7½ x 5 270 pp. Warner. 2s. 6d.

[A clear and practical examination of the memory to help and its difficulties and of the proper use to be made of "Systems".]

CEREMONIES AND PRIESTHOODS OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF SALISBURY. Ed. by C. WORTHINGTON. 9 x 6, 287 pp. Cambridge University Press. 15s. n.

THE AMERICAN INVADERS Their Plans, Tactics, and Progress. By F. A. MCKENZIE. 8 x 4 158 pp. H. W. Hall. 6d.

[Lecture from the Daily Mail showing how America is wrestling from us our commercial supremacy.]

THE LIBRARY. Vol. I. New Series. Ed. by J. V. W. MACALISTER. 10 x 6 451 pp. Kegan Paul. 12s. n.

THE "GOTHENBURG" EXPERIMENTS AND PUBLISHED TRUSTS. By J. ROBERTSON and A. SHEPHERD. 8 x 5½, 176 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

[A detailed examination of the methods and results of the few experiments already made towards the elimination of private profit in public-house management, with summary of the conclusions arrived at in the authors' previous book, "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform." The information thus compactly given is indispensable to all interested in the question.]

A MOTLEY CREW. By Mrs. G. W. STEVENS. 7½ x 5½, 323 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[Recent scenes, observations, and attempts at play writing.]

THE CORONATION SERVICE ACCORDING TO THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By Rev. J. H. PEMBERTON. 7½ x 5, 60 pp. Shepperton. 2s. n.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER, 1346-1400. (Handbooks of English Literature.) By F. J. SNELL. 7 x 4½, 242 pp. Bell. 3s. 6d.

HANDBOOK OF PRACTICAL GARDENING. Vol. II. The Book of the Greenhouse. By J. C. TALLACK. 7½ x 6½, 103 pp. Lane. 2s. 6d. n.

FABLES AND FOLK-TALES FROM AN EASTERN FOREST. Collected and Translated by W. SKEAT. 8½ x 7, 98 pp. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

[Taken down from the lips of the Malay peasantry during the progress of the Cambridge Expedition of 1900.] With notes, index, map, and admirable illustrations by F. H. Townsend.]

POETRY.

POEMS. By R. MALLETT. 7½ x 5, 224 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. n.

ARROWS. By ALICE F. BERRY. 7½ x 5, 126 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.

PHILACADICA. By R. BRADON. 7½ x 5½, 120 pp. Nisbet. 2s. 6d.

TESTAMENTS. By JOHN DAVIDSON. No. II. The Testament of Man Forlorn. 2½ x 7, 20 pp. Grant Richards. 6d. n.

ALFRED THE GREAT. A Drama in Three Acts. By F. L. HILL. 7½ x 4½, 87 pp. Martin. 2s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS MOULLETT. Vol. XII.—Miscellaneous. Ed. by W. F. HENLEY. 9 x 4½, 482 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d. n.

DE QUINCEY'S CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER. Ed. by J. DOWNES. 7 x 4½, 333 pp. Black. 3s. 6d.

[Contains Professor Masson's notes, article on De Quincey from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and introduction and notes by the editor.]

SCENES FROM CLERICAL LIFE. By GEORGE ELIOT. 6 x 3½, 644 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

LOVE POEMS OF LANDOR (The Lovers' Library). 5½ x 3, 114 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

THE OPIUM OF JOHN KEATS. Illus. by R. A. Bell. 6 x 4½, 42 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d. n.

CASA GUIN WINNOWER. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Ed. by A. Mary Robinson. 6½ x 4½, 88 pp. Lane. 2s. n.

THE ETHICS OF FREE THOUGHT, and other Addresses. By K. PEARSON, F.R.S. 2nd Ed. Revised. 9½ x 6½, 421 pp. Black. 7s. 6d. n.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. An Illustrated Memorial of his Art and Life. By H. C. MARSH. 2nd Ed. 16 x 9, 171 pp. Bell. £2. 2s. n.

HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE. By OWEN REYNOLDS. New Ed. 7 x 4½, 100 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

SCIENCE.

USE INHERITANCE. Illustrated by Direction of Hair on the Bodies of Animals. By W. KIDD. M.D. 8½ x 5½, 47 pp. Black. 2s. 6d. n.

A TREATISE ON ZOOLOGY. Part IV. Ed. by E. RAY LANKESTER. 9½ x 6, 204 pp. Black. 15s. n.

THEOLOGY.

A THOUSAND THINGS TO SAY IN SERMONS. By Rev. F. ST. JOHN CORRETT. 7½ x 5, 240 pp. Shepperton. 5s.

ON THE PATH OF PROGRESS, or the National Church and a needed Forward Movement. By H. L. JACKSON. 8 x 5½, 96 pp. Black. 2s. 6d.

[Revised sermons appealing for a broader basis for Anglican thought and practice, sincere but not strikingly original.]

THE EARLIEST GOSPEL. A Historical Study of the Gospel According to St. Mark. By A. MENZIES D.D. 9 x 6, 205 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

THE ETHICS OF JUDAISM. Part I. By M. LAZARUS, Ph.D. Trans. by Henrietta Gould. 7½ x 5, 200 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

THE HEARTS OF MEN. By H. FIELDING. 9 x 6, 224 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d. n.

[The interest of this book which the author thought of calling "What is the meaning of Religion?" is largely autobiographical. Mr. Fielding has written many successful books about Burma and the East. As a boy he was impressed with the divorce between Christian doctrine and practice, and among the lonely hills of Burma he was led to reflect on the origins of religion. His main thesis is that creeds vary according to the religious instincts of different peoples, and he has much that is suggestive to say in comparing Christianity and Buddhism, and in discussing their psychological origins.]

BY THE RIVERS OF AFRICA. From Cape Town to Uganda. By ANNIE R. BOYLER.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House.

PROBLEM No. 233, by M. DONABELLI. Italy.

BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 13 pieces. White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 234, by K. FRIED.

BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 13 pieces. White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 235, by J. Schweser.—White K R 2; B at Q B 2 and K R 4; Kt at Q 4; pawn K 3. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R 4; Q at Q B 2 and K 2. White to play and win.

NOTES AND NEWS.—At the recent meeting of the Chess Association there was a suggestion of a tournament in Holland and London, and the proposal is now before the British C. C. Hertfordshire is one of the most active in the Association. It is suggested for the year next year, Mr. Pillsbury will enter tournaments, including Monte Carlo, Hanover, and is reported on good authority that he has a match with Lasker; but the match is evidently far away. A New South Wales championship tournament recently, leaders being J. K. Christenson and Mr. Christenson won the championship tournament of Arts Club.—Mr. A. F. Mackenzie (Jamaica) has won many prizes recently in problem competitions.

GAME No. C1.—Played by correspondence in two years:—

WHITE.		BLACK.		WHITE.	
F. England (Stockholm)		J. Fridlitz (Gothenburg)		F. England (Stockholm)	
1 P-Q 4		1 P-Q 4		28 Kt-Q 2	
2 Kt-K R 3		2 Kt-K R 3		29 Kt-K R 1	
3 P-K 3		3 P-K 3		30 Q-K 3	
4 P-Q Kt 3		4 P-K 3		31 Kt-Q 2	
5 B-Q 3		5 Kt-B 3		32 Kt-B 4 (c)	
6 R-Kt 2 (a)		6 B-Q 2		33 Q-K 2	
7 P-Q R 3		7 P-Q R 3		34 Kt-K 5	
8 Q-Kt Q 2		8 P-P		35 Kt-P 4	
9 P-P		9 B-Q 3		36 B-P 3	
10 Kt-K 6		10 Castles		37 Q-P 3	
11 P-K R 4		11 Kt-K 2		38 Q-K 1	
12 Q-K 2		12 Kt-K 4		39 R-K 7 (ch)	
13 Castles		13 P-B 3		40 P-Q 5	
14 Q-Kt-B 3 (b)		14 P-K Kt 3		41 P-Q 4	
15 Kt-B		15 Q-Kt		42 R-K R 4	
16 P-Kt 3		16 Kt-Kt 2		43 Q-K 3	
17 Kt-B-K 4		17 B-Kt 4		44 B-Kt	
18 P-B 4		18 B-B 3		45 P-B 6	
19 P-Q B 5		19 Q-R-K 4		46 P-Q 6	
20 P-Q Kt 4		20 B-H 2		47 Q-R 4	
21 P-Kt 5		21 Kt-Q 4		48 Q-Kt	
22 Q-Q H 2		22 Kt-B 4		49 K-Kt 4	
23 P-Q R 4		23 Q-R 4		50 Q-R 4	
24 P-R 4		24 B-Kt 2		51 Q-Q B 6	
25 Q-Kt 2		25 Q-K 2		52 Q-Kt 4	
26 R-K 2		26 Q-Q		53 Q-Q 5	
27 Q-R-K 4		27 K-H 2			

(a) Or P-Q R 3 to prevent Kt-Kt 5, by which Black might exchange Kt for R.

(b) Of course intending, if P-Kt 13, R-P 4, &c. Or (c) P-Kt 15 B-P 4, Kt-B 4. 16. P-Kt 15 B-P 4, Kt-B 4. 17. Q-R 4, with a good game.

BLACK.



Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 200, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Next week we shall publish, as in previous years, a Supplement containing a full list, classified according to subjects, of the Publishers' Autumn Announcements.

The LITERATURE PORTRAIT for next week will be one of special interest. The writer whose portrait will be presented to our readers will be

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The likeness is a highly characteristic one, and has, like others in our series of portraits of living authors, been specially taken for *Literature*. It will be reproduced in photogravure, and will thus be well suited to form a framed picture for the library. In order to avoid delay, orders for this portrait should

"Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget," Ed.
Paget. (Longmans.)
"The Sovereign Herbs. A History of Tolmecc,"
Penn. (Grant Richards.)
"King Monmouth." By Allan Fox. (Lane.)
"The Just and the Unjust." By Richard Bagot. (L.)
"Glories of Spain." By Charles W. Wood. (Macmillan.)
"From the Heart of the Rose." By Helen Milman.
"Master of Men." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Macmillan.)
"The Giant's Gate." By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
"Arts under Arms." By M. Fitzgibbon. (Longman.)
"War Notes." By Colonel D. Villébais Mareuil. (L.)
"Pictures of War." By J. Stuart. (Constable.)

We have noted elsewhere the success of the Millenary celebrations at Winchester, and have given the Mayor the credit which he so thoroughly merits. But the interesting historical address that he gave on the Hyde Abbey he allowed his wishes somewhat to probabilities, if not facts. In 1788 the site of the great of Hyde Abbey was selected as an appropriate place for the detention of felons. The notes then taken on the spot were communicated to the Society of Antiquaries (Archæologia XIII.) rendered it exceedingly probable that the coffins and the dust of Alfred, his queen, and his son the Elder were then destroyed and scattered. Mr. Thwaites just ridicule on a local antiquary who dug in the place in 1863 and found a skull which he labelled "Alfred," but yet he seems to think the illustrious remains are still there, and advocates extensive research. If perchance they are still beneath the sod—an almost impossible surmise—may they be left in peace? And will it not suffice to erect there a monument as suggested by the Mayor, and merely to inscribe, "The spot rested the remains of Alfred"?

Concerning another particular in the same address Mr. Bowker will pardon us for offering a comment. We should like him to read Mr. Round's masterly criticism of the Domesday Survey, as recently put forth in the first volume of the Victoria County History of that shire. He will find that the ordinarily accepted view of the Conqueror's plan for Hyde Abbey is a greatly exaggerated one.

Many visitors, especially Americans, repaired to the Museum last week, on the day that the King Alfred Memorial proceedings opened, to see the exhibition of Alfred's life. An admirable little catalogue was prepared, which has done much credit to the Museum authorities, and was sold

We have received from Mr. Heinemann Mr. W. Nicholson's fine portrait of the late President McKinley, which many people will like to possess at the present moment. It was drawn in 1900, and is in the artist's well-known style of black massed shadows carried over every unnecessary detail. We do not think it the happiest of Mr. Nicholson's pictures, but there is a strength and dignity about it which grows upon the spectator, and its method lends itself to a telling reproduction of the vigour and determination which characterized the lower part of the late President's countenance.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Pinwell, the widow of the late George J. Pinwell, the artist, has been granted a Civil List Annuity of £75 a year. No small share in this result is due to the efforts of Dr. G. C. Williamson, who wrote the book published by Messrs. Bell last year upon Pinwell, and drew the attention of the public to the condition in which, owing to the failure of the Liberator Companies, his widow has been left. Mr. J. W. North, A.R.A., Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., and many other artists also made constant efforts on behalf of Mrs. Pinwell.

What will in future be the only complete edition of "The Dolly Dialogues" will be published, at six shillings, next week by Messrs. Nisbet. It will contain several new dialogues; will be illustrated by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy; and will appear in two bindings—one similar to that adopted for most of Mr. Anthony Hope's novels, and the other in a new and special design.

Mr. George Allen has a volume of "Two Plays" by Maurice Maeterlinck in hand, as well as his new volume of essays. The plays are "Sister Beatrice" and "Ardiane and Bluebeard," translated by Bernard Miall.

It was announced that the autobiography of the anonymous and exiled author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," which Messrs. Harper are about to publish, would be illustrated. The portraits, &c., have, however, been withdrawn at the writer's request, lest they should lead to her identification. The new book, which is entitled "The Tribulations of a Princess," contains an account of the writer's career at different European Courts, and contains many intimate recollections of various ruling Sovereigns.

The "Letters of John Richard Green," edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. The letters form in reality a biography, since Mr. Stephen has furnished introductory narratives for which information has been supplied by Mrs. Green.

Details are forthcoming of the "Illustrated History of English Literature," by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse (Heinemann). In one type there will be a consecutive history of English literature from Anglo-Saxon times to our own day, and in a different type a biography of each author will be supplied, with at least one characteristic quotation. The volumes will be illustrated by numerous many of them some of the illustrations

Professor Goldwin Smith has promised a donation to Toronto University, as a tribute to King Alfred of his old University of Oxford.

It is stated that the Dowager Duchess engaged in writing the memoirs of the late Duke, will probably be published during the next few months.

We regret to hear of the death of Sir Edward Tuesday. Besides editing the *Globe* editor of "Arthur," Sir Edward was the Author of "The and Politics," "Miracles and Science," "Jewish Politics," "Talk at a Country House," and Hamlet.

Sir Rennell Rodd, who is hardly less well known than as a diplomatist, is shortly to take up his abode in Rome as First Secretary of the British Embassy.

The Hon. Francis Lawley, who died suddenly last week, was born in 1825. He went through the Crimean War as special correspondent of *The Times*, and had been a member of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. Marion Crawford's play, written for Sarah Bernhardt at *Francesca da Rimini*, will be translated by M. M. who made the French version of *Hamlet* for Sarah Bernhardt.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is at work on a new novel, *Hurrell Fronde*.

Miss Corelli has offered a number of manuscripts belonged to her stepfather, Dr. Charles Mackay, a man Library at Perth, of which town he was a native.

Mr. W. M. Crook, at one time the editor of *The Times*, met with a serious accident on the Thedule G. Injuries are not so serious as was at first believed.

An Australian circulating library reports that *The Idylls of the King* easily heads the list in point of popularity with Bulwer Lytton and Sir Walter Scott come next, with *The Idylls of the King* fourth, is not far ahead of Captain Marryat's *Lever*.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti, editor fifty-five of the *Germ*, entered his seventy-third year last year, and Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., was ninety-eight last year.

SEPTEMBER.

As one who lieth on a bed of death,
And knowing in truth that he hath soon to die,
For months and months in silent dream doth lie,
And mind grown clear, his whole life pondereth,
And sees it fade before him like a breath
That smokes a glass, so thou, hushed moment,
The whole year's memories in thy quiet girth
Of inward thought that no speech uttereth.

Here, haply, musing by thy silent fields,
Thy ripened woods, thy brown, shorn hary
And hazy hillsides, he who seeks may find
The sort of soul he is, and at thy doors

But he had a sympathy, a sense of beauty, and a power of drawing the sort of picture that lingers in the memory which forbid the just judge to nonsuit him on the strength of his "Psalm of Life." His most popular work is often bad; but his best work is very good, and it is a sound rule of criticism that the best work must decide the verdict. The rule is the more worth repeating because an American critic, Professor Triggs of Chicago, has just been settling the literary circles of the United States by the ears by some remarks about Longfellow which suggest excommunication by bell, book, and candle. And the interest of those remarks lies in the fact that they judge Longfellow by a standard that Longfellow never attempted to conform to, and proceed to lay down a number of rules for the guidance of American poets in general. It is a case of Chicago getting hold of culture and telling it what tune to him. There must be nothing "feudal" or "traditional" about that tune. It must be inspired by "the sweep of the prairie winds and the whirl and jar of this industrial age." It must express the "roughness, bareness, and uncountness" of the Americans. Such is the *Los Portles*, edited, revised, and brought down to date by Professor Triggs of Chicago; and the observations which it suggests to us are various. The first is that we do not see any reason why Americans should wish to be any more bare and rough and uncount than they can help. For them, as for other people, progress has consisted, not in cultivating uncountness, but in getting away from it. Their poets, as might have been expected, have got further away from it than their cow-boys. Their Mr. Joaquín Miller, whose flowing locks and weird sombrero made him the lion of a London season, was the last of their poets who was uncount to any extent worth speaking of; and we have heard that even he is uncount no longer. Our second remark is that the notions of Professor Triggs are not new notions, but were worked out, long ago, by Walt Whitman, as was pointed out in the appreciation of Walt Whitman's work lately contributed to our columns by Mr. Lacon Watson. Walt Whitman deliberately repudiated everything that he regarded as "feudal," and deliberately set himself to express his contemporaneous United States. The result is something like the catalogue of a jumble sale, occasionally redeemed, indeed, by flashes of genius, and also by occasional throw-backs to the despised "feudal" methods. For which reason, as well as for other reasons, we conclude that Professor Triggs is sadly led astray by the pride of patriotism when he exhorts the American poets to burn their boats and bridges, and live on the country instead of maintaining their line of communications with the old world. For the American is not a poor Indian with an untutored mind, or any other sort of wild man of the woods. His *status* is that of the heir of all the ages who happens to have gone West. He may have learnt something by going West—though it is from the East that wisdom has always come. As a sacred poet he has learnt, as we once pointed out in a review of an anthology, to be more at his ease in Zion than the Eastern poets—even to the point, if one may so put it, of putting up his legs on the mantelpiece. But he has learnt nothing there which entitles him to dispense with the wisdom of the East in the writing of poetry any more than in the building of houses or in the cooking of food. Otherwise, he would have to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and would take a very long time to climb it. And that, of course, is what American poets know. Their writings may be influenced by their prairies and forests—as were the writings of Chateaubriand before any American literature worth mentioning existed, but they are

Literature Portraits.—XX

PAUL and VICTOR MARGUERITE

Instances of collaboration on the part of brothers are frequent enough in modern French literature. At the list stands the notable instance of the Goncourts which recalls a series of works of profound observation and brilliant style springing from an intellectual union severed only by death. Closer to our own day writers, the brothers Remy, have so combined their intellect and their talent as to achieve a perfect union, and we read "Nell Horn," that penetrating study of Regl "Vanireh," the romance of prehistoric man, would scarcely find fault with the duality of authorship. A third example of a similar union has for some years held the public attention by its able literary product—that of Messieurs Paul and Victor Marguerite.

Unlike the Goncourts, these writers did not make their debut in the world of letters simultaneously. Paul Marguerite entered it some years before his brother. The son of Victor Marguerite, who met a hero's death on the field of Sedan, Marguerite owed to his father, who was in his time an able writer, much valuable guidance. The infancy of the brothers was passed in Algeria, where their father was. They learnt at an early age to love the beautiful and picturesque aspects of that country—the white Arab quarters, the blue sky, the stern beauty of Mount Atlas and the forests. From his earliest youth Paul was nervous and sensitive. To his passionate study of writers such as Zola must be traced the gloomy outlook upon life which marks his earlier writings; it led him also to an attentive, and pessimistic study of modern life.

His story "Tous Quatre" is a work frankly violent, and crude in form, and savouring of cynicism. At the same time he produced a work of an entirely different kind which shows at the outset the variety of his talent. It was a mime, *Pierrot Assassin*, which the author himself presented at the theatres of Alphonse Daudet, and which was an interesting attempt to revive the traditional type of the classical mime and make of him a modern personage, reflecting the aspirations, doubts, the despairs of a young writer. "J'imagine l'auteur himself, un Pierrot conforme à mon idéal esthétique tel que je le sentais, ce fut un être névrosé fantomatique."

Since these first two works, so different in their character, M. Paul Marguerite has inclined now to one, now to the other of the two directions which they indicated. He has followed a twofold current, one of exact observation, and the other of imagination. In the "Force des Choses," "Jours d'été" there may often be found a happy blending of exact description, a certain soaring of the fancy, a suggestion of the ideal which gives to his talent a strikingly individual character. In "La Maison Ouverte," "Pascal Gêfesse," "Amour Cuirassier bleu," "Ma Grande," he revealed a unique gift and the possession of a style at once luxuriant and delicate subtleties of expression.

While Paul Marguerite was entering successfully his career of letters, while, strong in the protection of Daudet and in the friendship of Maupassant, he was

on the point of giving it up when Victor offered to write it in his place, and, adapting himself with great skill to the ideas and style of his brother, he wrote over the latter's signature an article which was ready when required, and revealed no evidence of the substitution of another hand. This event, trivial enough at first sight, had a profound influence on the future of Victor Margueritte; it gave him confidence in himself and aroused in his mind the ambition to devote himself henceforth to the career of letters and become something more than an amateur. Paul offered his brother to share with him the fame he had already acquired. They decided that henceforth nothing should appear that was not signed by both names. It must be remembered that Victor had already a distinct personality and accomplishments which promised well for this collaboration. Some of his verses are full of exquisite tenderness in form and in sentiment, such as those in which he describes an evening in Africa.

. . . . Et le soleil descend dans le soir orageux ;
Le parfum est si lourd que le cœur en défaille . . .
Saturant l'air voilé par l'épaisse chaleur,
On le respire jusqu'au travers des murailles,
Le pénétrant parfum des orangers en fleur.
Des jardins et des bois, du ciel et de la terre
Il s'exhale, profond jusqu'à l'écoeurement.
Et voilà qu'on sanglote, à ce point solitaire
Que le goût de la mort enivre brusquement.
Il se mêle à l'odeur amère et suffoquante,
Et ce serait vraiment une divine mort,
Se dissoudre à jamais dans cette tiédeur lente,
Dans ce silence parfumé, comme on s'endort.

The first work produced by the collaboration of the two brothers was a collection of children's tales—"Poum," apparently frivolous, in reality conceived in an indisputably philosophical spirit. Such a familiar and simple presentation of great thoughts is a method adopted by some even of the greatest French writers, among them La Fontaine. The Marguerittes then devoted their genius for exact analysis to the study of woman at the end of the nineteenth century—that complex and elegant being who moves upon the canvas of Sargent, Boldini, Hellen, and von Glehn—and "*Les Femmes Nouvelles*" was the result.

The two writers next determined to apply their powers of psychological observation to a much greater subject. It was the moment when Zola had just published "*La Débâcle*," a work of unquestionable power, but somewhat restricted in its outlook. Zola had selected as types of the French army in 1870 certain soldiers who embodied the virtues and the vices of the trooper. He restricted himself to the special study of these types, showing the effects on them of defeat, and noting the passions, too often the evil passions, which the horrors of war beget in them. He drew only details, true no doubt and well observed, but never general effects.

The two Marguerittes took a different point of view. Their aim was not to give a study of certain individuals during the campaign of 1870, but to present the epic and dramatic history of the war; they tried to see not one corner of the fight, but the entire field of battle, the regiments and army corps, not the companies and detachments. Zola, in short, had made a minute case painting, the Marguerittes undertook to produce a great fresco. War, invasion, besieged towns, the Commune, what scenes could be more dramatic? Nothing could be more poignant, more tragic, nothing at the same time of greater

true proportion; they penetrated the secrets of strategy. "*Désastre*," the first part of the work, has been followed by "*Les Tronçons du Glaive*." Apart from their accuracy and truth, both these two works are distinguished by their picturesque quality; the reader will find in them, in brilliant diction, the stir, the noise, the colour, the aspects, at one moment so enthralling, at another and tragic, of those battlefields which became massacres so terrible. These two books are no productions of these two writers. Their early laborations were mainly experiments, but here we have a decisive literary and historical achievement.

Edmond de Goncourt has described in his "*Mémoires*" particular qualities which Jules de Goncourt and Victor Margueritte have shown themselves unwilling to make any such revelations, either in writing or in conversation. Yet an important psychological document may be found in this subject. It is the recent portrait, exhibited in 1901, where the painter, M. Anquetin, has represented the two writers at their table, with a picturesque military background. By studying the faithful representation, which they have given us of their subjects, we see something of the men of the brothers Margueritte, and we can learn the part which each would play in the work of collaboration. Victor Margueritte (who appears on the left of the picture) strongly marked keen features, his resolute and direct glance, appears as a man of action, one who would attack a subject heart and soul with the determination of a conqueror, while Paul Margueritte, more conscious, more reflective, more investigate his theme with more scrupulous consistency, and bring to the impetuosity of his brother the calm appreciation which marks his individuality.

Whatever be the qualities which each of these brothers brings to their common work, that work—and it is a work which matters—has a strong personality as "*Désastre*" and "*Tronçons du Glaive*" are conceived by these two writers are in their full physical and intellectual vigour. They have not said their last word, and they have not yet given us their "*chef-d'œuvre*."

HENRI

Paul Margueritte, son of General Auguste Margueritte, born at Lagherat, Algeria, in 1860. He entered the Ministry of Public Instruction, but he soon followed his brother for letters, and rapidly acquired fame as a writer. He has published "*Mon Père*" (1881, new edition 1892), "*Tous Quatre*" (1885), "*Maison Ouverte*" (1886), "*Gélosse*," *mœurs du jour* (1887), "*Jours d'Éprouvantes*" (1889), "*Amants*," roman contemporain (1890), "*La Force des Choses*" (1891), "*Sur le Retour*;" "*Bleu*" (1892), "*Ma Grande*" (1893). Since 1896, an officer in the army, has with his brother, and published with him "*Les Femmes Nouvelles*," "*Le Désastre*," "*Les Tronçons du Glaive*." Many of these stories have first appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, which is just publishing a third volume of their work on the 1870 war. The brothers Margueritte also in many daily journals. They publish each week or a "chronique" in the *Echo de Paris*, and also *Gaulois*. MM. Plon-Nourrit et Cie, are the publishers of the works of Paul and Victor Margueritte.

Last Saturday began this year's festival of

AUSTRALIAN VERSE TO-DAY.

A "Personal View."

Thirty years ago and more Adam Lindsay Gordon published in Melbourne his last (and his good) book of ballad-verse—"Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes"—which the eager pen of Marcus Clarke exalted into "the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry." And, partly because Gordon was an ardent horse-lover, partly because his verse was alive and strongly tinged with local colour, Australians accepted their favourite journalist's *dictum*; though, significantly enough, it was always the racing rhythms of "How we Beat the Favourite" that roused bushmen to enthusiasm rather than the scrub and stockyards of "From the Wreck" or the wattleblossom sentiment of "The Sick Stockrider." These appealed to the new chum, the tourist, the townsman, who straightway (having read Clarke's preface) felt themselves transported into a fantastic and almost legendary land, full of trees without shade and flowers without perfume and flights of cockatoos shrieking like evil souls. So the cult grew, while with Gordon men associated Kendall—Australian indeed, but introspective, inactive, life's victim:

The world is round me with its heat,
And toil, and cares that tire;
I cannot with my feeble feet
Climb after my desire.

Surely there was never a "national" poet so untypical of his countrymen! And as for Gordon, his verse is Australian just as much and as little as "With Kitchener to Khartoum" is Sudanese or "The Silverado Squatters" American.

But while this cult absorbed the critics, Australians were beginning to speak for themselves. Timidly at first, with avowed imitation of the leaders ordained for them, the young men who did things found voice also. Of the track and the camp-fire songs are born; the primitive emotions run to verse in all climates and among all races. One sits down to write prose; its muse is really *sensilis* rather than *pedestris*. The tramp of your horse's feet or your own beats your thought into simple but live rhythm; you hum it to yourself as you go, you chant it—with some bashfulness—to your mates in the evening; presently you think so well of it that it goes by mail (and that way, in Australia, is not as prosaic as it sounds) to seek favour of an editor. And for twenty years there has lived in Sydney, New South Wales, one editor at least with ears on the strain to catch the note of any genuine singer, and a hand to welcome any man who could tell his fellows without cant what things he saw and felt day by day in going about his ordinary business. With the politics of the *Bulletin* we have nothing to do here; its services to Australian literature are great, and are these—that it has consistently chastened the ambitious writer and exposed the pretensions, but has never refused a hearing or encouragement to any one who had something to say and was

knows better the life of small townships and—
unhoping, unending round of the swagmen out back
claim Dyson; Brady weaves the sailor's chant
verse; Adams interprets New Zealand, more rom
his fellows perhaps, and getting not so near the be
The earlier comers, Paterson and Lawson, were
England as they deserved; since then critics
tired of this simple verse, and new-comers have b
with more or less sarcasm—"another Australian
place must be full of them!"

There are, no doubt, reasons for this tired f
Australian writer is apt to lack judgment an
value finished style; the Australian public
supposed by its publishers to call for bulk in
most volumes published in Sydney or Melbourne a
quence from undue padding. Somehow, when a
to the temptation of interpolating his poorer
his better, it is always on the padding that th
eye lights. Nor can a poet complain of s
justice; though he, too, has his excuse, for book
colonies are few in number, and the author must ap
them, to some by style and some by subject and s
animal spirits. It is not exactly anybody's fault t
flers have been of late judged mainly on their dem
it has happened, more's the pity. And if any o
why, in this age of minor poets, it is worth whil
judgments and obtrude again the work of a few
singers—well, it is so just for this reason: th
minor poets sing of their personal affairs and a
group from the South Seas is typical and expl
home, of its countrymen, of a race that is differen
physically and intellectually from the stock
islands. One need not raise the question, alw
whether their verse is really "literature" in
sense. To the Englishman the best of it will re
to the Australian even its crudities are dear, beca
the tang of his scented bushlands. Only life
studies with zeal work of all sorts done beyond
and for reason of race and training the Channel sev
far more sharply than all the oceans. One's own f
after all, as well worth understanding as the poe
road.

The Australian who writes because it is in h
not much of a reader—in the literary sense, that
all sorts of journalism, but sustained work of goo
not come his way. In expressing the emotions he
the world he is apt to follow cheap and shoddy p
the only models he has (so that his love-verse, for
be either penny plain or twopence very highly c
his own ground, however, he talks in altogether diff
You open on

You have crossed my life with your fair sw
You are filling my lone heart's vacant pla

She dipped her red shafts low in the slush as a spoonbill
dips her beak,
The black mud clung to the wheels and fell in the wash of
the Wilga creek,
And the big reams fought for footing, and the spreaders
threshed like flails,
And the great wheels lifted the muddy spume to the bend
of the red flat rails.

(Just a dray crossing the five-mile swamps of a flooded creek); or

Where the mulga paddocks are wild and wide,
That's where the pick of the stockmen ride
At the Back o' Bourke !
Under the dust clouds dense and brown,
Moving southward by-tink and town,
That's where the Queensland mobs come down
Out at the Back o' Bourke !

or the burden of the shearing song

For the Western creeks are calling,
And the idle days are done,
With the snowy fleecings falling,
And the Queensland sheds begun !

Simple, enough, no doubt : but so Ogilvie stirs his mates. As
for Brady and his sailors—

They swung across Newcastle bar
And son' by east away ;
They saw the Cross hung out afar
Below the Milky Way :
They saw the land die down a-lee, and heard the rollers go
Across the road, along the road, the road to Callao !

It may not be literature, but it has the lift :

A mermaid's not a human thing,
An' courtin' sich is folly ;
Of flesh and blood I'd rather sing
What ain't so melancholy.
Oh, Berta ! Loo ! Juanita ! Sue !
Here's good luck to me an' you—
Sing rally ! ri-a-rally !
The seas is deep : the seas is wide :
But this I'll prove what o'er betide,
I'm bully in our alley !

With such verse the men who are doing much work stir
themselves to do more. For the dreamer and the tired man
there is verse of other quality :

There was no water in the land,
Deep in the night of each ravine
Men, vainly searching for it, found
Dry hollows in the gaping ground,
Like sockets where clear eyes had been,
Now burnt out with a fiery brand.

The West—the far, unknown, central plains that Leichhardt
vanished into, and many a man since—is never far from the
dreams of our poets : witness Qulun—

" And how are these wayfarers called,
And whither do they wend ?"
The Weary-Hearted—and their road
At sunset hath an end.

" Shed tears for them." . . . Nay, nay, no tears !

I have said little of what I meant to say.
been better, perhaps, to do nothing but quote, for
much left out—the work of Paterson and Lawson
Stephens, because England knows a little of them
of Qulun's and Daley's, and all Brennan's, been
mainly personal and appeal to a smaller audience
country ; a dozen others, because they write so
graceful imitations, using Australia merely as an
ground for otherwise commonplace figure-drawing
may be found, perhaps, for one more singer ; for
her own feeling for Sydney, Louise Mack echoes
the dragging desire of the true Australian towards

Dreaming, I tell you all my tale—

Tell how the tides that wash your feet
Sink through my heart and cut its cords :

Dreaming, I hold my arms, and drag

All, all into my heart—the flag !

On the low hill turned harbourwards,

And all the curving little bays,

The hot, dustridden, narrow streets,

The languid turquoise of the sky,

The gardens flowing to the wave,

I drag them in. O City, save

The grave for me where I must lie !

ARTHUR

THE MILLENARY OF KING ALFRED

The national commemoration of the thousandth
of the end of Alfred's reign has come and gone.
Bowker well merits the congratulations that he
on the remarkable success attending the whole and
of the demonstrations of the Anglo-Saxon race in
great founder of England ; for without the literary
and broad-hearted labours of the Mayor of Win-
celebration might have been easily vulgarized in
character.

The proposal, at one time made and strongly
the national celebration should be held in the
happily thwarted ; for, as Dr. Garnett recently
Winchester, in Alfred's days, was a well established
London was little better than a marsh. Winches-
claim to the honour ; it was Alfred's ordinary
seat of his government, and the place of his burial.
tion of the particular year for the demonstration
fortunate and more open to criticism. History
is always to be desired, and yet one result of
gatherings will be to rivet in the minds of our
speaking folk the idea that Alfred died in
year 901. Whereas the King's death was certain
but either in 900 or in 899. We happen to
thoroughly trained an historian as Bishop Stubbs
by Mr. Stevenson's arguments in the *English History*
that the death year was 899.

If the greatest praise is due to Mr. Bowker for
and method of the recent three days' festival,
gathering together of so remarkable an assembly
and representative men, it should not be for-
gotten that the

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address, Mr. Bowker, who had but just entered the civic Council of Winchester, was fired to do what lay in his power to carry out this suggestion, and speedily entered into cordial communication with Mr. Frederic Harrison in the hopes of securing due honour to the memory of the great founder of our national unity. The movement met with much favour both at home and on the other side of the Atlantic, but it has had to encounter a series of sad reverses. The raising of funds and the sustaining of interest in the project were naturally much impeded by the outbreak of the Boer War. Then all else was forgotten in the nation's sorrow for the death of Queen Victoria, accompanied by another great diversion not only of money but of thoughts; and it needed the display of a rare amount of resourceful tact and perseverance on the part of Mr. Bowker and one or two of his zealous supporters to prevent the evaporation of the project. Another severe blow was the death of Sir Walter Besant, who had taken a most lively interest in the matter, reviving on one occasion the flagging interest of the Winchester citizens by a stirring lecture. The date for the meetings of this year had long been fixed for July; but as the time drew nearer, first one important personage and then another pleaded for delay, and the date had somewhat hurriedly to be changed to September. Again, on the very eve of the celebration came the cruel assassination of President McKinley, and there were not wanting those who strongly urged another postponement. The time for the great project was, however, rightly adhered to, with the full assent of the American Minister. Difficulties such as these, with others none the less real because they were of a minor and more local character, would have been sufficient to have crushed many another project; but it was only fitting that they should fail to turn from their purpose those who were intending to perpetuate the memory of a man whose higher qualities were drawn out in the midst of adversity and personal suffering.

Winchester, which was a venerable city when Alfred was a boy, and which preserves to the present day far more of its older features and original plan than any other city of the United Kingdom, was scarcely recognizable last week by those who knew it best. The substantial traces of antiquity were, of course, not overshadowed, but there were few parts that did not blaze with bunting, or blossom out into greenery and flowers. The result was all the more charming, because no common scheme of uniform decoration prevailed. Winchester, in the course of its long and eventful history, has seen many an imposing and historic procession pass through its streets; yet it is safe to say that not only Winchester but London itself has never witnessed so remarkable and in every way distinguished and representative a procession as that which was marshalled last Friday through the streets of the ancient capital of Wessex. It was not only that the gathering was, in the best sense of the term, Imperial and to some extent International in its character, but it represented every possible phase of real national life, a feature that was lacking in the almost exclusively military pomp of the two great jubilee processions of recent years. The sea and land forces of the King were rightly and duly represented; but the procession was mainly formed from the ecclesiastical, municipal, scientific, artistic, literary, charitable, and artisan sections of the community. Is it possible to point to any other occasion when archbishops and bishops and every rank of the clergy have walked in procession with lord mayors and mayors from every part of the kingdom, with representatives

These all, with many other representative men enumerated, made their way from Castle-square to the High-street to the Broadway. There, about noon on September 28, on one of the oldest and most historic sites of the aged city, unveiled by an ex-Premier of England, the nation's memorial for the moment, amid the booming of big guns from all around, the finest colossal statue that the hand of man has ever produced on two huge blocks of grey Cornish granite towers the bronze figure, in itself some eighteen feet in height, of a "comely and gracious of aspect." In the uplifted right hand the sword is grasped, but held with the cross-hilt upwards, thus suitably betokening that the great hero-saint was a warrior only in defensive attack, and that his fame rests on higher Christian graces of justice and mercy. The face is bearded, though Alfred's coins show a smooth-shaven countenance; but this lapse from accuracy by Mr. Thornycroft can be forgiven, for the ideal of the statue is most nobly portrayed.

Lord Rosebery, famous for his skill in selecting apt phrases and the most picturesque expressions just on notable occasions was, in Winchester, at his best. "A Truth-teller" was to him the most suitable name for such a statue; "a far nobler and more distinguished title than the prostituted epithet of Great . . . there was no room for him of the Alexander or the Caesar." With Lord Rosebery's single point of criticism on the statue we find ourselves in accord, namely that for the one word "Ælfred" sculpted on the granite "Alfred" should be substituted. We are not quite agreed as to the orthography of Saxon names a thousand years old in modern characters; but for our children he will always be Alfred. Lord Rosebery has been well reported in the daily press; but we may say that an "authorized edition," admirably printed, and purchased of Mr. A. L. Humphreys, Piccadilly, for the price of one penny.

During the three days when the commemorative service was in active progress, Winchester rightly heard many such men as Mr. Frederic Harrison of Alfred as the founder of the English nation and the father of English literature. Sir John Evans, the best exponent that could be found of the learnt of Alfred's coinage and his other relics; from Mr. Irving they had dramatic readings; and from the Rev. Canon Primato the lesson to be learnt from Alfred's piety and faith. But amidst all the flow of oratory and the testimony of well qualified professors that which will be remembered as the most moving portion of the whole proceeding was the singing within the grey walls of the ancient and venerable cathedral, at the conclusion of the special service, of the hymn:—

For all the Saints who from their labours rest
The earnest life and piety of Alfred seemed the keynote of the celebrations.

CRABBE'S ALDEBURGH.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the associations of Aldeburgh begin and end with Crabbe, but the place is also linked with such literary names as those of Collins, Grant Allen, and Mr. Edward Clodd. Grant Allen's particular made good "copy" out of its peculiarities. J.



THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

This reproduction of a portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., forms the frontispiece to the reissue which Mr. John Murray has published this year of "The Life and Poetical Works of George Crabbe," by his Son, with the excellent engravings included in the same publisher's 1860 edition.

characteristic of Crabbe's genius was that he was always some half a century or so behind the times in which he lived. He started behind the times, and he never tried to catch them up. His point of view was always that of the eighteenth century, though he flourished well on into the nineteenth. The fact has puzzled some of the critics; but it need not puzzle any one who has been to Aldeburgh. Such a mental condition would almost be possible in the Aldeburgh of to-day. Before the railway, and the daily papers and the lodging-houses, it must have been not only possible, but inevitable.

Nowadays, as all the world knows, Aldeburgh is a watering-place, with pretensions. The boating is good; the bathing is well-spoken of; there are golf links; there is a new hotel; there are high prices. But the watering-place has by no means swamped "the borough"; and it needs only a slight imaginative effort to see the place without its latter-day accretions. The railway station does not matter much. It is dirty and unobtrusive; and even if you want it, you may have a difficulty in finding it. A modern hotel must go; but it is not a very large one. So must the bathing machines; but there are not very many of them. There are also a few lodging-houses, and a few

There is even something terrifying in its aspect when you see it for the first time in the twilight.

The pious literary pilgrim who essays to follow the footsteps through the borough finds no superfluous marks to confuse him. It is useless to look for a monument to his birthplace; for his birthplace is now at the sea. But you may see a monument in the church; the poet served as a curate; you may stroll down Quay—a moist, unpleasant place on the river where in his boyhood, performed the very unpoetical trade of trading ships with cheeses; and you may find a still called Crabbe's house, and a room in the White Lion which is still called Crabbe's room. The house was then run by a grocer and general dealer. It has some old remarkable cellars which you explore with a lantern without some risk of banging your head against a beam. In the romantic past those cellars were probably used for smuggling goods—not, we will hope, by the poet or any of his family, though the gentleman who kindly offers to guide you through their dark intricacies may consider the hypothesis untenable. As regards the White Lion there is an equal lack of definition. The landlady does not know whether the poet were or not; but she supposes that he smoked and drank and any other client of the house. She herself uses the room as a nursery. A suggestion that the room might be made into a Crabbe Museum, with old furniture, old books, and some relics, does not entirely please her. She is more conscious of needing a nursery than of needing a museum. The landlord views the proposal with more favour; its execution might not be an entirely barren suggestion. Now that Aldeburgh, stimulated by Mr. Murray who owns and edits the local paper, is bestirring itself in view to a worthy celebration of the 150th anniversary of Crabbe's birth, he will certainly turn the matter over in his mind, and very possibly see his way to adopting the idea.

This is practically all there is in the way of literature—except for those who will take the trouble to go to "the Borough" line by line, rummaging for allusions. Poetry will perform this useful service in view of the forthcoming festivities. In the meantime any student not absorbed with antiquarian zeal can get along without the poetry. The important thing is not that Crabbe sat on such a pew, worshipped in such and such a pew, admired such a prospect, or picked flowers in such and such a field. One can dispense with these identifications, as one can dispense with the identification of the cheeses which the poet sold at Slaughtered Quay. It is not even profoundly observed that the natural surroundings correspond to the account of them. His method of description was that of the auctioneer's catalogue—a method which has the direction of accuracy. The really interesting thing is that everything that seems peculiar in Crabbe's life and genius is explained when you have spent an hour in the place in which he was born and brought up.

Tennyson might have been thinking of Aldeburgh when he spoke of a place where no one comes or hails, a place making of the world. Even now, when you go to Aldeburgh and get your morning paper soon after breakfast, about links, and caddies, and tees, and putting, and so on, you are much as if you had not yet to the look of heaven.

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In which the only sort of cleverness that was understood was the shrewdness of the peasant, and the only recognized ambition the ambition to get on in life. He was quite out of sympathy with the environment, but it set its mark on him none the less. A certain note of something which we may almost call "low cunning" pervades his poetry, making it racy of the soil. It is obviously the work of a man who has grown up in a circle in which it is the general habit to poke your nose into other people's business, and discuss it with your neighbours in minute detail and at unconscionable length. A Londoner could not have written as Crabbe wrote. Nor could a man who had travelled, or a man who had been to a public school or a University.

The influence of Aldeburgh society must, however, have been in the main an unconscious influence. Crabbe can never have been aware that there was anything distinctively provincial in his profound interest in the cackle of his burgh and the private affairs of its inhabitants. The influence which he consciously

divinely appointed measure for all poetical composition would have been as hard for him to quit it as for an artist to become a pianist. One hardly knows whether he helped himself by using it or not. What one is quite sure of is that his addiction was the result of the circumstances of his life at Aldeburgh.

To his isolation at Aldeburgh one may also reason back his profound belief that any one who wrote poetry was thereby entitled to eleemosynary support from public "patrons," in that sense, had practically ceased to exist at the time when Crabbe began to write. But he had no one to give him this. He had read about patrons; he had thought of them; he had created for himself an imaginary world in which the purses of the patrons were at the disposal of the poet. Finally he went to London to seek a patron; and he found before potential patrons in an old-fashioned way that he had puzzled them. He wrote begging letters to Lord North, to Lord Shelburne, to Lord Thurlow—obviously with a pro-



THE OLD MOOT HALL, ALDEBURGH.

(By permission of Mr. C. C. Clarke, Aldeburgh.)

sought and accepted was unquestionably the influence of books. There was no one to tell him what to read and what to reject—what belonged to the past and what to the present. He cut slices, so to say, out of the cake of culture at random. He thought things out in his own way—since no other way was available. He acquired certain fixed ideas, which were not the less firmly fixed because they were the ideas of a previous generation. He had a natural stubbornness of character which enabled him to stick to these ideas to their logical conclusion. The result was a

tion that it was the bounden duty of these great men to give him his assistance. He complained to Lord Shelburne, for that the result of his application to Lord North was a flat refusal brought me by an insolent domestic "which mined my suit and my opinion of his lordship's private life. He offered, so to say, to "crack up" Lord Shelburne in heroic verse if his necessities were relieved, and he sent a specimen eulogy beginning:—

him, and persuaded others to help him. Lord Thurlow gave him a bank-note, and the Bishop of Norwich ordained him and the Duke of Rutland made him his domestic chaplain, and he subsequently held fat livings. It is a strange career; the direct result of a tenacious hold upon notions only possible in those days to a young man from the country, drawing his knowledge of the world from books, and combining a peasant's obstinacy with a peasant's disposition to cringe before his "betters" when there seemed a chance of getting something out of them, and revile them when they would not give. But Crabbe was just such a young man; and one understands his story the better for having been to Aldeburgh.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

THE CREATOR OF "JACK HARKAWAY."

BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, who died last week, has a whole column to himself in the British Museum Catalogue. In the late sixties and early seventies he seems to have written a number of novels which got themselves published, though they made no noise in the world. It appears from the same work of reference that he also, at the same period, wrote essays about the Social Evil. But the work for which he was really notable is not mentioned in the catalogue, presumably because it never appeared in volume form. Those who know him at all know him only as the creator of "Jack Harkaway"—a famous character introduced to the world in the pages of the *Boys of England*. This paper belonged to a certain Edwin J. Brett, who made a fortune out of it, and, having begun life in a very humble way, lived to acquire a country seat in the Isle of Thanet and a collection of ancient armour which has furnished a subject for articles in the high-class magazines. His principal contributors were Percy B. St. John—Sir Spencer St. John's brother—who was the Paris correspondent of a London paper during the revolution of 1848, and Bracebridge Hemming, a barrister, from whose brain sprang "Jack Harkaway." They did not make their fortunes, for Percy B. St. John worked for a weekly wage, and Bracebridge Hemming sold his copyrights for ridiculously small sums of money.

Let there be no mistake about the immense popularity of "Jack Harkaway." Desiring to ascertain whether my belief in it was illusory, I raised the point at a gathering of literary men. Every one under forty remembered "Jack Harkaway" well. Almost every one recollected the time when he had waited with an uncontrollable excitement for the next instalment of Jack Harkaway's adventures. This was conclusive evidence; though, as a matter of fact, the case is proved independently by the persistence of the Jack Harkaway stories. It must be thirty years since the cycle began with Jack Harkaway at school. It has continued almost without intermission. We have read, or had the opportunity of reading, about Jack Harkaway at sea, Jack Harkaway at Oxford, Jack Harkaway among the brigands, Jack Harkaway travelling round the world, Jack Harkaway going everywhere and doing everything. This very day I saw a poster advertising the narrative of Jack Harkaway's enterprises in the Transvaal. Neither Sherlock Holmes nor Captain Kettle has held his public for so long.

As for the secret of Jack Harkaway's great popularity—that is a difficult matter to explain. Perhaps the name had something to do with it. It would be hard to hit upon a name so apt as natural and so suggestive of success as "Harkaway."

Once, in one of the desert islands of real life—in an inn at Rock Ferry which harboured me on a night when I had missed the last boat for Padstow—stranded with no one to talk to and nothing to do but turn over some old volumes of the *Boys of England*, come to the Jack Harkaway stories. It was an opportunity missed of renewing an old friend's acquaintance; I seized it and read long and late; but the old friends pointed me, as the old friends one has lost sight of often do. One scene I remember. Jack Harkaway emptied the six chambers of his revolver at a brigand who dodged the bullets by rapidly jerking right or left. Probably there were many scenes like this upon a time I had delighted in them. Now, though I found them unobjectionable, as a "general reader" I found them dull. To parody the well-known saying, I could not see about that story any different from any other story of that sort; and I went to bed with the dolorous feeling that one grew older, one was doomed to lose, one was all one's capacities for innocent enjoyment.

THE DRAMA.

"IRIS."

The construction of Mr. Pinero's new five-act play raises once more the old question of what a dramatist should show his audience and what, on the other hand, he should tell them. We leave his eponymous heroine to the end of the third act a comparatively "weak" personage, weak, to be sure, and with the germs of greatness. We find her degraded in the next act, a hopelessly "fallen" girl. In the two years which are supposed to have elapsed, "Iris" (a word which has the authority of the Bible) has passed through a whole series of adventures, gradually brought about her ruin; and all the time she knows of these adventures is gathered from the lips of others. The question whether this is sufficient to make a play is hotly disputed among playgoers. Some will say that it is not, that it is no more evidence than "what the eye sees." For my part, I think Mr. Pinero's method is fully justified by the result. The dramatic significance of an action is in the details of its progress all along one's life. In the beginning and end of that line, its *points de vue*, the dramatist shows us in one scene Jack's bean, so carefully to let us know the bean's magic properties; in his next scene the beanstalk fully grown; then to show us its steady growth. And that is the case with Iris, at the end of the third act, letting her poor lover go "out West," promising to struggle with poverty in his absence, until in two years' time he comes back and marry her. But we have also seen Iris, luxury-loving and too weak-willed to give her lover success in a struggle with poverty. Further, we have seen her, after refusing a cheque-book offered her by a friend (whom she has jilted), unable to resist lingering over the table, and ultimately dropping it into her lap. In the last significant little action we are prepared for, we are not at all surprised to find her in the next scene "guilty splendour" in the millionaire's flat. No doubt this is a very fine thing, but it is the same thing as the old story of the girl who was sold to the

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as that of Ibsen, who very often gives us plays (e.g., *Ghosts* and *Rosmersholm*) whereof an integral part of the story has happened before the curtain rises on the first act.

Thus Mr. Pinero's play falls naturally into two parts. The first (Acts I, II., and III.) deals with Iris' character and shows us the dilemma in which she is placed. The second (Acts IV. and V.) shows us the horn of the dilemma upon which she is impaled and her ultimate fate. It is the doubt about Iris' character which makes the transition from the first to the second part so poignantly interesting. The moment the curtain rises on the third act our doubt is set at rest; we know which way Iris has gone; and all our curiosity is shifted to the question, How did she get there? That question is fully answered in Iris' confession to her young lover, who comes back to claim his courageous, patient bride, and finds her the millionaire's wretched mistress and slave—one of those ironic situations, by the way, the invention and proper conduct of which mark the born dramatist. As to the doubt about Iris' character, it is skillfully suggested to us from the very outset. In the first act we see Iris, then a rich young widow, who is to lose her fortune if she marries again, feeling herself slipping into love with penniless young Trenwith, and, to save herself from a poverty which she has not the strength to face, offering her hand to the wealthy Maldonado, whom she does not love. Yet, the very next moment, she takes back her plighted troth, and throws herself into Trenwith's arms. The young lovers are subsequently found in a fool's paradise on the Italian lakes—a paradise rudely shattered by the intelligence that, through the fraud of a trustee, Iris has lost her whole fortune. At first she bears up bravely and is evidently for the moment sincere in her resolution to endure poverty in patience at home while Trenwith is preparing a home for her out West. But then comes the business of the tempting millionaire and the cheque-book, and once more we are in doubt whether self-indulgence or self-denial will get the upper hand. When we learn in due time the unhappy outcome and see the woman in her ruin, we also learn that the woman's native weakness of character has been handicapped by heavy odds. She has tried her best to escape from Maldonado, but the man has laid his revenge-plot too well. She was never of the stuff to prefer starvation in the gutter to a handsome flat in Mayfair. Perhaps, even then, she does not see how low she has fallen until her old lover shrinks from her and leaves her without a word. She had thought he would forgive her, and rescue her—for was not her first fault committed through love of him? No? Then, though her heart is broken, she will try and make some sort of a life with Maldonado. But Maldonado by this time has had enough of it. He "sees red," as the French say. Mad with balked love, with jealousy of the other lover—the full extent of which he has only just discovered—he thrusts Iris into the street, and vents his impotent, blind rage upon the furniture. It is a "curtain" of daring novelty; but what haunts the spectator is not that, but the pale, stony face of Iris as she slinks away into outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The woman who began in a fool's paradise ends in an inferno. A cold shiver of horror runs through the playhouse.

On this account the playgoers—and there are many—who do not go to art for shivers will not like *Iris*. And yet it is impossible to deny that this is absolutely the right ending for the play. The conventional denouement of violent death would be trivial by comparison, and certainly not so true. For choose

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"KING MONMOUTH."

Mr. Allan Fea has been fortunate in his choice of a subject for his latest work, and in *King Monmouth* (21s. n.) he has given us an excellent specimen of serious research, printed in a most readable form. We have to us here, almost for the first time, a complete biography of an unfortunate "Protestant Duke." In the successful of such a volume Mr. Fea was specially aided by his knowledge of old English country houses and their histories, with the result that he has enabled us to follow the semi-royal progress of Monmouth through the land, in the golden days of his prosperity before the Rye House Plot.

Mr. Fea opens his book with an impartial account of the mystery surrounding his hero's parentage. The vexed question to whether the Duke was the son of a king or a colonel is undecided, although to our mind the evidence is wholly, to favour the theory that Monmouth's mother was "Robin" Sidney, who must not be confused with brother Henry, Lord Romney. From Sidney's diary has extracted much useful information, but he has not dubbed its compiler the "first Earl of Romney," without issue, Henry was the only member of the Sidney family to bear that title.

Of the handsome Duke's boyhood and early career, his reckless love-affairs, his street brawls, his journey into the country, and his constant disputes with the Duke of Devonshire, an entertaining record is furnished. Moreover, we read a more clear or trustworthy version of the Rye House conspiracy, so far, indeed, as Monmouth's share in it was concerned than that rendered by Mr. Fea. But the most important of the "uncrowned king's" life is, of course, that which comprised his foolish campaign in the south-west. Here, too, his trustworthy history, based on original documents, is found to be in striking contradiction to the more popular but far less faithful account drawn up by Macaulay. It is proved once more to have been at fault in attributing to Penn, the Quaker, the management of the nefarious scheme in connexion with the pardon of the Taunton schoolboys. Fea prints the sensational letters written by Monmouth seeking to obtain a pardon, after his capture. Of the letter of James, dated July 12th, 1685, we reproduce a translation by permission of the publisher:—

I had forgot to tell you that I shall be very ready to send some troops down in for there are several Gentlemen there that are in great need of them. I hope your will be angry with me if I take this opportunity in mind that there are several who will be for these own sake, without considering services but I am sure if you are so just and see such people will have any credit with you. Do not be angry with me if I tell you only

the probable guilt of the treacherous Sunderland. Monmouth's mother (whose maiden name, Mr. Fen thinks, was Walter, and not Walters) is dealt with a little too leniently. Her loose life and faithless disposition were so conspicuous that we fail to recognize as a point in her favour the fact that she had "many personal charms," or that "she came of a good stock."

More romantic is the love story of Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, who was referred to by Monmouth on the scaffold as his "wife in the sight of God." To the heiress of the house of Buccleuch, a mere child when married to Monmouth, it is hardly surprising that her gay young husband so soon proved false. That Lady Wentworth was genuinely in love with the Duke cannot be denied; that she went out of her way to encourage his advances is also a fact. James, Duke of Monmouth, was, in truth, but an ignoble and poor-spirited individual whom we see through the glamour of romance which casts a false light upon his career. Imperfectly educated, he was a very prince of rakes, as befitting a son of Charles II., or Robert Sidney, and of Mrs. Barlow. He was often a coward. He was selfish and ungrateful. Dazzled by the brilliance of the prospect suddenly laid before him after his recognition by Charles in 1662, led away by designing politicians whose tool he too readily became, enervated by a life of luxury and dissipation, he was forced to play a part in politics which he was never competent to fill. Nature had merely destined him to be a fine gentleman, nothing more. Nor must it be forgotten, whenever the question of his claims to the throne may be treated of by future writers on the history of his times, that he was not even, in any event, the eldest natural son of Charles II., as has been generally supposed; so that he has enlisted a good deal of sympathy from posterity, as he did a measure of popularity from his contemporaries, to which he was never fairly entitled.

The volume includes an admirable series of portraits reproduced from contemporary sources.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND WHO WROTE THE CASKET LETTERS.

By SAMUEL COWAN, J.P., of the *Perthshire Advertiser*.
2 vols. (Sampson Low, 28s. n.)

The controversy about Mary Queen of Scots is unending, and it is conducted with wit and knowledge on both sides. It is incontestable that all the difficulties are not yet solved; and it is highly probable that they never will be solved. For our own part we are willing to wait till Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Hume Brown, both writers of the fullest historical competence, and the former with the essential gift of genuine historical imagination, shall give us, in their second volumes, an exhaustive summary of recent work as well as of the original sources. Meanwhile Mr. Samuel Cowan, J.P., of the *Perthshire Advertiser*, comes forward frankly as a partisan, with a very free condemnation of those who disagree with him. He does not appear to us, we may say at once, to justify his position. He is very free in assertion, particularly in regard to the Casket Letters. Mary, we are told, could not have done such and such things or written such and such things. Why not? Because they do not fit in with Mr. Cowan's view of her character. This is hardly conclusive. A great deal of time is spent in these two stout volumes upon abuse of the plaintiff's attorney. A good deal is told which is quite irrelevant to the subject. But at least the plaintiff's

subject, the Casket Letters, for example, he knows apparently, of Bresslan, Sepp, or Gerde. And we face to face with facts he is far too much inclined to what does not suit his conclusions. The chief evidence which he arrives at that Mary was in no way concerned in the murder of Darnley or cognisant beforehand of it, the Casket Letters were written by Maitland Buchanan Douglas, and Thomas Crawford, inspired by Mr. Ruthven, and Lindsay. On the first point it is possible to come to a certain conclusion; but Mr. Cowan does nothing to banish the grave suspicion which Mary's conduct, no less than her behaviour at the time of the murder, has naturally engendered. On the second point no reasons are produced for the concert of so large a number of persons in the alleged forgery; and the high improbability of so many people being able to keep their own counsel is not even considered. Of course, in the Casket Letters there are serious arguments to be considered on both sides; but when all is said there remains the fact that the letters are genuine, Mary's character and life are consistent, and that if they are forgeries her history is inexplicable, and that if they are forgeries her history is inconsistent to explain on any coherent theory.

In matter of detail we may note that Mr. Cowan has a good deal of having recently discovered the "original" for the murder of Riecio, and with regard to the part in it triumphantly observes that Tytler, Hosack, and others are all of them wrong. He does not mention the fact given in Ruthven's relation are exactly the same as in the bond which he prints in facsimile, though he did not actually sign it, or more probably signed it. As to the general style, and the general historical interest of the book, there is not much to be said that is favourable. It is a wonder is that an inscription did not get up Elizabeth and put Cecil in the Tower. That is what is called for, as the execution already referred to among innocent persons on the rack were unpardonable. It need not condemn the French Revolution when such cold blooded murders at our own doors." 1561, "This year the King of Navarre fell in love with the King was by the way in France and Mary in Scotland will be seen we think that whatever may be the result of the whole matter, Mr. Henderson, at present, holds

The Bibliographical Society's last two publications, VOL. V., NOV., 1898 to JUNE, 1900, and NO. IX., A BOOK BOUND FOR MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, somewhat belated, are characteristic of its high standard of research. The principal contribution to the "Transactions" is Mr. R. S. Faler's paper on "Printing in Sicily." A controversy long raged whether at Palermo was printed the first Sicilian book. It is now generally held that the "Consuetudines" printed at Palermo in 1494 have precedence of all others. The printing is of a high quality, the troubles of the Spanish domination were not to the fostering of the newly discovered art. On Mr. Faler's paper, now printed as a Monograph, we had occasion when it was read before the Society last December to complete it by adding to it the list of Mary's books in the Bannatyne Club in 1863, and some notes on the list which can now be stated definitely to have been in Queen's library. Seven, or eight, is the number of books there may be others as unnoted as was the "Primer" (subject of the Monograph) itself before it came to the Sunderland sale of 1833. The chances of this becoming a date more remote, for the fragmentary

MR. LANG AND THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

MAGIC AND RELIGION. By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 10s. 6d.)

Two or three years ago, when Mr. Lang produced his amusing miscellany entitled "The Making of Religion," he deemed Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough" worthy only of a passing notice in somewhat disparaging terms. A second edition of that work having recently appeared, in which the matter is enlarged to twice its original bulk, and fills three stout volumes, Mr. Lang proceeds to examine it more closely. It is true that "Magic and Religion" is miscellaneous in form, dealing, amongst other things, with such well-worn topics as "Science and Superstition," "The Theory of Loan-gods, or Borrowed Religion," "Up-and-ring Markings," "First-fruits and Tiboons," and "Fire-walking." All this, however, is merely the sawdust and shavings in which the infernal machine which Mr. Lang deposits, with his compliments, at Mr. Frazer's door, is neatly packed up. The "operative part," as lawyers say, of the book begins with Chapter III., which bears the general title of the volume as its particular heading. Like those who preach from pulpits, Mr. Lang begins with a Scriptural text—and he is really so original in his treatment of it that we must let him speak for himself:—

"The sin of witchcraft is as the sin of rebellion." The idea which inspires this text probably is that a person who seeks to obtain his ends by witchcraft is rebelling against the deity or deities through whom alone these ends should be sought. Witchcraft is also an insult and injury to the official priests, who regard the witch as the surgeon regards the bone-setter, or as the geologist regards the "dowser" or water-finder who uses the divining-rod.

Before expounding his text the preacher should look it out and see that he has it correctly. He should, at all events, do so before sending his sermon to the press. Mr. Lang will find that the text runs thus:—"For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft (1 Sam., ch. xv., v. 23)." The idea which inspires the aphorism is not very recondite. It means that disobedience to the specific directions of the Lord's prophet in reference to a particular occasion, and in circumstances to which the general Mosaic law does not apply, is no less a sin than wilful breach of the strictest precept of that law, and will be visited on the offender accordingly. Mr. Lang's inversion of his text reminds one of the negro evangelist who took Jonah for his subject, informed his hearers that the prophet swallowed a whale, and went on to remark that he must have been a devil of a fellow for fish.

Mr. Lang's original criticism of the "Golden Bough," in his "Making of Religion," was that it was a sort of "Jack-in-the-Green" business. Pursuing the same vein, he now denominates those who hold that spirits and gods of vegetation had a considerable share in the formation of ancient theologies as the "Covent Garden School"; but his objections to the "Golden Bough" in its revised form are by no means limited to the fact that Mr. Frazer is a prominent exponent of this not very novel doctrine. In the new edition of his book Mr. Frazer expresses the opinion that magic has universally preceded religion, and that mankind invented the latter mainly because they found that the former could not be depended

having any religious significance whatever attached to it. Religion, in the ethnological acceptation of the word, is the belief in the efficacy of prayer and sacrifice to the unseen beings who are supposed to be as benevolent or malevolent powers, and some at times even rude, to give these beings visible and tangible forms. Unless something of this kind accompanies it, no superstition can be properly admitted as evidence for the theory of a religious sense. Mr. Frazer's position is not unusual. Mr. Lang's attack on it has not been directed to its merits or demerits. It would have been more to the purpose to have shown that magic and religion are not so easily separated. Mr. Frazer seems to think; that a certain amount of magic survives even in the most advanced religions; and it is obviously not be impossible for religious concepts to be formed and brought to maturity without the magic stage being entered at all.

Nor do we think Mr. Lang fortunate in his choice of some minor matters of opinion advanced by Mr. Frazer. For instance, in the first place, one which Mr. Lang last the peg on which Mr. Frazer's whole work is suspended by its author for exhibition—the "Golden Bough" itself. Mr. Frazer takes as the most convenient and striking example of his main thesis the tree near the grove of Diana, from which no person was to be plucked, unless the person who plucked it were to meet the priest of the temple in mortal combat, and slay him of right to the priestly office if he killed him. This is well known to the general reader, through Macaulay's quoted lines:—

The trees in whose dark shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.

But the fatal bough plucked at Aricia was not the "Golden Bough" at all. What has it to do with the only golden bough known to mythology or poetry, the fabulous one said to have been plucked in the grove of Avernus by the hero who had no passport to the underworld? Nothing whatever. Mr. Frazer asks Mr. Lang, as other readers of Mr. Frazer's work have asked before him—why, in the name of sound common sense, does Mr. Frazer call the bough of the "golden bough," put the "Golden Bough" on his book, and adopt Turner's beautiful but wholly fanciful picture of Avernus as a frontispiece? Mr. Frazer's answer is according to Servius, or some preceding commentator. Virgil whose notes were incorporated by Servius, people generally in those times recognised a connexion between the two; a connexion founded on the circumstance that in each case the bough was intended to serve as a passport, the difference being that the golden bough, unlike the "golden bough," entitled the holder to make the return journey. With Mr. Lang that this analogy, if not wholly ill-fitting, is slight to justify the use to which Mr. Frazer has applied it. A similar objection may fairly be made to Mr. Frazer's story of the plucking of the Arician bough. Mr. Frazer says that because Diana has, amongst other attributes, those of a tree-spirit, the ghastly priest was slain by his successor, the incarnation of the tree-spirit, his life being safe on

Aricia. Hence (it is physically conceivable, but I lay no stress on it) the asylum was at last limited to one fugitive slave at a time. It was not like the forest in the Indian fable, populated by "millions of hermits," who cannot have been very solitary anchorites. Any fugitive slave who took sanctuary had to kill and dispossess the prior occupant. There was only sanctuary for one at a time. More would have been most inconvenient. In any case the one solitary duty of the ghastly priest (as far as we know) was to act as *garde champêtre* to one certain tree. Why this one tree, we do not and cannot know.

Mr. Lang ought to know that the right of asylum in sacred places, although common enough in Greece, never existed, so far as the learned are aware, in Italy, and is unknown to Roman law. It is futile to cite the mythical "asylum" of Romulus, which could have been nothing more than a suburb where strangers and outlaws were permitted to settle under the protection of the original Roman burghers. And on any intelligent reading of the authorities it is ridiculous to suppose that the only function of the *rex Nemorensis* was to guard the tree. As the principal priest of what was, according to Lanciani, the largest temple, and probably the richest sacred benefice, in Italy, his primary duty was to perform the usual sacrificial rites for the benefit of the numerous pilgrims who frequented the shrine, to superintend the *lectæ virginæ* who formed the staff, and generally to manage and direct the affairs of what recent excavations prove to have been in fact a very large hydro-therapeutic establishment. To describe him, with Mr. Frazer, as a "murderer," always liable to displacement by another "murderer," is misleading. A gladiator who fairly defeats and takes the life of his adversary in single combat is no murderer. The "ghastly priest" was simply an official who gained a lucrative post by a peculiar and not inappropriate form of competitive examination. We could never believe that he was necessarily a fugitive slave, though the class of fugitive slaves largely contributed to the ranks of the gladiatorial profession; and the sole authority for the proposition that he was a fugitive slave is Pausanias, a foreigner, whose evidence should not be construed too literally. Inadequate as we have always thought Mr. Frazer's treatment of the Arician *scæna*, we do not think that Mr. Lang has improved upon it, nor can we accept his explanation of the traditional connexion of Orestes and Hippolytes with Aricia as "an ætiological myth." It is more probable that the adventures of these worthies were depicted on the temple walls as parts of the general Artemisian legend. From this to the popular notion that they had actually had to do with the foundation of the temple the transition is easy.

Another matter which provokes Mr. Lang's wrath is the fanciful connexion which Mr. Frazer traces between the mockery and scourging antecedent to the Crucifixion, as described in the Gospels, and similar incidents belonging to the Jewish feast of Purim and the Babylonian *Sacra*. In his haste to bring Mr. Frazer to book Mr. Lang incoherently charges him at the outset, almost in the same breath, with professing to discover in these incidents "the origin of the Christian Faith" and "the origin of the belief in the divinity of Christ." Turning to Mr. Frazer's book, we see that he was led to make the comparison by another equally fanciful resemblance suggested in a recent contribution to a foreign periodical. A German, eagerly seeking some new thing, fancies that he sees through his spectacles a resemblance between this part of the Gospel story

evidence warrants." Here Mr. Lang rubs his hand to use a phrase of his own, that he has the avall"; and he devotes 128 pages of his book to the difficult task of turning what he describes as a hypothesis of the origin of Christianity "inside out" to shreds. We shall say no word tending to complacency with which Mr. Lang may fairly credit his monumental effort. As for Mr. Frazer, he is delighted that so eminent a critic as Mr. Lang should thought so slight a matter worthy of so much serious study.

Apparently Mr. Lang has somewhat failed to understand Mr. Frazer's real attitude in regard to the subject discussed in his book; and it is not surprising that he is deaf to the singular charm which has won for "The Bough" its popularity. Mr. Lang calls it "a hypothesis, eighteen storeys high." Mr. Frazer claimed for it the modest merit of being a fact, intelligibly arranged, bearing mainly on the aspect of ancient religions—an aspect which Mr. Lang ignores. The facts, in Mr. Frazer's words, are "bridges" of hypothesis, often of airy lightness. The chief merit of Mr. Frazer's book is that, while he collects facts, he seldom does more than suggest his interpretation, imperceptibly leads his readers to modify their own views for others for themselves. Herodotus was not distinguished between what he had seen for himself and what he related on the authority of others than himself. Mr. Frazer presents his facts as something apart from his hypotheses—"bridges." A writer who observes this rule is not only by the mere fact of so doing, to a large degree, distinguished from others; and when, in addition, he warns the reader that he is to pursue a particular speculation further than the facts warrant, a prolonged attack directed to this very point seems called for.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Man Forbid.

Mr. John Davidson in his second Testament—OF A MAN FORBID (Grant Richards, 61. n.)—is not the solitary prophet denouncing the world; but though his message seems to us to be, he is a prophetic feelings in magnificent blank verse, strong, rich, imaginative, and that is perhaps enough. "The world very little to his liking; he rates purpose that it drives him, mudbespattered solitude. When he comes back a penitent, one addresses him in a tone of excellent good sense, and back again. He is left haunting the hills and the sea:—

Here as I pace the pallid doleful hills
And serpentine declivities that creep
Unhonoured to the ocean's shifting verge
Or where with prouder curve and green
Surmounting peacefully the restless tide
The cliffed escarpment stands in storm-

Even if the noble rage of the poet leaves us still admire Mr. Davidson's fine gift of poet which this poem is a good example.

Essay Writing.

rules which Stevenson uniformly violated. Yet there are those who hold that Stevenson was the better essayist of the two. The book before us, though by no means the best book of the kind that we know, certainly contains advice that some essayists would do well to take; but we are quite sure that essayists who need the advice have misused their vocation. In an appendix the author gives a list of papers "open to consider outside contributions." Our own organ very properly figures on the list; but we should not accept the specimen essay printed in chapter III., and we doubt whether any of the other papers, from the *Nineteenth Century to M.A.P.*, would be any more likely to do so.

Lady Prestwich's Essays.

A few months after the completion of her labour of love, the "Life of Sir Joseph Prestwich," his widow passed away in the pleasant house near Shoreham in Kent which had been her home since 1870. In the volume just mentioned Lady Prestwich's own personality is studiously kept in the background, and it is fitting that some independent evidence of her worth and attainments should be forthcoming. This is now available by the publication of *ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL*, by Grace, Lady Prestwich, with a memoir by her sister, Louisa E. Milne (Blackwood, 10s. 6d.) Being the favourite niece of a distinguished geologist (Hugh Falconer), and in some sense a pupil of his, endowed, moreover with receptive powers of a high order, in addition to considerable skill as an artist, and a charm of manner which can be traced even in her writings, Lady Prestwich might, under different circumstances, have won for herself an independent reputation. But her life, though far from uneventful, ran in a more tranquil groove. As Falconer's travelling companion, after the death of her first husband and infant son, Grace McCall, as she was then, came into contact with many of the celebrities of forty years ago. Among these may be mentioned Madame Mohl, whose salon was then and for long afterwards the resort of statesmen, novelists, artists, poets, and others, who came to do homage to this bright little Scotchwoman (née Mary Clark). Also Mrs. Somerville, and M. Boucher de Perthes, a noted amateur geologist, whose share in demonstrating the antiquity of the human race should not be allowed to die, though his enthusiasm more than once led him into sad blunders. Anecdotes, reminiscences of travel, and descriptions of scenery, in which vivacity and felicity of expression are equally mingled, make the reader sorry to close this book. The memoir which prefaces the collection supplies just the amount of biographical detail needed.

The "Self-Taught" Series.

The lethargy of our educational authorities in the matter of commercial education lends importance to the series which Messrs. Marlborough are bringing out under the title of the "Self-taught Library." We make the remark particularly in connexion with *RUSSIAN SELF-TAUGHT*, by C. A. Thimm and J. Marshall (Marlborough, 2s.), which we have just received. A knowledge of Russian is becoming of more and more importance in the political and business world, and the German continuation schools have introduced it as a compulsory subject. The "Self-taught" Series, of which ten volumes have appeared—the present volume being preceded by "Swedish Self-taught"—caters fully and in a handy form for the linguistic requirements of sportsmen, cyclists, photographers, and travellers generally; but Messrs. Marlborough have been well-advised in

AN ARTIST'S WALKS IN RIBLE LAKES, by Henry (Religious Tract Society, 6s. 6d.), is a pleasantly-written and often suggestive volume, with numerous excellent executed in "wash."

THE CHILD AT HOME, by Mrs. Clement Parsons (Is. 6d.), consists of two essays on "An Only Child" and "The Beauty of Simplicity." The former deserves study by the large class of parents who have to deal with the difficulty of training a child who is deprived of the education of brothers and sisters, and we do not regret to have seen elsewhere so thoughtful and sympathetic a treatment of it. The second essay is more general in scope, and of greater simplicity in society generally. Mr. Parsons writes in a very pleasant and cultured style, and cordially recommends her book to parents of the "upper

FICTION.

PLEASANT STORIES OF TO-DAY.

Ada Cambridge.

THE DEVASTATORS, by Ada Cambridge (Methuen), is the work of a writer who does not turn out books at caprice or trust to her excellence in the past to condone her present. Her last book is as full of charm, humour, and characterization as anything she has ever written. Peggy is delightful—more attractive than a thousand beauties. Her pathetic and somewhat tedious sensibilities, especially as it is painfully well done. The people of the story are all well depicted. We have a vaguely discontented man who hints at dark confessions which resolve themselves, when he is plumed down to instances, into the grievous fact that his wife has slumped by becoming fat! The motherly woman, again, who before anything else, and looks upon a son-in-law as "a cheque of the nature of a cheque, the true value of which would be cashed into grandchildren"—how real she is! "Devastators" of the title please us, as studies, less quiet characters. But the whole book is good reading, most fastidious.

Mr. E. F. Benson.

Mr. Benson appears to desire to conquer all the fashions of the novel writer. From "Dodo" to *THE LUCK OF THE VAILS* (Heinemann, 6s.) all fashions in fiction may find a place. "The Luck" is a golden cup, carved and jewelled with thought to bring with it length of days. Harry Vail, baron of that name, finds this awkward treasure, Francis Vail, his great-uncle, a most delightfully man and the real *raison d'être* of the story, uses his ingenuity to dispose of Harry and, with the aid of the reign in his stead. The plot is said to have been suggested by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, to whom the book is affectionately dedicated "by its admiring scribe." Spirit of the idea, the telling of it is equally skilful and interesting. Characters are as real as most of Mr. Benson's. There are melodrama, comedy, characterization, and wit and humour in "The Luck of the Vails"; a clever man.

A Student of Her Sex.

ally clumsy. But the novel is above the average in interest, and far above most in characterization. The Chilcotts are excellent: Catherine herself has always a firm hold on the reader's heart, and Lady Sarah (although not perfectly consistent) is amusing. Mrs. de la Pasture is to be congratulated on her last novel, and the more because it preaches unobtrusively the advantages of simplicity and unselfishness. If it were better written it would be a very good book indeed: as it stands it should be popular—especially among ladies who like to see the follies and virtues of their sex analyzed with a delicate touch.

"Babsby's Daughter."

BABSBY'S DAUGHTER, by Bessie and Marie Van Vorst (Grant Richards, 6s.), if it is a first novel, is very promising indeed. It is dramatic, and the drama is kept up breathlessly from start to finish. It just escapes being farcical, but abounds with humour, sometimes subtle and sometimes rollicking. The old pillmaker and his wife are charmingly done. We shall look out for the next book by the joint authors.

Mr. Hamilton Aldé.

Mr. Hamilton Aldé has rarely done better work than in his latest novel, **THE SCARF OF THE WORLD** (John Murray, 6s.). Its heroine, Moyra O'Connell, the daughter of an Irish peer, is as charming a creation as one could hope to meet. Her beauty of face and of character atones in the opinion of her admirers for her comparative poverty, and of admirers she has her pick. Mr. Aldé's gallery includes the usual conventional types, the romantic Hungarian magnate, the Duke with the inevitable hawk-like nose, and the fashionable Countess with a taste for slumming. But Mr. Aldé knows how to dress up the old puppets anew and make them dance to new tunes. The conversation is natural and unaffected, and there is no wearisome straining after epigrammatic smartness of phrase and allusion. The book is a capital specimen of the best and most wholesome type of English fiction.

Sir Walter Besant.

THE LADY OF LYNN, by Sir Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). It is an ungracious task to approach the work of a veteran who is dead in any spirit but a grateful and appreciative one. Fortunately there is little to criticize in "The Lady of Lynn." True, it lacks the charm of Sir Walter's earlier work. And its initial improbabilities are very great: for instance, the strange neglect of the very simple process of examining the signatures in the marriage register. But the book is healthy and lovable. The heroine is a breezy, straightforward young woman, not over idealized, and free from that taint of sentimentality which has tinged some of her predecessors. Molly is a sturdy, "sensible" lass, no angel and no fine lady. In effective contrast to her is the Lady Anastasia, the frivolous woman of a worse than frivolous set, partly redeemed by her real feeling for the callous villain of the piece. The teller of the tale is an honest young sailor, whose reward is not difficult to foretell when Molly is freed from her complicated matrimonial affairs. The book is not strikingly good in any particular, but it shows that pleasant cheery spirit upon which one could always rely in its author.

MYSTERY AND CRIME.

Since we must have our murder mysteries in fiction, we may be thankful to find them done as well as in **MR. BERNARD BROWNE**, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.). All stories of this kind must needs have a strong family likeness,

concluding scene is a pleasing adaptation of the "The Silence of Dean Maitland." On the whole, an inventive, well-elaborated plot. The writing seems picturesque, but no doubt readers of mysterious detective style.

One detective story is very much like another, and it is natural that Mr. Fergus Hume's detective stories should in addition have a certain family likeness of their own. **THE MYSTERY** (Chatto, 6s.) is no less of a mystery than its predecessors. It has a respectable plot, but it is not so clever as to have tried to cast suspicion upon every one in turn (it is, in the great aim of the artist in mysteries), and the villainous heroes who are all that the maiden young and fair and not too much harassed by suspicion, and a sufficiency of the comic element. Blair has the merit of being, at the worst, a possible hero; he is neither superhumanly acute nor ridiculously stupid. The law, no doubt, is good novelist's law—it is only to be expected that a hard-worked writer to reconcile all the contradictions of his characters with hard fact.

Mr. John Blondelle-Burton has the reputation of producing stories of adventure by land and sea, and a due proportion of exciting incident to the taste of the numerous people. Unfortunately **A VANISHING** (6s.) concerns itself with other and more common topics, being merely a machine-made detective story of the customary type, such as most industrious authors produce. If, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, they chose to be original, they should be sufficiently original. The writing displays no distinction (with the possible exceptions of M. de Nesle's *d'instruction*) no individuality. It is readable, certainly, but is not worth serious consideration, and it diminishes rather than enhances Mr. Blondelle-Burton's reputation.

Mr. T. W. Hanshew frankly calls **THE VANISHING** (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) an improbable story. But, in the mysterious double murder, it follows the tortuous path of the conventional detective tale. The dovetailing of the incidents is clever, but the incidents are absurdly extravagant. A reader who would be "thrilled," this is the book.

MAD ? by T. Pym Loughman (Greening, 2s. 6d.) which represents one individual in the net of suspicion, on a balcony under a particularly full and brilliant moon, contents are to match. Here is a sentence, "I was preying on his mind, to such an extent that I should have been able to read his mind," which is a mention of 'Vendetta' roused him to frenzy. "Should Damocles be mixed up in this seemingly mad plot of a diseased brain?" "Seemingly mental" . . . brain "like 'muddled queen'—is 'good' . . .

In **THE GHOST OF TINTERN ABBEY**, by Mrs. A. T. Baker and Son, the ghost is the means of the murder. The writer evidently knows and loves the neighbourhood. Her style is naive, but not slipshod.

TRUSTS.

The liquefaction of all solid problems into thin air has not often been so frankly illustrated as it is in **THE TRUSTS** by J. H. Norris. He announces three books connected with the trusts, so far as they relate to (1) the production, (2) the distribution, and (3) the consumption of American wheat. The first two are *economical treatises*. They are novels; and the third is a

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LITERATURE.

reader by its sheer strength: by its sharply-defined characters—Annixter is a truly fine study of humanity—its largely and poetically conceived pictures of wheat growing on a large scale, and its vivid descriptions, closing with the terrible death of Behrman of the railroad gang, by drowning—not in water, but in the wheat as it rushed down upon him in a thundering cataraet through the chute into the ship's hold. The book gives us, amidst all the familiar scenes and themes of fiction, a new thing: a set of conditions actual and vital and unlike any thing that has existed before in the world's history. It should be read not only for the power of its writing, but because it is pregnant with the problems of the future. We shall look forward to Mr. Norris' treatment of another side of the same problems in the second book of the "Trilogy"—"The Pit, A Story of Chicago."

CASH IS KING (H. J. Deane, Esq.) is described by its author, William A. Reid, as a monogram, which we may assume to be the American for monograph. It purports to be the memoirs of Sir Albert Alling, Knight of the United States, and Baron of Ohio. Briefly, the tale is a dip into the future, and describes the conditions of life at a time when all capital is controlled by a few syndicates, and these eventually by a single all-powerful Trust of Trusts, while labour seeks to protect itself by a similar combination of trade unions. The inevitable death struggle follows. Capital is triumphant, strikes and the agitator disappear, and Mr. Lapap, the "boss" of the plutocrat ring, becomes the first King of the United States. The story, however, is crude and disappointing. Occasionally there is a flash of humour, as in the description of the Religious Syndicate, which insists on church-going, but leaves choice of creed to the individual. But considering the opportunities there is a lamentable lack of imagination, and for this the slight didactic value which the book possesses is hardly enough compensation.

AFRICA.

Mr. Basil Maruan has chosen a rather topical catch-penny title for his clever book *A DAUGHTER OF THE VELDT* (Heinemann, 6s.). It is by far the best novel dealing with life in Africa since the "Story of a South African Farm" and reminds us in its power and truth of that admirable example of fiction; there are the same wealth and correctness of detail, even a certain prolixity in approaching a point, a certain superfluity of minor issues, explanations, and, as it were, verifications of facts. There are the same remorseless analysis of misery, the same piling up of terror, horror, tragedy. There are also the same brilliancy of description and arresting character drawing. The prelude to the novel, a story, one may call it, of thirty-two pages is in itself an original and highly interesting piece of work. The scene is that of the N'Ritani Mission Chapel built on the top of a great swell of upland. The Rev. Mowbray Wrixon has worked hard to achieve this undertaking which he began with a certain enthusiasm and ended by despising. "The Rev. Wrixon," as we are sorry to say Mr. Maruan calls him, is something of a humbug. He falls in love with the daughter of a farmer, with whom he has stayed; but, even in his most fervent feelings, he was guided by a saving sense of economic prudence, and he desires promotion such as this splendid but uncultured girl could only mar. But the story is so cleverly and sincerely told that we will not spoil the reader's pleasure in it by further suggestion of the plot. If this be Mr. Basil Maruan's first book we shall look forward to those that follow "*A Daughter of the Veldt*" with as small

told much after the manner of "Three Men in a Boat," not convinced that the humorous treatment is the one; but we have enjoyed the reading, though last comes there is a feeling of trestness at the long attitude of burlesque. We like the Scotsman who cut a slice off his neighbour's loaf," nor would we have missed the bugler who could not bugle because he got into his bugle. Awa record of the war the book is not everything is distorted in the interests of the comic. Is no sort of cohesion about the book, which is in story. But as long as one realizes that warfare and ca here reflected in the kind of convex mirror that comic distortion of feature, the interests of truth suffer.

THE LOST REGIMENT, by Ernest Glanville (Methuen) begins with a proposal of some magnificence from a "duffer," who has been respectfully informed that they are not required by a grateful country. The "duffer" is a fortunate owner of "a few thousands a month," and that land in Africa may be had at a low rate. "buying a few thousand square miles from some native raising a regiment to be officered by the rejected of We should easily pick up, say, ten thousand miles, with a mountain in the centre." The working modest idea is spirited, ingenious, and humorous splendidly literary.

IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

The journalist is not an uncommon figure in fiction, generally not a very satisfactory one. Mr. R. L. S. any rate knows his subject, and *THE COWARD* (Ward) is at once an interesting story and a fairly accurate picture of certain sort of journalistic life. Catesby, the hero, is drawn, but Detheridge, a sort of Napoleon of the certainly the best character in the book. Unfortun story tails off sadly at the finish. An indeterminate is never very satisfactory, and this is more indeterminate. But it is worth reading, and will no doubt appeal to young literary aspirant.

The struggling journalist appears again in *THE L* (Kegan Paul, 6s.), but Mr. Paine shows that it is possible a hackneyed theme freshly. The tale is of four New paper men, and their effort to eclipse all previous the world of magazines. As they have neither capital, experience, their enterprise can have but one end, and months they are reduced to taking their place in all the long, sad line of dole-seeking waifs, which has name to the book. But the story is not all gloom. Th relieved by the cheeriness and unflagging spirits men. A graceful little love idyll is interwoven with tive, though, unfortunately for the reader, the charm appears only in her letters. However, these, one records, are natural and unaffected.

TWO GIRLS AND A DREAM, by Jean Delaire (W 6s.), has a delightfully bright girl in it. She literary fame, and her conversation redeems the complains that some of her grandest inspirations her bath. She dreams of a "general massacre of at clear the air. In fact, she is amusing all through. as it is a city that the author should have faith.

THE STORY OF ROGIA KING (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) has one or two points that differentiate it from the common run of love-stories. In the main it resembles those poor relations somewhat too closely; there is that ancient piece of machinery—the foundling substituted for the heir—which has solved many hundreds of riddles since the trade of novel-writing began. On the other hand there are one or two fair sketches of character, an engaging heroine, and a good account of Roger's boyhood. Mr. B. Paul Newman's hero runs away early from a tyrannical grandfather, falls among thieves in the orthodox style, and is rescued by a good Samaritan, who is also a writer of novels. This part of the book is better than the rest; it is fresher and less mechanical. When Roger discovers his supposed parents the interest of the story fades rapidly, for only one solution is possible. Mr. Vicars, the novelist, and Mr. Lovibond, the architect, are Mr. Newman's most successful creations in a readable but undistinguished story.

DOMESTIC.

A SON OF MAMMON (John Long, 6s.), by Mr. G. B. Burgin, is a good specimen of the quiet domestic novel. The main theme is the baneful influence of too absorbing a pursuit of wealth. Most of the scenes and characters, drawn from a journalist's London experiences, are natural enough. The heroine is compared to a rose "kiss-kissed into coloured perfume." Fortunately Mr. Burgin rarely indulges in rhapsodies of this kind, and his style will not unduly tax the intellectual powers of the average person. The story is quite worth reading.

THE GOLD THAT PERISHETH (Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d.) is an old story retold; but Mr. David Lyall has contrived to put life into his stock characters. Two of them, an elderly brother and sister, are truly charming in their quaintness. The story fluctuates between a modern stockbroker prince's palace at Sydenham-hill, the City, and the humble home of reduced gentlefolk at Camberwell. As the title partially indicates, this, too, is a tale levelled against ill-made money; and its religious tone is not too insistent.

SOULS OF PARADISE (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) is one of Miss Amelia Barr's quiet, sympathetic tales—this time about Glasgow and the Highlands. It contains a contrast she is very fond of, between a flighty beauty who fascinates and a gentle damsel who retains the hearts of men. A slight supernatural element, which harmonizes with the Highland background, is introduced.

THE MAID OF MAIDEN-LANE, by Amelia E. Barr (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is a quiet, graceful story, full of charm, and with a touch of Miss Mary Wilkins' tenderness about it. The "maid" is delightful—a sweet type, refreshingly free from complications, though her doings and sayings are far from being invariably meek or mild. Her lively friend, Arenta, is very human and *piquante*. Like Clarissa Harlowe's "dear Miss Howe," she furnishes most of the spice of their dialogue. But the maid's demure replies show a certain appreciation of *diablette* that makes one find in Miss Barr a good deal of quiet humour. The book is a thoroughly pleasing one.

MIST YIELD TO WIN, by "Adelina" (Drane, 3s. 6d.), relates the adventures of a governess, rather scurvily treated by the boys of the household that she has to take in charge during the absence of its master and mistress. The adventures are very wild, and the story is inconclusive. There is no meddling and no love affairs—two sufficiently remarkable

But the story is too diffuse. Many of its details, excellent in themselves, will be skipped. The book, amongst English landed gentry of to-day, with a beauty, Ira's stepmother, as trouble-maker. The book is one in which young men and maidens will find entertainment. It is a book for lending libraries, for a young man to enjoy, understand, and suffer no harm by it. Pevez is a new writer of whom we may expect good. She has learnt restraint.

When a lady writer is good enough to let a reviewer into the secrets of a young girl's early life, she can hardly choose but be grateful for the engaging revelations. We all like to hear confessions, and there is something so usually fresh and charming about the artless historical novel. True, it is perhaps scarcely a fair way of arousing interest, but it is hardly "playing the game" (as our athletic friends say) but, after all, it is an author's first duty to be readable. Edith Hawtreys—if the lady is unmarried—tells, in *Spoons* (Drane, 3s. 6d.), the story of Miss R. who attempts at a Platonic friendship. It is done, of course, in the first person, and really it is a pretty little tale. It is exactly in the best taste—or let us put it down as a conception of humour—but the book itself is a little title and the first few pages would lead us to expect a very light, but it is an agreeable *soufflé*.

CAROLINE, OR THE DAYS OF HER YOUTH, by Mrs. Campbell (Stockwell, 3s. 6d.), is a simple story, with religious flavour, and should be suitable for a prize.

Julian the Apostate.

"The historical novel, pure and simple, explains," says Mr. Herbert Trench in an interesting preface to his translation of Dmitri Merejkowski's *THE GODS* (Constable, 6s.), and he goes on to explain that the genius who now adopt this form are only translating the stage of the world a drama which is being played out in the souls. In this, the first of the Russian novelist's series of historical romances, Merejkowski handles the conflict between the Christian idea and the Hellenic. The subject is that of Julian the Apostate, and he has reconstructed scenes and characters of that distant epoch for us with great skill. To prepare himself for his task Merejkowski travelled through Asia Minor and Greece, visited Syria, Egypt, and made an exhaustive study of the Gnostics, the Fathers of the Eastern Church, the Sophists. The result is a fine psychological study of himself, and a convincing series of pictures of the fifth century. Beginning with the childhood of Julian, and ending at their palace-prison of Macellum, it carries us to the death at the head of his army, fighting against the Christians. It is planned on a large scale, and executed with the power; the translation is very good—there is no reason to suppose that with which serious fault could be found. It is hoped that Mr. Trench will continue his good work with translations of "The Resurrection of the Gods," "The Christ," the two remaining volumes of the *Trilogy*. Merejkowski is certainly an author who deserves good and careful translation.

Loss of Memory.

Of the many labours in the great mill of

discovered, she finds her husband, in despair, has married again. This is an awkward situation, a delicate blend of Mr. Clark Russell's "John Houldsworth" and the late Lord Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." Incidentally we are introduced to one Dr. Strong and his lunatic asylum; to Lady Cotswold, who is a rather well-drawn character; and to the family of Sir Adam Lee-Hobbes, Governor of New Zealand. The book is rather above than below Miss Cromwell's usual level of respectable mediocrity.

Ireland.

It is a little hard to believe that anything quite so Irish exists as Miss Jane Barlow's delightful peasantry in *FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK* (Methuen, 6s.). But she draws them with such a quaint, irresistible pen that one can only accept them and be thankful. The book is a collection of short stories full of fascinating characters, such as the courteous Larry, who says consolingly "Git on, Anthony O'Keefe. I believe [every word you're after sayin', lies or no." It is a book that will stand reading many times.

A *UNION OF HEARTS*, by Katharine Tynan (Nisbet, 6s.), is another Irish book, but of a different order. It deals with "rue gentry" rather than the country folk, and has more of a conventional love-story in it. The man who comes from England with a fortune made in trade and a whole host of notions as to "managing" his Irish tenants for their good is familiar. He usually proceeds on the lines of Mrs. Hinkson's hero. He meets with prejudice and outrage. He learns to modify his own preconceived ideas. He wins the proud Irish maid descended from kings, and ends with popularity and wedding-bells. But if the outline is commonplace, the treatment prevents the book from becoming tedious. It is well written, and by no means without humour.

A Beth Book.

There is a certain charm in *MARR'D IN MAKING* (Constable, 6s.), and pugnency, point, and fun, too, are to be found there. But the author, the Baroness von Hutten, appeals rather to the casual than the literary public. Beth is the heroine, with a very charming picture of her as frontispiece, but she does not live; her peculiarities contradict one another so frequently that the reader at last fails to credit the author's stories and thus the interest wanes. But there are clever chapters in "Marr'd in Making," and some rather *risqué* and original situations, and a good deal of pathos that might well be tragedy—if one were only convinced. The Baroness von Hutten places in the fore-front of her book these lines

—Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless pots he marr'd in making—

but they are not particularly appropriate. Beth is marr'd rather by the author than by the Master of the universe; at no time does she appear to be a likely figure for the problems of eternity.

Russia.

It is a little difficult to work up much interest in the Russian novel compact of mysterious police, the "isvostchik," the "young Pole," and the rest of the stock-in-trade. Unfortunately, many clever people try it, for example Mr. Ropes and his sister in *ON PETER'S ISLAND* (Murray, 6s.). We own that if we must read one more novel of Petersburg life under Alexander III. we are delighted to find it is from the versatile pen of Mr. Ropes. We have followed him from the days of the mathematical tripos and the short history of Europe through his *ballades* and *romances* to his lyrics for the libretti of many light plays. He touches every-

a second book more informed with the real spirit of independence on external and observed incidents of importance.

Tragedy is the key-note of the seven short stories, punyng *ZIGZAGS* (Slapkin Marshall, 2s. 6d. n.t., a tale of nihilist vengeance. From a Maori love story, blood, they reach to St. Petersburg; and Mr. John C. crisp style suits them admirably; but he has attacked much needless matter to the front of each one. Gosh! they would have been better had he gone straight into

At Malta.

Lady Aeland tells her story, *THE LOST KEY* (Macquay an International episode, which is true enough, for the of the lost, or rather the stolen, key which wrecks the of the unfortunate Sir William Browne has very little with the main thread of the novel. The book is interesting, but it suffers from aimlessness; it is more a collection of such episodes than a connected story. Some characters have only the slightest connexion with it, it can be called a plot. They seem to have been put in the book merely because the author had met them and found interesting studies. The pair of Socialists, for example, nothing whatever to do with Lady Aeland's tenuous romance, nor can we detect any reason for the account of Mainwaring's death, except that the author probably to try her hand at pathos. The local colour is good, but must serve as an excuse for this indefiniteness of purpose and a certain amount of carelessness in the writing.

Clerefat.

THE VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S, by Sibyl Cross (Longman), an interesting tale on the not very new subject of a maliciously slandered and attacked before his parish a moral charge of which he is entirely innocent. The excellent bits of character-drawing. One is the morbid hysterical figure of the girl Lena; the other is the staid of Docker, the curate. He is all airs and affectation cynicism until his chief is attacked, when he becomes own surprise, his boldest champion. The author's grotesque expressions such as "air givingness," "a mess," and "velocities." She has the gift of putting a good story.

There are two couples playing at cross purposes of greater part of *JOHN JONES, CURATE* (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) are such a long time over sorting themselves properly strain upon the reader's nerves gets rather severe. The novel is original, pleasantly written, and with plenty of colour. Miss Gwendolen Pryce bears a Welsh name has taken the little isle of Anglesey as her especial scene. Some of the characters are interesting, but it cannot be said that any are drawn with remarkable insight. The chief rival, young Ross, are perhaps the two best; the ladies, curiously enough, are somewhat shadowy. The conscientious endeavour to draw a picture of modern Welsh habits, and the result is a creditable novel that doubt be popular among those who are not afraid to grapple with the intricacies of Cymric spelling.

THE AWAKENING OF ANTHONY WEIR (Religious Society, 3s. 6d.), by Silas K. Hoeking, gives us a clear view of the mental evolution of a man who becomes a mind strong vein of worldliness in his nature. The story probably cause some flutterings in dissenting circles, honestly, yet not over ruthlessly, lays bare the world that governs too many chapels. In its way it is a sermon on the issue raised in Anthony Weir, despite that Mr. Hoeking does not stir the passions of his characters very deeply. For so practised a writer, the plan of a second chapter forecast a part of the story seems to take in construction.

The Burgess Novel.

MASTER AND SLAVE, by Alfred T. Story (Hrimley Johnson, 2s.), has rather too pronounced a flavour of the Socialistic pamphlet about it, but is an extremely pathetic little sketch. It tells of the terrible life led by an agricultural labourer under the worst conditions, and of the martyrdom of his wife. It is pitious when the poor woman rejoices in dying at the thought that her death will enable the little growing-up daughters to have a bedroom to themselves and escape the awful overcrowding that she dreads. Mr. Story's narrative style is telling and appropriate.

GOD'S REMEDY, by Hulbert Fuller (Jarrold, 6s.), has an idea in it. In fact, one might almost say it has too many ideas. It is long, rambling, and a little incoherent, with here and there a leap into farce, and occasionally a rather startling trenching on very serious ground. There is hardly room in the same book for the purely farcical publishing item of Goldsmith-Smith and the medical question discussed on page 328. Then the strike in chapter twenty-two, the love-stories of Julia, of Enid, Mabel, and Nannette—they should have made half-a-dozen novels, rather than a single involved one. And the title? We have had too many of its kind of late. There is no particular connexion between the Deity and any character in the whole inconsequent, if clever and unconventional, novel.

THE TEMPTRESS, by William Le Queux (Ward, Lock, 6s.), is like the rest of its author's sensational stories. The plot is not badly worked out. Mr. Le Queux is fond of generalities, which sometimes have the incontestable merit of truth. Take this one: "The majority of cases of suicide by pistol or by poison would not have occurred if the weapon or potion had been absent."

Mr. William Westall has, perhaps by some subtlety unknown to himself, put a quiet and underlying humour into his last book *HIS LADYSHIP'S SECRET* (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), much of which should be thoroughly serious. The title fits only about an eighth of the book. The "secret" is shelved too long; when it appears in the latter half of the book it proves to concern Lady Bramber—formerly Mrs. King, a widow, robbed of her child by her brother, who has adopted it. As Lady Bramber, the mother finds her first husband alive—the unscrupulous President of a fictitious South American Republic, and the guest of her second husband. In the neighbourhood lives the unrecognized daughter with her adopted parents—all three of whom are very well characterized. The "situation" is strong; but Mr. Westall seems to have written it in a rather perverse mood of levity. Still much of the book bears the impress of probability, and in one way or another it is all interesting.

INTERESTING DIALOGUES (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.) are light, frothy, and brisk. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has attained to considerable skill in this kind of writing, and if he never goes below the surface he is at least generally amusing. These dialogues are ephemeral enough; they are all concerned with "topics of the day"—the war, charity entertainments, theatricals, private and public, and any other little matters familiar to Londoners—and they are full of conversation that is lively and up-to-date. Most of them have appeared before, in the pages of the *World* and the *Outlook*.

RED FATE, by Edmund Fortes (Grosvenor, 6s.), has some signs about it of having been written by a woman as well as by a novelist at fiction making. It is crude and sentimental, especially where male dialogue is brought in. At the same time, there is a distinct attempt at realising an uncommon type of temperament. The author has not taken a stock young man for her principal character and made him do the proper things. She has a powerful presentment in her own mind of a storm-tossed human being. That her presentment of him on paper is a little less powerful is not extraordinary. On the whole, it is worth while to tell her to go on.

IN REAL LIFE (Draught, 6s.) Mr. Charles S. Marshall tells an old-fashioned story of life at a sea-side boarding-house, all too

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

In addition to the new volume by Mr. announced in *Literature*—entitled "Lord Messrs. Cassell have a new serial (fortnightly) work in preparation, called "Living Land and Its Play, its Humour and its Pathos, Scenes," edited by Mr. George R. Sims. Put on October 23. Another new serial which are about to start in fortnightly parts—begun is "The Nation's Pictures: A Selection of Modern Paintings in the Public Galleries of reproduced in colours. Each part will contain plates, with descriptive text. The Old Master as well as in Art, are being taken up by Mr. will start their "Standard Library" of shilling on October 25 with "Adam Bede." It will, equal in appearance to the usual six-shilling November volume will be Kingsley's "Westward" other items in Messrs. Cassell's now 1 announced in *Literature* are "Familiar Moths," by Mr. W. F. Kirby, assistant in Department of the British Museum (Natural History) by coloured plates; and a promising book by R. Kearton, entitled "Strange Adventure Land: Stories told by Mother Birds to amuse illustrated by a characteristic series of photographs author's brother, Mr. Cherry Kearton.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun has written for "The Mastery of the Pacific"—a result of in the Pacific, where, he is convinced, the great twentieth century will be waged. The new Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., entitled "All the Journeys" of W. D. Howells, a companion volume James' "Little Tour in France," with pictures

Messrs. Sampson Low expect to have the "The Times History of the War in South very shortly. "The Times Life of Queen" volume, is also due this autumn, and will about twenty-five photogravure portraits cover period of the Queen's life. The sixth volume Clowes' history of "The Royal Navy" will be the end of the month. "Types of Naval Warfare, remarks on the Development of Naval Warfare Eighteenth Century," is the title of Capt. work, illustrated by portraits which Messrs. also have in hand. Next month the same issue the history of the "Naval Brigades in War," which has been written by officers at attack brigades, and edited by Surgeon T. T. "England and France in the Mediterranean" Walter Frewen Lord. Their remaining annual "Napoleon's Campaign in Poland," by F. Lo Japanese Miscellany"—another volume of and stories of Japan, by Lafcadio Hearn; and the Meynell Hounds and Country, 1780 to 1901, with forty photogravure plates.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing Mr. A. C. "Owen Glyndwr"—the chieftain who headed last fight for independence about five hundred the "Heroes of the Nations" Series. The next the series will be "Henry V., the Typical by Mr. A. L. Kingsford; and "Edward English Justinian," by Mr. Edward Jenks. prominent part in Messrs. Putnam's new 1 volumes besides those already mentioned is also announced: "A Memorial to William St. Mr. Charles Devidé, chess editor of the 2

"Mathematical and Physical Papers"; "Life and Letters in the Fourth Century," by T. R. Glover, Classical Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge; "The Teaching of History," edited by Lord Acton; "English Law and the Renaissance," by Professor Maitland (Reid Lecture for 1901, with notes); "The Care of Books: From Roman Times to the End of Last Century," by J. W. Clark, Registrar of the University of Cambridge; and the first volume of "Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus," a collection of the oldest monuments of the Gaelic language, edited, with translation, notes, and a glossary, by Dr. Whitley Stokes and Professor Strachan.

"How to Study English Literature," a new volume of Mr. Grant Richards' "How to" series, will be ready on October 2.

Books to look out for at once.

- "Malina Récauder and her Friends." By H. Noel Williams. With Portraits. Harper. 30s. n.
- "Unstoried in History: Portraits of Some Famous Women of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries." By Gabriele Festing. Nisbet. 6s.
- "The Spanish People: their Origin, Growth, and Influence." By Major Martin Hume. Heinemann. 6s.
[First volume of "The Great Peoples" Series.]
- "The Tribulations of a Princess." By the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper. 7s. 6d.
[See note on p. 290.]
- "The Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Edited by W. Laird Clowes. Vol. VI. Sampson Low. 25s. n.
[Opens with a history of the naval war of 1812 by President Roosevelt.]
- "Lord Kitchener." By H. G. Gosser. Illustrated. Pearson. 2s.
- "Chivalry." By F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton. Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.
["Social England" Series. Illustrated.]
- "The Novels of Samuel Richardson." Chapman and Hall.
[New edition in twenty volumes, complete sets ready on October 1. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net each volume.]
- "Poets of the Younger Generation." By William Archer. John Lane. 21s.
[With portraits from wood engravings by Robert Bryden.]
- "Kim." By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan. 6s.
[Illustrated by J. L. Kipling.]
- "The Cankerworm: being Episodes of a Woman's Life." By George Manville Fenn. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- "Clementina." By A. E. W. Mason. Methuen. 6s.
[A romance of Jacobite times.]
- "Angel." By H. M. Croker. Methuen. 6s.
- "Don or Devil." By William Westall. Pearson. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON. By Viscount St. CYRES. 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 311 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d.
[A biography, with full discussion of his relations with the mystics.]
- THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL CLAUD MARTIN. By S. C. HILL. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 156 pp. Calcutta: Thacker and Co.
[Martin has hardly had justice done to him, and students of Anglo-Indian history will find interest in this defence of the much abused and remarkable Frenchman who rose to high office under the East India Company, became the chief agent in the Government of Oudh, and accumulated a fortune which he bequeathed to philanthropic objects.]
- SAINT DOMINIC. (The Saints Series.) By JEAN GUICHARD. Trans. by Katharine de Mattos. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 191 pp. Duckworth. 3s.
[The book bears the imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan.]
- MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF SIR JAMES PAGET. Ed. by S. PAGET. 9x6, 438 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.
[The Early Life is from Sir James Paget's own memoirs; the remainder is by the editor with copious extracts from letters, diaries, &c. "His work in pathology, and his private practice have been put in outline only."]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- UNDER THE GREAT BEAR. By K. MISHNER. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 313 pp. Cassell 3s. 6d.

- THE RAINBOW GARDEN, and other Stories. By GRATIANA. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x7, 119 pp. Brintley Johnson. 2s. n.
- THE WORLD'S DELIGHT. By MARY F. H. SHERIDAN. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 140 pp. Lane. 6s.
- THE BLUE BABY, and Other Stories. By Mrs. MOWBRAY. 132 pp. Cowley. 2s. 6d.
- TWO BUSYBODIES. By Mrs. S. G. ARNOLD. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 312 pp. Lane. 6s.
[The adventures of two little boys.]
- RELIGION FOR THE HEART, and Other Readings. Illustrated Religious Tract Society. 1s.
- GIMME'S FAIRY TALES. Ed. by MARIAN EDWARDS. 11x8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 400 pp. Dent. 5s. n.
[Prettily got up in light green ornamental cover. Copies sent by Mr. Anning Bell.]

FICTION.

- LITTLE CHÉRIE; OR, THE TRAINER'S DAUGHTER. By DIXIE. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 207 pp. Treharne. 1s.
[A slight "pretty" story of how Lord Cairnmore came the daughter of a trainer.]
- THE LITTLE SAINT OF GOD. A heroine of the Red Terror. F. CUNNINGHAM. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 328 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
[Closely founded on fact, giving the story of the Marquis de Moulleu, the great Chouan leader in Brittany, and his love for the "Little Saint of God."]
- THE WOOING OF GREY EYES. By R. STEPHENS. 8x4, Murray. 6s.
[A collection of stories, the title story—an Irish tale—occupying half the book.]
- DESPAIR'S LAST JOURNEY. By D. C. MURRAY. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, Chatto and Windus. 6s.
[A long novel of theatrical life in London and about the Paul Armstrong's marriage with a wife who takes to drink, for another woman leads to the Divorce Court, and Paul vaguely finds peace in the thought of "duty" on the last page.]
- NEW CANTERBURY TALES. By G. M. HEWLETT. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, Constable. 6s.
[Medieval tales told by travellers on "the Pilgrims' way" in the GATES OF THE NORTH. By STANDISH O'GRAD. 171 pp. Watkins. 3s. 6d.
[Tells the story of how Cúchulain held "the Gates of the North" against a host of invaders. The reader, says Mr. O'Grady, the story at first "a severe mental exercise," but will be re- enjoying "a great tale, one of the greatest in the whole world well told in fine poetical prose.]
- TWO GIANTS' GATE. By MAX PERMUTON. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 360 pp. Constable. 6s.
[Described as "Mr. Penberton's largest and greatest work." Describes an attempt to depose the President and found a modern Paris.]
- TALES FROM TOLSTOI. Trans. by R. NISBET BAIN. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, Jarrold. 6s.
- THE CRIME OF THE CRYSTAL. By FERGUS HUME. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, Digby Long. 6s.
[Another of Mr. Hume's brightly told mystery stories—murder is traced to its source partly by visions in the crystal.]
- AND AFTERWARDS? By Mrs. H. E. GORST. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, Greening. 6s.
[The revenge of a woman on an artist who had wronged bachelor days. The skill with which the plot is handled noticeable than the style of the telling, which is *risqué* and "smart."]
- "WHERE THE ORANGES GROW." By N. A. LEYKEN. Count S. C. DE SOISSONS. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 336 pp. Greening. 6s.
[The adventures of a party of Russian travellers in Sicily, Carlo, Rome, Naples, and Venice. The author is described as "Mark Twain of Russia," but the Russians do not quite reveal of the "Innocents," and it evaporates a little in the translation.]
- LE CRÉPUSCULE DES HEUX. By ELEMER BOURGES. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, Paris: Stock. Fr. 3.50.
[A reprint of the famous work, long out of print, of chosen last year as member of the Goncourt Academy.]
- MASTER OF MEN. By E. P. OPPENHEIM. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 314 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[One of the author's well-written and moving stories of a cultured Socialist mechanic who rises to Parliamentary honours, hampered by his early marriage to a girl who is a "socialist" herself.]

HISTORY.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY. By SOPHIA H. MACLAUSON. 7½×5½, 391 pp. MacLachose, 6s. n.

[A popular account, ending at 1788. Another volume is to carry on the story.]

A VANISHED ARCADIA. Some Account of the Jesuits in Paraguay, 1605-1767. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. 8×5½, 291 pp. Heinemann.

[“Rightly or wrongly, but according to their lights, they strove to teach the Indian population all the best part of the European progress of the times in which they lived, shielding them sedulously from all contact with commercialism, and standing between them and the Spanish settlers, who would have treated them as slaves.”]

THE GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE. By A. W. JOSE. 8½×5½, 422 pp. Murray, 6s.

[This popular account of the growth of the Empire has already been published in Australia. It is now much augmented.]

LITERARY.

THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW. Vol. X. 49, Rupert-street, 21s.

THE WORKS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. (University College, London. The Quain Essay, 1901.) By EDITH J. MORTLEY. 9×5½, 60 pp. H. Rees, 1s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L'UNIQUE MOYEN. By COMTE LÉON TOLSTOY. Trans. from the Russian by J. W. RIEMSTOCK. 7½×4½, 32 pp. Paris: Stock, 50c.

[The latest production of Tolstoy's; written during his recent illness. The “Sole Way” is the sole way to freedom—namely, to throw off conventional religion, and conform to the divine law of Fraternity.]

FROM THE HEART OF THE ROSE. By HELEN MILMAN (Mrs. C. Crofton). 7½×5½, 216 pp. Lane, 5s. n.

[In the form of letters, dealing with gardens and many other things “natural, serious, and frivolous.” The frontispiece is a very interesting photograph of Mr. G. F. Watts in his garden.]

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF PLAYS, &c., 1901. 7×4½, 72 pp. French.

FRENCH'S INDEX TO READINGS AND RECITATIONS, 1901. 7×4½, 47 pp. French.

A HAPPY MOTHERS' MEETING, and Other Addresses for Mothers. 7½×5, 190 pp. Religious Tract Society, 2s.

MIDDLE CLASS COOKERY. By “VERA.” 8½×5½, 190 pp. Cartwright, 6d.

EARLY RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND. By J. A. GORCH, F.S.A. 9½×6½, 281 pp. Batsford, 21s. n.

[Quite distinct from the author's well-known large work “Architecture of the Renaissance in England.” It begins the story in the reign of Henry VII. and stops short of Inigo Jones. Profusely illustrated with photographs and plans.]

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS' CENTRAL STATION DIRECTORY, 1901-2. 8½×5½, 522 pp. Higgs.

THE BOOK OF THE GRAPE. Handbooks of Practical Gardening. Vol. III. By H. W. WARD, F.R.H.S. 7½×5½, 97 pp. Lane, 2s. 6d. n.

THE AMHERST PAPYRI. An Account of the Greek Papyri in the Collection of the Right Hon. Lord Amherst of Hackney. By B. P. GRISTELL, D.LITT., and A. S. HUNT, D.LITT. Part II. 13½×10½, 213 pp. Frowde, 52s. 6d. n.

MILITARY.

PICTURES OF WAR. By J. STUART. 7½×5½, 111 pp. Constable, 7s. 6d.

WAR NOTES. By COL. D. VILLEROIS MAREUIL. Trans. by F. LEES. 7½×5½, 293 pp. Black, 5s.

ARTS UNDER ARMS. A University Man in Khaki. By M. FITZGERDON. 7½×5½, 232 pp. Longmans, 5s. n.

[The author is a Moderator in Classics at Trinity College, Dublin, and volunteered for the war. Gives, as the author believes, the first published account of the capture of the 13th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry by Christian de Wet outside Lindley.]

PHILOSOPHY.

DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY. Vol. I. Ed. by J. M. BATHWYN. 10½×7½, 641 pp. Macmillan, 21s.

[This is an American undertaking, the editor being a Professor at Princeton. But on the long list of “consulting editors” and contributors are some English names, such as Prof. Foulton, Dr. H. W. Hensman, Dr. G. P. Stout, and others, and the editor has been

SONGS IN THE NIGHT, and other Poems. By 7½×5, 150 pp. Jarrold, 1s. 6d.

WAGNER'S NIBELUNGEN RING. Vol. II. Siegfried of the Gods. Translated into English Verse. 163 pp. Longmans, 4s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A KENTUCKY CARDINAL AND AFTERMATH. 128 pp. Macmillan, 6s.

[Delightful pictures by Mr. Hugh Thomson.]

A DIGIT OF THE MOON. Trans. by F. W. BAIN. Parker, 3s. 6d. n.

[We are glad to see a reprint of this beautiful has a new stanza from the MS. printed on the 1 in a prefatory note.]

POPE'S RAPE OF THE LOCK. (Flowers of Paradise.) 57½×4½, 71 pp. Lane, 1s. n.

[Reproduces Aubrey Beardsley's well-known

ANNA KARENIN. (Library Ed. of Count Tolstoy's Trans. by CONSTANCE GARNETT. 9×6, 493+426

[The beginning of the new Library Edition translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett, the only English version. The preservation of the feminine says, no parallel in English and is not in accordance with Russians who speak English. The book is well formed, with a portrait of Tolstoy at twenty.]

THE POEMS OF SCHILLER. Trans. by E. P. AUGST. 360 pp. Heinemann.

SCIENCE.

ZOOLOGY. (Cambridge Natural Science Manuals and E. W. MACBRIDE. 9×6, 632 pp. Cambridge, 10s. 6d. n.

DRAGONS OF THE AIR. An Account of Extinct G. H. SEELEY, F.R.S. 7½×5, 238 pp. Methuen

[The author worked at the subject for 40 years. Adam Sedgwick and, with the aid of the Royal Society, studied all the specimens in Europe. The book is popular and clear in arrangement, with abundant illustrations. Thus treated the subject is new to the public, and of importance in solving the mystery of the growth of life.]

SPORT.

AMERICAN TROTTING AND PACING HORSE RACING. 7½×5, 118 pp. Philadelphia: Coates.

THEOLOGY.

THOUGHTS ON OUR LORD'S TEMPTATION. By PALMER. 6½×4½, 380 pp. Parker, 4s. 6d.

A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON ST. PETER AND ST. JUDE. By REV. C. J. C. 353 pp. T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By G. W. WADE, D.D. Methuen, 6s.

[This book is similar in its purpose to the volume which we noticed recently—viz., it gives criticism now presents it to us. Both books kind. Dr. Wade's is fuller in detail, and on Old Testament history, we think, clearer in arrangement, and it perhaps more useful for educational purposes.]

THE SONG OF SONGS. Selections from the Sermon by the REV. B. BLANLAND. (Library of Devotion.) Methuen, 2s.

[The selections are from 31 of the 86 sermons more truly on the spiritual life generally—written by Clairvaux, a life of whom is prefixed to the work.]

THE GREEK CATHOLIC CHURCH. By R. B. 70 pp. Williams and Norgate, 1s.

[A paper read before the Exeter College Church union with the Eastern Church as the true Catholic Church.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

FLORENTINE HERALDRY. A Supplement to the H. WILES. 87½×5½, 208 pp. Dean, 10s. 6d.

THE LAST OF THE MASAI. By S. L. and HILDEGARD. 180 pp. Heinemann.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 27. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be
MR. H. G. WELLS.

We shall devote space next week to Educational Publications.

Books to read just published:—

- "Kim." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
- "Poets of the Younger Generation." By W. Archer. (Lane.)
- "Unstoried in History." Portraits of famous women of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. By Gabrielle Festing. (Nisbet.)
- "The Right of Way." By Gilbert Parker.
- "The Secret Orchard." By Egerton Castle.
- "Mousme." By Clive Holland. (Pearson.)

During the war fever, the public interest being to some extent diverted from fiction, the publishers to some extent stopped publishing novels. But the authors did not to any extent stop writing them. They accumulated, so to say, like wine or spirits in bond; and now they are being taken out of bond in a scrambling hurry, which suggests that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is suspected of a dark design of imposing an excise duty on them at an early date. No fewer than ninety novels were, we understand, recently offered to the trade for subscription on a single morning. An excise duty, however, is not

seeing that the Bishop of London took up the cudgel, reeled, "with tears in his eyes," passages from his work, and called him an "Imperial Poet," and inquired: "How could he be Catholic which didn't begin by being Imperial?" It does not seem to have used the word "Catholic" in its accepted theological sense, but as a literary critic impeccable.

Dramatic composition is one of the many recent developments of women in England, and particularly in France, where Clara Viebig, Ernst Rosmer and others have had some success, presenting the strong self-reliant woman on the stage. Much interest has been aroused by the new play just produced at the Gymnase Theatre, the first drama by a French woman writer, Jeanne Marni (Mme. Fournier), well known as the successful author of sprightly dialogue. She was at one time secretary to *La Fronde*, the Parisian paper entirely conducted and written by women. Her play is much more ambitious. Its plot is a peculiar one, if not a pleasing, one. A servant in the household of Chalsles becomes a mother. The father of the child, called Geneviève, is admittedly Madame Chalsles' lover. Mme. Chalsles regards it as her duty to keep the child in the house and constitute herself its civil mother. But though she conceives to be her duty, her attitude is one of continual reproach; and she reveals no sign of tender feeling for the innocent girl Geneviève. The struggle in her mind between duty and repugnance is given with fine dramatic effect, and with extremely careful observation of the life of middle-class people.

When fiction has become, as we are often told it will be, a form of literature and the Universities include it in their curriculum, Calverley's famous examination paper in English will take its proper place as a model test paper. But it was not the first to anticipate the future, and Mr. Warren Vernon has in a "Boz Club Paper," just issued, a "Students' Guide to the School of Literature," composed by the Rev. H. E. Tweed, of Oriel, which anticipates Calverley's *jeu d'esprit* by two years. It is quite as good as Calverley's and on a much larger scale. A good many authors besides Dickens are among the subjects "set" for examination, but to the author of "Pickwick" "great credit will be attached in the examination."

Some of Mr. Tweed's questions would not be out of place in a "general paper" for a school scholarship examination. Translate into the style of Dr. Johnson:

never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, splendour, and joy."

Mr. Tweed, in fact, takes a higher view than Calverley of the intelligence of his student of Dickens.

Point out he asks the principal coincidences between the narratives of *Gil Blas*' initiation into Madrid life by the valets of the noblemen, and Sam Weller's introduction to Bath at the Leg-of-Mutton Swarry.

The examinee is also invited to

Compare the Mrs. Harris of *Sairy Gamp* with the Diemon of Socrates.

The latter question is under the heading "Philosophy and History of Philosophy," &c., and in this section the first question referring to Dickens is the extremely subtle one—

Is Mr. Sam Weller's Philosophy adequately described as an expansion of the system of Mr. Weller senior?

No one, so far as is known, has ever attempted to enter for Mr. Tweed's examination, and we do not wonder. Calverley's was comparatively easy, and only required research. Mr. Vernon, in fact, supplies a key to it. In question twelve Calverley's genius both for practical joking and for parody got the better of him; and the sentence in the style of Sam Weller which he asks the examinee to illustrate by other references to dumb animals speaking is an invention of his own. It is this:—"Any think for air and enterprise," as the very old doukey observed ven they voke him up from his deathbed to carry ten gentlemen to Greenwich in a tax cart." Mr. Vernon, by the way, supplies an apt illustration of Jingle's—"half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter." "Forty years ago," he says, "when I was a member of White's Club, before it was remodelled and reformed, the prices were so extortionate that it was a common saying among the members that if you looked at the waiter it was a shilling, if you spoke to him it was half-a-crown, but that if he spoke to you it was five shillings."

Packages left to the nation with instructions that they are not to be opened until after the lapse of a certain number of years are more often than not disappointing. The Scane Museum in Lincoln's-inn-fields has afforded more than one instance of this. But the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris possesses certain papers that at any rate ought to be interesting to lovers of literature. The latest bequest is the diaries and correspondence of Edmond de Goncourt, which are not to be opened until twenty years after his death. The same institution possesses also the papers and manuscripts of Edgar Quinet, which are held back until 1910; the love letters of de Musset, written to a lady who had promised to destroy them but failed to do so when it came to the point; and some bulky parcels containing the correspondence and other unpublished papers of Renan and Thiers. De Musset's letters will be unsealed in nine years' time, Renan's in 1920, and Thiers' ten years after the death of the lady who has presented them. There are also fourteen volumes of unpublished letters from Louis Philippe, his son, several European monarchs, and distinguished politicians and men of letters. Parisians should have plenty to talk about during the first quarter of the

black on hand-made paper. Circumstances connected with the Book of Common Prayer render it essential that order to be of historic value, shall be issued with the King's printers; but Mr. Edward Arnold will secure for subscribers to the Essex House Press publication a first offer of copies if applied for before the 31st inst. date such priority cannot be guaranteed.

A FUNERAL IN FLORENCE.

Over the Arno sinks the sun;
The distant hills stand out in gold,
Their purple ridges darkly scrolled
Against the sky, while Iris-souled
Over the Arno sinks the sun.

The muffled drums thro' out a knell;
A wave of sound sweeps to and fro,
A myriad solemn footsteps go,
And on the bridge the torches glow,
While heavily rings the passing bell.

A fragrance from the censer swings,
Where priests and choir their threnody
Breathe out beneath the brooding sky,
For all the sleeping souls who lie
Borne softly down on Death's dark wing.

The mournful music sobs and wails;
Across the bridge the thronging feet
Pass with their dull funeral beat,
And wind along the stately street
Where Justice stands and holds her scale.

Blind Justice stands and holds her scale
The funeral pomp flows proudly past,
Pure flowers upon the bier are cast,
The mourners' tears are falling fast—
But Justice stands and holds the scale.

MARY BRADFORD

Lord Rosebery is writing a history of the States with which he is connected on his late mother's side.

It is stated that the name of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, historian, was suggested in connexion with the Governor of Queensland (which will shortly become vacant), and that the Queenslanders desired to have a Governor of high standing in the political world.

The house in which Ruskin was born in 1818, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, is being completely reconstructed. It was erected at the close of the eighteenth century.

Miss Corelli has begun an action for libel against the proprietors of a weekly newspaper called the *Topic*.

On and after October 21 the Irish Literary Society will perform two new plays, the pieces selected being *Granada*, a play in English by Mr. George M. W. B. Yeats, and *The Twisting of the Rope*, a play by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

Last week the death took place of Mr. J. G.

October 5, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

The street sale of the *Petersburgskaya Gazeta* has been prohibited for one month on account of the publication in its columns of details concerning the present stay of Count Leo Tolstoy in the Urmen.

In the new (Bohn) edition of Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico" there is an Introduction by Mr. George Parkin

Winship, telling the story of the indomitable with which the author struggled throughout his life. A missile thrown at him in play in

his college dining hall permanently impaired his eye-sight. Thenceforward he could read on an average, with great effort, rather less than two hours a day; and even this light labour (as other students would consider it) often brought on severe and protracted neuralgia. In spite of these sufferings and hindrances he became one of the greatest, and decidedly the most popular, of the American historians. It is a cheering story of human resolution triumphing over difficulties which a weak man would deem insuperable; and the parallel cases which can be adduced only make it more encouraging. There is the case of Francis Parkman, whose life closely resembled Prescott's, and who, similarly impeded, wrote books equally important, if less widely popular. There are also the cases of Milton, who was blind when he wrote *Paradise Lost*, and of Henry Fawcett, whose blindness did not hinder him from mastering and expounding the science of Political Economy. Probably there are other cases, though we fail to recall them at the moment. Looking at these instances one is tempted to speculate whether, in the case of the brave man who determinedly makes the best of things, this terrible loss of a precious faculty may not sometimes have its compensations. The Greeks certainly had the idea that it might, as we see in the story of Democritus in the "Odyssey." The gods, it is written, gave him both good and evil—they robbed him of his eyesight, but bestowed on him the Divine gift of song. And Homer himself lives in legend as "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." The idea that inspiration—to use a more general word than "song"—may be the reward given to console the blind is evidently an old one; and perhaps, with an effort of the imagination, one can realise how this may be. For the loss of sight—appalling though the mere thought of it appears to every one—does not isolate a man from the interests of his fellows quite so much as the loss of speech or hearing. We have all known blind persons who have been very agreeable companions; whereas, whatever one's pity for a deaf man, it is not so easy—though with improved mechanical appliances and the wonderful methods of lipreading it is becoming much easier—to make a friend of him. The feeling that they can thus hold communion with and become intimate with their fellows preserves the blind, when they are brave, from despair and stimulates them to effort. On the other hand they are shut off from the world to this extent, that they escape a great many of its trivialities and distractions. They are almost compelled to concentrate their thoughts on the particular thing that happens to be of interest to them, and the fact that they do so much of their thinking without constant reference to print or manuscript may well help them to broad and luminous generalization. With most of us our reading is out of all proportion to our thinking. This can hardly be with those who are wholly or partially blind. One cannot indeed draw any

Literature Portraits.—X

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

In Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne the work of that splendid constellation of great poets the age of Victoria. Perhaps one cannot call Mr. Swinburne the star of the first magnitude; there has rather been a wild cometary about his career, which threatens to carry him beyond the bounds even of poetic history. The star he undoubtedly is, and his name will always be "high collateral glory" near the names of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, along with those of Mrs. Browning, Morris, and Rossetti.

It is still a matter for discussion, indeed, as to Swinburne's place in the estimation of posterity, whether at the rear of the first group or at the head of the second. It is too early at present to attempt to settle this. When a great writer is happily still amongst us, that the comparison of his best work with that of his contemporaries is something more than usually odious in it. Edward Elgar has told us how odd he found it to think of Macaulay and Mackintosh bawling at one another across the years. "Which is the greatest poet? what is the greatest poet?" and so forth. At times the question is less enough, though it must always appeal to some more than to others. Mr. Swinburne's own critical method is "I have never been able," he has said, "to see a man who attracts men to the profession of criticism but the method of praising." This is a far cry from the methods of *Le Réviseur*, with the famous motto which it took from Syrus. Of course it has to be remembered that a critic, who has to examine whatever is laid before him, is in so happy a position as the amateur, who reads only work that attracts him and is able to confine his criticism to classics. And Mr. Swinburne himself has not always what he preached, as a certain paper on "What is a Poet?" reminds us. Still one has pleasure in remembering that, "My chief aim, as my chief pleasure, in all my work has been rather to acknowledge and applaud the noble and precious than to scrutinize or to stigmatize what might perceive to be worthless and base." And, Swinburne's prose work consists mainly of literary history always stimulating and impressive, even if it be embroidered with superlatives.

The same tendency is responsible for most of Mr. Swinburne's verse, and has, perhaps, done most to keep his early genius from developing as freely as did that of Browning from a much smaller germ. It is a member that, if we compare the work which each of our poets had published by the age of thirty, we must be tempted to assign the first place to Mr. Swinburne. We know what Tennyson and Browning, when they were young, had done that could be set above, or even beside, "Caliban" and the "Poems and Ballads," for lyrical maintained splendour of style. But Mr. Swinburne, for he might be variously described, can hardly perhaps be set at a rank to-day as the best judges would have all

he had to pay for his courage by listening to critics who held that "Dolores," for instance, was "only a poetic and highly-elaborated form of caterwauling." We do not now judge a poet solely by the standard of an undeviating propriety: it is an artistic heresy to do so, and the pendulum has swung rather to the other extreme. If an objection is now to be raised against ranking Mr. Swinburne in the very highest class of our poets, it is due to the absence of what Rossetti called "fundamental brain-work" in his books. The *Quarterly Review* long ago accused him of going with too light a heart to so serious a business as poetry, and he himself has told us that he worked "simply by impulse and to please" himself. "Mes vers," he said once, "sont des vers de jeune homme"; his critics assert that they have never attained manhood.

But poetry is not wholly an affair of the intellect. Matter and manner must both go to the making of the highest poetry. Mr. Swinburne is perhaps the finest instance in our literature of what can be done by manner alone. We cannot place him with Homer, yet he must not be refused admission where the greatest classical lyrists have gained a place. Like Coleridge and Poe and Gérard de Nerval, he has more in common with the musician than with the poet. As an inventor of harmonies he has scarcely had an equal in our language, and his mastery of every form of verse is to be admired even more than it is to be praised. "It seems a paradox," said Lowell of "Atalanta," "to say that there can be too much poetry in a poem, and yet this is a fault with which all poets begin, and which some never get over." Mr. Swinburne has never got over the exuberance of his imagery and the wonderful richness of his verbal music. To dwell upon the defect, if defect it be, seems unnecessary and ungrateful, but Mr. Swinburne is so great a poet that one feels it necessary to show his limitations and to take his excellence for granted. When one recalls the perfect beauty of his best work, of the "Garden of Proserpine" and the "Hymn to Proserpine," the "Garden of Cymodocée," and the choruses in "Atalanta," it is hard to deny a place among the highest to the man who revealed such undreamt-of possibilities of lyrical music in the language of Shakespeare and Milton. Without doubt Mr. Swinburne is one of our greatest lyrists, and, though his work will be rigidly sifted by time, we can hardly doubt that some of it will live and be ever fresh in the mouths of poets and lovers.

There is one special aspect in which Mr. Swinburne deserves the laud and honour of every Englishman. He has had few equals and no superior as "the exultant singer of the sea and the sea-land, the high-hearted lyrist of the great deeds and Imperial destiny of England." The heart stirs as with the sound of a trumpet at the gloriously resounding lines in which he sings of

England, mother born of seamen, daughter fostered of the
 sea,
 Mother more beloved than all who bear not all their children
 free,
 Reared and nursed and crowned and cherished by the sea-
 wind and the sun,
 Sweetest land and strongest, face most fair and mightiest
 heart in one.

Even a man from Bedfordshire, as Stevenson has observed, who scarcely knows one end from the other of the channel steamer till she begins to move, and is as sea-sick as Nelson, feels a proprietary interest in the sea and so read his ex-

This is the great style, simple, direct, and sonorous. Had he time, it would be a delightful task to go through Swinburne's works and make a little anthology of them. It would begin with that magnificent passage in which what may be called the Decorated style of blank verse. Melenger describes the voyage of the *Argo*, when he beheld "the sunless and sonorous gulfs" to see the hero behold "the lightning of the intolerable wave," and

The whole white Euxine clash together and
 Full-mouthed and thunderous from a thousand

It would contain the story of the lover who would

Go back to the great sweet mother,
 Mother and lover of men, the sea.

It would give us that glorious song, with all the freshness of the waves in it, which tells how

The wind is as iron that rings,
 The foam-heads loosen and flee,
 It swells and welters and swings,
 The pulse of the tide of the sea.

The music would rise and climb to that symphony of echoes how

With chafe and change of surges chin
 The clashing channels rocked and
 Large muscle, wave to wild wave timb
 And all the choral water sang.

As long as we love the sea, such an anthology is to us as the music of the waves and the winds.

Mr. Swinburne's life has been marked by public interest save in the field of literature. The average reader knows or cares to know of his biography summed up in the words of Vapereau, who tells he was born in London, studied at Oxford, and visited more than that has indeed been told of Mr. Swinburne. I doubt the future biographer will reveal much more of his personal life. But we are chiefly concerned with the literary aspect of Mr. Swinburne, and we need only glance at the other salient facts.

Mr. Swinburne comes of an ancient Northumbrian family with a romantic history. Many of his poems recall one of the earliest we read how "the ways are said to the Tyne," a statement which must appeal to those who have travelled by the roads of Northumberland. Among his poems we note the "Jacobite's Exile," with its echoes of some similar and still finer lines of Macaulay:—

O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
 And loud the Dark Durane,
 But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne,
 Than a' the fields of France,
 And the waves of Till that speak sae
 Glean goodlier where they glance

Mr. Swinburne never lost his affection for

The sea-banks fair,
 And the sweet grey, gleaming sk
 And the lordly strand of Northumber
 And the goodly towers thereby.

His father was an admiral—appropriate parentage.

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most University men with the itch of writing, he helped to fill the pages of a University magazine. Its name was the *Undergraduate Papers*, and it was edited by the late Professor Nichol of Glasgow; amongst the chief contributors were T. H. Green, Mr. E. V. Dickey, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill. Mr. Swinburne's main contribution—an essay on Marlowe and Webster—shows how early his tastes were set in the direction of the Elizabethan drama, which he has since done so much to illustrate.

The most striking of many fruitful experiences in Mr. Swinburne's Continental travel was a visit to Walter Savage Landor at Florence, shortly before his death. Mr. Swinburne afterwards wrote,

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

He was already entitled to call himself a poet, for the publication of "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" had brought him definitely before the public. This tragedy was a somewhat crude and amateurish piece of work, showing much Elizabethan influence and (in a less degree) that of Browning, without any hint of the lyrical splendours that were to follow. About the end of 1862 Mr. Swinburne settled for a time in Dante Rossetti's house in Cheyne-walk, of which Mr. George Meredith also proposed to be an inmate. Among the friends thus made was Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who exerted a powerful influence over the young poet, and with whom Mr. Swinburne's later years have been spent.

The poetical environment in which Mr. Swinburne then lived seems to have favoured the burgeoning of his genius, which soon burst upon the world in what many readers still hold to be his finest achievement—that "unique and almost faultless work of art," "Atalanta in Calydon." This thin quarto, now so prized by collectors, with its cover designed by Dante Rossetti, was taken by all good contemporary judges to announce the advent of a new poet, who might come to rank with the very greatest names in our literature. Such lovely lyrics as that beginning

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

such resplendent blank verse as the passage in which Meleager describes the voyage of the *Argo*, have never been surpassed by their author. In the same year Mr. Swinburne, still clinging to the dramatic form, produced the first of his plays on Mary Stuart, "Chastelard," of which J. R. Lowell said with his usual critical insight, "The hand is the hand of Swinburne, but the voice is the voice of Browning." The book somewhat cooled the hopes which "Atalanta" had raised; but the next year all doubt as to Mr. Swinburne's real poetic genius was set at rest by the meteoric blaze of the famous "Poems and Ballads." It is hardly necessary to do more than mention the storm which some of Mr. Swinburne's passionate and highly-coloured pictures of a very different state of society from ours aroused. The book changed its publisher, though not a line of it was suppressed, and Mr. Swinburne brought out a vigorous pamphlet in his own defence which nobody need nowadays read. His poems revealed a lyrical power, an intricate mastery and sweetness of language such as our literature had scarcely known before. Mr. Swinburne's next publication was "A Song of Italy," where praises of Mazzini and Garibaldi indicated the development of that republican spirit already

and himself as the "Heptatagia of Poetry." "The Microscope," Mr. Swinburne's contribution to the *Illustrated London News*, is one of the most scathing pieces of invective that has appeared. 1875 was a very prolific year with Mr. Swinburne. He published books of verse and two of prose then bore his name. "A Drama of Exile" is a drama which it is easier to compare with *Atalanta* than with anything else, and which you will at least like "Cromwell," was the second part of a series completed later by "Mary Stuart," "Songs of the Spring-tides" (Italy and France) carried on the political poetry, "Essays and Studies," together with the later "Atalanta," and "Studies in Prose and Poetry," gives the title to be ranked, with Coleridge and Marlowe, among the fine poets who have also approved themselves to the critics. A study of George Chapman—in which way, Browning was splendidly defended from the charge of obscurity—was the forerunner of similar work on Jonson, Shakespeare, Charlotte Brontë, and Virgil, in which the glowing rhapsodies of praise are more remarkable than the judicial faculty. On his return Swinburne returned to the Greek model which had served him well in "Atalanta," and produced in "Erechthion" a comparative lack of spontaneity and freshness, which was balanced by its maturity of grasp and virile self-control. The second series of "Poems and Ballads" was called for striking afresh that chord of sentiment which had been so nobly sounded in the first series. The third series of "Poems and Ballads," in which the theme of "The Armada" stirred the blood of every Englishman, also revealed Mr. Swinburne as the unquestioned master of the nursery. But on the whole his later work has been a disappointment to his early admirers. "Studies in Prose and Poetry" and "Songs of the Spring-tides" do not contain very much to hold the memory, whilst the "Century of Roundelay" is a brilliant *tour de force*. The tragedies of "Locrine" and "The Sisters" are already forgotten. His genius shone when he touched the Arthurian legends, which inspired Tennyson and Arnold, and "Tristram of Lyonesse" and "Balin" contain some of Mr. Swinburne's most assured work.

I have omitted to mention one remarkable work which has never had Mr. Swinburne's name attached to it, but no one doubts to be his. This is the "Heptatagia," a collection of some of the most brilliant parodies on content which have ever been written. Occasionally, as in "The Sisters" and "Owen Meredith," the jesting is rather coarse, but anything can be forgiven to the cleverness and gaiety with which the author exaggerated the worst mannerisms in lines like the following:—

Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of me
diously mute as it may be,
While the hope in the heart of a hero is broken
by the breach of men's rapiers, resigned to the r
Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats beat
bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-breathing ba
As they grape through the graveyard of crowds
glowing green at a groan for the grimness

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and Iscult," as Mr. Swinburne puts it in an unpublished letter which Mr. Wise quotes in his bibliography. "If ever you see these worthless rarities," adds the poet, "please remember that they were literally a boy's work—legally an infant's. . . . When I think of the marvellous work that Rossetti (whose acquaintance I made just afterwards) had done at the same age, I am abashed at the recollection of my own rubbish." The poem was afterwards rewritten, but the *University Papers* remains one of the most coveted treasures in the list of private and semi-private magazine rarities. Mr. Swinburne's first book (dedicated to Dante Gabriel Rossetti), containing the two plays "The Queen-Mother" and "Rosamund," was published in 1860 by Pickering, of Piccadilly, but it is said that the volume was with drawn before the first twenty copies had been circulated, and transferred to Moxon, who immediately issued it with a new title-page. The book has long been out of print. "Dead Love," which came next (1861), is another rarity. It appeared originally in *Once a Week* and was brought out in book form by Messrs. Parker and Son. The volume has never been reprinted. A year later came Mr. Swinburne's first masterpiece, "Atalanta in Calydon," dedicated "to the memory of Walter Savage Landor." Here Moxon was again the publisher, and it is generally understood that he printed only a hundred copies of the book. Anyhow, a second edition had to be issued before the year was out, though there was nothing on the title-page to distinguish it from the first edition. The third edition did not appear before 1868, by which time Mr. Swinburne had deserted Moxon for John C. Hotten, whose successors, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, have acted as Mr. Swinburne's publishers ever since. The finest edition of "Atalanta in Calydon" came from the Kohnscott Press.

"Chastelard"—dedicated to Victor Hugo—was published by Moxon in 1865, and there were a few copies remaining in the following year, when the honour of being Swinburne's publisher fell to Hotten, who issued a second edition of "Chastelard" in 1868. The cause of the transfer was the publication by Moxon in 1866 of the first series of "Poems and Ballads"—dedicated to "my friend Edward Burne-Jones"—when the storm of abuse roused by certain of the contents of Mr. Swinburne's book so alarmed the poor publisher that he only breathed freely again when he had washed his hands of the poet entirely. Hotten had to publish a second edition of "Poems and Ballads" before the end of that year, and to-day it has the largest sale of any of Mr. Swinburne's volumes. "Notes on Poems and Reviews," in 1866, and his "William Blake"—dedicated to W. M. Rossetti—and "Siena" were both published by Hotten in 1868. "Songs before Sunrise" (dedicated to Mazzini) found another publisher for the time being in Mr. F. S. Ellis, though this subsequently found its way, with the rest of Mr. Swinburne's works, to Messrs. Chatto and Windus. "Songs before Sunrise" is second only to the first series of "Poems and Ballads" in popularity, but we understand from the present publishers that there is a steady demand for all Mr. Swinburne's books.

Of his later works, all published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and still in print, the principal volumes are:—

- "Bothwell," 1874.
- "Essays and Studies," 1875.
- "Erechtheus," 1876.
- "A Note on Charlotte Brontë," 1877.
- "Poems and Ballads" (second series), 1878.
- "Songs of the Spring-tides," 1880.
- "A Study of Shakespeare," 1880.
- "Mary Stuart," 1881.
- "Tristram of Lyonesse," 1882.
- "A Century of Roundels," 1883.
- "Marino Faliero," 1885.
- "A Study of Victor Hugo," 1886.
- "Miscellanies," 1886.
- "Locrine," 1886.
- "A Study of Ben Jonson," 1889.
- "Poems and Ballads" (third series), 1889.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A CRITIC. A "Personal View."

There is little peace to be had in the same way as A. B. Walkley for those who practise the business, or have it, the art, of criticism. Speaking for myself in "Personal View," I find that I can rely with absolute confidence on other critics for a complete ignorance of what I am writing: and I reciprocate it. But Mr. Walkley is enamoured of the business—or art—that he not only reads contemporary criticism. If he did this in any spirit of admiration, we should have no cause to complain; the truth is that he goes about like the lion of Serling whom he may devour; and since, as he confided in the columns of a newspaper, I have an unfortunate arousing his special wrath, it did not surprise me to find (on returning from a land of holidays remote from interruptions) that a paper in the *Poll Mall Magazine* bore the inoffensive title, "A Sea-side Examination of Conscience," was in reality, for the most part, an attack on a harmless *obiter dictum* which had been let fall in my *Literature*. (I ought to explain that before I wrote this habitually I used to read the critical writings of Mr. Walkley with zeal, and the habit still occasionally asserts itself from the natural curiosity to see what is the latest which some other critic, if not myself, has been guilty of.)

The iniquity in this case was that I had been charged (That was not always the defect with which this charged me.) The examination of Mr. Walkley's led him to state (in the most honourable terms, for gratitude is appropriate) that I had been perversely said, in appreciating Mr. Gosse's work, "There is only to become a critic of any consequence, and that is by the art you criticize." It appears that Mr. Norman thinks likewise that "actors, in spite of jealousy and are the best critics of acting"; and since I cannot but Mr. Walkley I am very well content to be wrong. Hapgood. If his *dictum* had not been cited, I might have away and said, what was true, that my casual reference to the interpretative but only to the critical Mr. Hapgood's authority gives me courage to say: from Mr. Norman Hapgood nor from Mr. A. B. Walkley in my judgment as good dramatic critics as any now in English, have I ever derived any light upon what the unseen side of acting—the side that is turned away from the actor and away from the audience. "Criticism," Mr. Walkley, "is the art of telling your feelings with such force that you can communicate them." Saving Mr. Hapgood's presence, it is a good deal more than that. Else would be exactly on the level of the crowd that roars with some inane farce. It is very difficult to resist the

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stand, above all, what the artist is driving at—what is the artist's state of mind towards his work. I must illustrate first from my own experience as an ignorant layman. In regard to the art, or one of the arts, which Mr. Walkley criticizes. Two things only have illuminated for me the psychology of the actor-artist; and one was a paper read by M. Coquelin in which he discussed, amongst other things, the question whether the actor in playing a king should make himself as well as other people believe that he is a king. The other thing was a lucky chance which brought me into the same house with Mrs. Bancroft, then just quitting the stage. When she repudiated indignantly the notion that a three hundredth performance of the same part might be wearisome—"Tired of it when you feel that you are coming into a company of people who are all glad to see you, and perhaps recognize your voice! If you speak a word before you come on!" I realized, for the first time (not perhaps in words), how every performance, new or old, was the actor's means of expressing his or her emotion and awakening that response of feeling which is the object of all artists, as Dr. Hirn has set out in his very suggestive book on the "Origin of Art." I do not know if I make my point clear, but I mean that I learnt from M. Coquelin and from Mrs. Bancroft, artists representing very different standpoints, something of what acting means to an actor. And it is necessary to understand the intention. If a man paints his picture, taking for his theme, for the thing which he desires to illustrate, the incidence of light upon a figure, there is no use in criticizing it as if he meant to convey the character of a head. And I maintain that the critic will very frequently fail to understand the intention, unless he has either practised the art of painting or consorted a great deal with artists. In either case the practice of the art is the fountain-head of valuable criticism. Mr. Walkley tells us that Sarcy never wrote plays. But did Sarcy not live a good deal in the company both of dramatists and actors?

And, after all, Sarcy, admirable critic as he was, was seldom or never illuminating. He gave you an excellent common-sense judgment on the matter put before you, expressed in a way full of genial charm. But, if I am not greatly mistaken, he failed, for example, to see what Ibsen was driving at; and therein he agreed with the people who had not attempted creative work on their own account, and disagreed with the vast majority of those throughout Europe who had really tried to invent. Would Mr. Walkley really have preferred to take Sarcy's judgment of Ibsen to that, say, of Dumas fils? Of course he would not.

There is no doubt an ambiguity in the term "critic," and it may be justifiable to assert that "few dramatic critics of consequence have written plays." Mr. Walkley is mistaken, however, in thinking that the names of Corneille, Dryden, Lessing, Goethe, and Jules Lemaitre exhaust the list. Lamb would need to be added, and surely also Voltaire. But in the ages when playwriting has particularly flourished very little

Mr. Leslie Stephen, who discourses admirably about one like Robert Louis Stevenson, who discourses like an artist, making the reader feel what the writer does, calling his attention to the means employed, but how far the result conformed to the project asserting is merely that artists, like any other craft, best judges of their own craft. Mr. Walkley himself, in quoting Scott's estimate of Jane Austen as if from heaven, and not without reason, though Scott's side of craftsmanship was deficient, and on the other side impulses excessive, is not a safe authority. The Treasury, in its original form one of the monuments of insight, was in that form compiled in consultation with those who, had he not had better things to do, would have been among the most instructive of critics. Passionate as was Mr. Swinburne violently, but who among critics than Mr. Swinburne at his best? I retract my "critics of any consequence"; there have been critics of consequence, like Mr. Stephen and Mr. Walkley, who have put their hand at the business of actual invention. But critics of the first consequence—the men who can say what literature really means—critics like Lamb, Matt Stevenson, Taine, and Sainte-Beuve—I only name which has not attached to it creative work of value. My exception is M. Emile Faguet, and I retract M. Faguet's criticism, say, of Victor Hugo, who will retract M. Faguet—let him publish it or no—has not written.

Of course, almost everybody—probably even Mr. Walkley himself—has written verse, if not also as a rule, a blank verse tragedy is the skeleton in the cupboard. But I hold it well on the whole that the critic should be enough in earnest about the publication. To begin with, it increases that which Mr. Walkley deprecates, but which I uphold and, in him, exemplify. And, to go on with, a man whose business with judging the effect of compositions will learn from watching the effect of his own. But the vital thing the critic ought to understand, from personal experience, the process which in all cases must have a certain simplification and shaping of an idea, the things that come by chance, the things that come easily, the things that are hammered into their places, the providential exceptions sometimes makes into a flower what threatened to be a mere exercise, the compromises that have to be made in the inward debate as to what degree of quickness in execution may be expected from a reader, the relation of an idea to its suggestion in nature or in fact, and so on; in the ups and downs, leaps and delays, exaltations and depressions of teeth, that go to the work of composition. The critic, the analogue of the great, and the critic who has tried a thing for him will be quick to recognize a similar effort, to

THE COMPLETE SMOKER.

" Their pipes were often cold, their tents melancholy," said the Duke of Cornwall as he recalled to the Blackfoot chiefs the days of their fathers when " the Government of the Great Mother " first came to them. Nothing could be more fitting than that it should fall to England to repay the debt of gratitude which the East owes to the West for a civilization founded, if we accept as our guide the author of " The Sovereign Herbs " (Grant Richards, Esq.), upon tobacco. To the ancestors of " Running Rabbit," " Crop-Eared Wolf," and the rest we owe the discovery of the uses of tobacco; and the only drawback to our satisfaction in restoring prosperity to the Indian of to-day, or, in the Duke's metaphor, relighting his pipe, is that he has, we believe, so far degenerated from ancestral custom as to smoke, not infrequently, the decadent cigarette. That smoking as we know it, and as it is universally practised by every civilized nation on the globe, has sprung solely from an, at first sight, unattractive and not very cleanly habit indulged in by North American aborigines there is no doubt at all. Mr. Penn, the author of the book we have mentioned, has collected and discussed the evidence for and against the use of tobacco in Europe earlier than the sixteenth century, as indeed he has collected, in a most interesting book, all the facts procurable on every subject connected with tobacco, and produced a volume not likely to be superseded, and filling a real gap in our miscellaneous literature of information.

The inhaling of smoke for medicinal purposes was occasionally practised in classical times, but it went no further, and the few alleged discoveries of pipes dating from early times must be regarded with suspicion. It is, indeed, remarkable that the meditative East should have had to learn from the barbarous West so potent a source of philosophic inspiration, but the history of tobacco is throughout one of surprises. It is difficult to realize that there is no allusion to smoking in the " Arabian Nights," but so it is. America gave tobacco to Europe and Europe gave it to Asia. Some have asserted indeed that the Aboriginal American emigrated from China. Tobacco, if we accept this theory, would complete the circuit of the world, but it is not supported by ethnology, nor by the Chinese tradition as to the introduction of tobacco into the Celestial Empire. All unconscious of the waiting East, the remote and primitive Indian smoked his pipe; for him it was full of religious and symbolical significance; and above all the Calumet or Peace Pipe, first smoked by Gitche Manitô the Mighty, became the recognized pledge of amity and good will. His pipes have been found beneath the roots of enormous trees centuries old; they have been found with the bowls carved in the likeness of the extinct mastodon. But for Aryan and for Semite alike my lady Nicotine lay through the centuries hidden below the setting sun. " Tobacco," as Cooper wrote, " was not known in the Golden Age. So much the worse for the Golden Age."

It was characteristic of the English that they would accept the new gift only from its original source. Tobacco was brought to Europe by a Spaniard in 1559, and cultivated in the Peninsula. It was brought to France in 1561, and its virtues revealed to Catherine de Medici by the French Ambassador to Portugal, one Jean Nicot; and the French called it *Nicotaine*. The exact date and method of the introduction of tobacco to England is uncertain; but England certainly found it later

clouds of smoke." James I., we know, inveighed against practice in his " Counterblaste," and issued a decree. " We out of the dislike We have of tobacco "—to forbid the use of the plant in England. " Under the tobacco-less fact, of the Stuarts, " England was ill at ease, beholding and flinging out James II. William III., an honest the one who set the country to rights again." That us that it was a tax on tobacco in Holland that expenses of William's expedition to England; and other effect tobacco may have upon the life of unquestionably is a factor of supreme importance in world. If there were no revenue from tobacco, many Government would totter to its fall. One-tenth of national revenue in England was in 1900 derived from tobacco. And as the duty is a high one this is not surprising some 81,000,000 pounds of tobacco per annum, and again are we that we throw annually into the gutter sterling in the shape of cigar and cigarette and determined enemy of tobacco will hardly wish to see out of fashion when the nation has to pay for a long and sive war.

Will smoking ever go out of fashion? Nothing, unlikely, and yet a Chancellor of the Exchequer some anxiety when he reads the history of tobacco. We think of smoking as having come into universal use last fifty years. And so it has. The eighteenth century latter half of its career did not smoke—except in the pot-house. But under the later Stuarts smoking universal than it is now. As early as 1650, in " Recreation," we have

Tobacco engages
Both sexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy,
From Court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both those that are sick and the healthy.

The great plague enormously increased the Men smoked in church, at municipal council meetings, in the House of Commons; women smoked; mothers sent their children to school with a pipe of tobacco to serve them instead of a book; the proper method of smoking was even part of the curriculum. Yet half way through the eighteenth century fashion had changed, and by 1773, Dr. Johnson said " smoking has gone out." " Society," at any rate, it was considered vicious, and still worse, vulgar, indeed in the form of snuff. Snuff had always been especially in Scotland and Ireland. It is an odd circumstance of which no explanation so far as we know coming that, although Shakespeare's contemporaries were so fond of tobacco, there is no mention of it in his plays. However, refer to snuff or to something like it in the

A pomeet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again.

The use of snuff increased during the eighteenth century both among ladies and gentlemen.

To the beaux of the Regency the social significance of snuff-box was as great as the religious significance of the primitive Red Indian. Lord Petersham had a

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and on the increased variety and cheapness of tobacco and pipes that we must rely to prevent any such decadence in the cult of tobacco as came about in the eighteenth century.

The literature of tobacco both in prose and poetry is voluminous. The praises of the poets have been garnered in Mr. W. G. Hutchinson's "Lyra Nicotiana." The controversy as to the merits and demerits, moral and physical, of tobacco, which Tolstoy has affirmed to be smoked solely "to drown the voice of conscience," has been carried on from the earliest times in print. But there has been, we fancy, no complete account of the herb carrying its history up to the present day, and the public should be much indebted to Mr. Penn for his labour, and for his attractive and exhaustive presentment of all there is to be said about tobacco, pipes, cigars, cigarettes, and snuff; their history, manufacture, literature, and statistics.

FOREIGN LETTER.

GERMANY.

WILHELM RAABE.

On September 8, his seventieth birthday, Germany offered a somewhat tardy tribute to Wilhelm Raabe, her greatest living humourist, and perhaps the deepest humorous writer she has so far produced. But he has never been recognized at his proper value. True fame does not lie in the mouths of the multitude, but in the heart of the work; a lasting reputation is graven not on the sunny southern side of the rock of ice on which Chaucer built his Temple of Fame, but on its cold northern side. Yet, considering how entirely in accord with everything that is most German in the German nation is the whole of Raabe's work, it seems singular that it should have suffered neglect. His most read and best known book, "Die Chronik der Sperlingsgasse," appeared as long ago as 1857. Raabe himself said the other day, "People behave exactly as if I had died a quarter of a century ago. They know my 'Hungerpastor,' and my 'Chronik,' and my 'Schudderump,' but they know nothing about the books I've written in the last five and twenty years." The German papers of the last few weeks have been full of articles on his life and work and of paeans to his greatness. An English public may care to learn something of the man whom the Germans are just now delighting to honour.

Wilhelm Raabe was born at Eschershausen, in the Duchy of Brunswick, September 8, 1831, and of his first school at Amelungshausen he gives reminiscences in his tale, "Das Odfehl." He attended the Gymnasium at Wolfenbüttel, and was for some time apprenticed to a bookseller at Magdeburg; but, realizing that he was better fitted to write books than to sell them, he went in 1851 to Berlin, where he studied history and philosophy. He made his first appearance as a writer in 1857 under the pseudonym of Jacob Corvinus with "Die Chronik der Sperlingsgasse." From 1862 to 1870 he lived at Stuttgart; since then Brunswick has been his home. He has published altogether about forty volumes; the last, "Hastenbeck," appeared in 1899.

The world's greatest humourists have invariably been inspired by the tragedy of life, and to this rule Raabe, whatever may ultimately be his rank among them, is no exception. A

himself is his style and his treatment of his material. In Fielding, Sterne, and Thackeray he constantly appears as a person, but his manner of doing so is not the same. He resembles that of our Elizabethan romancers, Izaak Nash. "Ought we not now," he asks his reader after the Burgomaster? "Or:—And what of Elise? Presently I will step across to the beautiful woman who lives at No. 12. Her piano has been sounding and weaving thoughts in my head all the afternoon. I will speak of Gustave and Elise." He blames, apostrophizes his heroes and heroines without allowing his material or his ideas fall into confusion, whether intentionally or not—they often do, he implores the goddess of "Topsy Turveydom." A funeral procession gives him an opportunity of addressing observations to passers-by who observe it. The names of his persons are nearly all symbolical of their character or fate, and Raabe makes symbols of inanimate objects which stand, as it were, behind the story. Raabe, in fact, a tale of German childhood, sets it down among the duties of life, and surrounds it with every sort of detail. Sometimes, as in the "Hungerpastor," that, so to speak, overshadows the characters. They are from some kind of hunger, from a hunger for the very delights, from a hunger for self-advancement or for too numerous to mention, but always from a hunger satisfied but little or not at all. Thus the persons of the story share a similar lot, reflect each other, and contrast or modification help to work out the meaning of the story. And, finally, to appreciate Raabe properly never forget that he is throughout the hero of his own story, whilst for that very reason we scarcely remember the long line of people he introduces to us—as we do that before us by Sterne, or even by Gottfried Keller, we forget Raabe.

Raabe's work divides itself easily into four periods. In the first he was almost overwhelmed by the fulness of his thoughts. The "Chronik der Sperlingsgasse" belongs to this and serves to illustrate his mood of the moment, a consciousness of struggle between the pain and pleasure of life. The characters live in three houses of a little street away amid the stir of a great city, scarcely noticed yet indissolubly connected with it by a thousand threads. The wonderful book for a young man of twenty-three, how great was even then his knowledge of men and life. In the second period he is held by the contrasts of life, and pessimism of various shades of work. His heroes strive in vain with the ordinariness in the marsh of every-day obstacles, and, shipwrecked, they wearily bring their damaged vessels into port. Their struggle is futile, only he who calmly takes upon his share of life's burden is content. Death will look after them. Slavery among savages is preferable to liberty among conventionalities of philistine German towns; a man must relieve the one, while from the other there is no escape. "We strive," he says, "for breath, for air, for light, for success in securing, from the top of a heap of rubbish, a glimmer into the distance, where we see the world's golden light of beauty and peace. Then we think we are great and powerful, we cry 'Victory!' but we

without, and what is destroyed in the circle of his existence by hostile forces he must ever seek to restore; that is the secret of happiness. He who lets his arms slink in despair is irretrievably lost. But he who valiantly defends every step on the road to the grave, who can pass with dignity from the highest summits to the lowest depths, he, and he alone, conquers. He steps into the abyss as one who is victorious, he is not hurled there as one subdued.

Some Recent Novels.

Clara Viebig shows an admirable a technical grasp of her art in the short story as in the long novel. "Die Rosenkranzjungfer und Anderes" is a series of short stories about her native district, that of the Eifel. There is much about the fickleness of men, the falseness of husbands. To this the title story gives the keynote. If among the rosary maidens who pray beside a dying man's couch there is one who is not pure, his soul cannot pass; and in this story the dying man's last word in the presence of his wife is the name of one of the rosary maidens who is his mistress. Not until she has been ejected from the room does his soul find rest. Pleasanter themes are those of the widower whose wife died at the birth of his child, and whose one thought as the child grows more interesting day by day is "Oh! if Marie could only see you!"; and the poor little dressmaker's apprentice who feels all her emotions deeply stirred by the influences of spring but understands not what they mean. One of the most powerful of the tales is "Der Heilige," that of a village pastor who resists marriage with a girl whom, had he not decided to be a saint, he could have loved, and whom he knows to love him. The girl goes into service, gets into trouble, and comes to ask help of the pastor; his saintly life forbids him to befriend her, and she drowns herself.

German novelists of the day find a curious fascination in making their heroes or heroines possess in their past lives some terrible secret which at a given instant they, like the Ancient Mariner, feel bound to confess to the first comer. In "Aus Spätherbsttagen," by Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, also a volume of short stories, the best is perhaps "Die Reisegeführten." The hero, a distinguished medical man, has allowed a patient to die because he knew that by his brutal conduct the man was ruining the lives of his family. After the man's death everything goes well with his wife and children, but the doctor, in his remorse, refuses any sort of reward, and suppresses his love for his patient's daughter, although by way of compensation he is able to save one of the children's lives. To a chance (travelling companion he one day confesses his crime. The plan of leading up to a point at which a sudden or decisive change takes place in the characters or from which the events appear in a changed light is a favourite device with this author. She has just finished a long novel, entitled "Agave," of which the scene is laid during the Italian renaissance; it is the outcome of winters spent in Italy.

In "Der Holzhändler," Max Kretzer is scarcely at his best. Here, again, is the hero with a secret. A rich timber merchant shoots his wife for her unfaithfulness, and makes it appear that she had committed suicide. Remorse preys on him, he feels that his secret has been discovered, but it is not until after many years that he destroys himself under the very tree where he had killed his wife. The writing is commonplace and the characterization weak; the only thing to commend is the

It is not every writer who realizes that this is neither a short novel nor an anecdote. Arthur Schnitzler has scarcely ever written anything better than his "Gustl," a tale of eighty pages, which might be called "Episode of a Night." A young lieutenant is insulted by a baker. Witnesses are present, by a baker. He cannot, of course, do anything to him, but his honour is outraged, and, according to the code of honour still adhered to in the German army, he remains for the lieutenant but suicide. He is the baker suddenly dies from paralysis, and so never become known to any one. The tragedy is emphasized and shows how these curious notions of weak young men who have hitherto thought of life in terms of debts and their love affairs. The military authorities are subject to such satire, and Schnitzler, who was once in the reserve, is to lose his standing as an officer. The enormous success of the little book may be so much consolation to him; and the equal success of "Hans im Glück," and the public attention aroused by the military trial in Germany, point to the likelihood of no distant date.

Peasant tales find a grateful public in Germany. "Luginsland," Wilhelm von Polenz reveals again the small details of peasant life and for the peasant people. He can draw character, and is better at it in the short story than in the long novel. The peasants of Hans im Glück are more ignorant than those of Polenz, more at the mercy of primitive impulses. The heroine of "Die Schwarze" is a good Roman Catholic, who, for the sake of her husband, married an old drunkard. Actually in love with a younger man, she awaits her husband's death. Her mother assures her that she will be good and send some means to bring about the consummation. But the old scamp is long a-dying, and she prays for help to the image of the black Madonna in her room. At length the situation grows unbearable as if enjoined by the Madonna, Martha murders her husband. The author's skill lies in his ability to portray these people in a manner that renders them not quite alien to us who seem to inhabit another sphere.

THE DRAMA.

"THE UNDERCURRENT."—"THE GENTLEMAN MILLIONAIRE."

It is to be suspected that Mr. Carton had no play in his mind when he sat down to write *The Gentleman*, that he hoped the play would somehow write itself. Unfortunately, plays are not to be turned out on the happy-go-lucky principle, and Mr. Carton's piece is among his successes. What is the subject, the theme of the play? That is the question which the spectator asks. The playhouse always, consciously or unconsciously, and, asking the question on this occasion, he can find no satisfactory answer, for the simple reason that Mr. Carton has not made up his mind on the point. Is it the development of the sentimental relations between a naturally but unstable Baronet (*genre*, the "clean," English gentleman) played by Mr. Arthur Bourke

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process would have been to write a play. But Mr. Carton only suggests that play; he has not written it. He has not shown the awakening process in the Baronet's mind, but merely marries him off to the Countess in the last act without belugut the pains to induce the spectator to desire the marriage. Here, then, is one subject—a very promising subject—suggested but not worked out. Let us try again. Is the subject of the play the story of the relations between the Baronet and the vindictive Lady Shelmerdine? One might think so from the importance given to the affair of the compromising letters in the third act. Lady Shelmerdine has been the Baronet's mistress, and, under the impression that he is about to marry the heiress, she threatens to prevent the match by producing her lover's letters. Upon that threat is constructed a *scène de deux femmes* in which the Countess, having discovered that there is a criminal secret in Lady Shelmerdine's past life, uses her knowledge to compel the surrender of the compromising letters. These scenes, in which one antagonist is cool and resourceful, the other unscrupulous and defiant, are very familiar on the stage and generally cast in the same mould; and Mr. Carton's in no way departs from the conventional type. But it is vitiated by the trifling circumstance that it happens to be pointless, for every spectator knows beforehand that the packet of letters round which the battle rages is without the slightest value to any one. The fact is that the American heiress has no intention whatever of marrying the Baronet, being secretly engaged to his younger brother. Here, then, is a possible subject deliberately spoiled. Either we ought to have been made to care whether the Baronet marries the Countess or not, or, failing that, to care whether the Countess extorts the letters from Lady Shelmerdine or not. Neither subject being properly handled, we do not care. Further, Mr. Carton not only leaves us in this state of indifference as to the outcome of his two chief stories, but he teases us by laboriously elaborating the stale old fun of country-house private theatricals. Three out of four acts are filled with this fun, which was amusing a century ago in *Mansfield Park*, or even a year or two ago in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, but has for the present ceased to be amusing. Probably Mr. Carton, when starting out upon his play, meant to use this particular element very sparingly, but was tempted to over-elaborate it upon finding that neither of his main subjects answered to his expectations. That is the sort of thing which happens when a dramatist has not carefully "blocked out" his design beforehand. Plays are not, like some novels and many discursive essays, to be written *au hasard de la plume*.

The time has now come round again for the inevitable Autumn drama at Drury Lane, written by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, and produced by Mr. Arthur Collins. This one is called *The Great Millionaire*, and contains (1) an eponymous hero who, ostensibly "to revenge himself on society," but really to lead up to a capital scene of a bread riot, makes a corner in wheat and sends the quartern loaf up to five shillings; (2) a long-lost daughter, surrounded by sympathetic gypsies who provide sentimental conversation in the "carpenters' scenes"; (3) the spectacle of the Guildhall, when the Freedom of the City is being presented to a foreign potentate, and of the Carlton Hotel at dinner-time; (4) two real motor-cars, one of which smells villainously of petroleum, while the other, containing first and second villain, is made, with the aid of a cinematographic device, to seem to tumble over a precipice and many other things *non numerare non audent*. The family of Town-

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THE HINDU AND THE ENGLISH

ASIA AND EUROPE. Studies by M. EDITH TOWNSEND.
(Constable, 10s. 6d. n.)

These thoughtful essays form the most suggestive Indian character that has appeared since the first Sir Alfred Lyall's "Asiatic Studies." We say Indian because we think that Mr. Townsend makes a mark in generalizing from his undoubtedly intimate knowledge of the Hindu and Mahomedan Indian to the Asiatic with whom he is less at home. Whilst we are ready that there is a "comity of Asia," just as there is in Continental Europe, the divergences between Hindus and Persians and Turks, are far greater than those between European nations, and what is true of Indians is not true of Egyptians or Ottomans.

The real subject of the book, when divested of sweeping generalization, is the essential separation between the Indian and the European mind, and the hopeless attempts to influence the Indian by European ideas. That influence has been achieved in history may be granted. The Greek found himself more in danger of being Hellenized than the Persian of becoming Hellenized; whilst the latter had not enough imagination to absorb or to modify the modes of thought. Neither left any permanent portions of Asia they held for a time. But when the applied to the present European domination in Asia, it does very closely. The European has permeated Asia thoroughly, and he treats Asiatics in a different manner. So far, no doubt, it is impossible to point to any decided influence of Europe which may be regarded as permanently any fundamental part of the social or intellectual life of Asia; but never before has a European invasion been on the present comprehensive scale been attempted. The domination of the Briton in India, of the Russian in the East, and of the Frenchman and German in China, is too recent to be the ground of any fixed conclusion. That European influence perceptibly modified the Indian character or intellect more than a century of gradually increasing intercourse would be wonderful, and cannot be taken as proof that in the future influence may not be exerted with permanent results.

Whilst we hold Mr. Townsend's argument as sound, we are free to confess that there is every probability in its favour. The separation between the Indian and the European mind is as wide as ever, and there is no sign that it is in course of being bridged over. In his essays on "The Influence of Europe on Asia," "The Hindu and Asia for Asiatics," "The Mental Seclusion of India," "The Asiatic Feeling Contrasted," and so forth, Mr. Townsend, with reiterated insistence upon the essential incompatibility of Indian and English ideals; but he puts European say English, and here again he generalizes too widely. A Spaniard or Portuguese, for example, is able to understand and assimilate the Asiatic or the South American mind in a way no Englishman ever can or wishes to assimilate them. At the extremes of the Hindu and the Englishman, one is a devotee to the doctrine here laid down with as much ardour as

verities, of which his European masters know nothing and take little thought. The fact which one is so apt to forget is that "the continent Europe desires to conquer is not a continent occupied by savages, but one full of great and small nations highly though imperfectly civilized, proficient in all arts except in sculpture and painting, with great cities, great laws, great literatures, and a great amount of social happiness, perhaps greater than exists in Europe." The essay on "The Charm of Asia for Asiatics" points out what people in England rarely realize, that it is quite possible for Orientals to prefer their own form of civilization—which they do not admit to be "imperfect"—to that which we foolishly believe to be the best for all the world merely because it seems to be the best for us. "It would be hard to explain to the average Englishman how interesting Indian life must have been before our advent; how completely open was every career to the bold, the enterprising, or the ambitious." What is mere order and justice, that supreme gift of the Anglo-Saxon to the East, in comparison with the many-coloured variety of the old Asiatic life? Above all, what in the European conception of social life—a life of endless small trouble, endless energy, restless activity, perpetual alertness—can compensate for the loss of that freedom from worry, that power to do as one pleases (under a few necessary restrictions), that life of slippered ease instead of collars and dress coats, which is the ideal of the leisured East? It is not colour that divides the East from the West; it is "the difference in permanent ideals." "The European cannot merge himself in the Asiatic without a sense of degradation, which is almost invariably followed by its reality."

On the other hand, the Indian has no desire to merge himself in the European, whom he respects as a strange but irresistible fighting and governing machine of extraordinary precision and exasperating energy, but whom he neither likes nor envies. "The Englishman is in Asia the man who will insist on his neighbour doing business just after dinner, and being exact when he is half asleep, and being 'prompt' just when he wants to enjoy—and he rules in Asia and is loved in Asia accordingly." If the British Raj, that "most marvellous example the world has ever seen of the possibility of governing human beings through abstract principles, when those principles include impartial justice, perfect tolerance, and the most absolute respect, not only for personal freedom, but for personal idiosyncrasy," has achieved its triumphs in the past century without coming any nearer to understanding the people it governs, the Indian has done no better. He does not understand these "mysterious, uncomfortable works of God" any more than they understand him.

I often think (says Mr. Townsend) that the feeling of the Celtic Irishman towards the Englishman, which appears to be unchangeable, is the nearest analogue to that of the Asiatic for the European. He regards him, if an oppressor, as a brute to be resisted with any instrument at hand; if a just man, as a disagreeable, slow-witted, uncomfortable outsider who has no right to interfere with him, and who ought to be driven to a distance as speedily and as finally as possible.

Nothing can exceed the Indian's amused contempt for the "stupidity" of the energetic Sahib, and nothing will induce him to open his mind to him. With all his charm of manner and conversation, and his "inexhaustible amount

discipline of ages, until it is not an incident, essential of his character."

We have said enough to show how profound, how provocative of thought, and also of argument the collection of studies of Asiatic problems is. It challenges opposition. Its author delights in upsets, conceptions, and his pessimism strikes cold upon Imperial enthusiasm. Orientalists, too, will find flaws in the argument, especially when Mr. Townend's familiar India and treats of Arabs and Mongols knows far less. When he says that the early "learned" contemplated conquests in Asia, he has forgotten the Huns, whose descendants are still believed to form some strata in the population of India; when he says that he learnt our method of fighting, he ignores the artillery in Persia and India; when he writes of the Crusading epoch, he should substitute Turks. himself, and he talks of dead people, such as Jajay were alive, and uses titles which have been changed merely means the want of a little revision. The book of the book is at once fascinating and perplexing; it thought and depresses hope; it never ceases to be time intensely convincing and provoking. The between East and West are no new subject; Urquhart's "Spirit of the East," they have ex- minds; but we do not remember any book that closely to the heart of the secret, that lays bare incompatibilities so clearly and with such perception enlightening is it on Asiatic religion and on the govern the progress of Islam and Christianity in the Core of Hinduism" is an illumination of the subject the contrasts between India and Europe none is n of results than this, that the European is "essentially intent on objects he can see, whilst the Asiatic is religious—that is, intent on obedience to powers wh see but can imagine. . . . The European judges results, declaring that if these are foolish or evil or the creed is false. The Asiatic does not consider but only the accuracy or beauty of the thoughts his own mind," which he must admit and obey, personal consequences. On Eastern religion Mr at his best, and his best is something far beyond achievement.

THE LAKE COUNTRY.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT. BRAMLEY. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. 6s.)

Like its forerunners, this latest addition Macmillan's "Highways and Byways" Series do to be a guide-book. It is well calculated to pro interesting than a guide-book to the Lakeland vis bound for a day, and tantalizing enough (the real descriptive tours) to the reader who is hundreds from the glorious district it comments on. Indeed, readily point to any better book of the dealing, on a topographical basis, with Cumberla

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Instance, are devoted to the eventful story of Carlisle, and they give a remarkably vivid sketch of the past of that unlucky border capital. Incidentally, the author eulogizes many a hotel and inn, and a reader could very well construct a tour round these from his record. Only of one rustic hostelry does he speak with laud praise, and there, as he amusingly tells, Charles Edward, a century and half earlier, had also noted that the landlady was "a sad imposing wife." When Mr. Bradley mentioned this coincidence to another grumbler at the charges, a passing cyclist, the latter, he says, "unlike myself, derived no consolation whatever" from it, only remarking, and with justice, "that he was a member of the C.T.C., while the Prince was not." It is in its human touches that Mr. Bradley's book chiefly pleases, and its historical anecdotes of the few ancient families of rank round the Lake district are as crisply and pointedly told as its stories of the old "statesmen"—not the Wordsworthian, but the genuine articles. The author is meritoriously resolute not to belong to the injudicious band who, if they talk of Westmorland, "use the bard of Rydal on the principle of a trump card at whist, and 'when in doubt' quote Wordsworth." None the less he has an agreeable knack, whenever he does introduce one of the "Lake" circle, of giving some quaint incident or trait concerning him which to nine readers out of ten will be new or at least forgotten. He has one or two interesting reminiscences of Southey, and one of the best is a pictorial one which we reproduce. Equally brightly he discourses of that shameless absentee, Bishop Watson, who lived complacently for thirty years beside Lake Windermere on the revenues of his see of Maudsliff.

Mr. Bradley made a special pilgrimage to Caldbeck, the home of the veteran fox-hunter, John Peel, who yielded to mortality in 1851, but whose renown is embalmed in a song. At Caldbeck, Mr. Bradley had the advantage of "a crack" with John Peel's venerable nephew, and he also recalls the chequered history of Woodcock Grenves, the hero's intimate and the poet of "D'ye ken John Peel?" The song itself was casually composed one winter's night while the two sportsmen were sitting by the fire; it was thereupon set to "an old rant called 'Bonnie Annie,'" and then, to quote its maker's words, "I sang it to poor Peel, who smiled, and a tear or two ran down his manly cheek. 'By Jove, Peel,' I said in jest, 'you'll be sung of when we're both run to earth.'"



JOHN PEEL'S HOME.

From "Highways and Byways in the Lake District."



SKETCH OF SOUTHEY FROM LIFE. By A. T. Paget, J.
In the possession of Charles E. Paget, Esq.
From "Highways and Byways in the Lake District."
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW BOOK

THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBA. By Sir Edwin Arnold.
C.S.I. (John Murray. 3s. 6d.)

In the classical atlases, Africa passes out of civil little below the equator. Yet Herodotus tells Phœnicians in the days of the Pharaoh Neco who, so by way of the Red Sea, succeeded in carrying out orders to sail round the unknown southern coast, return to Egypt by way of the Pillars of Hercules. Travels are here imagined by Sir Edwin Arnold as real.

heroine of his romance, to the blazing Egypt of a fargone day,
when

Sais, City of Neith,
Flickered and danced in the glare ;
Danced in the blazing gold of the noon ;
Temples and gateways and trees,
Like unto Temple-girls did these
Dance for the glory of Neith.
Golden and green and white and brown
So did the houses and groves and town,
Walls, roofs, window-bars, up and down
Dance for the glory of Neith
Shadows glanced on the glass of the lake,
Palm-fans danced in the fluttering air,
All for the light's sweet sake ;
For the Goddess, mighty and glad and fair
Who makes for her people the golden day
And the dear delight of the sun-warmed air,
Twenty-five centuries back—
Ah, can you listen to what I say ?—
Egypt under the sunshine lay,
Basking in gold and black,
Neko was Pharaoh and King
Ruler of Nile and its lands,
Lord of River and fields
Holding the world in his hands.

It is a glittering open-air picture, and thus attuned to the times we join the crowded audience in Pharaoh's hall and listen to Ithobal as, with his brown crews around him, he tells the tale of the ships. Nor is it difficult to follow him with interest. He proves himself the capable narrator of a round unvarnished tale, and Sir Edwin Arnold has been at pains to endow him with sufficient individuality to make him live. He is, throughout, the stout resolute captain of ships with a well stored memory and a discriminating tongue. His philosophy is simple—"What the high Gods will have falls at its hour"—but together with the fatalism goes a joyous pride in his destiny and in the craft and wit that has helped him to mould it. And so the tale runs briskly from the day when he is lured by the vision of a silver dove into the slave-market at Sais, there to meet his fate in the person of the dark captive princess from the far south, till the galleys lie safe in harbour again after the toils and triumphs of five and thirty moons' sea-faring. There is no magic in it all, no subtlety ; but picture succeeds picture, natural description interlinks with adventure, and ever swells the catalogue of the wonders seen by the way. Let us take, however, this quiet passage descriptive of a fair day's sailing :—

But we sailed wide,
Holding the friendly breeze, and all that night
And all next day—day of the eleventh moon—
Merrily sped the Dove, and Ram, and Whale ;
My lusty earmen drowsing in the sun ;
The drum and flute at peace or striking up
For frolic dances. In the warm air was taste
Of life, and joy, and hope grown breathable.
Then did I know, dread King !—my painted sails
So filled, my lady's hair blown for a sign
Straight onward, and the faces of my men
Set to the look of such as fear no more—
Then knew I that we should not fail. The barks

conceal, it is not wanting in picturesque touches, and carries the reader with it, and yet in reading the one cannot help feeling that Ithobal somehow or other keeps a hand-camera by him and snap-shotted other scene, jotting down colour notes for future reference. A sea-wist or some other transforming-magic to elicit the saffron-tinted pinnacle, above all the d capped hill into a composition that is not merely On the other hand the *genre* work is excellent of for instance the pretty multi-coloured lines on th or almost any of the passages descriptive of animals

In fine, every one who takes up this poem will interest to the end, but many will lay it aside with sion that they have been reading a transcript. much the same effect, to hazard a suggestion, a passage in Mr. Mackail's excellent version of the manifestly drawn from poetic sources ; it is literary somehow it is not quite poetry.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

The Antarctic.

TO THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS (Hurst and Blackie) is an account of the explorations of the *Newn* to Victoria Land (1898-1900), by Mr. Louis Bern the scientific staff, who occupies the same post of the national expedition, which set sail for the same *Discovery* a few weeks ago. As a German Exped started for another side of the Antarctic Ocean. In the scientific work, the attention of the publ be much directed to this part of the world in th The adventures of the *Southern Cross* party been related by its commander, Mr. Borchgrevink "First on the Antarctic Continent" ; but it is a t bear retelling, and Mr. Bernacchi tells it well. enthusiasm for the magnificent effects of light a the clear Polar atmosphere ; and, though he consi that they are indescribable, he manages to give them by his own graphic descriptions with the excellent photographs. The book is divided into t a narrative of the expedition, and a *résumé* of results. The distinction, however, is rather one of subject. The latter section—a kind of append alarmingly technical for the unlearned reader ; and while nearly silent upon the winter life of the exp one-roomed hut, contains much about the habit seals, besides some very interesting theorizing o problems of the mysterious South. Mr. Bernacch premature to speak of "the Antarctic Continent, that "everything tends to prove the existence of r of large islands." But he admits that the c summer temperatures experienced by his party s strate the existence of "an extensive land area." a very novel theory about the extraordinary " which stretches for some 500 miles east of Mou Terror. He thinks that this is not, as has supposed, the northern edge of a vast Polar ice-cap gigantic "tongue" of glacier-ice running into th main mountain range, such as is seen elsewhere in on a far smaller scale. There must, therefore, on t

Expeditions already on their way. We should add that, in illustration of his views, Mr. Bernacchi has prefixed to the volume an admirable chart of the whole South Polar region, besides smaller maps of the discoveries made by the *Southern Cross*.

Amy Robsart.

IN WHO KILLED AMY ROBSART? (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Philip Sidney has raised an interesting question, and we are most probably in possession now of all the evidence that is in existence to enable us to answer it. Dr. James Gairdner, the foremost authority on the history of the time, has said all that can be said. Mr. Sidney's own conclusion is "That Amy was murdered, but by a person or persons unknown." His book, however, is very far from being a complete treatment of the subject. Its aim, its author tells us, is twofold--to relate all that is known about Amy Dudley and to be a kind of historical hand-book to "Kenilworth." It is late in the day to expose the errors of Scott. They were well known to Scott himself, who never pretended that "Kenilworth" was an accurate history. It is somewhat otiose thus to kill the slain; nor was it necessary to print the whole "Ballad of Cumnor Hall" with the enigmatic statement that it "is not too well known or oft-quoted not to be included here," considering that Scott himself printed it entire in his notes. But when we come to the facts of the case, we regret to find, in the work of so serious an historical student as Mr. Sidney, a good deal which calls for criticism. In an investigation of this sort, if any historical judgment is to be formed we must have exact chapter and verse for every statement, and our author does not think it necessary to give them. He rejects "Leicester's Commonwealth," but he does not quote, or meet, its statements in detail. He refers frequently to "Simancas MSS." Has he inspected them himself, or is he merely referring to the English Calendars of State Papers based upon the transcripts? If the latter is the case he should mention the volume and page to which he refers. In the same way Mr. Sidney should distinctly state whether he prints the correspondence between Dudley and Blount from the MSS. at Cambridge, or has merely reprinted them from a predecessor in his field of investigation. In regard to the treatment of Queen Elizabeth we have two complaints to make. The first is that, when Mr. Sidney has already quoted the evidence that Amy Robsart was ill for some time before her death, he should put a sinister interpretation on the Queen's statement that she "was dead, or nearly so." But a stronger protest must be entered against the note entitled "Children of Queen Elizabeth." Here especially definite authority should be given for every statement. Instead of this we are told of an inscription "on vellum," "in a manuscript still existing, preserved at Shrewsbury," and of a "tract, signed by Cardinal Allen, printed abroad," and of the Englishman living in Madrid who was said to be the son of Elizabeth and Leicester. All this is surely of very little value; on such a matter we want either detailed investigation or silence. Mr. Sidney does not appear to have heard of Mr. F. P. Badham's elaborate argument that the Earl of Essex was really the son of Elizabeth. On the main question, too, Mr. Sidney should at least have noticed the elaborate statement of Anthony Wood ("Life and Times," Ed. Clark, I., 260-263), based on tradition as well as gossip. It would have been well if before writing Mr. Sidney had made himself acquainted with Dr. Gairdner's study of the subject. In short, the book before us is not of great assistance in the controversy.

FICTION.

Kim.

KIM (Macmillan, 6s.). There seem to be two opposite attending the career of the successful novelist in English. One danger is that he may magnify his office, delude himself with the belief that the dreaming of dreams is the same as the solving of problems, strike an attitude as though he be globe like a Colossus, patronising the people who do the work of the world, and pouring out novels of several thousand signed apparently to fulfil at one and the same time the of the Baedeker, the Penny Encyclopedia, and the Shakespeare. The other danger is that he may become so worn in the cares and troubles of this world that his work will become casual and perfunctory. We have lately a striking example of the former peril. The devel-



HURREE CHUNDER MOOKERJEE.
(From "Kim," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

Mr. Kipling seems destined to illustrate the latter. Indeed, go all the way with the American critics. "Kim" was still an incomplete serial, fell upon it like

Commanders-in-Chief. He writes like a man who is tired; he is not absorbed in his subject as of old.

The pity is the greater because he has here a good subject of which, so far as we know, no other novelist has ever touched the fringe. His theme is the Secret Service of the Indian Government; and the proceedings of that service are among the few romantic mysteries of real life which no prying newspaper man has yet succeeded in laying bare to the eyes of the curious. One knows, or may know, in a general way, that it has its secret native agents whose identity is hidden behind mysterious letters and numbers like E23, who wander in strange disguises through the length and breadth of the land, and away over the frontiers as far as the plateaus of Tibet, finding paths, anticipating intrigues, playing the spy on native princes and border peoples. But one may know no more. The Indian Government keeps his secrets well. So, when Mr. Kipling tells us of an Irish lad, the orphan of a sergeant and a lady's-maid, brought up by a half-caste woman in a bazaar, who volunteers to act as chela to a wandering lama, who strays by accident into his father's old regiment, and is sent to school to be trained for an appointment in the Secret Service, he has chosen a *miles-en-accée* fraught with very thrilling possibilities. And of course the story as told by Mr. Kipling is very different from what it would have been if told by Mr. Henty or any other of the writers for boys who might have been expected to handle it. There is Oriental atmosphere and the attempt to penetrate the intricacies of the Oriental mind. The book is obviously the work of a man who has seen further into the Oriental mind than the average Anglo-Indian. The lama is, indeed, an unconvincing figure—a mere windbag full of empty phrases about the Wheel of Life—but the Babu and the Pathan are real. Yet the story as a whole leaves us with the feeling that the author did not take a great deal of trouble with it. It is less a connected whole than a string of incidents. Many of the incidents seem irrelevant and the end seems to come not because the story is over but because the author has covered the requisite number of pages and is tired. Very likely he is tired: very likely the world has been too much with him during the last few years. Very likely he wants rest and solitude in order to be again inspired, and to write, as he used to, like a man intoxicated with his story.

The curious and interesting—often beautiful—illustrations photographed from reliefs executed by Mr. Lockwood Kipling are really such as to add to the value of the book. We are reproducing one of them.

Mr. Richard Bagot.

Mr. Richard Bagot must be congratulated on his determination to pursue the art of fiction into new outlets. His two books on the life of Rome and of Romanists—"A Roman Mystery" and "The Casting of Nets"—showed certain gifts rare enough among the multitude of novelists, and he has done well in his new book, *THE JUST AND THE UNJUST* (Lane, 6s.), a book of great merits and some defects, to choose a new theme. We have followed his writing with interest from the first—if for no other reason, because he belongs to the small and select band of authors who tell their stories in pure, limpid, and grammatical English. He is never rhapsodical nor does he say clever things. His style is good because it is natural and balanced and restrained. There is in fact only one word for it, it is "well told"; and this is an epithet which equally applies to Mr. Bagot's

construction. One pivot of the story is that a friend turns out to be the half-sister of his very not impossible, but too striking for the novel. It to be discovered by another curious coincidence a chance meeting. Moreover, there seems, as it to be a direct contradiction at the beginning and the references Mr. Bagot makes to the Lord Haversham and his premarital friend in which the unscrupulous female relative mail Lord Haversham is defeated is hardly Lord Haversham does not seem quite strange dealings with her, and the method adopted by defeating the blackmailer is an unpleasant one have been put into operation. But besides to which we have alluded there is much that beautiful in the story and in its characters; with keen delight by those who are mature enough with the world of modern society.

New Canterbury Tales.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett continues to write romances with a good deal of colour and of cleverness. As we indicated in our notes respects masterly, book, "Richard Yea and Nay," he writes them also with some and, we fear, an increasing preciousness of style and an over-elaboration of workmanship. "The Forest Lovers" was a pure and absolute delight. The "Little Novels of Italy" was very admirable. His *NEW CANTEBRURY TALES* (Constable, 6s.) strikes us as *venia* and slightly wearisome. They are half-a-dozen stories that have appeared already in the magazines, strung together on the thin thread of a pilgrimage to Canterbury, and rechristened, in addition to their old names, "The Scrivener's Tale," "The Prioress's Tale," and so forth, in the manner of their famous prototype.

The first narrative concerns that Countess of Salisbury to whom we owe the Order of the Garter, and we must give praise to Mr. Hewlett's succinct and ingenious treatment of so threadbare an anecdote. A less gifted writer would have made it the salient point of the tale. All Mr. Hewlett says is "Even



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ally, the subjects of them are always lovely ladies and if these fair dames and "maids" are not each quoted as being "long limbed," which was the very heroine in Mr. Hewlett's former book, they are all painted as having long noses, a matter in our author's predilection for lengthiness leads him wistfully, for length of nose is not an attribute of his heroes, a boy grown "manly," and casting manly looks on maids and such-like entes, is seriously as "a lady-faced youth with a long nose, a very small mouth, and hot green eyes." He endows with long noses which are "thinly," and hangs "narrow necks" and "sharp peaked chins," to escape banality at the expense of falling captive to. In point of fact, Mr. Hewlett's mannerisms are grown, so that while the new book has many beauties it has the beauty of spontaneity or unconsciousness. But man can imagine himself back into the fourteenth century one can be successfully, spontaneously, or unconsciously, "fourteenth centuryish." For it is not by the use of noses as "she seemed stib" or "the pair made frank" that we shall create the illusion that time has slipped back "six long sad hundred years."

There is a certain coarseness of idea now and again protruding its head amidst the flowers of Mr. Hewlett's style which cannot find excuse as being incidental to fourteenth century work, since, as here practised, it is modern in kind; and the maiden Paravall carried in the arms of her lover, and "turning her head about, but ever towards him, nozzling in his smock" has not the beauty which its author appears to claim for it. There is rather too much "nozzling" in the story altogether. We could wish, too, that Mr. Hewlett's picture of a "maid," as he would say, were a trifle more wholesome than the following: "a moon-faced, sidling, enddling, snoozling, smuggling, coaxing, adoring, mothering, greensick slip of delicacy." This other thumb-nail sketch of a girl, whose "hair was the colour of doornice and her feet lighter than a hare's," is far happier, though even so it seems strange that a writer with Mr. Hewlett's delicate sense for the value of sound could have written it.

Correspondence.

CRABBE'S ALDEBURGH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Being well acquainted with the old Suffolk town of Aldeburgh, I have read with considerable interest the article under the above heading which appeared in your issue of September 28. The writer has naturally referred to the Moot Hall, of which an illustration is given, but has said nothing of its contents, which would afford to an archaeologist on a rainy day occupation of a most attractive kind. I allude to the collection of MSS. relating to the borough which are there preserved, some of which have been transcribed and printed in the late Mr. N. F. Hele's "Jottings about Aldeburgh" (1870). Mr. Hele, though an excellent naturalist and a skillful taxidermist (witness his beautiful collection of birds preserved in the Ipswich Museum), was unfortunately not skilled in the deciphering of ancient documents, and made many unfortunate blunders (including the

two rows not a single house remains, showing the effect of the incursion of the sea during a period of three hundred years. At low tide, occasionally, remains of the ancient London are disclosed, the extent of which can only be rightly appreciated by reference to the plan to which I venture to draw attention.

Burlington House, Sept. 28.

J. E. HARRIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Although my pen is but a poor one, may I venture to be so bold as to ask Mr. Gribble, What did he expect Aldeburgh?

It is only because my name has been drawn across his in your review, in the character of a red herring, while at the same time not having any wish to have such greatness upon me, that I am trying to put my question forward.

While anxious that the 150th anniversary should be altogether unnoticed in the literary world, the task Mr. Gribble has set me is an impossible one—namely, finding out some landmarks, footprints, &c., of Crabbe's short sojourn in the borough. How can I do this? The poet left in 1782; witnesses are alive, but we have an old dilapidated quay which he embarked for London and prosperity, three old houses and a rejuvenated White Lion Hotel. The present borough could never be put into the framework of Crabbe's "Borough" except in the most superficial details. I think that Mr. Gribble's path in his way to and from the White Lion was overshadowed by a megatherium in the shape of the Moot Hall (also transfigured since the poet's time). I again ask a question—Does St. Paul's Cathedral appear as a snail in its progress up Ludgate?

As regards the poet and patronage, a recent Civil List will prove that patronage is as rampant as ever. The liberality of Edmund Burke towards Crabbe will always be a marked contrast to that of Walpole towards Chatterton, and proves that the poet was right to seek the help of a patron. A present-day writer would not eringe to be admitted into the company of Dr. Johnson, E. Burke, and Sir J. Reynolds existing?

One of Crabbe's greatest admirers should appear in the list of literary names connected with Aldeburgh. I refer to FitzGerald, who lived in a little cottage here and was a visitor too. And in my humble capacity I regret that Macmillan in their "Miscellanies" of Edward FitzGerald do not publish the whole of the "Readings in Crabbe." Apologies for taking up so much space.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES G.

Aldeburgh Times, October 2, 1901.

"JACK HARKAWAY" AND THE AUTHOR'S SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The recent death of Bracebridge Heming, the author of "Jack Harkaway's Schooldays," serves to emphasize again the lamentable relation that in many cases exists between the commercial value of an author's work and the sum which he received from the publisher for the copyright. As your contributor "G" says, the popularity of the "Harkaway" series was phenomenal. I remember how, as a boy, I used to look forward to the successive parts of the

that Heming "sold his copyrights for ridiculously small sums," whilst his publisher naturally made a handsome fortune. Can there be any more graphic illustration of the crying need there was for the establishment of the Authors' Society?

Happily, the existence of the Society now makes such unfair publishing arrangements practically impossible. But are all writers sufficiently grateful for what the Society has done for them? I trow not; for if they were, there would not be a single writer (however obscure he may be) who would not willingly send up his annual subscription to the Society.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE EASTGATE.

Yarra, Holland-road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire,
October 1.

"MASTER AND SLAVE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, You say in your notice of my little story "Master and Slave" that it has a "flavour of the Socialistic pamphlet," and as such a statement is likely to prejudice me in the eyes of your readers, I should be obliged if you will allow me to say in your columns that I think it does me an injustice. I am not a Socialist, and have no sympathy with Socialistic theories. I have the greatest sympathy with those who suffer under social evils and disabilities am ready to help them with my pen whenever I can, and I find that, in the present mood of society, to dub everything of the kind as "Socialistic" or favouring Socialists, tends to shut up the well-springs of pity.

I am yours faithfully,

A. T. STORY.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall-place, S.W.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The De La More Press (High Holborn), after contenting itself for several years with private printing, enters the open market this season with its own publications. It was started by Mr. Moring of *Moring's Quarterly*—a comparatively little-known, but admirably printed, periodical devoted to the study of art, archaeology, and heraldry—and he called his press after the original form of his family name. "My idea," Mr. Moring explained to our representative, "is to supply a want which I think is felt for books that are rather outside the ordinary run. There are many subjects which possess little interest for the general public, because nothing has been published to make it seem worth while to read about them. One of our aims is to open up fresh ground, and to make it attractive by artistic books written in an interesting way." The chief book in hand at present is a subscription volume on "Monastic Souls of the Thirteenth Century," with plates, and with introduction and notes by Mr. Gale Pedrick. Other illustrated volumes in the press are "The Heraldry of Dante," by the late Rev. H. W. Perce; "Scena, its Art and Architecture," by Gilbert Hastings; "Greek Terra-Cotta Figurines," by Alexander Moring; and a sumptuous edition of FitzGerald's first translation of the *Rubáiyát* with illustrations in colour. Mr. Moring has also opened an agency in London for the publications of Messrs. Mansfield and Co., who are working on similar lines in New York, and who will look after the publication of the De La More Press in America.

The first volume of Mr. Heinemann's new series, "A Century of French Romance," will be "The Chateaux of France" (illustrated with an introduction by Mr. Mansfield).

Just appeared in the "Dictionary of National Biography" by Mr. Frank Bullen entitled, "Despatches from a Collection of Stories of the Sea," illustrated by Twiddle; and Dr. Fitchett's "Tale of the Next month they will issue the following "Hamfahl," by Stanley Weyman; "The Marchioness," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett; "Halpin: A Romance of the New Navy," by J. S. Fletcher; "The Mission of Margaret," by J. S. Fletcher; "No Vindication," by Mrs. Coulson Kernah; "Must Weep," by Sarah Tytler.

Mr. John Long shows his faith in fiction, but novels in his autumn list, of which he includes "The Real Christian," by Lucas Cl. of Eden, by the author of "The Master of the West," by Keighley Snowden; "An Ill-Lovett Cameron," "The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton," "The Golden Spur," by J. S. Fletcher; "The Green Turban," by May Crommelin; "The Mission of Margaret," by J. S. Fletcher; "No Vindication," by Mrs. Coulson Kernah; "Must Weep," by Sarah Tytler.

Mr. Cecil Headlam, whose monograph on "Bronze Founder of Nuremberg," is announcing new series of Great Craftsmen, has also written to appear early this month. It will be published by Hurst and Blackett and, in the United States, by Putnam's. The title of the English edition is "Mr. Molyneux."

Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," having at the sixpenny as well as the six-shilling public at three and sixpence by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will shortly publish Mrs. Alice Tweedie's new "I Saw It," with illustrations from photographs herself.

The fifteenth volume of "Book Prices" published by Mr. Elliot Stock at once. The books sold has reached the highest amount fifteen years.

Messrs. Bell are publishing "The Prince of the Book," by Mr. Alfred Whitman, of the profusely illustrated with reproductions of the original.

Mr. Rowland Ward will shortly publish a volume on travel and sport in Abyssinia by Powell-Cotton.

In their "Stories of Missions Series" by Anderson, and Ferrier will issue immediately. "The Sign of the Cross in Madagascar," a development of Christianity from the last missionaries on the island to the present time by Kilpin Fletcher.

Judge O'Connor Morris' new work, "Questions," will be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Messrs. F. V. White and Co. have just published Mrs. Stannard's well-known novel "Conjure with."

American publishers are beginning to record beyond the department of fiction, announce that "The Habitant, and other Poems," by William H. Drummond, has reached first thousand. Another volume by Mr. Drummond and other Poems will be published by the Atlantic during the autumn.

Dr. Hurry, of Reading, is engaged on a new Abbey, from its foundation to the dissolution, have many illustrations and plans, facsimiles of the latter will be found one of the song, "Sumer is I written down in Reading Abbey.

The Twentieth Century Citizen's Atlas,

October 5, 1901.]

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ment of the plot of his novel, "Her Ladyship's Secret," which appeared in our review, where Lady Bramble is spoken of as "formerly Mrs. King, a widow robbed of her child by her brother who has adopted H." It was Richard Earle not her brother who adopted Mrs. King's daughter.

The *Ladies' Gazette* is a 2d. weekly which starts this week. Its first number seems promising; it has a good feature in a Musical Supplement, and we may commend its idea of a "Children's Literary Society."

Books to look out for at once.

- "Words by an Eye-Witness: The Struggle in Natal." By "Linesman." Blackwood, 6s.
- "With Paget's Horse to the Front." By Cosmo Rose-Innes (Trooper) Macqueen. 3s. 6d. Illustrated.
- "Mexico as I Saw It." By Mrs. Alice Tweedie. Hurst and Blackett, 21s. net. Photographs and sketches.
- "Kewton Revisited Twenty Years After." By S. Butler. Grant Richards. [A revised edition of the original "Kewton" will be issued on the same day—8th inst.]
- "Alfred Tennyson." By Andrew Lang. Blackwood, 2s. 6d. ["Modern English Writers" Series.]
- "The Works of Lord Byron: Letters." Vol. VI. Murray, 6s. [This volume completes the new edition of the Letters, and contains an Index.]
- "The Violet Fairy Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, 6s.
- "The Benefactress." By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Macmillan, 6s.
- "Some Women I Have Known." By Maarten Maartens. Heinemann, 6s.
- "Deep Sea Plunderings." By Frank T. Bullen. Smith, Elder, 6s. [A collection of sea stories.]
- "Light Freights." By W. W. Jacobs. Methuen, 3s. 6d. [Another book of sea stories.]
- "Wheels of Iron." By L. T. Meade. Nesbit, 6s.
- "The Marriage of Mr. Molyneux." By Cecil Headlam. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
- "The Sinner and the Problem." By Eric Parker. Macmillan, 6s.
- "The Lover's Progress. Told by Himself." Chatto and Windus, 6s. [An anonymous love story, introducing many Continental celebrities.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART.

- ANDREA MANTEGNA. By P. KRISTELLER. English Edition by S. Arthur Strong. 12½×9, 311 pp. Longmans, 70s. n. [A sumptuous work, copiously illustrated. The English edition appears before the German.]

BIOGRAPHY.

- UNSTORIED IN HISTORY. Portraits of some famous Women of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. By GABRIELLE FESTING. 8×5½, 307 pp. Nisbet, 6s. [Gathered from State Papers, by the author of "J. H. Freer and his Friends."]
- MENDELSSOHN. (The Master Musicians.) By S. S. STRATTON. 7½×5½, 307 pp. Dent, 3s. 6d. n. [Gives rather more space to musical as distinct from biographical matter than other volumes of the series.]
- HEROES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—Gladstone, Havelock, Bismarck, Lincoln. By G. BARNETT SMITH. 8½×5½, 363 pp. Pearson, 5s. [Popular biographies compiled from accepted sources of information, with illustrations.]
- FÉNELON. His Friends and His Enemies, 1605-1715. By E. K. SANDERS. 9½×5½, 426 pp. Longmans, 10s. 6d.
- LORD MILNER. By W. R. LUCE. 7½×5, 168 pp. Partridge, 1s. 6d. n. [A short readable life.]
- THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF MADAME ROLAND. Ed. by E. G. JOHNSON. 7½×5½, 381 pp. Grant Richards, 6s. [Revised reprint of the translation published in London 1795, with

- HELD TO RANSOM. A Story of Spanish Brigands. By P. H. POPE. 8×5½, 408 pp. Nelson, 5s.
- FOR THE FAITH. A Story of the Young Pioneers of Reform. Oxford. By E. EVERETT GREEN. 8×5½, 364 pp. Nelson, 2s.
- MADAMSCOURT. By H. MAY FOYSTER. 7½×5, 224 pp. Nelson. [Brings in Princess Clementina Sobieski's escape from her imprisonment in 1719, to be married to Prince James Francis Stuart, and the of the Stuart standard at Hraemar by the Earl of Mar.]
- A LAD OF DEVON. By Mrs. H. CLAUKE. 7×4½, 128 pp. Nelson. [Adventure at sea and elsewhere in the days of Nelson.]
- THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. By GERALDINE GUARDOW. 7×4½, Nelson, 1s. [Struggles and misfortunes of a gentleman raider.]
- PROFESSOR ARCHIE. By LITA PEROTVAL. 7×4½, 104 pp. Nelson. [A fisher lad who ends as a Cambridge Professor.]
- MOOSWA AND OTHERS OF THE BOUNDARIES. By W. A. J. 8×5½, 314 pp. Pearson, 6s. [Tales based on incidents told the author by "trappers" in West Canada about the furred animals of the northern forests.]
- JIM'S SWEETHEART. By E. L. HAYFIELD. 7½×5, 256 pp. Nelson. [A little boy's life in a Scotch village.]

CLASSICAL.

- THE "RUDENS" OF PLAUTUS. Ed. by E. A. SONNENSCHEIN. 176 pp. Clarendon Press, 4s. 6d.

DRAMA.

- THE WAYFARERS. An Original Play. By R. ORME. 8½×7 Bickers, 5s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

- FIRST YEAR'S ALGEBRA. By C. A. FRENCH and G. OSBORN. 172 pp. Churchill, 1s. 6d.
- THE STORY OF THE ISLE OF MAN. By A. W. MOORE. 7½×5, Cowin, 1s.
- A FRENCH PRIMER. Accidence and Syntax. 6½×4½, 132 pp. Clarendon Press, 2s.
- TUTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. 2nd Ed. By A. J. WYATT. 7×5, 223 pp. Clive, 2s. 6d.
- GREEK ACCIDENCE. By T. C. WEATHERHEAD. 7½×5, 176 pp. Wood, 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

- THE RIGHT OF WAY. By GILBERT PARKER. 7½×5½, 366 pp. Longmans, 6s. [In French Canada, The hero is a barrister who mends his life and marriage by drink, and redeems himself in a second life new name and in a new place.]
- MISS PAUNCEFORT'S PERIL. By Mrs. C. MARTIN. 7½×5½, J. Long, 6s. [Modern society. Miss Pouncefort's matrimonial entanglement in which religion plays a considerable part.]
- THE LORDS OF LIFE. By BESSIE DILL. 7½×5½, 351 pp. J. Long, 6s. [The story of a girl who has to earn her living. In Scotland, India, and London.]
- ROMANCE OF A HAREM. Trans. from the French by CYRIL FORESTER-WALKER. 7½×5½, 271 pp. Greening, 5s. [The experiences of a French Governess in the Sultan's harem.]
- THE WORK OF HIS HANDS. By CRIS HEALY. 7½×5½, Hutchinson, 6s. [The loves of an ambitious and self-absorbed artist mechanist starts a new life of duty at the end.]
- THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY. By F. NORREYS CONNELL. 256 pp. Grant Richards, 6s. [The escapades of an Irish soldier in the Napoleonic wars told "after" Charles Lever.]
- IDYLLS OF ROSEHILL. By R. GUTHRIE. (Popular Stories, 7½×5½, 153 pp. Stockwell, 2s. 6d.
- MOUSME. By CLIVE HOLLAND. 7½×5½, 337 pp. Pearson, 6s. [The author brings "My Japanese Wife" to England; he deduces to country and London society.]
- THE SECRET ORCHARD. By EGERTON CASTLE. 7½×5½, Macmillan, 6s. [This corresponds in plot to the play by the author, produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The scene is a French château, and a picture given of modern French society.]
- THE PURPLE CLOUD. By M. P. SHELTON. 7½×5½, 460 pp. (7s. 6d.)

SYLVIA'S AMBITION. By ADELINÉ SERGEANT. 7½×5½, 200 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[A delightful tale of a young actress and her mother who finally find well-to-do relations.]

THE BOURGEOIS. By H. DE VÈRE STACPOLE. 7½×5½, 261 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[The lighter side of life in Paris, the chief characters being Charles Frisson, the author of a play called *The Bourgeois*, and Peter Alabaater, a susceptible young American.]

THE BLACK MASK. By E. W. HOUNG. 7½×5½, 298 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[A continuation of "The Amateur Cracksman," the exploits of a professional criminal.]

FOR LOVE OR CROWN. By A. W. MARCHMONT. 7½×5½, 408 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

[The alternative is between a state marriage with a foreign potentate and a marriage for love.]

THE MOST FAMOUS LADY. By NELLIE K. BLISSETT. 7½×5, 331 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

[Provence in the time of Troubadours.]

BARBARA WEST. By K. SNOWDEN. 7½×5½, 363 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[The story of a young journalist, and his love for a girl who will only be his "sister."]

A GIRL BY THE NAME OF BROWN. (Popular Stories, No. II.) By E. THORPE. 7½×5½, 219 pp. Stockwell. 2s. 6d.

[Partly in Italy. Turns on the relations between two sisters.]

OSMUNDA MY QUEEN. (Popular Stories, No. III.) By A. F. B. REMICK. 7½×5½, 200 pp. Stockwell. 3s. 6d.

[Partly in Cornwall, partly in Russia.]

HISTORY.

THE SPANISH PEOPLE. Their Origin, Growth, and Influence. By MARTIN A. S. HUME. (The Great Peoples Series.) 8×5½, 535 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN IN THE DAYS OF THE STUARTS. By LADY NEWDIGATE-NEWDIGATE. 8½×5½, 367 pp. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

[Written round the correspondence, news, letters, &c., preserved at Arbury, of Sir Richard Newdigate, whose life reached from the Great Rebellion to the Revolution.]

LITERARY.

THE RAMBLER. Vol. I. Ed. by H. VIVIAN. 12×7½, Ballantyne Press. **POETS OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION.** By W. ARCHER. 9×6, 265 pp. Lane. 21s.

[Critical essays on a large number of "minor poets," with excellent woodcut portraits of each of them by Mr. R. Bryden.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN MEMORIAM. Verses for Every Day in the Year. Selected by LEO V. RIDLEY. 6½×5, 193 pp. Chatto and Windus.

HANDS AND HOW TO READ THEM. By E. RESE. 7½×5, 125 pp. Pearson. 1s.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Vol. V.—Kaiser-Kyx. Ed. by Dr. J. A. H. MURRAY. 16½×11. Clarendon Press. 5s.

HOW TO STUDY ENGLISH LITERATURE. ("How To" Series.) By T. S. KNOWLTON. 7½×5½, 156 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[A short practical book on methods of study and criticism, with extracts.]

COMMERCIAL KNOWLEDGE. By A. WARREN. 8×5½, 260 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d.

[An attempt to teach the young in a readable way the intricacies of commercial routine.]

THE NORDRACH TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTIVES IN THIS COUNTRY. By J. A. GIBSON. 7×4½, 163 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. n.

[A description of Dr. Walther's open-air treatment for consumption at Nordrach, by which the author has himself been cured. He maintains that the cure may be effected on the same lines in England.]

ELEMENTARY TELEPHOTOGRAPHY. By E. MARSHALL, F.R.P.S. 8½×5½, 118 pp. Hiffe. 3s. 6d. n.

FIRST STAGE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION. (Organized Science Series.) By B. CUNNINGHAM. 7×5, 240 pp. Clive. 2s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MIGHTY DEEP AND WHAT WE KNOW OF IT. By AGNES GIBBERT. 7½×5½, 290 pp. Pearson.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITION

A POPULAR HANDBOOK TO THE NATIONAL Ed. Two vols. By E. T. COOK. 7½×4½, 740+637 pp.

[The first vol. takes the Foreign Schools, the second the Home Schools. The volumes are very handy, printed on thin paper binding. Those who are really studying the Gall content to take with them one of the volumes, convenient than the rather bulky single complete work.]

AUNT ANNE. By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. 8½×5½, 116 pp.

THE VICAR OF WAREFIELD. By OLIVER GOLDSMID. (Classics.) 6½×1, 213 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. n.

[A well-printed handy reprint, without illustration.] **POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BRIDGES.** Vol. I. Smith, Elder. 6s.

BEN-HUR. By GENERAL LEW WALLACE. 8×5½, 470 pp.

[A reprint of this book so popular in America by C. E. Brock.]

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. By Three vols. Ed. by J. F. KIRK. 7½×5, 477+463+52 pp.

[Including Kirk's notes, and an introduction by this ed. by Mr. George Parker Winship.]

THE MAXIMS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. Trans. by 97 pp. Finch. 1s. 6d. n.

THE EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA. Two vols. CALVERT. 10×7½, 285+386. Dean.

[Twenty rare Maps are added to this edition.] **THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S,** and other Sketches. ANSTLEY. 7½×5, 266 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

POEMS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. 6½×4½. Elvey.

[Completes the Siddal edition of Rossetti's work pieces, illustrating *The Bride's Prelude* and a short Rossetti.]

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 20 vols. THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL, PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. SCOTT. (New Century Library.) 6×4, 580+756 pp.

GOETHE: HERMANN UND DOROTHEA. Ed. by C. A. 152 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s.

VANITY FAIR. By W. M. THACKERAY. 7½×5½, 746 pp.

[A pleasantly-printed octavo reprint with Thackeray's facsimiles of the original wrapper and title-page.]

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY and Memoirs. Vol. I. Ed. by his Wife. 9½×6, 2 vols.

[This is to be an *Édition de Luxe*. In 10 vols., four vols. being devoted to the Letters and Memoirs is now published, the frontispiece giving Mr. Low trait of Kingsley. The Life is reprinted from the edition. The volume is extremely handsome, well paper, bound in saten cloth with embossed gilt is designed by Mr. A. Turbayne.]

THEOLOGY.

TEN DIALOGUES BETWEEN A CHURCHMAN AND A ROME. By G. P. THOMAS. 7½×5, 111 pp. Stockwell. 1s.

THE CONFIRMATION AND COMMUNION OF INFANTS. By H. HOLLOWAY. 7½×5, 228 pp. Skeffington. 5s.

[Preface by Lord Halifax.] **LIKEWISE THE YOUNG WOMEN.** By the VENERABLE BISHOP OF EXETER. 7×4½, 228 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[Uniform with "Unto You Young Men."] **LIBERAL RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AT THE BEGINNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.** Ed. by W. C. BOYD. 7×4½, 228 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[Addresses at the International Council of Unitarian Liberal thinkers and workers, held in London, May 1900.]

ROADS TO ROME. Ed. by the Author of "Twenty Orders." 8×5½, 341 pp. Longmans. 7s. 6d. n.

[There are 65 contributors, who explain how the Roman Church, among them Lord Brampton, Miss Adeline Sergeant.]

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. By J. A. BRIDGES. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s.

[Reprinted from the *Reporter*. The argument is for the immortality of the soul.]

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 208. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be
MR. R. S. HICHES.

Books to read just published:—

- "Erewhon" (new edition) and "Erewhon Revisited." By Samuel Butler. (Grant Richards.)
- "The Mystery of Mary Stuart." By Andrew Lang. (Methuen.)
- "A Winter Pilgrimage in Palestine, Italy, and Cyprus." By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)
- "The Potter and the Clay." By Maud H. Peterson. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- "The Benefactress." By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan.)

The late Ameer of Afghanistan belongs to literature by his Autobiography, published by Mr. Murray, a very remarkable

the Ameer, has written on him in the magazines and of his character in her novel "A Vizier's Daughter." *Review* recently published some very interesting given by the Ameer to his son on the latter's visit to

Messrs. Cassell are to be warmly congratulated series called "The Nation's Pictures," of which the now issued. They are marvels of colour reproduction such pictures as these can be bought for a few pence the hideous "chromo" and the crude print as adorn walls of the lower middle class must surely be put The series should really do something to educate the aesthetes. The parts are to be issued fortnightly, part includes Mr. Abley's "O Mistress Mine," East's "Autumn," Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's "and Mr. Orchardson's "Napoleon on Board the B Their size averages about 10 in. by 7 in., and there to the history and meaning of each picture. And sevenpence.

One of the oldest members of the Edinburgh trade has passed away in the person of Mr. Robert the firm of Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Mr. A spent all his life in the Scottish capital, of which he having been born there seventy-two years ago. He firm of William Oliphant and Co. as a junior apprentice and gradually rose to be senior partner of the firm man of sound literary tastes, and was specially well history of his native city. At one time he was chairman of the Edinburgh Booksellers' Society, and he had sat for as a member of the Edinburgh Town Council.

In the book called "The American Invaders, tactics, and progress," by Fred A. McKenzie, the chief interests as most is the chapter which compares American English methods of publishing. The writer is clear trade, "the time has come for a change, and the change made on American lines." Perhaps. But those who memories will find that for most of the new department described as characteristically American, there English precedents. We read for instance, that "country is placarded about new books." We can remember time when the whole of our own country was placarded "Poor Miss Finch," and when touts in the Strand used you leaflets drawing your attention to "The Millionaire Cab." And was not one of the more sensational of Robert Louis Stevenson once advertised by said The practice is, indeed, not unfamiliar at the present time. The only method of advertisement practised in

who gave the author definite instructions as to the period, the plot, and the characters, and had the manuscript considerably doctored to suit the taste of the public before he issued it. The book was simply rammed down the throats of the American public.

Excellent. But the thing has been done before in England. The publishers of novelettes and "litty" papers showed the way. We know of one office in which a staff of young ladies is regularly employed in writing out serial stories from plots which some one in authority supplies. We have been acquainted with authors who have been retained to write stories of mystery and adventure under editorial supervision, with clauses in their agreements to the effect that, when any story ceased to please, it should be hurried to a close, and another story should be begun instead of it. The main difference between England and America seems to be that, in America, if we may believe Mr. McKenzie, more reputable authors and publishers lend themselves to this kind of bookmaking. The pity of it all lies in the statement that

This book of the hour sale has its great disadvantages. The novel of the second-class writer, however considerable the merit, has little or no chance.

The man who enthusiastically exhorts his countrymen to copy the methods which have produced such results may be a good friend to the booksellers, but he is a bad friend to literature.

The present French Ministry is reported to have expressed dissatisfaction at the slow progress made by the famous Academy Dictionary. A commission of the Budget, in discussing the sum allotted to the Immortals, has expressed the pious wish that they would display a little more energy in the matter. The Academy has in hand two dictionaries. One, the "Dictionnaire de l'Usage," came out originally as long ago as 1694. When the sixth edition of it had been completed, in 1835, an historical and etymological dictionary of the language was proposed. The Academy was imprudent enough to undertake this gigantic work, but the extreme care with which they have proceeded has made this second dictionary something of a byword. It has been calculated that at the present rate they may arrive at the letter "z" in about ten centuries. Some time ago it was decided that all the efforts of the Academy should be concentrated on the production of an eighth edition of the popular dictionary. This amounted practically to a complete suppression of the larger undertaking, and this is where the trouble comes in, for the ten thousand francs allotted to the historical dictionary have for some years ceased to be devoted to that object, and it has struck certain Ministers that a sum no longer used for its original destination might as well cease to be granted.

The Author has a very outspoken article from Mr. Heinemann on the subject of literary agents, lately discussed in our own columns. He is opposed to the agent from the point of view of the publisher because the plan prevents free intercourse between publisher and author; because he has not always found agents honest; because their employment is an implied imputation on the publisher; because he does not wish publishers to be played off against each other; and "because no author would be so quixotic as to employ a literary agent if he did not hope to get so much more out of the publisher as the agent's commission represents." He is equally opposed to the literary agent from the point of view of the author and of literature. The agent, he thinks, is never successful with young and un-

CLOUD-CHANGES: A SONNET.

(Written when watching the sun go down on Lake T.)

How wonderful the infinite deeps of sky
That storehouse where th' Omnipotent dwells
His dread Insignia, where He layeth by
His lightning-rod, where piled in mighty
Lie the dread bolts and arrows He lets fly
Where, too, He caverns the great fans that
The Heavens bare before His searching eye
And where He nightly pens the clouds fit
Or loosens them in flight like mighty drake
Streaming in line across the waste of blue
Till piece by piece the long procession breaks
And now, for outstretched necks and wing
Lo! stately ships glide in upon the view
Then founder in a sea of fiery lakes!

AL

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Joseph Henry is seriously ill at his residence at Birmingham.

Sir Theodore Martin, who is now in his eightieth year, has been ill at Llangollen, but his condition shows

On October 21 the *Leeds Mercury* will appear at a halfpenny. The paper was started in 1841.

The new Junior Sheriff of the City is Mr. Marshall, of the well-known publishing firm. He held the office of Under Sheriff for two years.

The Angel Hotel, in North London, the yard of which is in Hogarth's "Stage Coach," is about to be rebuilt. It has been established as an inn for centuries.

On Wednesday Dr. Monro, Provost of Oriel, Vice-Chancellor in Convocation at Oxford, as the President of Corpus.

Mrs. Bishop (*née* Bird), well-known as an interpreter, intends to become a missionary.

Madame Sarah Grand has gone to America to see her husband.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P., has presented to the University, Kingston, Ontario, with a set of portraits of the Governors.

Sir Robert Ball has gone to America to deliver a lecture at Boston, and he will also represent the University of Cambridge at the bicentenary of the University of

Among the seventy new members who have joined the Society this year are the Duke of the Abruzzi, Count Plunkett, Lord Windsor, Mr. Choate, the Earl of Armagh, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Mr. Paget Asquith, and Professor Saintsbury.

Mr. F. C. Burnand has successfully undergone an operation for an obstruction in the roof of the mouth.

After many years' connexion with the *London Standard*, and since Mr. W. Martin has

October 12, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

L'Honneur, a play produced in Paris on October 4 at the Théâtre Antoine, is a translation of Sudermann's *Ehre*, and was warmly welcomed by the French critics for its admirable construction.

Our Personal View this week, written by "Margaret Armour," a poetess of no small accomplishment herself, weighs poetry in the balance from the practical point of

The view of the young man or young woman in search of Emoluments of a profession. The conclusion drawn is, in effect, that there is money in poetry for men of genius who are also men of business. The two qualities are not mutually exclusive, as the publishers of the works of Lord Byron and Lord Tennyson respectively discovered; and our contributor's suggestion that poets should draw attention to their poetry by obtruding their eccentricities of manner, life, and personal appearance was probably not put forward without preliminary observation of their habits and characteristics. At the same time we doubt whether the facts, so far as they can be collected, bear out her view that the poet, if he takes her advice, has better prospects nowadays than in the time of our forefathers. Milton, no doubt, did very badly, and made less out of "Paradise Lost" than a modern poet may make out of a lyric which can be set to music. But the case of "Paradise Lost" is hardly typical. There are plenty of other cases to be set against it. Pope made £5,320 by his translation of Homer; Macpherson made £1,200 out of Ossian; Crabbe, after his poetry had been selling for years, was able to get £3,000 for the copyrights; Southey left £12,000 earned, at any rate, partly by his poetry; Thomas Moore made £400 a year merely by writing poetical squibs; Thomas Campbell got £1,000 for one of several editions of "The Pleasures of Hope"; Byron and Scott prospered enormously; and many similar examples of the pecuniary success of poets could be cited. It would be difficult to compile a corresponding list from the names of contemporary or recent poets. Since Lord Tennyson died, we doubt if any poet has steadily made a large income out of poetry. A poem here and there, not as a rule of the highest quality, has sold extensively, and presumably brought large profits to the poet. "The Epic of Hades," "The Light of Asia," and some of Mr. G. R. Sims' collections of ballads are instances in point. Humorous poets who have been able to keep up a steady flow of ingenious rhyme for the comic papers must also have done well; and there has been a demand for patriotic verses like those of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Newbolt, and Mr. Begbie. But serious and dignified poetry has met with little encouragement, with the few remarkable exceptions which we have mentioned. The influence of Matthew Arnold was out of all proportion to his sales; and we could without difficulty enumerate many poets whose work is admirable, but whose circulation rarely if ever reaches four figures. On the whole, therefore, it seems clear that poets are by no means so well off as they were a hundred years ago. The competition of the dead poets makes things increasingly difficult for the living poets. One's reading capacity is limited, and the reprints are cheap and good, and a poem does not get out of date as quickly as a novel. There is, too, so much more in the newspapers now that the average man has less leisure for poetry than of old. What with a war in one continent and a yacht race in another he is too busy with the literature of the actualities to have much time to give to literature of any

Literature Portraits.—XXI

MR. HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

It was in that very charming book "Love and Mr. Ham," if I remember right, that Mr. H. G. Wells took (no doubt smiling to himself the while) to insert a recommendation of the excellent "Tutorial Series" of text science. This was one of those sly jests that some of us refrain from committing to print, more for the satisfaction of our own sense of humour than from any expectation of an outside world. For, should the fancy strike you to examine the catalogue of the British Museum Library, you might find to the credit of our author, alone or in collaboration, an "Physiography," a "Text-Book of Biology," and a "Text-Book of Zoology"—the two last-named works belonging to the mentioned.

This fact is explanatory of much. Mr. Wells is a turned writer of fiction, and he has made of his scientific knowledge a very useful handmaid in the labour of novel-writing. He has worked it, as the phrase runs, for all it is worth, with singular dexterity and success. Other novelists—the late Grant Allen is an example—may have had an equal bent in the same direction, but they have generally from mingling their biological text-books with their fiction. When, with Mr. Jules Verne, they have enlisted the science to stimulate their imagination, it has commonly been in a certain air of unreality, a certain sense of divesting humanity and human life. Ingenious and plausible inventions of that veteran French writer, we find our interest in his books lies in the machinery rather than in the character. It is the Nautilus and its marvellous capabilities that attract our attention rather than Captain Nemo, the Columbiad and its padded projectile rather than the intrepid voyagers. In reading "Five Weeks in a Balloon" the first time, I recollect that the ultimate wreck and alarm of that cleverly-contrived apparatus seemed almost a price to pay for the escape of the travellers. In fact, Jules Verne displays a great variety of remarkable inventions drawn with some care and with more than ordinary colour. He has very rarely succeeded in making any of them alive; they are personifications of certain abstract qualities, artfully clothed with just sufficient touch of caricature to raise a smile. He wish to draw a Frenchman—he takes the spirit of irresponsible frivolity; or an Englishman—he incarnates the staid, matter-of-fact temperament. In his *novels*, his learned professions are almost always to be found the same comic blend of common-sense and nervous excitability. It is no slight tribute to the wealth of his inventive power that even in its furthest flights, he seldom obscured the human element in his men and women. These are always very real and very vivid, even when they are creatures of the prehistoric past (we may not some "Stories of the Stone Age" from his pen some years ago in one of the magazines?) or, as in "The Time Machine," when they are creatures of the distant future.

The power of infusing life into his characters is one of the best articles in the equipment of a novelist, without which the best can produce but an arid and barren brilliancy. It is easy enough to possess this power and yet to fail of

and a scientific training rarer still. And with all this, apart from the more mechanical part of the business, the moving platforms, the aeroplanes and aeroplanes, the various organizations, the Labour Bureau, the Public School Trust, and the rest, he has a wonderful eye for detail and for the logical effect of his many imagined improvements. The little conversations held by Graham with some of his subjects after he has come into his kingdom are no less surprising in their grasp of a complex organization than delightful in their thinly-veiled satire. Take, for example, that with the Surveyor-General of the Public School Trust.—

"We have conquered Cram," he said, "completely conquered Cram—there is not an examination left in the world. Aren't you glad?"

"How do you get the work done?" asked Graham.

"We make it attractive—as attractive as possible. And if it does not attract then—we let it go. We cover an immense field."

The new system makes a point of "catering for girls by the thousand";—

"At this moment," he said with a Napoleonic touch, "nearly five hundred phonographs are lecturing in different parts of London on the influence exercised by Plato and Swift on the love affairs of Shelley, Hazlitt, and Burns. And afterwards they write essays on the lectures, and the names in order of merit are put in conspicuous places. You see how your little germ has grown? The illiterate middle-class of your days has quite passed away."

There is thought at the back of all that Mr. Wells writes, and there is more thought in this book than in any other of his. Yet—it may be for that very reason—"When the Sleeper Wakes" is not by any means his best work. The conception is fine in many respects, but it is on too vast a scale. It cannot be rendered credible; it is a huge phantasmagoria. Yet there are many shining passages in it, and the human interest (if not quite so lively as usual) is far from being altogether lost. The author is partially overpowered by the thirty-three millions who people his London of two hundred years hence. This is why, I imagine, he has failed to give us that abundance of little vivid touches that give such an air of actuality to a book like "The War of the Worlds." There may also be a little too much insistence on the lessons to be learned from the Labour Bureau and its works, a little too much preaching by direct discourse instead of indirect satire. The public has never loved the novel that discloses its purpose too obviously. This labour problem is never very far from Mr. Wells; he handled it in the old days of "The Time Machine," when Capital and Labour had become the Eld and the Morlocks, the dwellers above and underground; he reverted to it in the days when Mr. Lewisham, that most lovable of prigs, began to wear the red tie of Socialism; he comes back to it once more, with more directness and energy than ever, in "When the Sleeper Wakes." Here, in fact, the central motive of the book lies in the revolt of the masses against the new tyranny of trust, and organization, and syndicate, and it is so far justified in that it leads to Graham's crowning act of heroism.

When a writer possesses some special gift denied to most others, it may seem absurd to express a wish that he should use it more sparingly. Yet in this case I must record a personal hope that Mr. Wells will not confine himself too strictly for the

invisibility ever he discovered, we see now that the results must be that of our author. And who could have treated the theme of "The War of the Worlds" so lightly, so gracefully, and with so delicate a pathos. This little fantasy, in some respects, author has yet done, is a very brilliant and modern civilization. It reminds one, strangely, of Kingsley's "Water Babies" in some of its quiet secret of its excellence seems to be that it is a half-way house between the real and the exception of the one strange visitor all the belongings of to-day. There is no occasion for a dangerous gift of prophecy.

For there is some danger of Mr. Wells speaking, a professional prophet, and it is against some of us would wish to warn him. On the gent reader prefers "Love and Mr. Lewisham the Worlds"; while the publisher, and the their faith to Wells the prophet rather than a minute delineator of the ambitious lower middle class. Naturally the two latter gentlemen have more to say than the more intelligent reader, who is at once of expressing his opinions; and so we find his new batch of travellers to report on our "First Men in the Moon") while he takes the mantle in real earnest in a series of "Anticipations" contributed to a monthly review. We may admire which he describes Martians and Selenites, but beings have not the same interest for us as the Cavorite, again, is an ingenious and plausible more of Cavor himself—the scientist, the in Mr. Wells can strike an original note in fiction the pains to bring Martians down (in shells Jules Verne) to the gorse-clad heaths of Sussex sending the Sleeper (in a trance borrowed from Bellamy) to visit the London of two centuries real and very uncommon power; and it would allowed himself to be drawn insensibly with humanity. I believe I have read all his novel part of his short stories, but the pictures to which the most pleasure are those of Lewisham in "Schema" that was to map the way for a career and of the same young man again in his supreme renunciation. For Mr. Wells has discovered the of all truths to the novelist—that there is some most despicable of us—in that engaging rascal Hoopdriver, the very unheroic hero of "The War of the Worlds" and in Dr. Crump, who was flattered when it that his beliefs were like a steel trap. He is a woman better than most novelists; and the drawing is not so common that we care to see it obscured by that other talent of intelligent man.

E. H. LAC

Mr. Wells made his start in letters, we find in the Students' Magazine at the Royal College of Science. He frequently contributed to the educational papers, and his not very encouraging work found a pecuniary post his first success was a metaphysical article in the Review in 1890; then he took to writing "The War of the Worlds"; and presently Mr. Henley lent him

In consequence of changes in the syllabus of the London University examinations. Another text-book, confessedly prepared for examination purposes, and published about the same time, was the "Honours Physiography" which Mr. Wells wrote in conjunction with Mr. R. A. Gregory, Oxford University Extension Lecturer, for the honours examination of the Science and Art Department. In 1895 he gave up newspaper work to devote himself to novel-writing, and in that year brought out no fewer than four volumes with different publishers. The chronological list is as follows :

1895. "Select Conversations with an Uncle" (No. 3 of Mr. John Lane's "Mayfair Set").
 "The Time Machine" (Heinemann).
 "The Wonderful Visit" (Dent), 4th edn.
 "The Stolen Paellus, and other Incidents"—mainly stories from the *Pall Mall Budget*, *Pall Mall Magazine*, and *St. James's Gazette* (Methuen).
 1896. "The Island of Dr. Moreau" (Heinemann).
 "The Wheels of Chance" (Dent).
 1897. "The Invisible Man" (Penson).
 "The Plattner Story, and Others" (Methuen).
 1898. "The War of the Worlds" (Heinemann).
 "Certain Personal Matters"—Essays (Lawrence and Bullen).
 1899. "When the Sleeper Wakes" (Harper).
 "Tales of Space and Time" (Harper).
 1900. "Love and Mr. Lewisham" (Harper).

Mr. Wells was also part author with Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, and others of the book on "The Humours of Cycling," published by James Bowden in 1897. With one exception his books are all in print, and issued by their original publishers. The exception is the volume of essays published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen—"Certain Personal Matters"—but this is being taken over by Mr. Fisher Unwin and will shortly appear in a new edition. Two new books by Mr. Wells are expected before the present season closes—"The First Men in the Moon," which has been running in the *Strand*, and will be published in volume form by Messrs. Newnes, and the series of essays to be concluded in next month's *Fortnightly*, and republished by Messrs. Chapman and Hall under the title of "Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought." Mr. Wells' earlier contributions to the reviews include papers on "Morals and Civilization" (*Fortnightly*, February, 1897); "The Novels of George Gissing" (*Contemporary*, August, 1897); "The Cyclist Soldier" (*Fortnightly*, December, 1900); and "Stephen Crane" (*North American Review*, 1900).

The Elizabethan Society—not to be confused with the Elizabethan Stage Society—is prospering, and has issued a capital programme of lectures for the winter :—

- "Shakespeare's Justice Shallow not a Satire on Sir Thomas Lucy." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes.
 "Concerning Alfred the Great." By Alfred Austin.
 "An Elizabethan Conception of Beauty." By Frederick Rogers.
 "Thomas Shadwell." By William G. Hutchison.
 "Shakespeare and Contemporary German Criticism." By Miss Elizabeth Lee.
 "Shakespeare's Prose." By Sidney Lee.
 "Inigo Jones and his Masques." By Ernest Rhys.
 "The Maid of Honour: an unpublished Romance (of the seventeenth century) by Sir Henry North." By A. H. Bullen.

The dates are all Wednesdays, and on the intervening Wednesdays the society meets to read the plays of Thomas Middleton. The place of meeting is Toynbee Hall, and the time 8 o'clock.

POETRY AS A PROFESSION.

A "Personal View."

To the sensitive ear of the poet the machinery of to creak dismally, and his only solace lies in transmuting harshness into song. He is a captive in our work-a-day for ever pining back to some age of gold, and, as function to be a melodious egotist, his fellow-men his sorrows. He breathes from every bookshelf his musical sigh.

But though part of his suffering is temperamental result of craving for more joy than human conditions part of it must also be ascribed to the financial problem calling. Zeus made him free of Heaven, Schiller to atone for having forgotten him at the partition of Earth the celestial entertainment does not, unfortunately, include a mortal bill of fare, he is forced to hang round the table below, and to barter his songs for bread.

The necessity to earn a living is, of course, the lot of all professions, and in being subject to it, the poet only shares a common lot; what makes matters specially hard for him is the reluctance of the average man to give bread in exchange for mere beauty. A very few stalls in the market-place hold poetie wares the world wants. If it craved for poetry it would flourish like brewing will be long before the convivial glass is eschewed for divine drunkenness of song, and, until then, poets must be a lean people. In fact, to quote the hackneyed line "poetry doesn't sell"—terse and awful summing up of the case! In olden times music and gesture were thrown into the crease its attractions, and when these were discarded the shape of private, or assured, means, or of ill-patronage, became indispensable for success.

Even when the invention of printing had made the appeal possible, it was the drama, with its composite appeal of public interest, that most often paid the poet's bills. The poet in other garb only succeeded indirectly when she could turn her votary to some lucrative post or to a pension. The poet who, through sheer sale of editions, runs to "yachts and houses" is a comparatively modern innovation, and, of the inherent and enduring unpopularity of true art, is no more to become a very frequent one.

If we examine the conditions of the poet's calling to find the majority of the nation apathetic, as it has always been, while a small, persistent minority seems to have charge with the task of keeping poetry alive. In the minority there is an inner and an outer circle, the former consisting of the few to whom poetry really matters, and who would sacrifice for its cause; the latter, of the class who, with a liberal education, have imbibed the idea that poetic taste is a branch of

the same time in sympathy with the many, so much the luckier for him; but as the increasing complexity of civilization differentiates temperaments more and more, broad appeals must become more difficult to make, and souls that are star-like and apart will gain nothing by swerving from their orbit. Besides, until he call, he cannot know what heart will answer. Who could have predicted a public for Rossetti after Wordsworth, or for Kipling after Rossetti?

But when "each for the joy of the working" has fashioned his wares with his best cunning, he must step down into the trade arena and be a tradesman with the rest. He must, first of all, try to get hold of a publisher. Though he speak with the tongues of angels and have not that, he might as well be sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Occasionally he may secure one at once, but publishers, as a rule, are shy of chaperoning the children of Apollo. They have, too often, found them wall-flowers. And since the *début* of the novel, that belle of so many seasons, poetry has been pushed further than ever into the background. Cheap education has created an enormous uncultured reading public whom it pays much better to cater for than for the cultured few. One novel that hits the popular taste may yield a harvest rich enough to recompense for many failures, and the publisher, as a man of business, cannot be blamed if, speculating more and more in the form of literature which has, for him, the greatest possibilities, he become spoilt for small returns. Of course, plenty will be found willing to risk the poet's money and to publish his verses on commission, but a publisher with nothing at stake has an easy mind, and an easy mind is not the lever that lifts a book into notice.

But supposing one of the necessary courage and altruism to be found, he will be of very little use unless he thoroughly realizes the magnitude of his task. The poems are doomed if left to push their way by their own unaided merit. They can no more do so than mustard or starch. "Great is advertisement for little men," and who is so big that he can forego it? As much energy is required for floating a poet as for floating a gold mine. A boom should be strenuously engineered, and, as a starting point, there is nothing better or more legitimate than a favourable verdict from critics in authority. Unfortunately, however, such critics cannot weigh the deserts of all comers. Their time barely suffices for those who have already "arrived," and the others frequently fall into hands too timid or too obscure either to make or mar them.

Besides the all-round critics there are nowadays some specialized poet-makers, whose good word may be of great service, but here, too, there are drawbacks. They are apt to weaken the case for their client by over-statement, and when they have introduced a certain number of geese to the public as swans the public retaliates by treating their genuine swans as geese. Their power to help a new poet diminishes in proportion to the array of new poets they discover.

Still, let us imagine our poet lucky to the point of having been well reviewed. The threads of destiny are once more in

why should he shock us? He is iteration incarnate. The thing one can reasonably urge against him is that he appeals to the man in the street rather than to the man in the library who is the more likely purchaser. The latter, too often take his poetry upon trust, will hardly dence on the sandwich-man.

But, though so much depends on the ex-publisher, those of the poet also count for much. If his lungs lend themselves to it, he may "ramble madden round the land," or he may step in side issue as an Adonis or a popular novelist. Deeds will help him; also any striking, however characteristic. Or he may float into notice on the popular movement, as a patriot, a symbolist, a energetic temperament he ought to find some way poetry a going concern, and should the concern is probable, when he himself does, that does not all, but only the beneficiaries under his will.

Public attention once gained, the poet has a earning a living, but what of those who ply obscurity? Whether inglorious Shakespeares their fate is the same. For minor musicians, there are minor poets. At the worst, if they stick to the creative side of their business, they have the hat, or the pavement; while, if they do not effort, they may support themselves by teaching, are deemed communicable. But who that indulges charity will toss the poet a penny for his sonnet unless Touchstone, and he was a fool, ever regret belonging to him had not been made poetical by would pay a professor, at so much the hour, omission?

To some extent magazines and journals patronize the bard, but their dole of space is niggardly, whilst they are so careless about the quality of what they publish. One wonders sometimes if they do not employ poetry in the appearance of the page than anything else—just as the use of pictures in many eyes is to break up the bareness of a wall. When the poet is paid, which is not always the case, his small and swiftly vanish, yet not, alas! more than his work:

Where go the poet's lines?

Answer, ye evening tapers!

Ye autumn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!

And after the magazines, what is left? Memoranda are not common, and one fears that rhyme-cards and crackers do not buy many Christmas gifts.

No, poetry is a poor profession, save for the few who have at the same time rare gifts and rare luck. They then either forbear from making poetical those who earn their own living, or endow them with the compelling magic of Orpheus, but also with the





It is the lean purse that goes under—the purse that cannot risk uncertain issues, and that must be filled somehow, often under conditions that leave its owner little time or strength for the truer calling.

The generation that makes things hard for its poets must lay no flattering unction to its soul. Far from winnowing the chaff from the wheat, it increases the proportion that is worthless, while lessening the total yield.

MARGARET ARMOUR.

NATIONALITY IN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.*

The epoch which saw the decay of those great fabrics, Church and Empire, which ruled the Middle Ages both as ideas and as realities, the influence of the Renaissance which came to England simultaneously with the Reformation—for the year 1536, in which the Act of Supremacy was passed, may be fixed as the date when England was beginning to feel the effects of the Renaissance—is a period of singular interest to the architect. Enthusiasm for antique modes was slow to destroy our national architecture; the cry of Cyriac of Ancona in the fifteenth century, "I go to awake the dead," came late to the insular ears of Englishmen; Seneca was not unquestioningly chosen as the model of Tragedy, and Plautus and Terence were not the only groundwork of Comedy. We had not as yet touched the height—or the depths—of the Renaissance, and we had not reached that phase in the lives of our builders when Latin precedent was so overpowering as to produce the absolute subservience of our beautiful natural style of architecture to the specious pretence of the Italo-Vitruvian school. England has always been slow in the fine arts.

The First Pointed, the golden period of English architecture, received mortal hurt in the reign of Henry VIII., and presently the Gothic style lay a-dying. The Italian sculptor Torreggiano, with his work on the tomb of Henry VII., led the way for the Cinquecentists; but Gothic, indigenous to Germany and actively assimilated by us, died slowly and lingered on until the end of the sixteenth century, traces of its influence, especially in the rural districts, being hardly lost for a century later. Good, sound, solid, and simple forms, well constructed by men who respected themselves and their work, were not to be easily superseded amongst a sturdy race by the resuscitated dogmas of Vitruvius. We were practically the last of European peoples to be overwhelmed by the new ideals, and when the change really came it came very slowly and through the French and German architectural "reformers."

It is less easy for us to follow the direct cause of the slow and insidious introduction of the artistic innovations of the South into our midst than it is to trace the same change in France. Louis XII. is said to have brought Fra Giocondo of Verona back with him to France and to have founded a school of architects. From these deliberate beginnings a form of building was ultimately evolved which entirely suited the French temperament. The Pseudo-Roman elements of style appealed

To understand the impending change with some intelligence we must reflect that Renaissance is a term which has comparatively recently come into use to indicate a certain known but indefinite space of time and a certain development of the European races. If we look at the literal meaning of the word, the Renaissance was a resurrection; the metaphor may signify the entrance of an art upon a new stage of energy, implying a freer exercise of faculties which had belonged to the mediæval period, or it may imply the application of a fresh knowledge of antique work to the various phases of thought.

The architecture of the Renaissance in England was the same free product as the architecture of the Venetian School; the poetry of Ariosto, the sculpture of Michelangelo, the painting of Titian and Correggio. The poetry, the sculpture, the painting of the Cinquecento was national; the architecture in England was not a freer exercise of faculties, but a grafting of foreign varieties upon a healthy stock suited to the land of its adoption. It flourished for two centuries, but finally most effectually killed the parent stock and, the glimmerings of a fresh Renaissance shown in quite recent times, we stand confessed to-day as a nation without a national architecture. If this is, as it quite conceivably is, the result



COWDRAY HOUSE, SUSSEX. PART OF COURT.

Small Gothic Window (on the right), Tudor Bay Window next to it, two Elizabethan

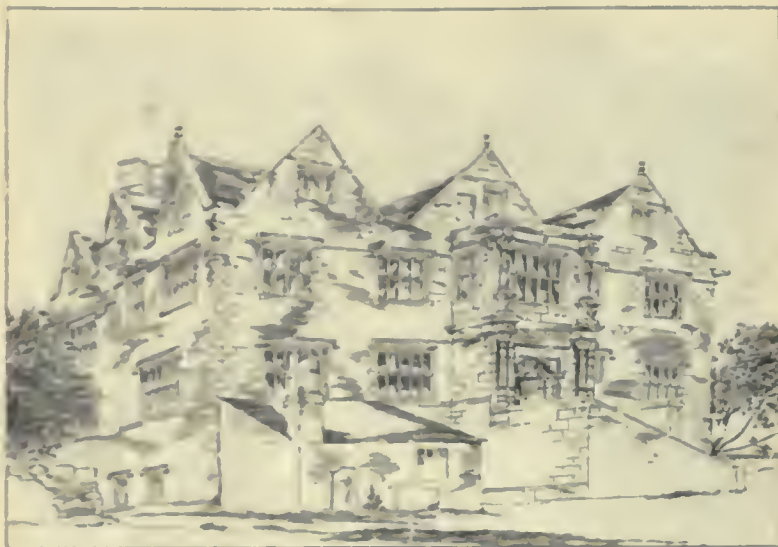
Renaissance movement, it were better that the movement had never been born.

It is with much greater pleasure, therefore, that we turn to the pages of Mr. Gatch's book than we struggle with the magnificent folios edited by Mr. Belcher and Mr. M. Mr. Gatch's book deals with much the same period covered by his large and well-known "Architectural Renaissance in England," with the addition of work of the half of the sixteenth century; but, whereas the previous volume exhibited a series of examples, to a large scale, of Elizabethan and Jacobean buildings, the present volume takes the form of a handbook. Its scheme is to take up the story of English architecture where existing text-books, such as Rickman's

the careful drawings of exterior and interior details, and there is a most acceptable chapter upon sixteenth century houses—planning, illustrated by the collection of drawings in the Seane Museum, known as John Thorpe's. Whether or no this remarkable series of drawings was actually by the hand of John Thorpe or his son, or both, is a highly controversial subject, but the author takes the view, which we must confess coincides with the opinion we have arrived at after some study of the originals, that they give at least the first-hand idea of a contemporary designer of what Elizabethan and Jacobean houses were or ought to be.

Mr. Gutch's previous work hardly dealt at all with the historical development of architecture—which is, possibly, the more fascinating side. The present book is primarily historical, and deals with the characteristics which distinguish the architectural work of the period which lies between what the author considers as the end of Gothic and the thorough acceptance of Italian forms. The term Renaissance is used by Mr. Gutch to distinguish the style which characterizes the work of this period, and he adheres to nomenclature which divides architectural forms somewhat as follows:—Gothic, 1100-1500; Renaissance, 1500-1625, or thereabouts; Italian, 1625 and onwards. Of recent years people have got into the way of including under "Renaissance" all English work which has

years of the Renaissance. The difference, even confusion of terminology, is important. It is a from the dislike of writers on Gothic architecture of the period with which the present book period which did not appeal to them and has adequately dealt with. They apply the term "bastard Gothic" or "bastard Italian"—but we very far out of the wood when a writer so obviously a national and beautiful form of transitional work early examples into the net of "Renaissance," however obvious in its teaching, however plainly be set down, can eradicate from the mind of the "others"—more especially "the others"—for whom text is avowedly written, the fact that "architecture means, for ninety-nine men of architecture conceived in imitation of the work Italian and occasionally Flemish designers of the Mr. Gutch. In his survey of buildings in country during the Tudor period seems to go Cold Ashton Manor-house, Somerset, which for illustration in the prospectus, Stokesay Castle and the Wolsey portion of Hampton Court Palace. Renaissance architecture in the sense that



CLERG HALL, LANCASTRE.
Rational Nationalism.

classic character, but Mr. Gutch looks upon Inigo Jones as the dividing line, and prefers to class his work as Italian; and as the term "Renaissance" and "Late Renaissance" has been applied to it, the author decided—not altogether happily, we think—to call work previous to this the "Early Renaissance."

By "Renaissance" work in England is commonly understood that work which exhibits Italian influence in a pronounced degree, and since it refers to style and not to period, the use of the term "Early Renaissance" is, to our mind, open to some objection. After a good deal of work had already been touched with the Italian spirit—there was a good deal more which had no trace of it, but was quite Gothic; and the examples of the two styles exist side by side. The inclusion of Tudor work, of the buildings of Henry VII.'s period and some of Henry VIII.'s, under the nomenclature of "Renaissance" is a doubtful

Northamptonshire, Blickling-hall, "Swateleys," Uxbridge, etc. It is to sink such national and descriptive titles beneath the flood of the high-sounding foreign names. We are fully aware that Mr. Gutch is nomenclature in excellent company, but less, we think, misguided. He may be a historical student, but he is not doing the ability of our home-grown builders of the sixteenth century. Holbein the brothers Adam, Hawksmoor, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir John Vanbrugh, Sir Robert Taylor, and James Gibbs were men who worked, and worked, in a foreign style, and more of succeeded in flattering the proud ignorant classicized patrons. But they were not the artistic breath of the soil, and they did, fine as much of it undoubtedly was, part of our national expression of national building.

It is for this reason that we dislike the title "Early Renaissance" for work which styled Tudor. Cowdray-house, for example, illustrated in Mr. Gutch's book, is mainly Gothic in character, although the groining of the porch has Renaissance ornament about it. The hall-chimney such as Speke are also largely Gothic in spirit, with Renaissance ornament, and many of the buildings covered by Mr. Gutch are composed of work of different and consequently of different styles, but are mainly the Gothic ancestry of these buildings, not the spirit which blood, that distinguish them. The buildings of James I. are only Renaissance buildings in the sense that Rushton and Lifford-hall are. By the time of Inigo Jones Gothic ancestry had died out, and under Wren—less had the insight and genius to resist his Royal Majesty's to impose flamboyant French Renaissance upon us—were even less discernible, and in the eighteenth century English architecture had very few characteristics left from that of any other European country.

we may still find justification for what we do not altogether approve.

To come to a parallel in art, Cimabue, one of the most interesting figures of the Renaissance, was not a Renaissance artist in style, although he was in period. He started with work which owed nothing directly to antiquity. Inasmuch, therefore, as the whole period covered by Mr. Gatch's book is a transitional one from Gothic to Classic, it would have been better, in our opinion, to have chosen as a title "The Transition from Gothic to Classic." Not that Mr. Gatch has attempted in his well-written, well-reasoned, and exhaustive survey to champion one style more than another. He has approached the subject most successfully from the historical point of view, and presented an admirable collection of well-reproduced illustrations, which very graphically tell their own tale. If "students and others" do not happen to like the work illustrated, they are, he seems to say, welcome to their opinion, for he presents facts from which they can judge. And our quarrel with him turns mainly upon a question of terminology, and we feel that he takes "Renaissance" some thirty years too far back.

There is no doubt whatever in our minds that Messrs. Belcher and Macartney are safe enough in their title, for this handsome volume has been produced to illustrate a wide and varied selection of the civil and domestic buildings erected in England subsequent to the reign of Elizabeth. The title "Later Renaissance" is given to work of the time of the Stuarts, Queen Anne, and the early Georges. Some of them had, it is true, retained a little of the English tradition, but the work represented is characterized by forms for which the architects were mainly indebted to Italy, and not chiefly to Gothic. The work of that period was more than touched with the Italian spirit, it was demititized often cleverly, and occasionally almost appropriately. The subjects illustrated on a truly magnificent scale include Greenwich Hospital, Somerset House, Hampton Court Palace, Bolton-house, Castle Howard, Ham-house, Groombridge-place, Houghton-hall, Wilton-house, Melton Constable, Colehill, Howood, Seaton Delaval, and many others, and not only are the plates a very fine series, but we believe that the measured drawings of exteriors, elevations, and a

very worthy complement to Mr. Gatch's "The Architecture of the Renaissance" and to Mr. C. H. Beech's "The London Churches of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries."

We offer no apology for the inclusion of "The



RUSHITON HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
Reproduction in style and form



Work of Robert and James Adam" under this he brothers Adam doubtless came late, at a period when the appreciation of the pure beauties of Greek architecture had been rendered possible by the work of James Stuart and Nicholas Revett. They came late of the movement, and our street architecture owes it the elegance of taste and lightness of touch. We are left with the remains of their work in the unrenumerative Adam dignity of Portland-place, and the decorative grace of Luton-house. The present reproduction of the illustrations of decoration and furniture from their engravings of "Works in Architecture" published in 1812. In the present issue Mr. Batsford has included five of the twenty-six plates which found a place in his issued reproductions of "Works in Architecture" by the brothers Adam, and by adding five more plates he has included all that can be considered of a decorative value of the famous originals. The noble work of the Scotts has had so powerful an influence upon English decorative architecture that we owe much to Mr. Batsford for his enterprise in re-issuing work which is both scarce and expensive, for it is of great interest of all concerned that the designs should be made known through the medium of the original drawings and

CURRENT LITERATURE.

FÉNELON.

FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON. By VISCOUNT ST. CYRES. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

FÉNELON: HIS FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. By E. K. SANDERS. (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.)

Fénelon, in spite of *Télémaque*, is hardly a name for the biographer to conjure with in England; and the simultaneous appearance of two considerable accounts of his life and work is rather to be regretted. Students will perhaps like to study both. Mr. Sanders' book is in many ways a meritorious work with which the general reader might be willing to rest content. It does not cover any ground which is not covered by Lord Cyres, save in unimportant details. One might, perhaps, say that the former is to the latter as Thirlwall's history is to Grote's.

Lord St. Cyres belongs to the new school of Oxford historians whose main aim is to be accurate and exhaustive, who write for one another rather than for the world, and who throw out innumerable footnotes as they proceed, much as an invading general drops "details" at all important points along his line of communication. To some extent, perhaps, the pleasure of reading his pages is impaired by his painful anxiety to leave no joint in his armour which the weapon of the critic may penetrate. To some extent, too, the character sketch suffers not so much from the desire to be judicious as from the polite assumption that the writer is only assembling and co-ordinating facts with which his readers are already well acquainted—an assumption which, of course, is only likely to be warranted in the case of a small minority of readers at the outside. But though his method is to keep in close touch with his authorities, his style is by no means without individuality and distinction. His natural vivacity is, indeed, such that, though he follows the methods which tend to make the modern Oxford historians difficult to read, he is quite readable. He is no less live than learned. He can lash out with a vigour that is not in the least academic, and which comes as a joy to any reader who is beginning to weary of the expositions of mysticism—a thing eminently difficult to expound—or of the unavoidable technicalities of theological dispute. The long controversy with Bossuet, for instance, is related with a care and completeness which may well reduce many readers to the condition attributed by Macaulay to those who are "in at the death of the blatant beast." But they will breathe again when they read that:

To many the whole matter will seem a mere futility, a dispute over things that pass man's understanding, conducted on one side by a pragmatist bully, and, on the other, by a hysterical hypocrite. And not a few must have risen from its study to find new zest in a saying of the great contemporary sceptic, Bayle, that God is too essentially good and reasonable to be the author of a thing so charged with odious sophistries as a positive religion.

It will be seen that Viscount St. Cyres does not approach Fénelon in the spirit of a hero-worshipper. His attitude is particularly candid when he deals with Fénelon's attitude towards the Huguenots. Here there was a legend to be dispelled. Fénelon is currently thought of as an apostle of toleration, and Mr. Sanders encourages this view of him, which can, it is true, be supported by certain quotations from his letters. The truth

rather than nerve itself to sever the festering limb blow. The Church must use towards her stiff-necked remedial harshness, a terrible kindness, and here must be seconded by the civil power: sword and Prince must stand at the gate of the sanctuary to from her external enemies, so that she may freely approve, correct, and to enforce her decrees on n and contempters of her authority within the realm

Fénelon's relations with the Mystics naturally occupies pages in both books. Lord St. Cyres treatment of t on the whole more discriminating and complete. Mysticism is explicable he explains it, and the o his pages really live: Bossuet, the "snob in purple de Mahtenon to whom "Louis came for refu tempestuous beauty of his mistress"; Madame Guy Fénelon's friend "according to the laws of that affection of which the female bosom is the seat and t of religion the objects"; and many others. The b acceptable contribution at once to historical and literature.

THE EMPIRE.

MR. A. W. JOSE'S *GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE* (M not an entirely new book, though it has been so enlarged that the present work is something more edition. The chapters on the origin of our Empl American colonies, Canada, India, and Australia little alteration. A chapter on Imperial developm that is necessary in their case. Africa, however, i of which great changes have lately occurred impending, demands different treatment; and th so much to say on this subject that he must difficulty in keeping this part of the book withi limits. Certainly, it is no easy matter to describ but compendiously all that has happened of late yea the Sudan, the district of the great lakes, West most of all, South Africa. None of these events passed into the region of settled history; the proces ment has only just begun. Still, the author has furnish a succinct account of all the chief recent more than this can hardly be expected. He has ex pains to secure accuracy, but no writer on the c day—May, 1901, is the latest date mentioned—can at correctness except as regards the very driest facts.

For this reason, these chapters, necessary as t less satisfactory than the earlier history of t "Empire" is a loose expression at the best f States bound together only in part by common i kindred blood. On the one hand, India is not a c nor are such places as Malta and Wei-hai-wei col other hand, while we assert Imperial rights over these we should hardly try to coerce such real colonies as Australia. Mr. Jose is an Imperialist who recogniz nature of the ties that hold together so many distant t so many different conditions. His views are practical he indulges in no grandiose theories, but finally sums tion as follows:—"Stripped of all vaingloriousness a the Empire means just this, that we are a stage beyon the world in national evolution. The 'pack' of

history of so peculiar an Empire, to which no other, either ancient or modern, bears much resemblance, can only be written on a large scale. We do not know that it has been better summarized than by Mr. Jose, who sees things, at any rate when they are distant enough, in their true perspective. He has an eye, too, for the picturesque, and writes attractively of the early traders and mariners to whom we owe the first beginnings of our colonies. The seventeenth century settlements on the coast of North America have by this time a large literature of their own, but one is less familiar with the special circumstances which delayed the discovery of Australia. Mr. Jose has a good description of the voyages of Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch explorers, and of the way in which they cruised and blundered among the islands, but failed to find the Australian continent. In 1526 the Portuguese reached New Guinea, and worked their way down the eastern coast of Australia as far as Cape Howe. Then, finding themselves on the Spanish side of the Pope's line, they quietly falsified their maps, and kept off other explorers for the next 150 years. Meanwhile, Spaniards came across the Pacific, finding islands in plenty, but not the great Terra Australis. Torres actually entered what are now called Torres Straits, and sailed away again; and while he took them for open sea, a Dutch ship carefully avoided them under the impression that they were dry land. Later, in 1642, Abel Tasman found Tasmania, and circumnavigated, but did not discover, Australia. In 1644, he sailed right across the western opening of Torres Straits, thinking that its reefs were the sure sign of continuous land behind them. Then came Dampier, in 1688, the first Englishman to set foot in Australia. Both then, and after a second exploration, he formed a poor opinion of the country, and left it for the more fruitful islands to the northwards. Finally, came Captain Cook's expedition, and the annexation of the whole great island, or continent, in 1770.

Sir John Cockburn has not done himself justice by publishing in book form his essays and speeches on AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION (Horace Marshall, 2s. 6d. n.). The essays, that is, do not do him (or their subject) justice; written for various magazines and all within a few months, they repeat themselves in phrase and matter and so rather confuse than instruct the reader. A single carefully-planned essay, describing shortly the progress and outcome of the movement which the author did so much to guide, would have replaced them to great advantage. The speeches, however, are really interesting. Sir John was a staunch advocate of State-rights; it was doubtful to him whether responsible government was compatible with federation. "Once they embarked upon federation," he said, "all traditions as to Parliamentary sovereignty would go by the board." Wherefore (the argumentative process is curious) he fought boldly, and in the end successfully, for a Senate elected by manhood suffrage and a Constitution whose ratification and alteration should depend on the direct vote of the electorates.

THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham's *Vanished Arcadia* (Heinemann, 9s.) is a remarkably interesting account of the rise and fall of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay. This Christian Republic, as it has been called, began early in the seventeenth century, and ended with the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767. At that time the Jesuits had complete dominion over a country as

apertures where once were hung the bells, in the th a few half-wild cattle still were to be found. The v where once the Jesuits branded two and three thou a year, and from whence thousands of mules went f and Bolivia, were all neglected. Houses were scarce crops few and indifferent, and the plantations made by of the tree (*Ilex Paraguariensis*) from which is made until were all destroyed.

This will serve to show the extent of the ruin effected by the Jesuits. It is a chapter of history deserves to be written, and, except for one peculiar author has done the work extremely well. We regret his pen is not under complete control, and that he indulges in religious and political *obiter dicta* which being generally irrelevant, give one an unfavourable of his historical judgment. With this one reservation nothing but praise for his book.

Jesuits landed in South America not ten years foundation of their order. By the year 1614 there Jesuits in Guayra and Paraguay, with letters of Philip III. authorizing them to convert the Indian parts. We cannot even give a summary of the events 150 years, but can only say that the troubles of t came least of all from the Indians themselves. The to be that from first to last the Jesuit treatment of t did not commend itself to the secular authorities, expected to lend themselves to the enslavement of t they stood, in fact, between them and the Spanish co instead of supplying native slaves, created a free and native community. This, apparently, was the head their offending, and the main reason for their ex the early days of the missions they had also other especially the Paulistas, a sort of half-bred slave-hun by land and water, whose hostility compelled the a general exodus. This event, soon after 1650, is described by the author. The Jesuit Moses was Pa de Montoya, who, with infinite difficulty and equal nearly 12,000 Indians 500 miles down the Para territory in which they hoped to be unmolested by t slave-hunters. There for a time they had peace and new enemy arose in the person of the Franciscan Paraguay, Don Bernardino de Cardenas. He died having failed to do the Jesuit Fathers as much harm intended. Then came a long and most unsatisfactory less serious trouble, which ended, after continual frie expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767. They had enem both religious and political, but no charges were bro them, nor were the reasons for their expulsion ever t They were supposed, erroneously, to be rich, and we be strenuous opponents of slavery. These were reason

There is nothing Arcadian in the disturbed his missions, but the every-day life of these communities presents a picture of Arcadian simplicity and happiness. Two priests who presided over each mission state means whatever of exercising the Indians, it must b that the latter were quite content with their rulers. townships were built in the form of large quadrangle a church, storehouses, and ranges of dwellings thousand Indians. A species of communism prevailed work was the consideration paid for food and Jesuits holding the Pauline view that if a man would neither should he eat.

before eating, they all united and sang hymns, and then, after their meal and siesta, returned to work till sundown, when the procession again reformed, and the labourers, singing, returned to their abodes. . . . On rainy days they worked at other industries in the same half-Arsadian, half-communist manner, only they sang their hymns in church instead of in the fields. . . . In addition to weaving, they had tanneries, carpenters' shops, tailors, hat-makers, coopers, cordage-makers, boat-builders, cartwrights, joiners, and almost every industry useful and necessary to life. They also made arms and powder, musical instruments, and had silversmiths, musicians, painters, turners, and printers to work their printing-presses; for many books were printed at the missions, and they produced manuscripts as fluently executed as those made by the monks in European monasteries.

Such, whether Arsadian or not, was the civilization introduced, through moral suasion only, by the Jesuits among the Indians of Paraguay, and snuffed out for reasons of State after it had endured for more than a century. The author, of course, holds no brief for the Jesuits. It is rather the communistic aspect of their enterprise that attracts him. But he shows that the Jesuits knew how to make the most of the unpromising raw material with which they worked, and that they would have had a still greater success if they had been allowed a free hand. In any case, it was no small achievement to teach agriculture and the arts of life to many thousands of idle Indians and to hold their affections for several generations.

THE SELF-CONSCIOUS SCHOOL.

MAIN CURRENTS OF NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. Vol. I. THE EMIGRANT LITERATURE. By GEORGE BRANDES. (Heinemann, 6s. 6s.)

This book is the first volume of a series designed to "trace the outlines of a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century by means of the study of certain main groups and movements in European literature." It deals with the writers who derived most of their inspiration from Rousseau, and who, mostly from a safe place on the yonder side of the French frontier, shrieked or moaned, according to their temperaments, their disappointment with the results of the French Revolution. Some of them had never admitted that any revolution was required; some were shocked by its excesses. All of them were, in a general way, disgusted with the Napoleonic despotism because it introduced too much of the uniformity of the drill ground into human life and offered no encouragement to sentimental eccentricities. The great names among them are those of Chateaubriand, Noëlle, Senancour, Benjamin Constant, and Madame de Staël. They were all ostensibly, if not actually, unhappy; and we seem to see them all sitting in a row, contemplating their own souls like so many clinical specimens, infinitely saddened by the spectacle. One of them, at all events, was constantly and thoroughly in earnest. Senancour, the sentimental atheist, was as successful as the Slav pessimists, of whom it has been said that they are the only pessimists who, as a matter of principle, do not enjoy their dinners. The others were too profoundly conscious of being interesting to be really miserable, and took something of the showman's interest in exhibiting the pageant of their bleeding and bedraggled hearts. But, whether they were happy or miserable, whether they were natural or posed, they

where it was printed in 1887, and the perusal of it is to light that are at variance with some of Professor's statements. It is not true, for instance, that Constant's acquaintance of Madame de Staël in Paris. He carried and introduced himself to her on the road



DR. GEORGE BRANDES.

Dr. George Brandes, the great Danish critic and controversial author of the book here reviewed, is perhaps best known in this country by his work on Shakespeare. His works are well known on the Continent, and in his own country he has been the inspirer of a real literary renaissance. He down the predominance of German thought in Denmark by revealing to his countrymen the beauty of French writers, and he has inspired the young with a real enthusiasm for literature. His professional career in Denmark was hampered by his revolutionary tendencies, and for some time he lived in Berlin. He has now returned to Copenhagen. Dr. Brandes was born in 1863, and is of Jewish extraction.

to Lausanne. Nor is it correct to say that "Madame de Staël evidently expected that he would marry her." He was only an offer of marriage, which she refused. It was only after she had begun to take advantage of the liberty thus accorded her that she tried her hardest to elude him once more to whomever. Ultimately she gave up trying, and then she wrote to him: "I have lost Madame de Staël," he writes, "and I never recover from the blow." Yet he did recover from the blow, not only his wife, whom he describes as an angel, but also Madame Talma, Madame Récamier, and others.

But, if Professor Brandes is apt to be careless in

But it was a happy thought to contrast Châteaubriand with Voltaire, who, "with all his restlessness and all his faults, sustained his life's battle freshly, unweariedly, and invincibly to the last because he never for a moment wavered in his faith in his ideals"; and this summing up is good, and perhaps final:—

A genius of René's type may employ religious phrasology, but he never truly merges himself in a higher being; his melancholy in its innermost essence is only the egotist's unsatisfied craving for enjoyment. As a genius René knows that the Deity is with and within him, and he can severely distinguish between himself and the Deity. He feels that his thought and his words are inspired, and where is the boundary between that which is of him and that which is not of him? He demands everything—the homage of the public, the love of women, all the laurels and roses of life—and it never occurs to him that he is in duty bound to make any return. He accepts love without loving again. Is not his a privileged nature? Is not he a prophet hastening through life like a fugitive, a fleeting fire, which illuminates, consumes, and vanishes?

The other writer who is adequately treated is Madame de Staël. All her important books are carefully analysed. Her helplessness in the presence of German philosophy is, perhaps, insufficiently emphasized. By trying to render its truths, which she never tried to understand, in the conventional language of sentimentalism, she stumped herself as shallow, as she also did by inviting Fichte to epitomize his philosophy in a statement lasting only a quarter of an hour, and interrupting him at the end of two minutes to say that she understood the Fichtean Ego was a device for helping lame philosophers over stilts. But Professor Brandes is right in regarding her as, on the whole, the sanest, as well as the best advertised, of the emigrants. This is his estimate:—

The tendency to return to the past, and the tendency to press onwards to the future, which produce discordancy in the actions and writings of the other members of the group, in her case combine to produce an endeavour which is neither reactionary nor revolutionary, but reformatory. Like the others, she draws her first inspiration from Rousseau, like the others, she deplores the excesses of the Revolution, but, better than any of the others, she loves personal and political freedom. She wages war with absolutism in the State and hypocrisy in society, with national arrogance and religious prejudice. She teaches her countrymen to appreciate the characteristics and literature of the neighbouring nations; she breaks down with her own hand the wall of self-sufficiency with which victorious France had surrounded itself.

It is a just verdict based on a careful study of the evidence. If criticism were often so discriminating and so well expressed as that of Professor Brandes, there would be a larger public for it than there is.

THE BERBERS.

LIBYAN NOTES. By D. RANDALL-MACIVER, M.A., Laycock Student of Egyptology at Worcester College, Oxford; and ANTHONY WILKIN, B.A. (Macmillan. 26s. n.)

The ancient Libyans or modern Berbers—for they are apparently the same people—form one of the puzzles of the ethnologist and their language is a philological *crux*. There is no doubt that the Libyans were connected with that early "Aryan" civilisation which the Greeks found in a black state

tion to Algiers with a view to ascertaining whether that can be scientifically established regarding the supports the Petrie hypothesis. Accompanied by a friend he went to Algeria in the spring of 1900, and some and profusely illustrated volume contains their joint observations. In a brief visit no extensive collection of various tribes was possible, and the explorers confined their researches to the Kabyles of the J. neighbourhood, and the Shāwiya of the Aurès region. Considering the shortness of the time, they accumulated a deal of material; but it must be remembered that they were also able to avail themselves of the comprehensive Handelen and Lestourmouy, Tissot, and others who longer experience and better opportunities for study. The account of the modern industries, and especially pottery—always a suggestive aid to the archaeologist—great care and minuteness, and the numerous drawings and in colour, of Berber pots appear to justify the contention that there may have been a connexion between the potters of prehistoric Egypt and the Libyan and Kabyles. A conservation of decorative types for about 7,000 years is, perhaps, difficult of acceptance, but the authors hold that such conservation is "natural" to live in a low state of culture," and therefore "have their old habits and methods of life, their old arts and without wishing to improve by foreign innovation long experience has shown to be sufficient for their needs." We do not, however, quite understand how the Shāwiya, in whom this quality is specially noted, have adopted or preserved in their pottery a primitive of decoration resembling "very early European and Italian models," whilst their neighbours the Kabyles show a rather intimate connexion with ancient Egypt. Moreover, in dealing with very simple primitive designs is not always necessary to assume outside influence; patterns might easily be evolved independently.

The main interest of the work for ethnologists comes from anthropometric results obtained by the authors' careful measurement of the heads of 107 Shāwiya and Kabyle men. They show the absolute length and breadth of each head, the resulting cephalic index, the nasal-alveolar breadth, bizygomatic breadth with resulting indices—besides measures and statistics of hair, eyes, stature, &c. They also photographed in full and in profile, and a number of heads were photographed—an admirable addition to the method. The results are not favourable to the theories of bodies disinterred by Petrie at Negada and elsewhere to Libyans. The mean cephalic index of the Berbers (Preussner found it 764 on 181 Kabyles, and others 767 from 180 Biskra Berbers), whilst the highest cephalic measured on the skulls of the "New Race" in Egypt and between these two, as Messias, Randall-MacIver observe, "there is a gulf which cannot be bridged, the most liberal allowance," they add, "for the difference between the living specimen and the skull, the mode evidently falls not into the long-headed but into the dolichocephalic class, approaching closely to the dolichocephalic." It is necessary, however, to point out that the index 773 for the 107 Berbers is obtained from an extreme wide variation. Some of these Berbers had an index of 700, and some above 800. That is to say, there are a small and true brachycephalic Berbers, though the majority

prejudice us against a volume, which, in spite of its essentially tentative and immature character, and a tendency to over-estimate its own importance, contains a great deal of valuable data and suggests many interesting speculations. The investigation of the rude stone monuments of North Africa by a competent committee of excavators would be a real boon to archaeologists; for what is here shown, in photographs and descriptions, points to many curious results.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

A New Shakespeare.

Messrs. Archibald Constable's new WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, in 20 volumes (2s. 6d. net per volume), is a rearranged reprint, we fancy, of their Whitehall Shakespeare. The special new feature is the illustrations, one to each play. These are coloured, and are the work of many hands, the list including Mr. Jacob Hood, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Patten Wilson, Miss Eleanor Brickdale, and other well-known artists. They maintain, on the whole, a high level of excellence. Mr. Patten Wilson is not quite at home with colour effects, and Mr. Byam Shaw reveals that blackness and heaviness into which he sometimes falls as an illustrator. Miss Brickdale, to our thinking, carries off the palm for design and colour. But all the pictures add greatly to the interest of the edition, though we can but think it a pity that there is no reference to or list of the pictures at the beginning of the volumes, and, indeed, no means of knowing, save by the signature—often only initials—who the artist is. The flowery title-pages designed by Mr. Lewis Day remind us a little too much of a "Christmas book." The volumes are handsomely bound.

The War.

ARTS UNDER ARMS, by Maurice FitzGibbon (Longmans, 5s. n.), contains rather too many classical quotations of the sort that are to be found in the grammars; but the book is brightly written and there is good stuff in it. The author was in the Irish Hunt Contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, and was captured at Lindley with Colonel Spragge. His account of this particular incident of the war is the first to be published, and should therefore be no less valuable to the student than interesting to the reader. He properly relates it at length and in detail. His description of the scene of the surrender is very graphic:—

Our foes did not consider us disgraced. Hundreds of Boers leaped to their feet all round us, hurled their slouch hats into the air; many of them too, I remember well, were binding up their wounds. A few came up to us, and to our wonderment seized us by the hand saying, "Well done! you fought well, right well!" "By George," one of us replied, "you're sportsmen anyhow."

Knowing something about surgery, Mr. FitzGibbon was during his imprisonment required to act as surgeon to his battalion. At President Steyn's request he bound up the finger of the Government printer, who had hurt himself while striking off copies of a proclamation; and he had the delightful audacity to send in a bill for his services:—

This I put into an envelope addressed to the President himself, placed it in the printer's uninjured hand, and requested him to be the bearer of it to the Landdrost's house. Little did I expect to see the man again; but in half an hour

ample warning against it. The diary shows that the fortune was fooled no less completely than the Boer time when Lord Roberts was preparing his coup. Villebois-Mareuil was noting in his little book, "They are making themselves incorrigible laughing without, a doubt, are played out." When Lord nearly ready, the Colonel was observing that "the only follow the railway which rivetuals them, for the sufficient bullock wagons, and their infantry is not in to make ordinary marches in a country where fatiguing." Incidentally the book furnishes an item of evidence in favour of the much denounced conspiracy theory: "As President Steyn well said at it is all or nothing—a question of taking back the crown of South Africa and finishing with Albion's duplicity." We are left wondering whether M. de Vo passage in his mind when he wrote, in his hystory that "the African Vendée presented to all who devoted the attraction of a noble cause to be so translator has done his work creditably.

PICTURES OF THE WAR (Constable, 7s. 6d.), by Stuart, who represented the *Morning Post*, is very good and quite one of the better books on the Transvaal. There was a time when Mr. Stuart used to write for *Observer* with all the affectations which Mr. W. expected from his young men. He has knocked all since then, and now his manner is easy and conversant traces of the old influence being discoverable in the preface, which is avowedly written to insult pro-Stuart was one of the besieged in Ladysmith, and marched with Colonel Mahon to the relief of Mafek ever he saw he describes brightly or vivaciously, perhaps a little too fond of saying that this, that, operation "put the fear of God" into the Boers, the fear of God but the fear of men with which it was to inspire the Boers; and it is not quite clear that been inspired with it yet. There are no pictures, not even a portrait of the author in khaki, but there very good maps, including the Boer intelligence in smith, drawn from Lombard's Kop by Mr. Jorissen.

There is no fighting in THOROUGH KNIGHTS: STUARTSBOOTS, by Rennie Stevenson (Macqueen, merely relates the march from Helra to the Trans and, though there is no attempt at military criticism, impression that the whole adventure was a lament. Curiously enough there is not even any mention of the commanding officers concerned, though one would glad of an impartial account of the proceedings of Sir Carrington who, almost alone among prominent leaders so far to have escaped criticism. Camp life is the writ and he retails its humours with much gusto, in an manner, and without any literary pretensions. fact, more slang in this war book than in any that was

A Good Nature Book.

Mr. E. Kay Robinson's *TODAY WITH NAY* (Richards, 6s.) must not be confused with so many similar kind which labour at the instructive and the like them it takes us through the months in order arrangement and matter it is one of the best of have seen. It is full of really fresh observation, especially the habits of these things is no addition to the

returned with a large amount of material for the ethnology, folklore, and natural history of the district. Whilst this is being put into shape Mr. Skent presents us with the first-fruits in these little tales. As usual, the motives are often familiar, but the form is new. The Malays, like the negroes, tell of a creature which is little of body but great of wit, but instead of Brer Rabbit he is the mouse-deer. The Malays, like other people, feel bound to account for natural facts—to explain why birds are not all of one sort, why eobs of maize are perforated, why one shrub grows tall and another low, or for the origin of some common proverb. They have their deluge, their were-tigers, perhaps a trace of the totem. Episodes of the tales are met with elsewhere; sometimes close parallels for the whole. Thus the "Pelican's Punishment" is a variant of a well-known Jataka story; "Father Unmistak," the "Tiger and the Shadow," and others are amongst the tales collected in India by Mr. W. Crooke, and published under the title of "The Talking Thresh." There is material here for the student.

When we consider the handling of these stories we cannot feel quite satisfied. Mr. Skent has not embellished them in any way, and he has kept the Malay names, so that he appears to have the student in his view; yet the pretty get-up of the book and its pictures suggest that it is meant for children. The purposes of both may be served if the stories be frankly rewritten, without native names, and notes be added giving the outline of the story as told, with authority and parallels. But Mr. Skent has, we fear, fallen between two stools. Many of the tales, as "The Elephant's Bet," would amuse children well; on the other hand, some are dull and some are mere sketches of a story. The student, again, will expect a little more; but we freely grant that he ought to be pleased with what he gets, including a good index, and delightful illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend thrown in.

The Peninsular Campaign.

Reminiscences of Waterloo and the campaign in the Peninsula are numerous enough, and it cannot be said that any new light is thrown upon the military operations by Captain Hay's *REMINISCENCES UNDER WELLINGTON* (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.), now edited by his daughter, Mrs. S. C. Wood. Nor have these fragmentary anecdotes and comments any literary value. They were written hastily in the spare moments of a busy life when the author was Commissioner of Police, during the years 1840-55, and in all probability they were never intended to appear in print. But they make interesting, if rather disconnected, reading, and bring before us more clearly than many more ambitious works the daily life of an officer on active service at the beginning of the last century. Captain William Hay—he received the C.B. for his services as Chief Commissioner of Police during the Great Exhibition of 1851—entered the old 52nd Light Infantry, now the 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry, at the early age of sixteen, and found himself at the seat of war just two days after the battle of Busaco. With this regiment he saw plenty of fighting—about a dozen "affairs" and engagements—and with the 12th Light Dragoons, to which he was afterwards transferred, some twenty more, including the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo. The impression left upon us after reading these desultory reminiscences is that of a young, gallant, high-spirited officer, with considerable aptitude for his profession and an even greater aptitude for the contriving of practical jokes, many of which are detailed at some length.

The Thirteen Colonies.

part reproduced from old books and prints. The student has studied her subject extensively, and her narrative is true enough, but her style of writing is somewhat heavy, and there is no lack of interesting matter. Indeed there is too much to be presented adequately in so small a space—and the history of the various settlements is sometimes of consequence. Possibly the "general reader," for whom the book is ostensibly designed, will find rather too solid a feast of detail for his taste. But the work was worth doing, and the author may be congratulated on having accomplished it thoroughly.

OLD DUTCH TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF THE ZUIDER ZEE (21s.) must be classed with picture-books. The letter Myndert W. J. Tuyn is quite brief and quite obvious, and the illustrations by the Heern W. O. J. Nieuwe and J. G. Veldheer. Of these artists the latter is by far the more effective draughtsman. He seeks and obtains broad effects. His collaborator labours so hard at his desk that you can scarcely see his houses for his bricks. The introduction by a writer, who only signs with the initials "T.," which is decidedly well written; and the volume as a whole is an acceptable gift book if bestowed upon the right recipient.

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the author of the *Life of Clarence Mangan, William Carleton, &c.*, has been long engaged upon a new edition of *THE POETS OF IRELAND: A Biographical and Bibliographical Dictionary of Irish English Verse*. Part I. has just been issued by O'Donoghue and Co., Dublin. The whole work has been previously written. Part I. contains over 600 notices, 144 more than the same part of the old edition. Much doubtful material of the seventeenth and eighteenth century writers has been weeded out, a feature of the work being the unveiling of the authors of squibs and pasquinades in the eighteenth century part of the nineteenth century. The book will be very useful to biographers and historians.

HOW TO STUDY ENGLISH LITERATURE, by T. Sharpe (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), contains much advice to which exception can be taken, though we doubt whether the student who need it will be capable of deriving much advantage therefrom. The most useful chapter is that which deals with the method of view of the candidate for examination. The author shows the student how to "play to the gallery" and to avoid very pleasing cynicism.

Short stories and newspaper articles—some grave, some light—are found side by side in *A MORTAL CREW*, by M. Steevens (Grant Richards, 6s.). Perhaps the serious ones on Charities are really the best things in the book. Mrs. Steevens has a practical knowledge of the detail of philanthropic enterprise, and what she has to say on such subjects is worth attending to. In the stories we find considerable art, though too often hampered by ignorance of the life in which the events are brought to bear. They are, however, so well told that they are justified in encouraging Mrs. Steevens to continue, not in warning her to recognize her limitations. The open "A Sketch in Five Phases," is well worth reading. It is a well imagined, though it might have been better told and is a story for the space allotted to it. If Mrs. Steevens were to put it out instead of indicating it, and present tableaux of the events relating to it, she might write a very impressive, though not a very cheerful, novel. In saying that her work strikes us as that of the clever amateur, we should wish the accent to be on the word "clever."

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

English History.

MR. ARTHUR HASSALL'S *CLASS BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY* (Rivington, 3s. 6d.) is the work of an experienced teacher and capable historian and is well suited for teachers or "crammers," which is its avowed purpose. It is full of facts, brought up to date, and carried to the end of Queen Victoria's reign. The chapter divisions are according to reigns, and each is provided with an appendix of "Important dates," "subjects for class," "blackboard illustrations," and "notes and illustrations." In the hands of the pupil, save for purely cram purposes, it would, in our opinion, be of very little use, as the style is as bald and dry as possible, the arrangement mechanical, and the matter confined to a chronicle of facts, ignoring almost entirely social and intellectual movements. There is, in fact, nothing to stimulate the historical sense. This, however, must be the oral work of the teacher, and for him the book will have great value as a text-book on which to found his teaching.

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES, 1307-1392, by N. L. Frazer (Black's Historical Series, 2s. 6d.), is an excellent idea well carried out. Accounts are reprinted, or translated, from contemporary documents, of the chief events of this troublous time. It is a most interesting book for the general reader; dip where he will, he will find something to catch his attention, a vivid picture from Froissart, a stirring political poem, a bit of Chaucer or Burns, an illuminating extract from Marlowe. We can find no fault with the inclusion of Burns and Marlowe in such a book; although they are not strictly "original sources" for history, they are such for the understanding of history. The young student may here taste for the first time of Adam Murimuth, the Chronicle of Lanercost, Thomas Walsingham, and others whose names he has never heard; he may learn something of the methods of dealing critically with the sources, and how to extract the essence from Rymer's "Fœdera" and the Statutes of the Realm. We can hardly conceive of a more useful companion to school history, and only wish there were more of it. Tables of dates and chief events and a bibliography are added for reference and further work.

PROBLEMS AND EXERCISES IN ENGLISH HISTORY, Book B, 1392-1603, a revision term course, containing sixty typical questions, with full answers, hints, and references, by J. S. Lindsey (Cambridge: Hoffer, 2s.), is part of a comprehensive work, planned for teachers and students. The questions may be had separately for class use, and the answers can be given after the papers have been done. The hints and bibliography are excellent; the questions cover a great deal of ground, and the answers are good models. We opened this book, we confess, not without some prejudice; but we believe it to be sound, and likely to prove a real help. It is not a cram work.

A FIRST HISTORY OF ENGLAND (Part I, to 1066 A.D.), by Miss C. L. Thomson (Marshall, 1s. 6d. n.), is the result of experience. Miss Thomson is wont to teach history to children of ages from nine to twelve by means of stories orally delivered, and this book is meant to be used in revision, not to be given as a text-book in the first instance, nor (as Miss Thomson dryly says) to be "learnt by heart." The book contains ten chapters of about fifteen pages each, illustrated with pictures, and is one term's work. This is the most rational attempt to improve the teaching of history we have met with. It is an admirable little book.

Miss Thomson has also edited *CARMINA BRITANNICA* (Marshall), which is a collection of poems and ballads (the earliest

Ancient Britain, wars and pirate raids, the Crusaders, and other such topics, ending with Rebellion. It is a capital reader, which ought colour to the dry history lessons in a Board school, interesting to more fortunate children than those standards.

English Literature.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER, by F. J. Snell (Bell, 3s.), is a series of Handbooks of English literature. It is a deal of matter, and is clearly put without affectation, somewhat abrupt in transitions. The best part so far is the chapter on Miracle Plays. It is a useful companion, better suited perhaps for students than for those who wish to understand that he may enjoy. Prof. Snell is rather laboured.

To their editions of the "English Classics" Macaulay and Macaulay's *LIVES OF JOHNSON AND GARRICK* taken from the "Encyclopedia Britannica," edited by Downie, and BROWNING'S *STRAFFORD* (2s.), edited by Wilson. Others besides school-children will not use for the notes in the latter volume. In the former are not so necessary for any but strictly education, but they are quite satisfactorily done. The editor understands the limitations of these essays, so high as Macaulay. They have every good quality save that of inspiration; but of these qualities they have plenty.

Mr. E. E. Speight has already proved his power in literary matters, and we are safe in his hands when he edits for schools *POEMS OF SHELLEY* (Black, 1s.). It is not possible to explain to schoolboys the blot on Shelley's life, but if a *Life* is given it is not just to omit pointing out a moral weakness which marred his character. He explained, but we are glad to say there are no more. Some useful test questions are added.

JULIUS CÆSAR, in Black's "School Shakespeare" edited by L. W. Lyde, M.A., is from the school edition, quite admirable. The analysis of the plot is a model of conciseness, the notes are quite short and to the point, and the whole is well printed. This is one of the best school books we have seen.

HENRY V., edited by Fanny Johnson for the "School Shakespeare" (1s.), is a play which, with its rhetoric and fiery patriotism, will always be a favourite at schools. This edition is not distinguished above the rest. It has the usual aids (including a genealogical chart, glossary), and its notes have the merit of being brief and to the point. The book is best suited for young children or elementary schools.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL READER, by C. S. Round (1s. 6d. n.), contains extracts from White's "School Reader," "Compliment Angler," and other books in prose or in verse, with country life; at the end we suddenly hop from the Death of Nelson, Tennyson's "Armada," and other patriotic cast. This spoils the unity of the book. Each separate piece is good and interesting, but the haphazard system ours must be to produce such schools, then, have actually killed the old culture of the nation, for an old peasant would know all the native names and more. And books are to restore it! A child is to know nothing of such things! Will a school contain extracts on the habits of newsvendors and cubs? Surely a cycle of Readers ought to be placed on each subject of interest would find a place in

Mr. J. Brown, who edits Book IV. of the *GALLIC WAR* (Blackie's Illustrated Series, 1s. 6d., with vocabulary), has given too much introduction and rather too many notes. The portrait illustrations are good, but we do not like so well the imaginary pictures which are found in this series. We are still of opinion that much of the information given in such books as these is far better left to the teacher. Does the publication of them show that the teacher is growing less competent?

Mr. H. Lattor edits *HORACE ODES* Book IV. and *CARMEN SECTUALE*, and Mr. A. S. Warman *CICERO DE SENECTUTE* for Bell's Illustrated Classical Series, 1s. 6d. each, with vocabularies. The introductions are satisfactory, the notes rather too full, and the illustrations, especially in the Cicero, interesting.

Mr. G. H. Nall has produced a scholarly edition for schools of Cicero's *PRO ARCHIA* (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.). We are inclined to think that the notes are somewhat too copious. The index of proper names is a useful feature; and such faults as we find are all on the side of excessive tenderness to stupid students.

Professor Sonnenschein's edition of the *REIENS* of Plautus (Clarendon Press, 4s. 6d.) is an abbreviation of the same editor's larger edition published in 1891. Its immediate *raison d'être* lies in the fact that the Plautus is one of the 1002 subjects for the pass B.A. of the University of London; but it will be useful for all students of the author. The text is interleaved with blank sheets for purposes of annotation—a useful feature; and the edition as a whole commands our highest praise.

Roman History.

Mr. A. H. J. Greenidge's *ROMAN PUBLIC LIFE* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) traces the growth of the Roman Constitution and explains its working in the later days of the Republic and the earlier days of the Empire. It is a book for those who want really to know their ancient Rome, and not merely to know their Roman history as a series of incidents. The work is done with a thoroughness that it used to be the fashion to call "German," though it is nowadays as common in England as anywhere else. Every statement made is, where necessary, supported by a footnote, a reference to authority, and a quotation. The advanced student of Roman history will use it side by side with his Mommsen, and will find that it tells him much that he could never have got from Mommsen. It is not such good reading as Mommsen, but that was inevitable in view of the great attention given to minute detail. It will step at once into the front rank of educational works.

A First Latin Reader.

THE FAULES OF ORIBLIS (Part I.), by A. D. Godley (Arnold, 9d.), is a first reading book in Latin for young children. The subjects are taken from every-day life, the language is simple, the vocabulary not too large. The stories themselves are natural and bright. One or two details we might question. "Personal (and possessive) pronouns are often omitted"; true, but not at haphazard. They are always omitted unless emphatic; why is not that said at once? Such phrases as *inquit pater* are not unexampled, but the rule is not to allow any word to stand with *inquit* in parenthesis. *Pater eius ei dicit* is not likely to have been said by a Roman. *Bibere fumum* is the phrase actually used for smoking, when smoking was known (see p. 36). On the whole, the book is good.

Greek Plays.

Two editions of *EURIPIDES, MEDEA* are before us, one by Mr. T. Nicklin in Bell's Illustrated Classics (2s.), one by Messrs. J. Thomson and W. B. Ewing in the Blackie's Illustrated Classics

the Tutorial Edition are very elementary, and, as usual, go into principles, but stop short at something difficult of them being just statements of rules to be found in grammar. In the abstract we do not like this plan; books are suited to their purpose of preparing for examination as at present conducted.

Mr. A. W. Upcott edits *EURIPIDES, HECUBA*, in the Illustrated Series (with vocabulary, 1s. 6d.). The introduction is repeated in the plays of this series, and is good. In the notes we find the astonishing statement that *peplos* was not known to the ancients (926). Why should it be? The article used for the relative in choruses imitates poetry (934)? Mr. Upcott apparently does not know that was a great honour to embroder the *peplos* (100). There are examples of the limitations of the notes. It is very difficult to write good notes, and the task is too lightly undertaken of these, however, are accurate as far as they go; but, there are too many. Alas! the choruses are translated as well.

There is much to recommend Mr. M. A. Bayfield's *ÆLECTRA* (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), though it can hardly be said that a new school edition of the play is wanted. The notes and many of the notes are far too long for school use; comments on the characters and the dramatic criticism. There is an instructive note on 37 which gives a number of examples of "the free use" of verbs and adjectives. The editor might have seen a principle in them; as it is, he has a list. The principle seems to be that the idea (simple or complex) was conveyed not by words but by the whole phrase; the elasticity of inflexion enabled the Greeks to set out with great variety of suggestion and emphasis. There is the text for an essay in this note. The principle might have helped Mr. Bayfield to see more clearly through the asyndeton in apposition to the sentence. Mr. Bayfield suggests an interpretation, that *γῆ ἰσχυρὴ δῖο* means "air that pervades earth equally with the sunlight." Appendices deal with particles, epic, idioms, and metre. Mr. Bayfield ignores of his "epic" *εἰ* with subjunctive in Aristophanes, which sheds new light on it. What was the relation of epic to old Attic?

The Odyssey.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY, Book I., edited by Mr. E. C. Mearns (Bell's Intermediate Illustrated Series), has a good introduction, the Homeric dialect, but for the rest shows signs of haste. Mearns is so uncritical as to accept Reichel's explanation of *χαλκοχρόνον*, supposing that a word which means "copper" could be applied to a naked warrior behind a leather shield. He also gives a warrior from the Mycenaean vase as typical of Homer's day, and Mearns' pottery as Homeric. Simonides of Cos (p. 2) is Simonides of Amorgos; *ἱερὰ* is not connected with the word for "fire" (on line 2); the note on *ῥαδίαν* (line 20) "ethics are in a rudimentary stage." The notes and rules are sound. A short vocabulary of un-Attic words is added. The illustrations are often good, but not close to the authorities. They are too big for the text, which leaves some pages but a small fringe above and below.

French.

We may draw the favourable attention of students of French literature to *A NOTEBOOK OF FRENCH LITERATURE*, by F. York (Blackie, 6s. n.). It only consists of extracts, with

the satirists like Scarron and Furetière, who covered these novelists with ridicule, might have been represented with advantage. Only a very few pages are devoted to the mediæval French, of the *Chanson de Roland*, the *Roman de la Rose*, &c.; but that is quite right and proper. As Mr. Yorke observes, mediæval French is "a special and separate subject, a knowledge of which need not be expected generally from a student of French literature." The volume before us covers the ground up to the end of the eighteenth century, ending with André de Chénier and Madame de Staël. Another volume is to deal with nineteenth-century authors.

Supposing that a new French Grammar is wanted—an hypothesis open to doubt—then Mr. Arthur H. Wall's *FRENCH PRIMER* (Clarendon Press, 2s.) is wanted. It is lucid, logical, and well-displayed, and quite calculated to meet the wants of middle and lower forms. The irregularities of the verbs are particularly well shown. It should be noted that this grammar does not include exercises.

POTCINET, by Edouard Laboulaye, is edited for schools by Mr. W. R. Poole of Merchant Taylors' School (Arnold, 9d.). The text strikes us as rather difficult for "pupils of thirteen and fourteen," an extensive and unusual vocabulary being drawn upon; but the notes are voluminous enough to put the dullest safely through.

MORCEAUX CHOISIS, edited by Mr. R. L. A. du Pontet (Arnold, 1s. 6d.), is a book of selections meant to give practice in different styles. The pieces are classified as Narrative, Descriptive, Didactic, Oratory, Biography, Epistle, and Anecdote, and Comedy. The selection has been very carefully done, and comprises extracts from nearly sixty standard authors of high rank. Short biographical notes and a very few others are added. This book will be useful both in revision and for unseen translation. It may be recommended.

German.

A DEAL READER, GERMAN AND ENGLISH, by Mr. Oliver Jones (Allman, 1s.), has exactly the same matter in the two languages on pages facing each other. It is meant, no doubt, to be learnt and construed *vice versa* both ways; such a system has its use as a help, though it does not "educate" the faculty of discovery. For those who desire instruction, such as clerks, and not education the book will serve well.

Miss L. A. Lowe's *FIRST GERMAN BOOK* (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) is a collection of simple stories and scenes well suited for very young beginners. It will not do for those who begin at fourteen or later.

Mathematics.

In *EUCLID*, Books I.-IV., VI., and XI., by C. Smith and Sophie Bryan (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.), the authors have not hesitated in numerous cases to replace traditional proofs by better ones and to introduce a few new propositions. Thus the familiar proof of I. 24 has gone, while III. 26-29 are proved by superposition, making them independent of one another. Book II. has been altogether revised and simplified. The Fifth Book disappears, and such definitions and propositions as are required for the VIth. have been incorporated with it, a wise arrangement in view of the usual treatment—or rather non-treatment—of Book V. Good notes and exercises follow the propositions, and at the end of each book are carefully selected "Additional Propositions" and Riders. We hope that the book may succeed in directing more attention to this part of geometrical teaching. The matter of the book is in all respects worthy of the authors and deserves the careful attention of teachers. The arrangement leaves something to be desired, propositions, exercises, and notes being jumbled together without spaces between them, making reference less convenient than it might be.

FIRST YEAR'S ALGEBRA (French and Osborn; Churchill, 1s. 6d.) consists of the first thirteen chapters of the authors' *Elementary Algebra*. The language is very simple and the

Religious.

The Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, who edits *JUNIOR'S RIVINGTON'S HANDBOOKS TO THE BIBLE AND PRAYER*, has some common sense, but it is a pity editors do not think it necessary to guard so carefully against it. It is impossible to understand the sentences, "Intended for spiritual persons—i.e., for persons with spiritual insight. It is supposed that the reader will be able to interpret the book by the moral standard whose guidance it was written." The editor goes on to say that the stories are obviously true to life, but that need be said. No amount of spiritual insight can detect in the death of Sisera anything else but treacherous; but the kind of thing is done. The notes are not always to the point. The Atholians always cut off the hands of prisoners if they did what has this to do with the *lex talionis*? The *lex talionis* may gain useful hints from the *Lessons*, but so may rather childish.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH TO A.D. 325, by the Rev. G. H. S. Walpole (Rivington, 1s. 6d.), is a succinct and clear account of the Christian Church from the Apostolic Age to the Council of Nice. It is a useful companion to the *New Testament*. It traces the first stages of Christian ceremonial in a very simple way. The reader will also learn something of Montanism, Alexandria, and the Councils, which is a most useful book. The book is well written, and, so far as it goes, accurate; but a good deal is omitted, which is made good in other volumes of the series.

Mr. M. Morison's *TIME TABLE OF MODERN HISTORY* (Constable, 12s. 6d. n.) is likely to be very useful to and to help teachers in making their history more by being more comprehensive. It is a large, laborious tabular arrangement, the dates running in vertical columns, which is divided into vertical columns of countries. There are pedigree tables, and similar end, and some excellent maps showing European periods.

Not the least of the merits of Mr. T. C. Weather's *ACCENTENCE* (Blackwood, 1s. 6d.) is the clearness of Greek and English. It is mainly intended for lad scholars at the public schools, though it contains the purposes of students somewhat more advanced. It gives a full account, for instance, of Homeric for much syntax is given. The arrangement is logical and the book can be recommended.

GREEK GRAMMAR PAPERS, compiled by Mr. T. C. Weather (Blackie, 1s. 6d.), are the work of a practical teacher. Liddell is not always judicious in his way of giving some rules for the formation of the weak and passive (36) is not a suitable question. But the book will certainly be found useful.

CLOUGH'S CERTIFICATE HISTORY OF EUROPE (Ralph, Holland, and Co.), is an examination book going to go into detail, which would be impossible to sketch (and rather a dry sketch) of the chief countries, with necessary tables and maps. It does too much, and may be said to be fairly successful.

For Lower Standards we have *THE BRITISH ISLANDS* in *New Century Geographical Readers No. IVb*. (F. which give brief descriptions of towns and countries, and an eye to the picturesque. There are a large number of maps (very crude) in colour. The book is better than most of the kind of geography, but seems to fall between two stools. It has several maps, which have this good point, that they are to one feature—contours, commerce, railway, &c. But the mountains ought not to be indicated by lines.

BIRDS OF THE AIR, by Arabella B. Buckley (Cassell, 1s. 6d.), is a book of gorgeous coloured pictures, well done, showing the habits of birds, and the manner of their flight.

FICTION.

Mr. Gilbert Parker.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has presented us with many pictures of the life of French Canada, painting into them with masterly touch its old-world grace, its gaiety, its pathos, its simplicity, its devotion to sentiment, its heroisms little and great, but he has given us nothing better than those contained in *THE RIGHT OF WAY* (Helmshamm, 6s.). Prefaced to the book is a Note in which he apologizes for appearing to disregard a statement made in "The Lane that had no Turning" that that tale was the last he should write of French Canada, and in explanation he tells us that the present volume was in reality written before the other. Unquestionably Mr. Parker is quite capable of essaying, perhaps conquering, another field; but why, it must be asked, does he wish to leave this in which he has achieved such remarkable distinction? His Channel Island book was a good enough novel, but it is not to be spoken of in the same breath as "The Right of Way." Still, the Seeing Eye will carry him far. And Mr. Parker is a man of wide ambitions. Here, at any rate, he takes us back once more to the ground he has made his own, and we are grateful for it.

"The Right of Way" falls into two unequal divisions—one, contained in the first eight chapters, is spread over no more than sixty pages, while the other, extending over three hundred pages, takes up the rest of the volume. This statement of the purely mechanical side of the book at once suggests that the first division is in the nature of a prelude, and that it is the second which embraces the main theme. Both parts are concerned with the life of a certain Charley Steele; in the earlier he is "Beauty Steele," *nécessaire* of Montreal, a man who had never lost a criminal case, but *flâneur* to his finger tips, and a fop. He is brilliant, cynical, heartless, conscienceless, atheistical—a man who surveys, with cold, penetrating, relentless criticism the heavens above and the earth beneath. The stare of interrogation, cool, nonchalant, impertinent, with which Steele looks out on life—"his elemental habit," as the author terms it—is given curious point by the fact that he constantly wears and uses an eyeglass; the eyeglass plays quite a prominent part in the book, but we wish Mr. Parker had not stubbornly persisted throughout in speaking of it as a "monoche." In the opening chapter of the novel *Beauty Steele*, in a trial for murder, wrings a verdict of "Not guilty" from the jury against the weight of evidence; his brilliant speech for the defence achieves this much, but—and here we find the flaw in Steele—he has drawn his inspiration from the "bottle." Alcohol, which stupefies most brains, has on his a stimulating and clarifying power. In the court-room is a young lady, upon whom his address to the jury makes such an impression that she agrees to marry him although her heart is given to another. Five years pass, and Steele is now a confirmed dipsomaniac. On bad terms with his wife, he has corrupted her brother, who, he discovers, has embezzled a large sum of money—the moral guilt of which rests upon him. As the result of a drunken riot at a riverside tavern, Steele is knocked on the head, and disappears beneath the waters of the St. Lawrence. This, in brief, is the prelude. All the rest of the story is concerned with the redemption, the moral and physical rehabilitation, of *Beauty Steele*. Rescued from drowning by the very man whom he had saved from the capital sentence by his eloquence some years before, he is taken away to *Vadrome Mountain*, on whose slopes his saviour has a shanty. This

real heroine of the story, *Rosalie Evanturel*, an a charming, lovable, and even heroic woman. It is *Steele* for her that is the instrument mainly of his regeneration; other influences are also brought to bear upon him. Various work out, how the book sweeps on to its end, how the threads of the tale are all woven together in the finished web—all glowing with a wealth of colour—we have no space to tell, though, in any case, it would be fair to go more into detail than we have done. The figure of the novel, *Beauty Steele*, is the kind of character Parker loves to draw—a proud, haughty, brave, reckless by no means blameless, but yet with the instincts of a man. It is the figure dear to romance—and, in a way, dear to us all in its appeal to the heart and the imagination. The portraits Mr. Parker paints for us in his own admirable style, as a rule, they are excellent, they are alive. One of the incidents in "The Right of Way" are a trifle too much for Mr. Parker drapes them with such artistry that it is only on second thoughts we notice their improbability.

"The Potter and the Clay."

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY, by Miss Maud Howard (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is one of the novels which with the familiar testimonial as to extraordinary popularity from America. We have learnt to discount the value of such recommendation, but "The Potter and the Clay" is as possible to the "common form" romance of the Civil War, in which the Transatlantics revel. It tells of English military life in Scotland and in India. Moreover, it is a story of emotions that are not commonplace, told with sincerity, and with a rigorous exclusion of all unimportant details. This is a new thing in American fiction as we know it. And though there are American turns of phrase, and an insistent, and, as we think, a touch of strangeness in the author's notion as to the relationship between English and young ladies, symbolized in the heroine speaking of her military friends as "both you fellows"—the picture as a whole is a true one. The tie between Cary, the heroine, and the one hand, and Stewart and Trevelyan on the other, of whom she has known from childhood, and who both are full of tenderness and subtle feeling. Trevelyan's mastering passion, the military dishonour into which he has fallen, and his subsequent redemption, form the keynote of the book, and give us a fine and original conception vividly and pathetically worked out. It is, in fact, a really powerful work, with an imperative and unfailing appeal to the imagination throughout, and it is not often that the first book, as we say it to be, of a young writer can be so highly praised.

Dolly Dialogues.

Messrs. Nisbet send us a handsome new edition of *DOLLY DIALOGUES* (10s. 6d.) containing some new dialogues and some pictures. The new dialogues are very much like the old ones—neither better nor worse. The illustrations are by an expert American artist, Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, who ruthlessly Americanizes all Mr. Anthony Hope's English characters. Mr. Carter comes out like the American Mr. Winston Churchill, and *Dolly Mickleham* might just as well be *Daisy Mickleham*. Some young lady of the *Belle of New York Company*, dressed to be photographed "in private life." This is inartistic, but the pictures themselves are good enough, and we should like to see an English artist try his hand at the subject.

Mr. Crockett.

"dinna haud wi' the Papishes—nor yet wi' the Englishers. And I wadna advise any one o' ye to say that I do."

we have a presumption that we are in for a dull quarter of an hour with "the miner folk of Lockfurny." From "The Fitting of the Boats" to "The Exercise-Book of Field-Marshal Prince Hantz," in each and all of the tales, Mr. Crockett is the admirable maker of stories engaged upon an occupation in which he delights. But we own he leaves us utterly unsatisfied; he does not touch life with the hand of the artist or observe the ways of men with any sincerity. The "Love Idylls" are often charming, pleasant tales with theatrical people doing noble deeds, but the mark of the book-maker is too apparent. On the other hand, those who have already enjoyed Mr. Crockett's work will find in this volume all the qualities which have helped to make him famous.

After some of the strenuous novels of the day, it is rather pleasant to turn to so ingenuous, simple, and orthodox a story as Mr. Crockett's *CINDERELLA* (James Clarke, 6s.). It is called on the title-page "a novel," but it is rather a tale to amuse and interest children. Cinderella is a dear little girl named Hester Sterling, who has all the prettiness and all the virtue and misfortune of a nice heroine. Owing to the unbelievable stupidity of her well-wishers, her grandmother and her father, she is very early left in a position to be swindled and ill-treated by her aunt, who is inclined to whip her in the best wicked-aunt manner, and by her uncle, the rather impossible Dr. Sylvanus Torphichan. But Hester has friends; Carus, master of Darroch, is a hero to be proud of; and early in the story he glances beneath the sundommet (white, not lilac, this time) of Hester, and one knows that we can trust Mr. Crockett to make all come right. "Cinderella" is lucidly and admirably written, the characters are clearly cut, the incidents plainly and surely drawn; there is a quiet piety about the book that is welcome, and a note of canny humour which, we should have thought, might have prevented the somewhat remarkable *gaucherie* of the plot. But Mr. Crockett tells his story freshly, and will certainly delight an increasing number of readers in the domestic circle.

In the Ruritanian Style.

IN *THE RED CHANCELLOR* (Ward, Lock, 6s.) Sir William Magnay has written "a romance" of a petty German court, an Englishman inconveniently mixed in its intrigues, love affairs, plots, a bride, and so forth—all in a manner which has long since received the reading public's *cachet* of approval. Without going into the complex and always exciting details we can assure our readers that the author of "The Red Chancellor" does all these things uncommonly well. We can imagine no more entertaining companion of its kind for a railway journey nor a more exciting and agreeable volume to mitigate the rigours of an English *citégiature*. The title page bears the legend "illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen." As a matter of fact there is only one drawing, but it really illustrates an important situation and is one of the best pictures that has appeared in a six-shilling volume in our time.

Another new-comer is "Mayne Lindsay," whose book *THE WINDMILL* (Ward, Lock, 6s.) is what one might call a fine example of the magazine novel, crowded with excitement and the clash of swords, adventures, complications, and at least one colossal mistake of identity. Mr. Francis Bothfield, the hero, is an Englishman pitch-forked by the Fates, or "Mayne Lindsay," into what the author calls "one of the most medieval intrigues

is not essentially original; her method of telling clever and brisk, and her book has the further containing some twenty-five drawings by Mr. We have not seen a better illustrated book this

Anglo-Indian Novels.

"So that is poor Elisabeth Murray?"

"That is Elisabeth Murray; but I don't thank you for calling her poor," said Cicely, sunshade to a more becoming angle.

"Nature's mistakes are always to be pitied where the weakest go to the wall," said Kenneth.

Cicely shook her neat little head in reproach.

"I don't think that is very polite, Robert," it sounds as if Elle was lame or deformed."

But she laughed a little, for one's dearest fortunes scarcely touch one as one's own.

"It would be better for her to be bed-ridden," she is," said Kennedy, and meant what he said.

Thus begins Mr. M. Hamilton's *POOR ELISABETH* (Blackett, 6s.). Elisabeth's infirmity is Hindu mother's side. "The curse of India," Cicely's *fi* girls, who, by some "fools" marrying them, "had of laziness, sensuousness, coarseness of mind"—and would probably have said, had not Cicely pulled. The story makes pleasant reading, despite its many frocks and colours, and in its picture of Anglo life there is some good character-drawing, especially Colonel Murray, Elisabeth's father, who is a nice rage. Of course, the man who makes an unwritten "fools" marrying Hindu or Eurasian women is break that law. And the sermon would be incomplete note of tragedy. The book is one of many subject, and is apt to make the reader reflect lightness of its first half makes the following greater. Elisabeth's lightness, the pitying sympathy the reader, makes her case the more acute. And it all is its fidelity to an actual phase of Anglo-Indian

A Government is for some people only a thing get the best of. Major Hugh Evans, in Miss novel, *MOUNTAINS OF NCESSITY* (Blackwood, 6s.) idea to its ultimate by wedding, on what he death-bed, so that the amount that he has to widows' and orphans' fund may go to some one. I stated, the main idea of this book seems forced. Miss White so tells her story as to make it seem Flora Niel might do this particularly strange. Hugh Evans, a woman-hater of the most severe, recovers, and later when Flora comes into a fortune becomes interesting. Circumstance causes these another, but each is naturally far too proud to tears. How this happy issue is eventually a story that Miss White has to tell. And this she does that makes it one of the most interesting novels for some time. The author knows the Anglo-Indian. But in her infinite knowledge she quaintly so readers will not understand the ordinary nature among Anglo-Indians. Thus we are told the level plain; but we more especially resent it by the author that she alone knows that *churp* bed. Apart from this, Miss White does not intelligence of her readers as many novelists do.

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LITERATURE.

of fortune. His wives form a considerable portion of the story ; as does Zulfiar, a young and interesting *protégé* of the Prince. The last third of the book gives the tale of a brave slave-girl, named Nareissus, and a weak Nawab, its moral being the effeminating power of Mahomedan polygamy.

THE *EMERSON'S DIETES*, by Surgeon-Major Greenhow (Digby, Long, & Co.), tells of the court of the Great Mogul, of a beautiful Italian damsel and a chivalrous young English artist. The local colour is not overdone and makes it interesting. Major Greenhow has written other Anglo-Indian stories with success.

"Penance."

The long humiliation of a vain self-centred woman for the loss of her only child through her own neglect is the theme of *PENANCE*, by Leslie Keith (Hodder and Stoughton, & Co.). The loss of the child and the tragic end of the mother at the close of the story are well described, and there are pleasant and true pictures of life in Germany and also of an English country village. (We would suggest to the author, by the way, that "ruridical" is not the correct adjective to "rural dean.") These make agreeable relief. But the thing is too spun out, and the tracts of story which lie between the important landmarks are often not quite interesting enough to detain the reader on his way. With stronger incident and a dialogue of more point this would be a good novel. As it is it has many merits both in its scenes and its characters, and we can commend it to leisurely readers.

In the Canadian Bush.

BONANZA, by Mr. Ernest G. Henham (Hutchinson and Co., & Co.), opens with an interesting presentment of life in a bush shanty by Yellow Sands River. The teller is one Rupert Petrie, twenty-one years of age and ignorant as Akshelah, the Cree beauty who bears him such sympathetic company in his search for "Bonanza," the Canadian land of wealth. In fact the two are a pair of ideal children of nature. What they lack in training is replaced by natural cuteness, yet their motives are refreshingly honest. His father, many years a goldseeker, dies in the shanty, leaving the usual incomplete key to hidden treasure. With Rupert goes his instigator, an old factor of the one-time Hudson Bay Company. Their first stopping place is Gull Island, where we have one of the brutal fist-and-wrestling fights of that lawless corner of the earth, and very well described it is. Then comes a straight start for the gold, the hunters nine, in two parties ; and a good idea of what follows is given in : " In determining the position, I made it out to be that Leblanc and Morrison were against every one ; MacCaskill and myself against Redpath and the Icelanders, with, incidentally, the two thick-skulled sailors ; Redpath always for himself ; Olafson (the Icelanders) nominally for the adventurer, actually for himself. MacCaskill and myself formed the only genuine alliance, with Akshelah to aid us." The trial of the " sneak-thief " is a most vivid and true piece of colouring not overdone. The tale ends with Rupert and his young Cree wife turning their backs on the world to begin combined Utopian life on his old clearance by the fair waters of the Yellow Sand. Yet, like a ghost, at the end of a feast, there rises in the reviewer's mind the query : Where did Rupert learn to write this book ?

"The Seven Houses."

THE *SEVEN HOUSES* (Ward, Lock, and Co., & Co.) of Mr. Hamilton Drummond are not such as we live in. They are—the " houses " of Life, Kinfolk, Marriage, Death, Religion, Honour, and Friends and Enemies ; and they make the seven parts into which the story is divided. As in his previous books, Mr. Hamilton

uncle, Henri, Canon de Mont-des-Serres, Plots, a plague, and fighting follow in due order. Through Denise goes, a brave, winsome heroine, so entirely good that she fully deserves to be left as we leave her.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Exhibition of Early Printed Books, at present in the King's Library of the British Museum, has furnished authorities with an opportunity of issuing an illustrated catalogue of the works. The arrangement is chronological, beginning with the first block-books of Germany and the Netherlands, and showing the admirable illustrations of types and woodcuts, showing the progress of printing in its first rude stages. Some notes on the early books are another feature in a guide which possesses a value to the bibliographer.

We are sorry to note the death of Mr. Edwards, Librarian of the Camberwell Public Libraries since their formation some ten years ago. Prior to his appointment Mr. Edwards was a member of the Camberwell Vestry, and for many years a member of the Camberwell Library, which was undoubtedly an influence in the formation of the Acts. He was the author of some books of verse, and published a Cornish romance entitled " High Trebar." The Bethnal-green Free Library is for the third time aided by the Stock Exchange Orchestral and Choral Society, in December next, give a concert at the People's Hall.

Another crusade against the appearance of betting in the papers at a Public Library has been instituted where the " blacking out " of all such news has been done. Some of the council are scarcely sanguine as to the result of this measure. We are disposed to share their view. It was at Aston Manor that the " blacking out " was first begun. There the latest development is the formation of a committee to allow any sectarian publications to appear in the reading-rooms.

Mr. Carnegie will give £5,000 to H. B. S. S., Dalkeith, £7,500 to Ilkerton, £15,000 to Waterford, and £10,000 to Thurso for the erection of free libraries under endowment. The vexed question of the assessment of librarians' rates has been revived at Perth, where the library rates are being sued for school and poor rates over eightpence in the pound, Whitsuntide, 1900. At that date a certificate of exemption was granted, under the Scientific Societies Exemption Act, 1898. It is now contended that the exemption is not retrospective, and that the matter is important. Surely the title of the Act was as clear in 1898 as in 1900, and we may hope that the principle will be affirmed.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood, having acquired the second edition of Edward Edwards' " Memoirs of Edward Edwards " as far as the sheets were finally revised by the author, has generously distributed them as gifts to the original subscribers, where those could be traced and the remainder among the different libraries of the kingdom.

A scheme for assisting the village and working men's libraries has been adopted by the Department of Agriculture and Instruction in Ireland. Grants not exceeding £3 are available for the purchase of technical books from an official list of standard works, dealing with agriculture, chemistry, dressmaking, &c. The design is excellent, and will induce a belief in the good intentions of the Government.

The United States Bureau of Education lately reported on Libraries in the States. There are 5,283 libraries in the States, each, about half of which are supported by taxation and half by subscription. New York with 571 takes the lead, though not founded in the Western States largely account for the 1,357 in the total number over those in existence five years ago. The increase in the number of libraries is chiefly due to the munificence of Mr. Carnegie, who during the past five years has given more than £2,600,000 for the purpose. In the U. S.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.- I.

Those who share the "curse of modern armies" view of war correspondents should read Mr. Julian Corbett's article in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* on "War Correspondence and the Censorship under Elizabeth." There were, of course, no newspapers in those days, but there were pamphlets, and when the great expedition against Cadiz and the Treasure Fleet took place in 1596, each of several prominent officers took out his own private pamphleteer in order that he might impose his own version of the operations on his countrymen. There were two pamphleteers riding post-haste to London from Plymouth and Portsmouth respectively. The Portsmouth man broke down within three hours of his destination and the Plymouth man got in first. Meantime, however, the Government got wind of what was happening, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who happened to be Press censor, forbade any but the official version to be printed. Most of the others are still in manuscript at the British Museum, at Lambeth Palace, and elsewhere. Decidedly, whatever Lord Wolseley may think, the change has been for the better.

Another article in the Review gives some unpublished letters addressed to Sheridan, together with one or two written by the dramatist. One of the latter shows how Sheridan used to express himself when borrowing money:—

My dear Peake,—If you gave me £8 on Monday night, I have lost £5 or gave it by mistake to the coachman. I find Mrs. S. here without a shilling to pay even washing, and I have not a farthing left. I conjure you to send me £10, and by G—d this shall be the last advance you shall make.

Sheridan's financial troubles in dealing with the Drury Lane actresses are also exemplified by a very strong letter from Miss Farren. Other correspondents are Burke, James Mackintosh, Hervey, Thomas Moore, and Coleridge, who replies to an invitation to write a tragedy. Coleridge says:—

The attempt I shall make more readily as I have reason to believe that I can hope without expecting and, of course, meet rejections without suffering disappointment. Indeed, I have conceived so high an idea of what a tragedy ought to be that I am certain that I shall find myself dissatisfied with my production; and I can therefore safely promise that I will neither be surprised or wounded if I should find you of the same opinion.

He was probably wounded, though he may have known Sheridan well enough not to be surprised, when, on his sending in his tragedy, the Drury Lane manager did not even write to acknowledge its receipt.

Messrs. Barr, Le Gallienne, and Hichens contribute short stories to the number, and the binding is copied from an edition of the "Architecture of Vitruvius," printed in Paris in 1547, and now in the Bodleian Library.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. W. Laird Clowes writes graphically of President Roosevelt, who contributed to his "History of the Royal Navy."

He is no swashbuckler, no fire-eater, no jingo. He will not, like Mr. Cleveland, play needlessly with powder. He will not assent to the despatch of gratuitously irritating State papers, even on the eve of a Presidential election. He has too exalted an idea of the dignity of his country willingly to suffer her to utter a single official word which she does not mean and intend to abide by.

George Eliot and George Sand are compared and contrasted by the Hon. Lady Ponsbury. The Hon. Mrs. Goodhart writes out "Fragments of Mr. Gladstone's Conversation," taken from her diary written when she met him at Naples in 1888-89. The talk seems to have been rather well-informed than brilliant. Other articles are "A Winter's Walk in Canada," by Arnold

indifferent War Minister seems likely to be a successful Secretary for Foreign Affairs." I record is not less favourably regarded by an onlooker," who says: "The present Viceroy has two years and a half of office, shown how India governed." Lighter articles are those by Mr. H. on "Ravenna" and Mr. T. A. Cook on "Foreign Henley Regatta." Admit the foreign oarsman proceeds not employ a professional coach is Mr. Cook's tion. There are also some poems by Fiona Macleod.

In the *Contemporary* the inevitable article on Roosevelt is by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who appraisal President "would welcome an understanding between the English-speaking world, so that, to that end war would be impossible." Mr. H. Morgan Browne, the great economic question, concludes that "it is to doubt that on balance British commerce is success." The Rev. Charles J. Shebbare vindicates Church position, to which, differing from some other attributes "intellectual strength." There are a Miss Emily Hobhouse on "Concentration Camps" Thomas Holmes on "The Making of the Hooligan."

The reader's curiosity will be excited by the article in the *National Review* of an article on "Some Late South African War," by Sir Charles Warren. Greater importance is Mr. W. R. Lawson's on "Anxiety of France." "In France every important national income appears to be retrograding," which is carefully substantiated by statistics. Mr. more, M.P., writing of "The Succession to the throne casts his vote for Mr. Balfour, throwing down Chamberlain's discretion. The Rev. William F. "The Prospects of Catholicism." He means Rome seems sanguine, believing that "unless ideals die humanity must one day pass on into a great Republic." "The Future of South America" is an important study by an anonymous contributor. His view is that Germany and Italy will compel the United States to the Monroe doctrine; but we fancy he underrates resistance of the South American principalities. The of Spain shows that this is a factor to be reckoned

In *Macmillan* Mr. Algernon Blackwood compiles his adventures "Down the Danube in a Can" and Mr. J. L. Eddy compares Shakespeare's King Lear with King John of history.

In the *New Liberal Review* Mr. Churton collects "popular quotations," with his usual erudition, familiar sayings to unfamiliar sources. "First cause is one case in point."

It has always been assumed that this proverb found in Mrs. Glasse's celebrated book on cookery well known to our great-grandmothers. But Glasse says is something very different. She gives directions for what is called "casing" the harp wrapping it in paper and basting it with ghee. In describing this process in cookery she says, "I have," and out of this misconception has sprung

A third is "Curses like young chickens come roost" :—

This, being in Greek, is assumed to come from a Greek writer. It was really a saying of a crack fellow named Will Tyler, a relation of the Coleridge, struck with its originality, turned it coolly attributing it to some mysterious Greek. Southey prefixed this Greek version as a motto to his "Kehanna." And so it has come to pass that an extemporized in the chimney-corner of an English half-witted rustic has become one of the supposed "classical" proverbs.

Correspondence.

WHO KILLED AMY ROBSART?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your able criticism, last week, of my little book there remains an item as to which I beg respectfully to submit that your reviewer has misrepresented me. He writes:—"On the main question, too, Mr. Sidney should at least have noticed the elaborate statement of Anthony Wood, based on tradition as well as gossip." Now, I can assure him that I was, at the time of writing the book, thoroughly acquainted with Wood's statement, but I rejected its information as not being of the very least historical value. Wood's account, with the exception of the reference to a certain chamber at Cumnor, is not "based on tradition," but entirely on "Laycester's Commonwealth," with which it is so precisely in accord that the language used is often literally the same, word for word. Wood, therefore, adopts all the errors of the author of the "Commonwealth," inclusive of that which makes "Sir John Robertset" alive at the date of his daughter's funeral. Even the information about Dr. Bayley (to whom I have referred in my book) contains nothing that the "Commonwealth" had left unsaid. That part of Wood's statement "based on gossip" was derived from mere village chatter, and is by no means correct.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

October 7.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

DICKENS EXAMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Vernon's Discovery of the "Students' Guide to the School of Literie Fictitie" mentioned in *Literature* Oct. 5 has been anticipated. In "Examinations in Fiction" in the January number of *Cornhill*, Mr. Lang refers to it, and supplies the required Elegy on Little Nell, in the style of Pope, and the translation into the style of Dr. Johnson of "Poetry's immat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry."

Yours very truly,

JOHN D. HAMILTON.

The Athenæum, Glasgow, Oct. 7.

"TWO GIRLS AND A DREAM."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I was very interested in your short notice of my book, "Two Girls and a Dream," which appeared in your last issue, and you will, perhaps, allow me to rectify what I consider a slight error in your criticism. When my heroine exclaims that for a writer to succeed (succeed from a pecuniary point of view, let it be remembered) he must write not the best, but the worst that is in him, you look upon this as a fallacy. Yet the fact that a writer like Mr. Israel Zangwill, to quote one instance only, whom any competent critic will allow to be one of the masters of modern prose, is less popular than, say, Mr. Guy Boothby or Mrs. L. T. Meade, seems to me convincing proof that my assertion is based on facts. I feel quite confident that you will find many authors to share this belief.

Hoping you will kindly find a space to insert these few lines,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JEAN DELAIRE.

editor of all Mr. Murray's educational works. The prices vary from a shilling to half-a-crown. Among early volumes are "First Makers of England: Julius Cæsar, King Arthur, the threat," by Lady Magnus; "Telegraphs and Telegraphs," by Sir W. H. Preece; and "Electric Wiresmen," by W. C. Clinton, demonstrator in the Pender Laborator volumes specially adapted to the preliminary examination City and Guilds of London Institute; "A Short History of Coinage," by Lord Avebury; and "The Life of Christ," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching.

Mr. Murray has also a teacher's edition of Dean "Life of Dr. Arnold" with a preface by Sir Joshua work set by the Board of Education for the Elementary Certificate, 1902, and a cheaper edition of Darwin's "Origin of Man." The latter, like "The Origin of Species," issued in half-a-crown form—will soon follow. "The Victorian Naturalist" out of copyright. Mr. Murray's republication of the latest editions of Darwin's works; it is the first editions that are coming out of copyright. Others announced by Mr. Murray for this month are the essays by expert writers on "National Education," Mr. Laurie Magnus; "The Great Persian War and its preliminaries," by Mr. G. B. Grundy, who has made special studies of Thermopylae and Plataea; and "A General History of Europe, 350-1800," by Messrs. Oliver Thatcher and J. Schwill, and adapted by Mr. Arthur Hassall for English schools.

Mr. Arthur Hassall is also editing the new edition of "History of Modern Europe" (which Messrs. Bell are publishing in six volumes), and continuing it to the end of the nineteenth century. The first two volumes have appeared; the third and fourth will be ready immediately.

Mr. Heinemann announces "The French and English Language: A new Dictionary of the French and English Language," by Drs. H. Edgren, and P. B. Burnet, M.A., with an edition by R. J. Lloyd, Hon. Reader in Phonetics in the University College, Liverpool; and "A new Italian-English Word-book based on the same principles, is in course of preparation."

Messrs. Hefter and Sons, of Cambridge, have in two additions to their series of "Problems and Examples in English History," by Mr. J. S. Lindsey, of which Book I (1803) appeared in June. One of the new volumes, Book II, with the period 1688-1832. The other, Book II, covers the span of British History. And a portion, as far as also be issued separately as a (London) Matriculation Book of English History, while a similar book dealing with the of European History, 1814-1818, will be issued early in the year. These "Notebooks" are designed to form the nucleus of books, and will be available in an interleaved form.

Wessex and Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Professor Bertram Windle's work on "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy," which Mr. Lane will publish next year, grew into book form when the author was editing a history of the Wessex country. Its aim is to lead the reader to the heart of the novels, and there, by means of quotations, to Hardy describe them himself. The illustrations are by Edmund H. New. In the concluding chapters a revised topography of each novel is given.

Mr. Hardy's new volume of poems, by the way called "Poems of the Past and the Present," and in the complete uniform edition of his works. It will be published by Messrs. Harper about the middle of next month.

Mr. O'Donoghue, whose Irish Poets we notice elsewhere, is also at work upon a similar compilation dealing with the Artists. It will include notices of upwards of 2,000 Irish artists, painters, engravers, architects, &c. This work is the result of many years' research in the libraries of Dublin and London. It will be issued in three parts, Part I. of which Mr. O'Donoghue hopes to have ready in the spring.

Two of the articles in this month's *Mercure de France*

sporting tale by Finch Mason, entitled "Mad Lorrimer"; a volume of Anglo-Indian stories by Alice Perrin; and "Dross," a novel by Mr. Harold Tremayne. For next week they promise "The Rancee's Rubies," by Dr. Helen Bouchelet; "Thirteen Ways Home," a collection of stories by E. Nesbit; an eighteenth-century novel by Theo. Gift, entitled "The Case of a Man with his Wife"; and a novel of South American life by Marvin Dana, entitled the "Woman of Orchids." Among Christmas books they will publish "Louis Waln's Arduum."

"Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels," to appear at the end of this month (Bradbury, Agnew), will contain the continuations to famous plays by St. John Hankin which have appeared in *Punch*, illustrated by Mr. E. J. Wheeler, who has introduced the portraits of many prominent actors.

Books to look out for at once.

- "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." By Graham Relfour. Methuen. 2 vols. 25s.
[The authorized biography. Uniform with the Edinburgh Edition.]
- "Links with the Past." By Mrs. Charles Bagot. Arnold. 10s.
[Mrs. Bagot was born eighty years ago, and her parents and grandparents took their share in public affairs.]
- "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy." By Prof. H. Windley. Lane. 21s. n.
[See note under "Authors and Publishers."]
- "The Theatre: Its Development in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin Origins." By Charles Hastings. (Authorized Translation.) Duckworth. 8s. n.
[With an introductory letter by Victorien Sardou.]
- "Sunshine and Surf: Being a Year's Wanderings in the South Seas." By Douglas B. Hall and Lord Albert Osborne. Black. 12s. 6d.
[Illustrated.]
- "A History of the Police in England." By Captain Melville Lee. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
- "The Way to Rome." By Hilaire Belloc. Allen. 6s. n.
[Notes of travel in Italy.]
- "Ombudmen and Calm: Their Origin and History." By Henry Charles Moore. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
[Illustrated from old engravings, prints, and photographs.]
- "Tales of the Stable Weir." By "Zack." Methuen. 6s.
[Photogravure frontispiece.]
- "The Embarrassing Orphan." By W. E. Norris. Methuen. 6s.
- "Young Barbarians." By Ian Maclaren. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
- "Yorkie, the Adventurer, and other Tales." By Louis Becke. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
[Another volume of Pacific tales. "Green Cloth" Library.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART.

CONVERSATIONS OF JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A., WITH JAMES WARD ON ART AND ARTISTS. Ed. by E. FLETCHER. 9x57, 258pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Fletcher gives a life of Northcote, and edits his conversations from the note books left by James Ward, his friend and admirer, who died 1870.]

THE ENGLISH PRERAPHAELITE PAINTERS. By P. BATE. Second Ed. 8x51, 121 pp. Bell. 7s. 6d. n.

[This edition has been revised, and contains additional pictures by the brethren and those who were, or are, under their influence.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF MAJOR-GEN. SIR R. MURDOCH SMITH. By W. K. DICKSON. 9x6, 376 pp. Blackwood. 15s. n.

Sir R. Murdoch Smith was for twenty years Director of the Indo-European Government Telegraph in Persia; and, later, Director of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art. He carried out valuable archaeological research in Persia, Baluchistan, Cyrene, &c. Died 1900.]

OWEN GLYNDYWR. (Heroes of the Nations.) By A. G. BRADLEY. 7x51, 327 pp. Putnam. 5s.

"The last and most celebrated of the soldier patriots of Wales," 1320-1416. By the author of "Highways and Byways of North Wales." Many photographic views.]

FAMOUS PIANISTS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. FAMOUS VIOLINISTS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. By H. C. LANGE.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE CHRONICLES OF DUNSFORD. By J. CARTWRIGHT. 151 pp. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
[A public school story.]

KITTY. By ABELIA P. MOUNT. 71x51, 226 pp. S.P.C.K.
[A pathetic tale of gypsy and poaching life in which she wins her father to a respectable life. Illustrated.]

IN LUCK'S WAY. By CATHERINE E. MALLANDRAINE. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1s.

[A story of moral tone of lower middle-class life, for LITTLE JOHN COPE. By L. L. WILSON. 71x51, 128 pp. Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1s.

[A short tale for young boys of the Jacobite Rebellion LIKE CUBES LIKE. By CATHERINE E. MALLANDRAINE. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 3s. 6d.

[A pleasant enough story of farm life in the dale, of a girl with her misanthropic uncle whose heart she softens by two pictures.]

THE CHIEFTAIN AND THE SCOUT. By E. S. ELLIS. Series. 1 71x51, 208 pp. Cassell. 2s. 6d.
[A story of the Red Indians.]

OLD KING COLE'S NURSERY RHYMES. 11x87, 90 pp.
[This has fine full-page illustrations in colour by Mr. E. S. Ellis.]

THE YOUNGEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL. By EVELYN S. 396 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
[School-girl life near London. Illustrated by C. E. Ellis.]

CHING THE CHINAMAN AND HIS MIDDY FRIENDS. MANVILLE FENN. 8x51, 506 pp. S.P.C.K. 5s.
[These adventures of middies in China are likely to be popular, and, as will be seen from the number of pages, there is a lot in the book. There are one or two illustrations.]

FROM PLAYGROUND TO BATTLEFIELD. By F. HARRIS. 383 pp. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
[A story for boys of the time of the Napoleonic war.]

ETHEL HARDMAN. By W. E. CHADWICK. 71x51, 311 pp. Promoting Christian Knowledge. 3s. 6d.

[Especially against the dangers of betting and gambling.]

A GIRL'S RESOLVE. By E. S. CURRY. 71x51, 127 pp. Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1s.

[A brief tale for girls. Pattle resolves to make her sweetheart, who has gone to the war, and who comes back.]

IN THE DAYS OF ST. ANSELM. By GERTRUDE HOLLES. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2s. 6d.

[Showing the troubles of the Church under William I.]

PROVERBIAL SAYINGS. By GORDON BROWNE. 9x141 Gardner. 6d.

[A large picture book, with excellent coloured copies of proverbs.]

THE VIOLET FAIRY BOOK. Ed. by ANDREW LANG. Longmans. 6s.

[In the same style as others of the series, but many of the pictures here are finely coloured.]

THE WOULD-BEGOODS. By E. NESBIT. 71x51, 331 pp.
[Further adventures of the "Treasure Seekers."]

THE BOYS' ODYSSEY. By H. C. PERRY. 71x51, 201 pp.
[Founded on Butler and Lang's prose translation at the request of several preparatory school masters.]

THE WOOD PIGEON AND MARY. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. 192 pp. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

[A pretty story in which the pigeons play a part as illustrated by H. R. Millar.]

THE OLDE IRISH RIMES OF BRIAN O'LINN. By S. J. 11x87. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

[A large children's picture book. Illustrated in black and white.]

SIR PHELM'S TREASURE. By H. A. HINKSON. 7 Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2s. 6d.

[Eighteenth-century story of adventure in the ancestral treasure buried in Ireland. Illustrated.]

OUT ON THE LLANO. By A. DAUNT. 71x51, 391 pp. Promoting Christian Knowledge. 3s. 6d.

[Adventures, based on fact, in the wilds of Columbia.]

ONE WOMAN'S WORK. By ANNETTE LYSTON. 71x51, 2s. 6d.

[Shows how a woman not favoured by fortune can live a life.]

AN IRISH COUSIN. By CATHERINE M. MACGOWAN.

October 12, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

THE LITTLE CLOWN. By THOMAS CORN. (Dumpy Books for Children.) 5x3, 150 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

LORD ROBERTS. A Life for Boys. By VIOLET BROOKER-HUNT. 7½x5½, 346 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

THE TROLLWOGG'S "MOTO-GO-CART." By FLORENCE K. UPTON. 8½x11, 66 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[Further "up-to-date" adventures of the trollwog.]

LEADING STRINGS. 9½x7½, 121 pp. Wells Gardner. 1s. 6d.

[Simple illustrated tales for quite young children.]

THE FISH CROWN IN DISPUTE. By P. E. LUCAS. 8½x5½, 140 pp. Skellington. 3s. 6d.

[Illustrated by A. R. Woodward and others. The adventures of two little children at the bottom of the sea.]

THE LILY PRINCESS. By MARGUERITE LOYD. 7x5, 120 pp. Skellington. 2s. 6d.

[A pretty story of children's "make-believe," and how they found princesses, fairies, and witches at home. Two illustrations by Mrs. Farnilee.]

EDUCATIONAL.

CICERO: PRO ARCHIA. (Elementary Classics.) Ed. by G. H. SALL. 6x1½, 94 pp. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

THE CYCLES, THE ATHENIANS IN SICILY. By W. C. COMPTON. (Illustrated Classics.) 7x1½, 297 pp. Bell.

THE HISTORY OF EUROPE IN OUTLINE, 1814-1918. By O. BROWNING. 7x4½, 164 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

CICERO DE SENECTUTE. Ed. by A. S. WARMAN. (Illustrated Classics.) 6½x1½, 119 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d.

A CLASS BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By A. HASSALL. 7½x5, 603 pp. Livingtons. 3s. 6d.

[See Review p. 346.]

PRIMER OF GEOMETRY. By H. W. GROOM SMITH. 7x4½, 100 pp. Macmillan. 2s.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Ed. by G. J. LEES. 7½x5, 138 pp. Allman. 1s.

FICTION.

GOLDEN HEARTED. By M. BRAMSTON. 7½x5, 160 pp. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1s. 6d.

[Adapted from the German. The adventures in life of two middle-class girls, unselfish and selfish.]

THE COMING OF THE PREACHER. By J. ACKWORTH. 7½x5½, 290 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[A tale of the rise of Methodism.]

EDWARD THE EXILE. By MARY M. DAVIDSON. 7½x5½, 299 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[A story of the eleventh century about Edward, the father of St. Margaret of Scotland, who is briefly mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.]

THE CANKERWORM. By G. MANVILLE FENN. 7½x5½, 415 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[The life of Linda, a baronet's daughter who is taken home after a runaway match with a rascal, who dies at the end of the book, when Linda marries Lord Inverleigh.]

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH. By FLORENCE WARDEN. 7½x5½, 332 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[The gradual unmasking of a spiritualistic criminal impostor.]

THE BENEFACTRESS. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 7½x5½, 418 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[An English girl comes into an estate in North Germany, where she offers a home to ladies of good birth. Three accept, and the story pictures the relations between them, their host, and their neighbours.]

MARGARET. By A. H. HODGKINS. (Popular Stories, VII.) 7½x5½, 123 pp. Stockwell. 2s.

[A tale of middle-class Congregationalism.]

MANASSEH. By M. JÓKAI. Trans. by P. F. Bicknell. 7½x5½, 328 pp. Macquenn. 6s.

[A story of the troubles in Hungary in 1848. Somewhat abridged.]

CLEMENTINE. By A. E. W. MASON. 7½x5½, 310 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[A romance of the Jacobites, introducing the old Pretender. Illustrated by Bernard Partridge.]

A GALLANT QUAKER. By MARGARET H. ROBERTSON. 7½x5½, 296 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[The story of a young wool merchant of the seventeenth century, a friend of Fox and Penn, and of the persecutions of the Quakers.]

ATHIRT THE DOWNS. A Tale of Church Folk. By A. J. DAVIES. 7½x5, 152 pp. Skellington. 2s. 6d.

[A tale of the life of a Quaker, who is a friend of Fox and Penn.]

THE LAIRD'S LUCK, and other Fife-side Tales. By A. T. COUCH. 8x5½, 342 pp. Cassell. 6s.

[Stories of past times, especially the French wars.]

PENANCE. By L. KEITH. 7½x5½, 300 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[See Review, p. 251.]

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. MOLYNEUX. By CHIL HEATH. 332 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

[Countryhouse and political life. Mr. Molyneux's life stopped (?) at the end by the discovery of his early love Frenchwoman.]

THE KING'S RING. Trans. from the Swedish of Z. TOWELL. S. Ohrwall and Herbert Arnold. 7½x5½, 297 pp. Jarrold.

[A romance of the days of Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War.]

FAREWELL NIKOLA. By GUY BOWTHORN. 7½x5½, 315 pp. Ward. 6s.

[Nikola departs at the end "to the fate which claims him."]

CAPTAIN RAVENSHAW. By R. N. STEPHENS. 7½x5½, 300 pp. Lock. 6s.

[A story of every day life in Elizabethan times. Illustrated.]

A HERO OF THE HILLS. By G. W. BROWNE. 8x5½, 312 pp. Jarrold.

[The third volume of the "Woodranger Tales" v. characters continued. The fighting between the New Colonists and the Indians. Illustrated.]

THE FOREST SCHOOLMASTER. By PETER HOSSEGER. Francis E. Skinner. 7½x5½, 333 pp. Putnam. 6s.

[An autobiographical work by the well-known and Austrian Peasant who has become a voluminous writer.]

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY. By MAUD H. PETERSON. 7½x5½, 300 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[See Review, p. 349.]

SELLIE, OR A CHEQUERED LIFE. By ETHEL CHILVER. 140 pp. Stockwell.

[A story of very religious tone, about the experiences and &c., of the daughter of a Baptist minister.]

LIGHT FREIGHTS. By W. W. JACOBS. 7½x5½, 295 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[Short stories dealing mostly with the adventures of sea and ashore. Illustrated.]

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. By G. 7½x5½, 320 pp. Macquenn. 6s.

[A and story of Scottish commercial and University life.]

THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM. By ERIC PARKER. 282 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[Tells of two picturesque and rather pathetic scenes, their artist friend, and their doings in the country.]

CIRCUMSTANCE. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. 7½x5½, 405 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[New York of to-day.]

TALES AND SKETCHES. By P. PLANT. 7x4½, 222 pp. Hender. 6s.

[Brief tales, tragic and domestic, mostly of middle-class life.]

INGRAM. By GERALDINE KEMP. 7½x5½, 297 pp. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

[Story of a young man who returns from a wild life of travel to become the master of an ancestral home and how the change affects him.]

DEBORAH. By J. M. LUDLOW. 8x5½, 406 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

[A tale of the times of Judas Maccabæus.]

WHEELS OF IRON. By L. T. MEYNE. 8x5½, 415 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

[Written in the interest of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A story of neglected children in an upper-class home. It is a pathetic story—though, we think, overdrawn—and shows again the author's intimate knowledge of children.]

EREWON REVISITED. By SAMUEL BUTLER. 7½x5, 336 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[This appears with a new edition of the original "Erewhon," which describes the visit to that strange country twenty years later by the original discoverer and his son.]

HISTORY.

THE WELSH WARS OF EDWARD I. By J. E. MORRIS. 9s. Clarendon Press. 9s. 6d. n.

[The chief object is "to depict an English Army in the most critical point in medieval military history—the very beginning of a systematic organization of infantry," and the influence of the wars on English Constitutional history.]

LE LIVRE DES MILLE NUITS ET UNE NUIT. Traduction par le Dr. MARQUIS. Tome IX. 3½ x 9, 335 pp. Paris: Revue Blanche, Fr. 7.

[The tenth volume of this remarkable work is now being printed.]

THE WORKS OF THOMAS KYD. Ed. by F. S. DOAS. 9½ x 5½, 470 pp. Clarendon Press. 13s. n.

[First complete edition of Kyd's work, based on a collation of all the extant texts. Exhaustive introduction (with index) on Kyd's life and work, notes, and facsimiles.]

MILITARY.

THROUGH RHODESIA WITH THE SHARPSHOOTERS. By R. STEVENSON. 7½ x 6½, 190 pp. Macquenn. 7s. 6d.

[See Review, p. 341.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK. By the Hon. MRS. A. LATTELOX. 7½ x 5, 132 pp. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

[A discussion of the position and pursuits of women to-day by the wife of the Bishop of Southampton.]

THE ART OF BUILDING A HOME. By B. PARKER and H. UNWIN. 9 x 6, 123 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.

[Reprinted lectures, with sketches and photographs.]

A TEXT-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY BOTANY. By CHARLOTTE L. LAMIE. 7½ x 5, 138 pp. Allyn. 2s. 6d.

ORIENTAL.

TETRAEANGELIUM SANCTUM SIMPLEX SYROICUM VERSIO. Ed. by the late P. E. PSEY and G. H. GWILLIAM. 9 x 8, 608 pp. Clarendon Press. £2 2s. n.

[The late Mr. Psey made careful collations of the ancient MSS of the Peshitto to test the accuracy of the traditional text. Mr. Gwilliam continued the work. It was found that the Peshitto version of the Gospels has not been corrupted in later times. This work exhibits the Peshitto Gospels as they were read in the ancient Syrian Church. With Latin translation, notes, &c.]

BOOKS ON EGYPT AND CHALDEA. Assyrian Language. By L. W. KING, F.S.A. 7½ x 5. 216 pp. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

EREWON; or, Over the Range. New Ed. Rev. By SAMUEL BUTLER. 7½ x 3, 324 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

TABLE TALK. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. (The World's Classics). 6 x 1, 450 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. n.

[A convenient and well-printed reprint. The text only.]

STUMPS. By STELLA AUSTIN. Ninth Ed. 7 x 4½, 152 pp. Wells, Gardner. 1s. 6d.

[A well-known and popular story for children.]

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS TO HIMSELF. In English. By G. H. REDDALL. 6½ x 4½, 167 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.

[Golden Treasury Series. The Headmaster of Charterhouse has here abridged the introduction, and simplified the translation for the general reader from his edition published in 1898.]

THE CHURCH OF HISTORY AND OF EXPERIENCE. Third Ed. By D. W. FOREST, D.D. 8½ x 5½, 489 pp. T. and T. Clark. 6s.

[To the new edition of this important work an Appendix is added in support of the view that our Lord did not pray with His disciples.]

PRESENT IRISH QUESTIONS. By W. O'CONNOR MORRIS. 9 x 5½, 135 pp. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. n.

[Discussion of the land question, Home Rule, &c., by the veteran writer and lawyer, who also wrote "Ireland, 1494-1868," and "Ireland, 1798-1868."]

THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. The Vicar of Wakefield and Plays and Poems. (Library of English Classics.) 9 x 5½, 136 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

[Another volume of this fine series, with Mr. A. W. Pollard's bibliographical note.]

THE WINDSOR SHAKESPEARE. Vols. I-VIII. Ed. by H. N. HUTTON, LL.D. 8½ x 5½. Edinburgh: Jack. 2s. n. each vol.

[This edition has one play to each volume, the text being that of the Harvard Edition. Each play has an introduction, short explanatory notes at the bottom of the page, critical notes at the end, and a photographic frontispiece (portraits or views connected with Shakespeare).]

THE CHASE AND THE ROAD. THE TURF. (The Sportsman's Classics.) By SIMON. 6½ x 1, 1-14 195 pp. Gay and Bird. 1s. 6d. n.

EXPERIMENTAL HYGIENE. By A. T. SUMMONS and 7 x 4½, 322 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

[This is a careful scientific text-book for teaching foods, weights, &c., with detailed instructions as to tables, and examination questions. Illustrated.]

"THE REVIVAL OF PHRENOLOGY." THE MENT OF THE BRAIN. By B. HOLLANDER, M.D. 9 x 5½, Richards. 21s. n.

[A scientific investigation into the localisation of the mind, with special reference to the phrenological discoveries the author claims now to present for the

SPORT.

SIDE AND SCREW. Notes on the Theory and Practice of Billiards. By C. D. LOCKER. 7½ x 8½, 182 pp. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

[Intended for moderately advanced amateurs. A study of the theory and practice of billiards, with

THEOLOGY.

MESSAGES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By MACGREGOR. 8 x 5½, 178 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

[Addresses on the book of the Old Testament Chronicles and Joel by the well-known Presbyterian at the age of 35, in London in May, 1900.]

STEPS TO UNITY. A Scientific Philosophy, the harbi Theology. 8½ x 5½, 241 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.

[This anonymous work is intended to show (1) the philosophy of common-sense, which proclaims an object established on scientific principles; (2) that Scripture can be made to rest on these principles.]

THE ATONEMENT AND INTERCESSION OF CHRIST. By D. C. DAVIES. Ed. by D. E. JENKINS. 7½ x 5½, 2 Clark. 4s.

[Dr. D. C. Davies, Welsh Calvinist preacher and 1891 after work in London and as Principal of Trevecca College. These papers were written when he was in London. Mr. Jenkins contributes a biography of Davies.]

LESSONS ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM. By STEWART, D.D. 6½ x 4½. Skeffington. 2s.

[The lessons have been found useful in the Stewart worked, and are warmly commended in the Body.]

CATECHIZING FOR CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL. By POTTER and E. A. W. SHEARD. 7½ x 5, 172 pp. Skeffington. 2s.

[The teaching follows the Prayer-book, and is with useful, practical hints for teachers.]

THE GOSPEL FOR AN AGE OF HOPE. By T. N. 10½ pp. Stockwell. 1s.

[Short Congregationalist addresses. Paper bound.]

THE VISION OF THE CROSS. A Dramatic Poem. 7½ x 5½, 48 pp. Stockwell. 2s.

[Mainly a conversation in undistinguished rhetoric between a Jewish Christian convert and his old acquaintance Christianity.]

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW SCHOLARSHIP. By PETERS. 7½ x 5½, 328 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[Dr. Peters is the author of "Nippur," which was published by the University of Philadelphia Expedition to the East. He discusses the modern method of Bible study, with special reference to the Psalms and Daniel, and surveys the archaeological work on the Old Testament.]

THE CHURCH EPISTLES. By E. W. BULLINGEN, D.D. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

[Romans to 2nd Thessalonians, reprinted from "The Church of England." The author (an Anglican) thinks the present distress of the Evangelical Churches is due to the neglect of the study of the Church and the doctrine of the Apostolic succession.]

JOHANNINE PROBLEMS AND MODERN NEEDS. By J. H. 7½ x 5, 127 pp. Macmillan. 3s. n.

[Assumes generally the Johannine authorship of the Gospel, and discusses the environment, the object, and the value of the Evangelists.]

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. By the late H. 7½ x 5, 148 pp. Macmillan. 3s. n.

[This was written originally in the Commentary on the

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 200. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be
MR. E. F. BENSON.

* * * *

We publish this week the first of a series of letters giving
the latest news of the Scotch literary world, which will be
published at frequent intervals. The letter is dated from
Edinburgh; the next will come from Glasgow.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

- "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." By Graham Ralfour.
(Methuen.)
- "The Mystery of Mary Stuart." By Andrew Lang. (Long-
mans.)
- "The Benefactress." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her
German Garden." (Macmillan.)

little anticipate—no other than Bastien Lepage. As
Lepage died nearly two decades ago, the picture will
Kling as Prince of Wales in the eighties. Within a month
famous "Stolen Duchess" is to be on view at Messrs.
where the entrance money will, as usual, go to the
Benevolent Fund. "The Stolen Duchess" now belong
Pierpont Morgan, as do the ten decorative panels over
Fragonard for Madame du Barry. The latter, bought
of years ago for some £50,000, will be a feature
Guildhall Exhibition in 1902. Again, the New Ga-
the close of the Portrait Painters' show, will be
assemblage of works by Mr. J. S. Sargent. Finally,
probably have an Old Masters' exhibition at the Academy
of the unsatisfactory assemblage of works by British
deceased during the last fifty years.

* * * *

Controversy still rages in Paris over the constitu-
"reading committee" of the Comédie Française. The
pieces has been taken out of the hands of the players, w
it previously rested, and entrusted to the director, w
French State theatres, is never an actor, but genera
of letters. The system now abolished was first estab-
Napoleon in 1812. Under the Government of the Re-
"mixed committees" were temporarily established; a
time the committee assembled by Harel, the direc-
Odéon, consisted of a notary, a colonel, a major, two
and the secretary and treasurer of the theatre. Th
attended the meetings, and the selection of plays was
left to Harel himself. He was asked, once, if the read-
plays did not take up an enormous amount of time.
read them," he replied. "I put the manuscripts
shake them up, draw one out, and put it in rehearsal
method of selection has always proved successful."
committees, however, were abolished in the reign
Philippe, and the committees of actors were restored.

* * * *

According to Jouslin de la Salle, who was then u
the Comédie Française, the mixed committee the
complete failure. "It was," he said, "composed of
men of letters. The latter were in the majority an
members of the Academy. It was a disastrous peri-
theatre, which found its pigeon-holes overwhelmed
avalanche of so-called 'literary' plays, few of whi
stand the test of production. The Academicians cou
got to reject each other's pieces." The decisions ha
given satisfaction even from the earliest times. Voltaire
embarrassing trick upon the committee of his day. He

retreat; but this is a legend which researches in the national archives have exploded. The decree was drafted in Paris and sent to the Emperor when he was preparing his invasion. It reached him before he had left Poland, and he sent it back, after signing it, with this note scrawled in the margin:—"To be published when the army is at Moscow. His Majesty intends it to be dated from that city."

A letter has appeared in the *Politiken* from Dr. Georg Brandes giving an alarming account of Ibsen's state of health. By the order of King Oscar, bulletins as to his condition are published three times a day; and the patient is attended, at the cost of the State, by the best physicians of the country. One telegram of condolence has come from the Kaiser.

Mr. Kipling has written a story of the South African War—which he puts into the mouth of a Sikh—for the *Windsor Christmas Number*. It will be illustrated by Mr. Raven Hill. Other South African stories are coming from Mr. Kipling.

The *American Critic* is printing a series of letters from Mrs. Carlyle to "Jessie," who was the Carlyles' servant during the sixties.

Mr. Hall Caine has been asked to allow himself to be nominated for the vacancy in the Maux House of Keys caused by the resignation of Mr. J. R. Cowell, member for Ramsey.

Mrs. Meynell is giving lectures during her tour in America. Her subject is the Transition Period in Poetry from the Seventeenth to the Eighteenth Centuries.

The Pope, in a recently published "Index," has removed the restrictions on the two works of Galileo, the "De Revolutionibus" and the "Dialogues."

Last Sunday Professor Theodore Mommsen celebrated his jubilee as professor. He was appointed at Zurich on October 13, 1851.

Siemkiewicz is at work on an historical novel on the subject of Napoleon I. and the Polish Legions.

If we may judge from the partial removal of the hoarding, Messrs. Grant Richards' new premises next door to Sir Joshua Reynolds' old house in Leicester-square are nearly ready for the removal of the firm from Henrietta-street. The frontage is attractively designed by the same firm (Messrs. Trendwell and Martin) which has had a pronounced success in the bold Buchanan premises in Holborn.

A "South African Association for the Advancement of Science" has been formed at Cape Town to work on the lines of the British Association.

Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill is engaged upon an edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

Professor Sampson of Indiana University is in England collecting material for the history of the development of the structure of our drama.

The Ayr Town Council is establishing an electric tram

THE REFORMERS.

[Reprinted from *The Times* of October 1901.]

"The men who have been through this South Africa no longer accept the old outworn explanations. They see much, and it is to them we must look, when they come, for the real work of reform in every direction."—Extract from letter.

Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek smiling Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance.

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul;

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Forgoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sire denied—

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our poses.

For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him:
Example profiting his peers.

With great things charged he shall not
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve full-harnessed, as of old
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to Necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall rise

RUDYARD

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Is Australian poetry the real thing? And if
Is Canadian poetry better? And if so, why? These
questions arise out of an article

Australia is only Australian by accident the work of Englishmen who went to Australia after they were grown up. Adam Lindsay Gordon was not much more Australian than Mr. Douglas Sladen, whose Australian anthology, including six pieces of his own composition, lies before us as we write; and at the time when that anthology appeared Henry Kendall was held by many to be the only native-born Australian poet of serious importance. He was, indeed, only one of a school of nature poets. Among the first of them was Charles Harpur, who has been called "The Australian Wordsworth." Their note was rather one of regret and sadness induced by the isolation of the scenery and by the disappointment of hopes in a land where success came only to practical genius. Since then, however, the new school, of which Mr. Jose wrote, has arisen, and we quite think that some of them come up to the not very exacting standard required for inclusion in Mr. Archer's miscellaneous gallery. The best of them are melodious, if not profound. They are at any rate sincere, and determined to sing frankly of what they know and feel, and amid a multitude of echoes a real voice is occasionally heard. Epile and drama may be beyond them; but the best of them have the gifts of the ballad-maker; and, after all, poetry began with ballads. We agree with Mr. Archer, however, that Canada has gone further than Australia, though we do not agree with him in finding anything perplexing in the fact. "Perhaps," Mr. Archer writes, "when a great Australian poet shall, in the fulness of time, arise, we may be able to discern why his coming has been delayed so long"; and he hardly offers even a tentative answer to his question, "Why has Canada contributed so much, Australia so little, to the poetry of Greater Britain?" Surely there are many reasons, which are not far to seek. Surely, too, the one reason which Mr. Archer partly recognizes—the greater variety of the Canadian climate with its allegorical presentation of "the cyclic drama of life and death"—is not the most important of them. If the climate of Persia and Palestine have not prevented the writing of great poetry, neither need the climate of New South Wales. The true explanations seem to us quite independent of meteorological phenomena. In the first place, Australia has only three-fifths of the population of Canada, so that, according to the law of averages, it has only three-fifths of Canada's chances of producing a poet of consummate genius. In the second place, the Australians may reasonably urge that, if they have not got so far up Parnassus as the Canadians, they have not been so long upon the road. Canada began to be settled in 1608 and became an English possession in 1763; whereas the settlement of New South Wales only dates from 1788, and the settlements of Victoria and South Australia from 1834 and 1836 respectively. And, of course, the colonists could not be expected to begin writing poetry at once. They had first to build their houses, plant their gardens, peg out their claims, and reduce the aborigines to submission. Canada, it is clear, had a very long start of them. Canada was already a nation with an inspiring history and traditions when Australia was merely an unknown continent with penal settlements dotted along the coasts. Finally, and this seems to us the most important point of all, Canada in its early days received a far better class of emigrants than Australia; and these emigrants, first through the Jesuits and afterwards by other means, remained in closer and more constant touch with the culture and civilization of the Old World. There are few people more full of the sentiment of old romance than the French Canadians. Australia was first colonized by convicts and then by impoverished agricultural labourers, and, in spite of the

Literature Portraits.—XXIV

MR. ROBERT HICHENS.

When Mr. Hichens rose suddenly to fame and applause of the town by the production of "The Green-
tion" he did not at once reveal how wide a range he would take within the following decade. "The Green-
tion" is one of those books which can seldom, if ever, be
with any success by their authors, and Mr. Hichens has
been content to let his clever *tonc de force* stand ab-
east about for a theme and a style of another pattern in
to build up that great novel which is supposed to be
bottom of every inkstand. In several of the works which
his name, written since the appearance of "The Green-
tion," Mr. Hichens has achieved high excellence—in the
orthodox length and in collections of short stories. In
named, indeed, he has given us work which few can ma-
there seems to be an unwritten law that writers of fiction
a few favoured exceptions—may not climb to the high-
save by the production of a lengthy work. It is he
perhaps with reason, that the short story—even in its
consummate merit—is only a sketch and not a finished
and that the trick of construction is one which may be
writers entirely wanting in those qualities which are ne-
for the creation of a complete story in the grand style.

In his longer novels Mr. Hichens has taken a li-
ought surely to earn him the gratitude of those who are
of the conventions of modern fiction. Here he has e-
work upon material which, however it might be treated
scarcely resolve itself into a repetition of the stock atti-
worn-out *clichés* dear to the laborious band who cater
circulating libraries. When "Flames" appeared the
reader experienced a shock rare in his torpid existen-
did not know what to make of it, but his attitude was
main one of disapproval. The volume was read and se-
to the library as soon as pater and mater familias had do-
it, and even the writer of book notices was uncertain as
he ought to say. "Flames," in spite of its eccentric
subject and manipulation, takes precedence of any
Hichens' longer works. The appearance of such a work in-
provoked discussion, and made sharp division of ju-
and, while it would be going too far to describe it as
book, it was unquestionably a great attempt and crowned
measure of success which perhaps no other living novelist
have achieved. The spiritual struggle, manifested of-
in the opposition of light and darkness, of pleasure and
of growth and decay; the struggle for the soul of man
has been raging since the battles of Gods and Titans
exhibited in its most delicate and sublimated phase.
in what degree the tide of life which ebbs and flows arou-
swayed and enriched by the flux and motion of the con-
forces has been the chief task of poet and romancer's
days of the first story-teller. The makers of different ap-
favoured methods widely diverse for the exhibition of the
struggle, but seldom has any one chosen instruments un-
cult to control than those affected by Mr. Hichens. In "F-
the author certainly works with few characters, but each
his figures is charged with a duty so far-reaching and so

come of "the dance of the hours" as a knot worthy of such heroic solution. To the author, no doubt, the point was clear enough; but, considering the complexity of the situation, it would be unjust to treat this failure of revelation as a capital offence. Failures of this nature are not rare in novels dealing with the obvious and the commonplace, and something of the kind was bound to occur in the abnormal methods used in unravelling this particular story. To work out such a theme on these lines requires constant watchfulness, and moments must come when the perceptions of the writer and his dexterity of touch will be relaxed through overstrain, and then the blurred outlines of his figures will confess his temporary lapse.

But in certain scenes of the book Mr. Hichens has achieved a great success, scenes which would take worthy place in a novel of the highest rank. It would be hard to overpraise the skill with which Cuckoo is transformed from "The Lady of the Feathers" into a perfect and pathetic impersonation of unselfish endeavour, the victorious protagonist of good in the final struggle. The orderly movement of her upward progress is never forced. From the outset Cuckoo's action is entirely consistent, and each forward step follows inevitably on the preceding one. When the supreme crisis arises, when the little dog must needs be sold to keep Cuckoo's body alive and competent for the task she had set herself to accomplish, there is no savour of extravagance, no writing for the gallery, and a contrast at once suggests itself (as between members of the same class) between this living woman and the hawkish, sentimental doll for whom Dumas *fil*s claims our sympathies in his notorious play. It is probable that Mr. Hichens may have been indebted to Gautier's *Arstar* for the central motive of the story. If it be so, his ambition to work with more subtle combinations has led him to put aside the mere exchange of souls as too direct a method. The soul of Marr, indeed, is allowed independent play in Valentine's body; but the wanderings of Valentine's own soul, and its somewhat purposeless divagations before it goes finally to dwell with Cuckoo's as a strengthening influence, are necessarily difficult to treat, and leave the reader in a state of confusion both as to motive and method. Gautier's treatment, being far simpler, leaves no uncertainty; and, seeing how complicated a task Mr. Hichens has set himself, he was scarcely wise to jeopardize lucidity for the sake of elaboration which often proves ineffective.

Though Mr. Hichens has put aside occultism in "The Slave," he has built up his story out of materials which are something more than abnormal. The chief actors are presented in a form too *bizarre* to let them enlist very much sympathy for themselves; we can only wonder and pass on. Cuckoo, even with the supplementary soul exhibited in the flames in her eyes, has infinitely more verisimilitude than Lady Caryll, or Sir Reuben, or M. Anceau in their sanest moments. But, though the figures themselves are impossible, the drama they enact is coherent and fascinating on account of its skilful construction and legitimate sequence of cause and effect. Though we feel certain that nothing like these people ever existed in the flesh we have to admit that, for what they are, they act consistently. Revolting as it is, Caryll's final move to recover her emerald does not mark a descent too deep for a woman under such obsession to compass. In the minor incidents of the story there is plentiful humanity and verisimilitude in the figures of Aubrey and of Diamond; the last-named, indeed, gives convincing proof that Mr. Hichens can draw a pure-hearted, noble girl on natural lines with the same artistic competence that he showed in his

craftsmanship; to write a good farcical story as great a boon on society; and, to judge from the way it is written, must be the more difficult feat of the two. "The Londoners" would be hard to find more than "The Londoners" is not moved by horseplay alone. The book is long and comic situations, and it is nothing to let dull people often dislike it, and cannot imagine people would ever behave like the Bun Emperor.

Mr. Hichens' taste and imagination drift naturally to the whimsical and the abnormal. To construct artistically a long story on these lines is difficult, and I doubt on this account that the best of his writing is in his shorter tales. "A Charmer of Snakes," "Sea Change," and "William Forster" rank among short stories. In "An Echo in Egypt" in brief with the motive of "Flames," and he has a central idea of "A Silent Guardian," not altogether fully, in his novel "An Imaginative Man."

Mr. Hichens has certainly created a public, and in days it might have passed for an important one. It is as nothing compared with the mass which needs no edition after edition of quasi-religious fustian, posturings of a set of antique marionettes, ne through a set of stereotyped incidents, and emotion. The carelessness of the million whether what it reads has literary value or not is discouraging, but, in the hands of the charlatan, our age is not without a school which spends themselves in endeavouring to fathom the mysteries of life, in exhibiting the difficulties of life, and a little too solemnly here and there—their remark which applies especially to a select group of people who have discovered the anodyne virtues of Roman Catholicism—never weary of displaying their new conviction of the persistence of children just come home from school.

To pass to the question whether Mr. Hichens' erratic productions can be placed in line with those contemporary novels which have been written to sell, but for the benefit of those who are prepared to pay over what they read, it is to be feared that the most friendly critic will be that they cannot. But there are there in plenty, wide sympathy and an abundant intellectual activity. What is lacking is concentration, of welding ideas together into a few personalities instead of letting them merely cor page as brilliant phantasms. Mr. Hichens has a constructive instinct rather than constructive vision of the masque of life float in embarras before his eyes, but he is less fain to seize upon and compel it into dramatic or epic symmetry than to beautify and present it by itself as something in the play of life, in cold detachment from the world which rage around the borders of the calmest existence. In spite of his evident disinclination to pose as a philosopher, his more serious novels—of "Flames" emerge as moral lessons by the inherent force therein displayed. Vice is never made at once, and occasionally it may seem to lose part of its deformity about through the pure humanity of the dramatic.

For some years Mr. Hichens has been writing on many subjects, and now his admirers begin to feel that he never writes supremely well upon one. It is a pity that Shakespeare or Goethe who can range the whole

ment is one which inclines to the appreciation of the picture held up to the light rather than to the thought of any working which may ensue from its exhibition to the world. With many of those who admire and delight in his writings there dwells a lurking doubt that he takes nothing seriously; that the working out of any of the more weighty problems of life in a story would fall to interest, or even bore him; that, while carefully avoiding a repetition of the form of his first great success, he has let the spirit of it permeate a good part of what he has written since, and they recall *parade* echoes of the sparkling paradoxes enunciated in Mrs. Windsor's garden. In a word Mr. Hichens will have to unlearn something before he can give to the world that great book which will justify the confidence of his admirers and earn the final reward which his high qualities deserve.

W. G. WATERS.

The seven stages of Mr. Hichens' career are given—presumably by himself—in "Who's Who" as follows:—"After leaving Clifton College fell in love with music, and resolved to be musician; studied at Bristol and in London for some years; meanwhile wrote and published many lyrics for music, some recitations and short stories; finally resolved to abandon music for literature; studied for a year at the London School of Journalism; since then has written regularly for various newspapers; at present on staff of the *World*, &c." His first publication was "The Coastguard's Secret," written at the age of seventeen, but it was not until 1894—thirteen years later—that he began the series of books with which his name is generally associated. "The Green Carnation" was brought out by Mr. Heinemann in September of that year in his half-crown "Pioneer Series," and was described by a well-known weekly at the time as "the most impudent piece of fiction we have ever met with." There was such a run on the book that it had to be reprinted twice during the following month, and again in the spring of 1895. Its fifth edition (May, 1896) is still selling in the same series. "An Imaginative Man" followed "The Green Carnation" in 1895 as a six-shilling novel, and continues to be published in that form, like most of Mr. Hichens' books, by Mr. Heinemann. "The Folly of Eustace" appeared next (1896), the half-dozen stories included in the volume coming from the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *New Review*, *Temple Bar*, and the *World*, though the tale which gave its title to the collection was new. "Flames" was published by Mr. Heinemann in 1897, and has sold well ever since, reaching its fourth edition only a few months ago. Mr. Hichens' second volume of short stories, "Byways," also appeared in 1897—this time through Messrs. Methuen—mainly reprinted from various periodicals, and including "A Tribute of Souls," which he wrote with Lord Frederick Hamilton for the *Pall Mall Magazine*. "Byways" is now in its second edition. "The Londoners" was published by Mr. Heinemann in the spring of 1898, and went into its third edition in the same year. It was again reprinted in November last. "The Slave" followed through the same publisher in 1899, and now sells in a second edition. It was in 1899, too, that Mr. Hichens wrote "The Daughters of Babylon" (Macqueen) in conjunction with Mr. Wilson Barrett. He published "Tongues of Conscience" last year with Messrs. Methuen (the book is now in its second edition), and on the 25th inst. his new long novel, "The Prophet of Berkeley Square," will appear with the same firm.

The National Home-Reading Union has just opened its thirteenth reading season. The Secretary writes:—"The union exists to give guidance to readers in the choice of books and to lay open the attractions of study to those who cannot as yet be classed as readers. For this purpose lists of books are drawn up and articles contributed to the society's magazines by some of our foremost teachers. The lists cover a wide range of subjects—the beginning of colonial enterprise, nature-study, the Far East, the history of education, Victor

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A CRITIC

Another "Personal View."

A month or two ago I happened to say something, in a magazine article, about Mr. Stephen Gwynn's view that is only one way to become a critic of any consequence, is by practising the art you criticize." The other Mr. Gwynn apologized for a somewhat belated reply to my allusions on the score of absence in a remote land of holidays; he must now offer him the same excuse. When his article in *Literature* appeared I was in a remote lagoon of holidays, and really cannot tackle questions of criticism.

A travers la folle risée
Que Saint-Marc renvoie au Lido.

Many things, important enough in London, acquire a strange insignificance to a loafer in a gondola, and of Stephen Gwynn from that deceptive point of view seems to almost human dimensions. Now I am home again I hope, see these literary questions in their proper proportion. I wish I could say the same thing of Mr. Gwynn. He says that my article, though it had an inoffensive tone in reality, for the most part, an attack upon his harmful *dictum*; whereupon he calls me his antagonist, says I have little peace to be had in the same world with me, and that to the lion of Scripture seeking whom he may devour. The fact (which I have just verified with a foot-rule) is that in eight columns, my article devoted to Mr. Gwynn's opinions just half a column and no more. Thus he sees nearly sixteen times bigger than they are. This arithmetical consideration greatly relieves my mind. It enables me to discount the violence of Mr. Gwynn's censure ninety-six per cent. The margin is so small that I shall one day be fast friends.

But we shall have to be friends who agree to differ on a fundamental point—the true nature of criticism. Mr. Gwynn chides me for calling criticism an art, and says it is only a process. So that Walter Pater, say, was an artist when he created and exhibited the feelings of Marius the Epicurean and was rated into a mere business man when he analyzed and exhibited the pictorial qualities of Sandro Botticelli. The result is absurd, yet many people no less acute than Mr. Gwynn have failed to perceive it. That is because they have never succeeded in dismissing from their minds that criterion of "creation." The dramatist, the novelist, the poet, "creates," whereas, the critic, they say (Mr. Swinburne and others, very vehemently), "creates" nothing. The simple truth is that they are all creators, and what they all create is criticism. And the raw material out of which they create is emotion. And the raw material out of which they create is each case the same—namely, themselves. Criticism, like any other art, is a mode of self-expression. "Pour être critique devrait dire: Messieurs, je vais parler de moi-même de Shakespeare, de Racine, ou de Pascal, ou de

once and for all of that old fallacy that criticism is not "creative," for he shows that the mere enjoyment of æsthetic pleasure—i.e., criticism before it reaches the stage of expression—always involves an element of unconscious creation.

When absorbed in the beauty of nature we do in fact appear to ourselves to be entirely receptive; but in truth our enjoyment, if the enjoyment has any æsthetic value at all, is always more or less derived from the activity of our own mind. It does not matter much, from the psychological point of view, whether we make an abortive but original effort to select and arrange the impressions which we receive, as is the case when a new aspect of nature delights us, or whether we merely reproduce at second-hand the impression originally arranged by an artist, as happens when we admire a statue, or recognize in a landscape some effect Turner has recorded. In any case the passive attitude can never be explained without reference to the active one.

It is time to have done, then, with the old nonsense about critics creating nothing, and with its attendant fallacy that while the novelist, say, is an artist, the critic is not. They are both in the same boat. The novelist narrates the adventures of Harry Richmond or Tom Jones and the critic "the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." And both narratives may be art.

I come to Mr. Gwynn's main point—"I assert again that the men who have written the criticism which throws most light on the subject which they had to criticize were men who had tried their hand at art, not as amateurs, but with serious creative purpose"—and, asserting this, Mr. Gwynn is driven to the remarkable conclusion that R. L. Stevenson is a better critic than Mr. Leslie Stephen. This judgment, taken as it stands, seems sufficiently *augurren*. One would say it was uttered for a bet. But, fortunately, Mr. Gwynn goes on to explain what he means, and, with the explanation, the difference between us—friends once more!—vanishes away. For the critics Mr. Gwynn is thinking of, it seems, are "the men who can show to those who are learning to read and learning to write what the art of literature really means." The fact is, when Mr. Gwynn says "criticism," he means, all the time, "technical criticism," criticism as a piece of didactic. And so, all the time, he and I have been arguing about different things, and he has called me antagonist, lion of Scripture, "postifere ou postiféré" (as Paul Louis Courier said in another controversy), when all the time I was his friend. I was considering criticism as the valuation of pleasure, and he as the valuation of methods; I as the contemplation of the thing done, and he as the examination of the way to do it. In short, I was considering the critic as a Hazlitt or a Flaubert; he as the author of "How to write a good play" (you will still find that quaint work in the 4d. box) or "How to sketch from nature in ten lessons" (see advertisements). So now I quite understand why Mr. Gwynn has learnt more about acting from M. Coquelin than from Saxeey—though, I cannot help saying, parenthetically, that the particular question on which he found M. Coquelin so illuminating—the question whether the actor in playing a king should make himself as well as other people believe that he is a king—has been discussed

argument of his:—"If a man paints his picture, for the thing which he desires to illuminate, there is no use in it. If he meant to convey the character of a head, what is Mr. Gwynn's conclusion? That the critic should learn to paint or—yes, here it is, in black and white—sort a great deal with artists." *Sapristi!* Enquiring you to come and live with him before he can make you see whether he is painting character or not, the answer is plain? The technical means are in the artist alone; it is his business to make his meaning as clear as possible. And, as for critics, there is, of course, no excuse between lack of technical experience and absolute inability. I can tell a hexameter when I see one, though I have never written one. Mr. Gwynn wrings this deplorable admission from me, I suppose, for verse in my life. And I know a piece of Sèvres, though I have never even touched a lump of porcelain. It is not for me to deny the need for the critic of technical means. But the art whose technique he has to master if he can, is the art of criticism. What is the critic of painting? I should say the man who has seen good pictures in the world, and studied and compared them, and lived with them. Mr. Gwynn would say the man who has dabbed a canvas—or lived with artists. The truth is, I daresay for the satisfaction of calling me an amateur of Scripture, which shows a sporting instinct, and which has revived the most ancient of controversies as to whether the proof of the pudding is in the eating, in Mary Jane's intentions when boiling it. In any event, this controversy was long ago settled by the fact that who ever practised the art he criticized—one of the first rules of criticism. Mr. Gwynn turn to his "Politics" Bk. III., and he will read:—"Thus it is not the builder alone who is to criticize the merits of a house; the person who lives in it, the householder, is actually a better judge; the pilot is a better judge of a helm than a carpenter; the company of a dinner than the cook." I leave the tender mercies of Mr. Gwynn. He is dead, so I cannot be called "lion of Scripture."

A. I.

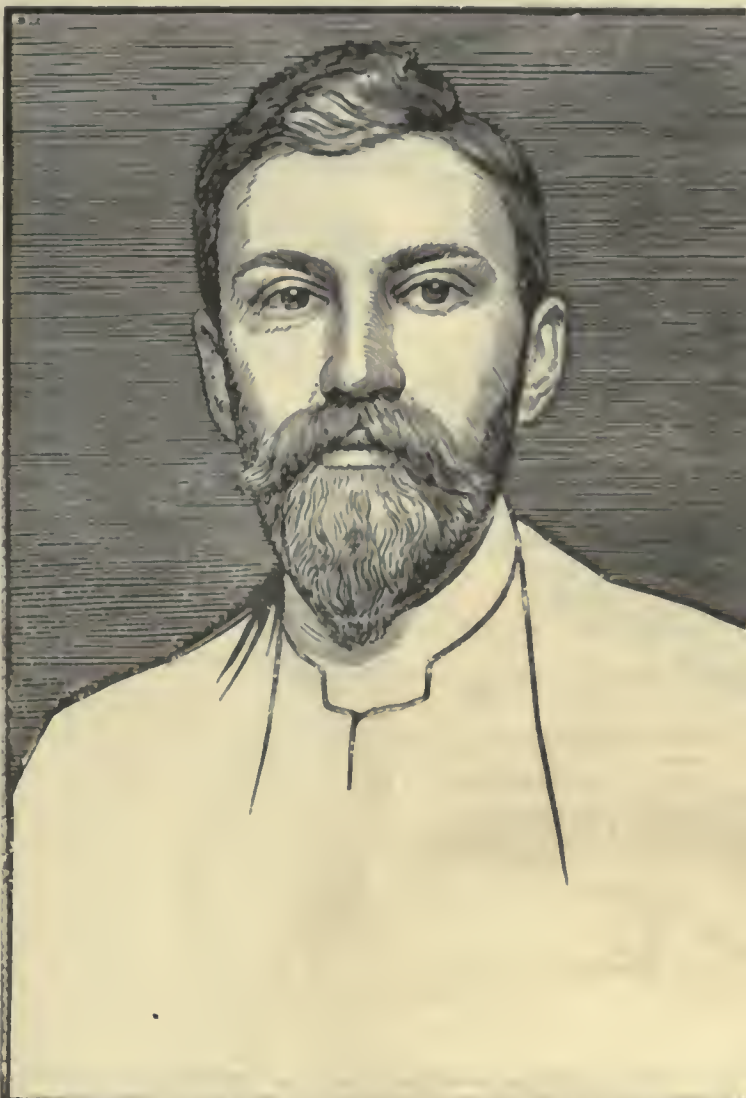
OUR YOUNGER POETS.

Mr. William Archer is master of a very large and analytic faculties co-extensive with his æsthetic and we doubt whether any contemporary critic is better than he for the task he undertakes in giving some qualities of the younger poets whose positions are to be uncontested. It demands a catholicity of sympathy of many people possess, and which he frankly confesses, and again, too much for him. He cannot envisage, for instance, from the point of view of Mr. Laurence, lacks all clue in his own experience to the process of mind. This is candid, and the more so because Mr. Archer has discovered what lies "at the heart of the thinking"—viz., "a genuine Confucius."

Unquestionably the poets are greatly in his debt. He has tempered his appreciations of them with a good deal of criticism, but not in any case to the detriment of the reputations which they have earned. No matter what he may say in private, the poet does want the public to know of his achievements and his needs, and the effect of this book must be to make known or to recall a great deal that has either been overlooked or has lost its appeal to the purchasers of books. And we confess that we are, on general grounds, glad to see a book of this kind. A little while ago Mr. Stopford Brooke complained—we forget his exact words—that he was tired of hearing the latest new versifier acclaimed as a new Shakespeare or Milton. It is, we know, a common belief that this kind of exaggeration is usual among critics; but in the case of poets, at any rate, Mr. Stopford Brooke's complaint seemed to be founded on the common belief only, and not on a real experience. As far as our observation has gone, certainly, we have not found the younger poets overwhelmed with this excessive praise; we have only found them ignored. And yet there is undoubtedly at the present moment a large output of verse which is sincere, careful, varied, in the main thoroughly wholesome, and which, if a judicious selection be made from it, attains a really high standard of quality. This augurs well both for the culture of the nation and for the future of English poetry, and it is good that attention should be focussed to this feature of our literary life.

Who, then, are the select few whom Mr. Archer's searchlight discovers wandering on the slopes of Parnassus? He is more exacting—numerically—than was Mr. Traill in his famous list of "minor poets," and indeed Mr. Archer expressly deprecates the notion that he is dealing with "minor poets" at all; the term, as he rightly says, has become a "supercilious catch-word," and has had "a depressing and sterilizing effect." The principle of Mr. Archer's choice has been that the poets he selects are "more or less on probation." They are as follows:—H. C. Beeching, A. C. Benson, Laurence Binyon, Alice Brown, Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, A. T. Quiller Couch, F. B. Money Coultis, John Davidson, Mrs. Hinkson, Nora Hopper (Mrs. Chesson), A. E. Housman, Laurence Housman, Richard Hovey, Rudyard Kipling, Richard Le Gallienne, Mrs. Meynell, E. Nesbit (Mrs. Bland), Henry Newbolt, Stephen Phillips, Mrs. Radford, C. G. D. Roberts, G. Santayana, Duncan Campbell Scott, Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Shorter), Arthur Symonds, J. B. Tabb, Francis Thompson, F. H. Trench, Mrs. Marriott Watson, William Watson, Mrs. Woods, W. B. Yeats. How many of these thirty-three names, we wonder, are familiar to the "average reader," even to the average reader who is "fond of poetry"? And yet Mr. Archer in the extracts which he has selected, with great judgment, from their writings is able to show that every one of them possesses real poetical merit, and deserves a hearing. It is impossible and, indeed, unnecessary for us to enter closely into Mr. Archer's estimate of individual poets.

very suggestive essay is that on Mr. Kipling, the whose genius Mr. Archer thinks to be the "eternally romantic in the unflinchingly real." Some surprised to find Mr. Kipling here at all. That this essay, like that on Mr. Davidson, is by complete. The book is one of those which the war back. It was ready for publication in 1899, and although matter has in some cases been added to meet the developing the last two years, this is not so with Mr. Kipling, and no mention of "The Recessional," an omission which is an appreciation of the different sides of Mr. Kipling.



REV. H. C. BEECHING

Mr. Beeching, besides being a poet, has published sermons and essays, edited many reprints, and is known as the author of the witty and scholarly "Pages from a Private Diary" and "Conference Books and Men." He is Chaplain in Lincoln's Inn.

certainly inadequate. The two years which have in have wrought other changes which tend to read superior. If Mr. Archer had been writing now (the

Roberts, and Mr. Bliss Carman. We confess we are sorry that Mr. Archer did not succeed in finding any one from Australia worthy of a niche in his temple. His range covers the English-speaking world, and it is curious, perhaps significant, that he should have found only two poets from America, a circumstance which he kindly attributes to "the hopelessness of attempting to do more than cull a flower here and there in so vast and luxuriant a prairie." One of the Americans, Mr. Richard Hovey—the other is Mr. Madison Cawein—wrote in the spirit and style of Whitman. He unhappily died while the

read, in the interest of the many lyrical singers who have recently found expression in these columns.

With the quality or the finality of Mr. Archer we are not, as we have said, at present concerned. We are much more likely to read his prose than his poems, and he may succeed in directing the attention of others who sincerely believe to be noteworthy in the new poets amongst his contemporaries.

ACROSS THE B

EDINBURGH,

Professor Sayce has paid a visit to Edinburgh. He has made the visit because he finds that it combines a number of advantages." What advantages may be he does not say, but they can hardly be advantages of a visit to Stevenson, who was a native of the place, and had nothing to say in the "east-windy, west-endy cap" of the city. There are certain advantages on the side of literature, such as the Advocates' and the Signet. And there is a good deal to be said in the literary world, although it is hardly a literary Edinburgh. The drawing power of the city is great.

The Rev. Dr. Hastings, the great "Bible Dictionary" man, has published in sections by Messrs. T & A. Co. He has resigned his ministerial chair in favour of one at St. Cyrus. Dr. Hastings, it is understood, will change in order to get more time for his work. The freedom of Kilmarlock was presented to Sir Archibald Hunter on Monday, when he distributes the freedom to the local Volunteers. At the same time will be published a volume of the front, entitled "Outposts and the Ayrshire Volunteers in South Scotland," written by the local writer of the volume, which is Sir Archibald Hunter, is Sergeant Hunter, who had some interesting experiences in the captive trekking with De Wet. The volume is published by Messrs. Dunlop and Drennan.

The articles on the various philosophies, such as Hume and Kant, in Messrs. Nelson's new Encyclopedia, which is making steady progress, the editorship of Mr. George Buchanan, being written by Mr. Hector Buchanan, whose portrait we published in number on June 8. Mr. Mac-



Mrs. Hinkson's last volume of verse was "The Wind in the Trees," 1898. She has also published a good many novels. She was born and educated in Ireland, but now lives in London.

book was in manuscript, and his portrait is therefore separated from the others by being placed in the frontispiece. These portraits—large woodcuts by Mr. Robert Bryden, whose work is very familiar to readers of *Literature*, are a notable feature of

editor of the *Edinburgh Evening News*, is also a volume dealing with Hume, somewhat on the line of the masterly work on Herbert Spencer. His monograph on "The Scottish Novel" was one of the best in the

the business was almost entirely confined to the publication of subscription works issued in parts. With the publication of Mr. Henley's Centenary Burns the firm came into more general prominence, and that prominence has since been extended by the publication of the "Edinburgh Waverley." The new Lockhart is to be in ten volumes, with a series of 100 photogravures, eighty of which are portraits of Scott's ancestors, family, household friends, and contemporaries. Some of these portraits have never before been reproduced, and they are now made available by the special permission of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. "The Scott Country" is another book for lovers of Waverley. It is coming from Messrs. A. and C. Black, and is from the pen of the Rev. W. S. Crockett, the minister of Tweedsmuir. Mr. Crockett, who is no relation of the novelist, though he is generally supposed to be, is a native of Thomas the Rhymer's Earlsdon and is an authority on Border history and literature. His new book will take in practically the whole of the Border country, though it is meant to be of special interest to lovers of Scott. It will have close on 150 illustrations, many of them quite new, including a photograph of the grave of Scott's "Willie Laddlaw" at Contin, near Dingwall. Messrs. Jack, by the way, have also a new Shakespeare, which appeared in our list of books last week.

Mention has already been briefly made in these columns of the unique version of the New Testament in "braird Scots," just published by Mr. Gardner, of Paisley. The only thing of the kind hitherto attempted was the late Dr. Hately Waddell's vernacular version of the Psalms. This new rendering is by the Rev. William Wye Smith, a veteran of eighty-six, who, though of Scottish extraction, has never been in Scotland. He is a retired Congregational minister living at Brantford, Ontario, and has acted as Scottish expert on the "Standard Dictionary," published in New York. His version of the New Testament will be of considerable interest to students of the Scots dialect. It appears to be very well done. The notes are certainly racy, and the page headings strike us as being particularly good. Mr. Gardner continues to take the lead in the publishing of books dealing with peculiarly Scottish themes. One of the parish histories on his list—the history of Kilbarchan, by the Rev. R. D. Mackenzie—should prove of more than local interest. Kilbarchan is near the birthplace of Wallace, and Knox's family belonged to the neighbourhood. The famous "Habbie Simpson" of Scottish song was also a native. Visitors to the ancient town of Lanark are interested in the quaint statue of Wallace which finds a quainter situation in the steeple of the parish church. There is, we believe, only one other similarly-placed statue in the country; it is the statue of Habbie Simpson, the piper of Kilbarchan, in the steeple of the parish church there. The new historian is the parish minister, who will no doubt be found to have made a good use of his special opportunities. Another book coming from the same house deserves general notice—viz., "The Ancient Castles and Mansions of Stirling Nobility," by Mr. J. S. Fleming. The author is a Stirling lawyer, and has already written at least a couple of works on local antiquities. Among new editions we note the Memoir of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, written a good many years ago by his daughter, Mrs. Garden, who is still living, at an advanced age, in Aberdeen. This will be edited by Sir George Douglas, who contributed the monograph on Hogg to the "Famous Scots" Series.

All those who are interested in Scotch literature will have noticed the announcement (which appeared in *Literature* of

The "Reporting Reminiscences" of Mr. William Carnegie, promised for early publication by the Aberdeen Press, will be a much more important work than its title to indicate. Mr. Carnegie has in later years been known as the treasurer of the Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, 1862, when he was appointed to that post, he was exclusively a Pressman. He edited the *Aberdeen Free Press* some years; acted also as correspondent for *The Scotsman*, and wrote a weekly column of county and city news for the *Bangor Journal*. He has done some notable verse, particularly in the local dialect, which he writes ever Dr. George MacDonald has done, and his "Psalter," of which a new edition has quite recently been published, has sold in thousands. Mr. Carnegie's "Reminiscences" cover only the first ten years of his life, but his intention is to bring the record down to date.

THE DRAMA.

"THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING BIRD" "A TIGHT CORNER."

Mr. Isaac Henderson's new play at Wyndham Theatre, *The Mummy and the Humming Bird*, is a tissue of commonplaces and conventions. Its hero is a man of science and a realist. Why a man of science? In order that we may see the differentia of the scientific man, the influence of specialization upon character, or the dramatic side, the sorrows, of patient research? By no means; but in order that the hero may be clumsy and bespectacled in the clouds, "unmindful of the clock, so that he keeps the dressed ladies waiting for dinner. That is, he is the man as seen from the standpoint of the kitchen. He is whom Molly the Cook says, "Lor', master is that untidylike!" Poor Molly stands excused, for she is better; what is inexcusable is that Mr. Henderson does no better or chooses to assume that we, his audience, are better. And why is the hero a peer? Because, rank in the hero is essential to the scheme of the play all; but partly (I guess) because the audience, as readers familiar with the names of Lord Kelvin, Lord Kelvin, others, are expected to take an interest in scientific matters, partly because even the best of actors have an absurd fondness for stago titles (or Victoria Crosses—in France, at the Comédie Française, actors will take an inferior part if they put a red ribbon in its button-hole), and partly because audiences are supposed to contain a large percentage of naval officers. One of the subordinate characters is a naval officer. Why a naval officer? In order that he may use nautical terms in talking to ladies—a habit about as likely to exalt a real naval officer as the habit of saying "Belay that!" "Shiver my timbers!" Why a peer? Because our model naval officer is Lord Charles Beresford. The villain is an Italian and an "amatory" poet and wears a moustache. Why? Because that is the point of the kitchen or (not to be too hard on the kitchen, which, known, perhaps contains as much good sense as the drama) the point of view of the people who romanticize life materials supplied by penny novelettes, wherein the hero is always six feet high and in evening dress, foreigners are wicked, poetry is suspect, and pointed moustaches are

eyes on the Italian with the pointed moustache her fate will be sealed. You see, she must have love. It is all her husband's fault if she is driven to seek it from the nearest bystander. Frou-Frou's husband would persist in poring over his horrid diplomatic despatches, and so left her to flirt with Valreas. *Tant pis!* So it was with the young wife in Mr. Carton's *Wheels within Wheels*. So it was with the young wife of the aged historian in *La Petite Marquise* of Meilhac and Halévy. So it is with Mr. Isaac Henderson's young woman. *Tant pis!* They must have love, these ladies—because the author must have a scene in which they compromise themselves, and are or are not, as the case may be, rescued from disgrace by their magnanimous husbands.

Mr. Henderson's rescue-scene is ingenious enough, considered as a game of hide-and-seek behind doors and curtains. Suppose Sir Peter Teazle to come to Joseph Surface's library, knowing that Lady Teazle is there, and, what is more, knowing that she is behind the screen all the time of his conversation with Joseph. Suppose, further, that, while he artfully gets Joseph to turn his back for a moment, he whisks his wife away from the back of the screen and out of the room, so that when the screen falls there is nothing there and Sir Peter can go away comfortably, with his wife's reputation saved, and a little anecdote for his friends that it must have been "a little French milliner" after all. Well, that, or something not very unlike it, is Mr. Henderson's plan. When the "guilty pair" (though the lady's guilt, like Lady Teazle's, is only potential) are disturbed by the husband at the door, the lover looks the wife up in the next room. Is my wife here? asks the peer. Certainly not, he is answered; but he surprises a glance of the villain in the direction of the locked door. On a pretence he gets the man to leave the room, and (like Charles Surface) "has her out." "Run downstairs, and jump into the brougham at the door—if not, I blow your Italian friend's brains out." Off she goes—and when the villain returns the peer quietly wishes him good night. Then with a triumphant leer, the villain opens the door of the next room. Empty! Curtain. . . . For this kind of adventure there is always a theatrical public, and that particular public will not in the least object to Mr. Henderson's conventions and commonplace of character and ideas—will probably rather like them—and with only a half-conscious feeling of disappointment in fading players like Mr. Wyndham and Miss Lena Ashwell cast for parts which are only parts and not human beings.

I spoke just now, with too little charity, perhaps, of Molly the Cook, her views of life and romance. Miss Kate Phillips puts me to shame by playing Molly the Cook as Molly really is (with just the necessary touch of footlight-exaggeration allowed for), a very simple, sentimental, faithful, candid, and womanly person. Molly is in love with a strange gentleman of glib address, and, indeed, literary allusiveness (oh! that allusiveness! even the burglars have caught the trick—Mr. Andrew Lang has much to answer for), who is mistaken for the husband of a magistrate's daughter and takes advantage of the mistake to pocket the magistrate's *brech-brie* under his very nose. These things happen in Mr. Sidney Bowkett's farce *A Tight Corner*, at Terry's Theatre. It is not a good farce, and Mr. James Welch's "patter" part rapidly becomes tiresome. But one is ready to forgive much for that natural little sketch of Miss Phillips'.

A. B. WALKLEY.

The Playgoer, of which we have received the first number, is, in appearance, much like the other popular illustrated magazines. The catholicity of its aims answers from the fact

CURRENT LITERATURE

MR. LANG'S "MARY STUART"

THE MYSTERY OF MARY STUART. By ANDREW LANG.
(Longmans. 18s.)

Well says Mr. Lang, in the introduction to "Mystery of Mary Stuart," that Queen Mary's has been best served by her accusers—most defenders. Her contemporary enemies were in convict her of crime that they neglected the ordi of checking dates and lacked either the courage or foresight to preserve incriminating documents champions have done her far more mischief than extreme instance was given in Mr. Cowan's book in these columns. Therefore, it was with much we began to cut the leaves of yet another agitating theme. We imagined that Mr. Lang, distaste for the Scottish reformers and with all ness for beauty in distress, could scarcely be ex the searchlight with unflinching nerve and stead him injustice. He has performed his task with w when he desisted where it was leading him, reluctant conscientiousness."

The case [says he] is really a political investigation cannot be too anxious. . . . book I have followed, as Socrates advises, w led me. Several conclusions or theories which me, and seemed convincing, have been ruined by of fresh evidence, and have been withdrawn.

He has collated narratives with extraordinary confronted witnesses with each other, sifting the testing their motives with exemplary impartial sterilizing treatment which, in less accomplished have drained the story of all its sap, and sacrificed the frigid shrine of accuracy.

Alas! the result of his labour tends the s of less scrupulous partisans of the Queen of Scots fresh is proved against her, but the pressure increased. We fancy that Mr. Lang set to proving that the Casket Letters were forged. Logon has led him further than ever from such p with they may have been; it is not unlikely and garbled in translation and re-translation theory that they were wholly forged can scarce any longer. Henceforward the memory of the of Scots will be cherished no whit the less tender shrouded in parts under a mist of blood and tear.

Without falsifying the standard of good eternal, or it is naught—Mr. Lang has prefaced his case by a convincing review of the state of which Mary came to lead, and by vivid portraits and secondary actors in the tragedy.

Mary was sorely basted [he writes] bet Food, the Furlous Man, the Puritan brother Willie (Machiavelli) as the Scots nicknamed I was absolutely alone. There was no man trust. On every hand were known rebels half reconciled. Fends—above all that of

believe. Ample evidence is here to justify the portrait in Ayton's poem. Vicious, reckless, and heartless beyond the measure of common men, Bothwell was cultivated and courtly, wrote a neat Italian hand in the latest mode, collected books which he cared to have nicely bound, and was cool enough to cite classical precedent in moments of mortal peril; altogether just such a fascinating rogue as to captivate the fancy of a clever woman.

About Darnley, the *gentil hulaudéu*, there has never been much disguise: he stands in Mr. Lang's gallery as the world has known him. As to Moray and Morton, we are not so easily convinced. True, they were unscrupulous in act to a degree which, at this day, is scarcely to be reconciled with any standard of right doing: but we hardly think that Mr. Lang has assigned enough value to the conviction which possessed these powerful men of the hopelessness of ending the chronic anarchy of Scotland, save by cutting off for good and all the fatal league with France, establishing good and lasting relations with England, and settling the Reformed Religion upon a firm base.

"Moray, to Mr. Fronde, seemed 'noble and stainless.' He was a man of his time—a time when every traitor or assassin had 'God' and 'honour' for ever on his lips. At the hypocrisies and falsehoods of his party, Moray 'looked through his fingers.'" Nevertheless, Mr. Lang, after glancing at his excessive caution and constant eye to the main chance, sums him up as "a strong, patient, cautious man, capable of deep reserve, in his family relations—financial matters apart—unsterely moral. Moray would have made an excellent king." But Morton is shown in a far more sinister light. "A red-handed murderer, living in open adultery with the widow of Captain Cullen, whom he had hanged . . . his private life was notoriously profligate; he added avarice to his other and more genial peccadilloes." Upon this we would only remark that the custom of the age counts for something, and that the hopeless insanity of his countess was reckoned, according to the measure of those exceedingly practical days, as some palliation for Morton's undoubted immorality. Further, although like James III., he was suspected of avarice and peculation, it has never been proved that the Church revenues which Morton intercepted by means of his "trechan" Bishops were applied otherwise than in the service of the neediest State in Christendom. Undoubtedly he was one of Mary's most formidable enemies; but Mr. Lang, while citing the document lately discovered at Cambridge which tends to prove his active co-operation in Darnley's murder, does not refer to the Protestant Calderwood's assertion that it was owing to Morton's intercession that the Queen's life was spared after her surrender at Carberry.

But we must hasten on to the Casket Letters, for it is the examination of these and the circumstances under which they came to light which constitute the purpose and interest of this volume. These circumstances and the nature of the documents in the casket are matters of common knowledge; but, having regard to the discrepancies in dates contained in the letters and the looseness of the chronology of witnesses (pardonable enough in days when newspapers were not in every house to remind people of the days of week and month), it is useful rapidly to rehearse the sequence of events.

Darnley was murdered on the 10th February, 1567; on the 24th April the arch-assassin, Bothwell, carried off his widow with a show of force, married her on the 15th May, and slipped away from her on the 15th June, when she surrendered to the Lords at Carberry. On the 17th (some say the 16th) she was imprisoned in Loch Leven Castle. On the 10th, Bothwell's

guilty love for Bothwell and her eager and active in the murderous plot against her husband.

The mystery had its birth in the amazingly slipshod by the lords of such dangerous material. Precious becomes of supreme importance. In December following justified themselves before Parliament, for their role in Mary and putting her in prison, by declaring that they had revealed to them her guilt. The letters never their hands until Mary had been at least three days. Lethington, once Mary's trusted secretary, now being on the very day of the finding of the casket was adducing these letters as the very "ground of the late and honourable cause." Grave reason, here, for forgery; but, although Edinburgh abounded with enough for such a job, there were few, very few, who attempt to simulate the delicate Italian handwriting of the letters.

Suspicion against the lords is deepened by the incredible carelessness in subsequent dealings with the documents. Moray and the other Scottish commissioners to Norfolk and the English commissioners at York in October when the originals of the Casket Letters were shown to Norfolk. But when the Westminster Commissioners in November to consider the charges against Mary, the letters were submitted and translations, hurriedly made. None of the contents of the casket was submitted; no minutes of proceedings at the opening of the casket on 21st November. Morton merely put in his account of the affair, none any other present at the opening, being submitted to the Lords. "I do not," says Mr. Lang, "profess to believe, even strongly inclined to believe, that there was any forgery of Mary's writings, except in the case of the letter never found. But, if forgery there was, our scraps and hints of evidence to Lethington as manager of the plot." He is even loath to consider the sonnets as forgeries.

Nothing is less likely than that a forger would undertake such a task as forging verses by Mary; nor do we know of one among her enemies who could have produced the letters if he had the will. To suspect Buchanan is grotesque. Meanwhile, I am obliged to share the opinion of Fénélon, that, as proof of Mary's passion for Bothwell, the sonnets are stronger evidence than the letters, and are open to suspicion than some parts of the letters.

Into the internal discrepancies of chronology in the letters and the manner in which Mr. Lang shows how they tally with the actual known facts we cannot enter in detail. He has brought to his task the patience and acumen of a detective; he has kept an open mind upon a question never before been approached without prejudice, and has failed to redeem the Queen of Scots from a terrible fate. Will the question ever receive a more confident answer?

MUSIC.

Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn's music is so often judged from a point of view that Mr. Stephen S. Stratton's estimate of his powers in *Mendelssohn* (The Master Series, Dent, 4s.6d. n.) is most welcome. As Mr. Stratton points out, after Mendelssohn's death the adulation which he had in his life-time was followed by depreciation. No extreme facility was fatal to the permanence of

vative England . . . but was it necessary to exalt it at the expense of Mendelssohn? The stage holds the mirror up to nature; music mirrors the man who creates it. The rugged, lofty-souled Beethoven portrays himself in his music. The boundless imagination, the princely splendour of thought and habit of Wagner, are reflected in his vast designs, and the prodigal display of means in his scores. The cultivated, refined, precise, and orderly disposition of Mendelssohn found expression in music, polished, beautifully balanced in harmony and phrase, and worked out with consummate skill and address. Nothing vague, no redundant bars, but everything in correct form, symmetry being as it were a law of his nature. . . .

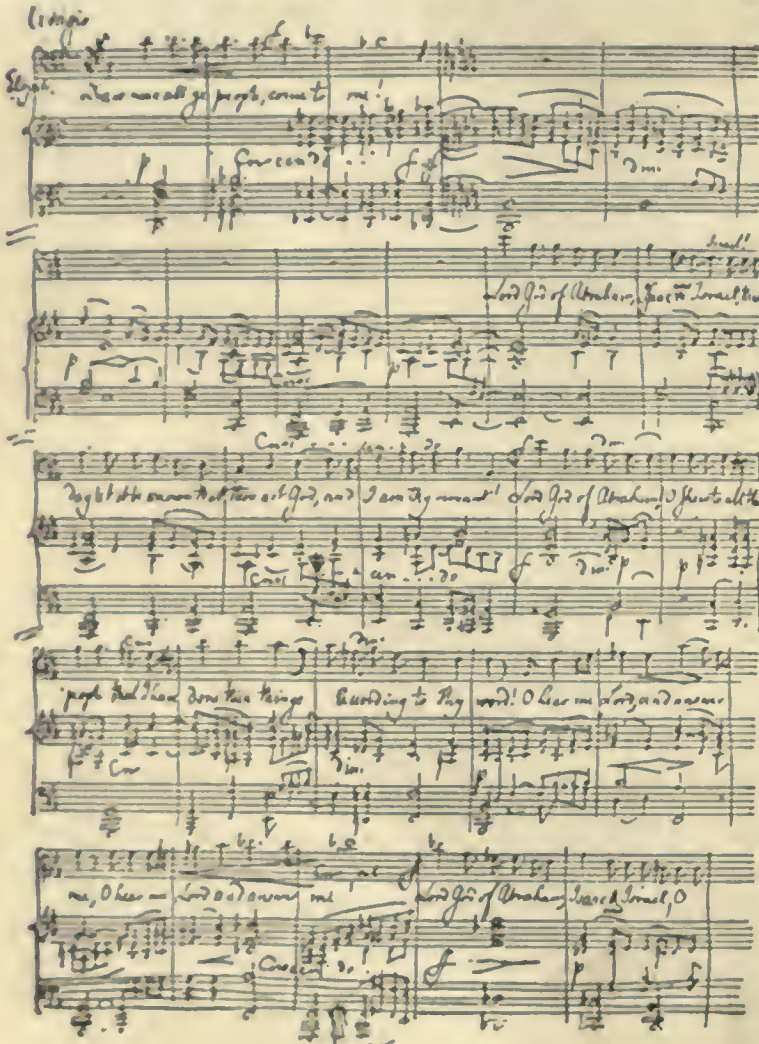
This is an excellent comment on much musical criticism. The depreciation of Mendelssohn results largely from the habit

in A and the Trio in C Minor. Mr. Stratton does to the inventiveness and delicacy of Mendelssohn's notation, his balance of form, and skill in thematic treatment, to his dramatic treatment of Scriptural themes, painting, and enchanting fairy music. May we acknowledge a certain Oriental splendour and digress to a Judaic element—here and there in his treatment of subjects? At all events he is one of three composers of Scripture are almost as well worth the Bible itself really well read. Moreover, he is a composer whose music satisfies a critical taste the ears of the man in the street.

The biographical portion of Mr. Stratton's book is called with much discretion from the mass of literature which naturally centres round an attractive personality. We are reminded of the talent added to his musical genius a talent and more than a talent for letter-writing a translation which we reproduce is enough in the extraordinary care and elegance of his

Two English Musicians.

Widows' reminiscences of their late husbands lately come under the lash of Mr. Edmund Spenser, doubtless, run almost an equal testimony about their brothers. Not so Mr. Bache, who has put together her reminiscences of Edward and Walter Bache, in *Buoni* (Methuen, 6s. n.). Waiving all sisterly partiality allows the brothers to reveal themselves part from their own letters. The result is interesting to musical students in a very high degree. Francis Edward and Walter belonged to the same musical ideas. The former, who died at the age of twenty-five, was sternly opposed to the then called "the music of the future," to the music of Wagner and even Schumann. The latter was the great Liszt in England, and belonged to a society "Working Men's Society," who formed a society early Wagnerians. We are not told what title was chosen for the society. It suggests then there was a tendency to mix up Wagner and his music, just as nowadays Mr. Bernard Shaw have us regard the "Nibelungen Ring" as a dramatic allegory of an Anarchist. But the chief title to fame was his championship of his correspondence with him brings out the courtesy of the Abbé in a very fair manner. Miss Constance Bache's account of this brother, is the more acceptable as he figures in Grove's Dictionary. His great talent, especially in pianoforte playing, does not appear to have been in composition. Francis Edward, the elder brother, on the other hand, a composer. As a boy of Sterndale Bennett, and his work bears traces of his master's influence. It is in his compositions now that they are so little doubt her relationship to the deceased has to a certain extent her hand as a critic. To judge from his letters, Edward to have had more success on the Continent than in this country. Authorities as trustworthy as Charles



FACSIMILE OF PAGE OF "ELIJAH."

Mendelssohn's Transcription of the well-known Bass Solo, "Lord God of Abraham, Hear, and Israel." Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Dent.

of judging one composer by the standards of another. Most musicians have their own particular god of music, and their worship is too apt to take the form of pulling down the other gods. Then again Mendelssohn's music is direct in its natural

the Philharmonic, and made so little impression with his own music, spoke highly of our performers. Another comparison is between the Germans and the Italians as critics of music. "The Germans are critical as to the colouring and execution of a picture; the Italians are perceptive as regards the design." The illustrations are mostly photographs of the many well-known musicians that the brothers came across. There is an excellent one of Liszt. But the sketch of Sterndale Bennett bears little resemblance to him at any time in his career.

Mr. Henry C. Lahee follows up his "Famous Singers" with *FAMOUS VIOLINISTS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY* and *FAMOUS PIANISTS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY* (Putnam, 6s. each). Brief criticism of the playing of virtuosi long since dead must be a *réchauffé* from well-known sources, and more valuable for reference than interesting to read. But on living players Mr. Lahee writes with spirit and is able to tell us the difference between American and English opinion—e.g., of Stavenhagen, who was coldly received in the States. With so many performers to deal with, the author is not always able to make clear the salient characteristics which distinguish them from one another; and some of his comments are questionable. Some reason might be given for the statement that "D'Albert now exceeds all other pianists." The conventional opinions which Mr. Lahee adopts, that Stelbel's music was all display and Hummel's all scholarship, are too sweeping. And Oscar Bie's description of Paderewski as "the delicate, emotional drawing-room player" (the italics are ours) ought not to be quoted without a smile. There is a good deal of amusing biographical matter in both books and some of the portraits are excellent.

UMBRIAN TOWNS.

Owing to plethora of production it will soon be a harder task to select a guide-book than a region of travel, and a study of the more recent additions raises a doubt whether the traveller fares better now than he did in the days when Murray catered for the man of leisure, and Baedeker for him whose time was limited. *THE UMBRIAN TOWNS*, by J. W. and A. M. Crickshank (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. n.), is a work compounded with laborious care and sufficient accuracy. The series of facts it sets forth is vast and even bewildering, and if this mass had been compelled into something like symmetry the book would have been of some service to conscientious pilgrims to the great art centres described; but it is crude in plan and execution as well, and the authors display a bent for preaching which must prove irritating to all but the long-suffering and the misdiscerning. Umbria is a region with flexible boundaries, and the compilers have taken full advantage of this characteristic in selecting their towns. It is hard to see why Chiusi (which is essentially Etruscan) should have been included and Città di Castello left out, especially as the first lies without and the last within the limits of modern Umbria. Again places like Cortona, Urbino, Arezzo, and San Sepolcro, representative seats of Umbrian art, and lying just over the borders, might have been included with advantage. In the preface it is announced that this guide-book does not compete with Murray and Baedeker, and this is true enough; its great defect is that it does not (at least, as far as Murray is concerned) act as a supplement. All it does is to give a portion of the older guide-books, freely diluted and in less convenient form; and, wanting as it is in

evidence of spiritual vocation or force of character Giovanni Pisano in his eulogy of Benedict XI. has "with marvellous subtlety the existence which has no beginning nor ending." The reading in of subtle in this fashion is a process which may be extended indefinitely; the authors have given us a very fair dose. The thought which they have expended over this is amazing; indeed they tell us what they think of a picture they see in a strain which rouses a regret ever saw and described Botticelli's Madonna and the Monna Lisa. They inform us in the preface that they enable the reader to "create for himself an atmosphere and with this view they print the gems of thought in type, and enclose in brackets certain choice directions being given that these are to be read, in storm and stress of the gallery, but in the retired hotel bed room. All this labour is well meant atmosphere created by such cramming will stand, in one acquired by judicious and not excessive reading, made suit stands to one cut to measure. A lengthy list is given at the end for the benefit of those who may enlighten themselves still further, and amongst the superseded English edition of Crowe and Cavalcasse print and rarely to be had). It should be known authoritative edition of this work is the more recent published in Florence. "The Umbrian Towns" is with an excellent series of diagrams of the walls of churches and galleries described, duly numbered works referred to in the text may be easily identified have been all the better for a map.

ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY.

LONDON UNDER EDWARD I.

CALENDAR OF LETTER-BOOKS OF THE CITY OF LONDON. Book C, 1291-1307. By REGINALD R. SHARP. Printed by J. E. Francis, by Order of the Corporation.

We welcome another issue of these valuable *Calendar of City Letter-Books*. They are serviceable not only for the reconstruction of the social and citizen life of the period, but also for contributions to the story of the nation. Dr. Sharpe's contribution to this calendar is as clear and interesting as the two previous volumes. The period covered by it begins at the time when Edward I. was in sore trouble from the recent loss of his wife. Soon after occurred, too, the death of his mother, Queen Eleanor, a loss which was a moment to the citizens of London. Eleanor had considerable profits and emoluments pertaining to the wardenship of the London bridge, to the great chagrin of the City. The expulsion of the Jews from England in 1290, due to her influence, was a generally popular step, but it had increased her son's difficulties, driving him to resort to the Lombard merchants for help. By thus resorting to foreign help, Edward was in bad relations with the citizens. The City was still under special royal charter, having been governed by a warden of the King's choice since 1285, instead of by a popularly elected mayor. It is therefore surprising to find in this volume abundant proof of the reluctance of London to satisfy the King's demands for loan, fine, tallage, custom, or the like. There was a great disturbance during the King's absence in Flanders

a "Court of Scavagers" (*curia scavengeriorum*). The latter circumstance causes Dr. Sharpe to discuss the term "scavager," the forerunner of "scavenger." It has been generally supposed that the scavager was originally an officer who took toll or custom on the "scavage" (i.e., *showage*, from A.S. *scawian*, to show), or the opening out of imported goods, and that at a later period the general care of the streets became a part of his duties. Professor Skeat has, however, recently objected to this derivation, pointing out that the A.S. *sc* becomes *sh* in English. Mr. Round in his "Commune of London" has still more recently shown, from a British Museum MS., that at one time scavengers (*scavengeres*) were elected for regulating the watch and ward of the City. Dr. Sharpe is probably wise in leaving the matter still an open question and cleverly adopts the phrase "Court of Inspectors" as the safest interpretation of the expression used in 1301 and 1307. It is of interest to remember a fact, which has apparently escaped Dr. Sharpe's attention, namely, that long after the office of town scavenger or skewinger had come to be applied to the remover of filth and sweepings from the streets, terms as to scavage dues of a totally different meaning were in simultaneous use. Thus Dr. Cox has shown, in the second volume of the "Northampton Borough Records," that scavengers for the streets were appointed under that title in Elizabethan days, that a scavenger cess for street cleaning was levied throughout the Commonwealth period, and that nevertheless an order by the assembly of 1652 provided against the refusal of country people bringing corn to the markets and refusing to pay the accustomed due to the Cryer and Sexton which was called "Skavage due."

The special difficulties surrounding the sale of intoxicants required then as now exceptional treatment. Early closing was rigidly enforced on the City taverners in the days of Edward I. The articles touching the state of London, confirmed by the King, set forth, *inter alia*, that no taverner was to keep his tavern open for wine or beer after curfew, nor to admit any one into his tavern nor into his house. This, too, was the only trade exercised in the City, for the practice of which it was required that good characters should be produced, and sureties found for good behaviour.

LEICESTER RECORDS.

RECORDS OF THE BOROUGH OF LEICESTER, 1327-1500. By MARY HATESON. Vol. II. (Cambridge University Press.)

The late Dr. Creighton was not only himself a masterhand as an historian, but possessed the rare and tactful faculty of interesting others in such work and in promoting the publication of valuable records. It was due to his initiation that the Corporation of Northampton undertook the publication of their valuable records, whilst the idea of publishing the still more important records of Leicester not only received from him its first impulse, but all the preliminary steps were taken under his guidance. It was due also to the late Bishop that the Leicester monuments were placed in the capable hands of Miss Hateson. The period covered by the second volume, extending from 1327 to 1500, has an unfortunate hiatus of some seventy-five years. There is no record extant of any borough legislation from 1380 to 1455, whilst from the same date down to 1465 every record pertaining to the Merchant Gild is missing.

The Introduction gives an admirable analysis of the subsequent series of transcripts and extracts from the archives. Attention is there drawn to the relations existing between the

The wealth of the archives of Leicester precluded at full reproduction, but a wise discretion seems exercised in giving considerable parts *in extenso*. The most part accompanied by an English version. Entries on the Merchant Gild roll are various on the sale of wine. In 1343 William of Stopworth, charged with mixing old wine with new wine against the mayor and community. The roll for 1344 no taverner was allowed to sell wine until it had the mayor and bailiff and other honest men for purpose. In 1351 one William of Cossington was the mayor and jurats with selling a tun of wine at a fixed price; he pleaded guilty, and was bound of 20s. to be paid if he should again offend. In 1352 another taverner was charged with the like to the mayor, with his peers and others of the community the tavern and begged him to sell his wine according to the ordinance. The taverner refused the chief magistrate, whereupon it was decided that a tun of wine should be forfeited; and that he should be ejected from his gild and expelled from the juror. Moreover, the defaulter had to pay the mayor 5s. of silver for his labour in selling the wine. A very important part in the history of the borough, for accounts specially in the fourteenth century of quantities of wine were bestowed upon the courtiers whenever a Royal visit was paid to the town to the lord and his officials. Other visitors who thought well to mollify were treated after a distinction being made not only in the quality of the wine, which varied from a tun to a sester, down to a pottle. On the occasion the mayor being presented at the castle with his oath, there was considerable feasting, and the mayor's accounts every item is noted, including amount of fuel burned and the grain spent on chickens beforehand.

It matters not, however, in what subject or social town life the reader may be interested, he will find much material to attract him. The subjects of references to such diverse matters as ale-tass, assize of bread, bell men and bell-founders, bridg-stalls, chandlers, common latrines, ovens, store-houses, Corpus Christi and other gilds, cuckstool, curfew, flesh assayers, unlawful games, building and rebuilding, hobby-horses, indulgences, Irish in Leicester, labourers' wages, lepers' garden, mills and mill-officials, pageants, passion play, piepowder court, every conceivable commodity, schools, scolds, tallage, watchmen, wails, weights and measures, writs. These are but a small selection of heads haphazard to prove the immense variety of topics covered in these pages.

As to the more intricate questions of the muniment of Leicester and its varied evolutions the special value on account of the peculiar position of Leicester as part of the Earldom and later of the Duchy of Lancaster on the accession of Henry IV. there came a great change in the position of Leicester, for its immediate lord was the King, and the town had, therefore, a double allegiance to the Sovereign. The frequent residence of Leicester Castle also exercised considerable

A BERKSHIRE MANOR.

IN SWALLOWFIELD AND ITS OWNERS (Longmans, 42s. n.) Lady Russell has produced a volume of topography which is almost as interesting as it is handsome. "It is observed," says Fuller, "that the lands in Berkshire are very skittish, and often east their owners"; and Swallowfield is no exception to the general skittishness, since it has had innumerable owners since its recorded history began. For the matter of that, however, Fuller might have said the same of almost any lands within fifty miles of London—and Swallowfield, being near Reading, is not much more than thirty. It is inevitable that estates within easy reach of the seat of Government should change their owners frequently. Their very propinquity to the capital gives them an artificial value which will sometimes induce a possessor to part with them; while, the purchasers of such places will not, as a rule, be persons rooted to the soil. Thus, it is not surprising that Swallowfield has belonged to something like a dozen families since the Conquest, to say nothing of the Tudor Queens who had it in dower. St. John and Despencer, De La Beche and Beaumys, Backhouse and Hyde held it in turn until it was bought by Governor Pitt with the proceeds of the famous "Regent" Diamond. It did not long remain in the possession of his posterity, and the eighty years during which the Russells have been its owners forms a very respectable tenure.

The early baronial lords need not trouble us. In the middle of the fourteenth century Edward III., that too generous lover of horse-flesh, used the park for his stud. That great King was desperately extravagant. He was, indeed, an early prototype of Carlyle's "Expensive Herr," for he is known to have bought three horses for the modern equivalents of £1,000, £1,400, and £2,000, and Archbishop Islip's "Speculum Regis" was full of reproaches of him for spending money in this way instead of paying his own and his father's debts, or bestowing alms upon the poor. In the middle of Elizabeth's reign the lands of Swallowfield, fallen from their high estate as the appanage of Queens, became the prize of a successful London merchant named Backhouse—a circumstance that was by no means unusual. In proportion to the much smaller population the Elizabethan period was quite as full of new families as the Victorian. It is, indeed, just about three centuries and a-half since the now familiar comedy of *New Men and Old Acres* began to be played in this country. It was then that fortunes made out of corn or wool, or the commerce of London, or York, or Bristol, became comparatively common—until about that time, indeed, the country had been too unsettled for industrial wealth to have a chance. Once it became clear that a man could own lands without having to be constantly in the field, and that, so many of the old families having been ruined or killed off by the Wars of the Roses, he would not be looked upon as a pariah because he had little or no pedigree, it grew to be the ambition of the trader to obtain "a stake in the country." And so well did his ambition thrive that there are now but few great ennobled families destitute of the blood of at least one Lord Mayor of London or other prosperous citizen. When Samuel Backhouse, the enriched son of a London Alderman, bought Swallowfield in 1582, he was doing his part, all unconsciously, in the evolution of English society. His grandson, William Backhouse, was, according to Anthony Wood, "a most renowned chymist and Rosieruelan," who believed that the true matter of the Philosopher's Stone had been communicated to him by his father, on his death-bed. His heiress carried Swallowfield to her cousin, Sir William Backhouse, Bart. When we remember that an Adventurer's share in the New River Company fetched

Swallowfield, but she does not give the place where it was born, which was, we believe, York-house, Twickenham. Evelyn was wont to visit at Swallowfield—indeed, to have laid out the garden and planted the trees and cedars which still flourish. It is clear, however, the diarist himself says, that there was a good deal of improvement before his time, although he may have improved it. When Cornbury became Earl of Clarendon he found the connexions did not make for his peace of mind. He took the new oaths, and was constantly plotting. When he was in the Tower, which he visited twice as a prisoner. When finally released he found his affairs embarrassed. One of his extravagances was the rebuilding of Swallowfield, which hands took its present plain but comfortable form in 1719 that his son and successor sold the place to the "Diamond," Pitt, whose remarkable career is narrated in a very interesting way by Lady Russell. She tells of a "black man" is said to haunt Queen Anne's house, and that this visitant is supposed to be the victim of a murdered slave who originally found the gem, or a man the angry god Juggernaut, one of whose eyes he had killed. When Swallowfield came to Chatham's hands it was sold for £20,770 to the Dodds, and from the Dodds it came at last to the family of the present Earl. The first Russell of Swallowfield was the uncle of Rose Aylmer, and an able man in many ways; yet his architect to Grecianize one front of the house, and to add a richly carved cornice which Grinling Gibbons designed for Lord Clarendon at John Evelyn's suggestion, and other enormous crimes of the same character.

The book concludes with some reminiscences of Lady Russell, the late owner and the husband of the late Earl. She was acquainted with many of the distinguished men of her time, and his notes of conversations with them, although not very attractive. It is a little surprising to find it recorded that George had heard Thackeray speak disparagingly, and contemptuously, of Scott's "heroic" novels. In Dickens' case the contempt was poured upon "Tom

The admirable object of "The Homeland Library," which is interesting us in the beauties and traditions of the English country, will certainly be advanced by the second volume of the series *EPSOM, ITS HISTORY AND SURROUNDINGS* (Longmans Association Limited, 6s. n.), written and illustrated by Gordon Home, whose excellent black and white sketches are already praised. To his description of the town, and its history, Lord Rosebery adds a highly interesting introduction in which he says,

When I first came to live at Epsom, a quarter of a century ago, it was a little sleepy town, surrounded by low hills of down and common. Its perennial slumber was broken by a year by race meetings, when the followers and carriages of the Turf stormed the neighbourhood during a few days, then struck their tents and left the town, exhausted. Thereafter the calm recommenced, and the inhabitants could saunter over miles of open turf to breathe the purest air in England. But the memory of the excitement of carnival kept off the speculative builder and the speculator. Thus the town remained rural and quiet. Now, all that is changed.

But there yet remain many points of interest, and an exhaustive monograph should incline many visitors

centre of the village of Geddington—have been frequently illustrated and described. The pre-Norman sculptured stones and remains of early crosses in Northamptonshire have also been well treated by Mr. J. Romilly Allen. There are, however, many other stone crosses that have hitherto escaped notice, and the whole series is worth cataloguing. If only as tending to their preservation. Mr. Christopher Markham has done well in expanding a paper read before a local society some few years ago into *THE STONE CROSSES OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE* (Simpkin, Marshall, 10s. 6d. n.). Several of Mr. Markham's pictures are creditable and interesting; but we do not, if the drawings are accurate, always agree with him as to dates. The gracefully clustered tall shaft of the Harringworth cross, much spoilt by a modern head, is surely of thirteenth and not fourteenth century date. A drawing is given of the curious boundary stone of Rockingham forest, near Brigstock, which is lettered in capitals, apparently of seventeenth-century date, "In this place grow becase trees," whilst just above the ground is repeated "Here stood becase trees." There was some discussion as to this stone many years ago in *Notes and Queries* to which Mr. Markham gives a reference; but he offers no suggestion of his own. Much wild speculation has been offered on the subject; but there seems little doubt that the true solution is that "becase trees" was a provincial rendering of *for*, a look or writing, and was the name of a boundary tree mentioned in charters. In these pages there are brief descriptions of no fewer than eighty churchyard, village, market, or wayside crosses. The introduction on crosses in general was not called for. A number of general statements that have often appeared elsewhere are put together rather carelessly in a dozen pages; they cannot satisfy any one desirous of a general essay on the subject, and they cannot fail to surprise antiquaries by various slips or errors. It is rather strange to be told in a book which deals with stone crosses that Anglo Saxon ones begin about A.D. 800. Mr. Markham does not seem to be acquainted with the writings of the Bishop of Bristol, Mr. Romilly Allen, the late Mr. Calverley, and many other pre-Norman experts on such a subject.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY (Elliot Stock). Mr. G. Laurence Gomme's useful series of topographical excerpts from that famous publication, is now drawing to a close, the thirteenth volume dealing with Warwickshire, Westmorland, and Wiltshire. The northern county occupies a very small space indeed—the antiquarian inquirer in the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth did not often travel so far afield. It is a little surprising to find that Wiltshire occupies far more space than Warwick, with its Shakespearian memories. To some extent this is accounted for by the public amazement at the eccentric splendour of Fonthill, many pages being needed to detail its glories. But such Midland shires as Warwick have always been regarded as more remote than their distance from London altogether warrants. Nevertheless we find here much that is of interest about the county, although the purely modern importance of Birmingham is suggested by the circumstance that only four pages are devoted to it. Wiltshire is, of course, a very attractive county to the topographer and archaeologist, and some of the ancient municipal customs of Marlborough provided Mr. Gomme with important material for his book on "The Village Community." These extracts from "The Gentleman's" are so well edited—this particular volume has been under the care of Mr. F. A. Milne—and so carefully arranged that they form exceedingly handy desiderata to students who are interested in antiquities.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

A Restoration Document.

Lady Newdigate-Newdegate is not very a title, CAVALIER AND PURITAN (Smith and Elder, fragmentary jottings concerning Sir Richard Newdigate, worthy baronet of the time of Charles II., seen through the real struggles of Cavalier and Puritan, when Restoration days were fast merging into other. When, however, we have dismissed the mislead Richard, as depicted in diaries, account-books, and so on, proves to be an entertaining personage, able to do his own on the domestic and social aspects of his time. He is marked or heroic, and his Parliamentary career does not mark him deeply. In the perilous intricacies of Restoration though a zealous Protestant, he passes safely through the House Plot and Monmouth's Rebellion. It is in these conditions that he reveals himself with Pepys-like detail. He rules his household by means of fines and rewards, and three daughters because they came to prayers, though he revels in elaborate accounts while perpetually deeper in debt; he patronizes Lely and Grinling, goes on a tour in France, keeps a shrewdly observed which the inn reckonings bulk large, and concludes with a comfortable insular conclusion that the French is "asinorum rex." Sir Richard is withal a worth though choleric, gentleman, who keeps count of his diary, and indulges in self-communings and over his own "unbridled nature." For the rest, with his children, plans new extravagances, and old ones, and is "exceeding melancholy" on which falls three days after his second marriage. The historical comments are of the slightest, serving only to set to the personal portrait, but we see so much of ill-starred Monmouth, once in the company of his first Sovereign, James of York, and Prince Rupert. The most entertaining thing in the volume is Marvell from the Throne, one of the most delectable bits of satire ever produced, here printed from a contemporary letter in a slightly unfamiliar form. There is something in the book which lessens its value for the reader, but the student of the times will be interested in occasional glimpses of men and manners which it affords. For example, is a public-spirited proposal which has been done clearly—or shall we say darkly—before us. "lights (being two sockets of glass in form of a lantern up in Cornhill, and is intended to burn very bright, which, if approved of, two persons will under the whole city over at a farthing a light."

"Mrs. Freeman."

Under the taking title of *THE QUEEN'S COMRADE* (son, 21s. n.) Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy retells the old story of "Morley" and "Mrs. Freeman"; of the temporary Jennings and the phlegmatic Princess, and Queen's book is not of historical value. But it retells known in lively manner, though without any distinction of style. The publisher has provided big print and nice margins, and there are three dozen portrait-illustrations, and the book is of crimson cloth stamped with the Royal arms in gold.

A good deal of abuse has been presented to the Marlborough Show, views and comments on

than manner vices. She was her own chief enemy always. Emotional, passionate, vehement, impulsive, she loved strongly and hated strongly, would be all in all to those she loved, and where she loved most showed herself most tyrannical. But most unfortunate feature of any in her whole character was her dangerous propensity to write letters in moments of mental excitement. Coming straight from her quarrels with the Queen, throbbing under a sense of injury always very keen with her, she would sit down and indite a letter in hot blood which, read by the recipient in cool censorious mood, appeared entirely unforgivable. When the rift came in their friendship the Duchess certainly wrote Anne some outrageous letters. With her adored Mrs. Freeman the Queen would have no more to do, and the Duchess was refused admission to her presence. Then this rash and foolish lady went about the town uttering complaints, and her impetuous words were carried, emphasized and distorted, straight back to Anne's ears. The breach was complete, and the Queen died four years later without having had any reconciliation with the woman she had known so intimately. The Duchess survived the Queen more than thirty years, perhaps that she might have time to learn that even for the most fortunate of mortals, for the possessor of great beauty, a brilliant position, many palaces, and immense wealth, this is nevertheless not the best of all possible worlds. It is certain that she learned this lesson well, for in her eighty-third year we find her writing:—"When the stroke comes I only pray that it may not be very painful, knowing that everybody must die, and I think that whatever the next world is it must be better than this, at least to those that never did deceive mortal." And, again, to another correspondent, "I hope that my punishment for small omissions will not be severe when I go out of this world, and I think there cannot possibly be a worse place than this is at present." Perhaps some indulgence might now be shown to the memory of Sarah Jennings, whose chief ambition--a pathetic one in the light of history--was to gain a good name (we quote again from her letters), "to deserve approbation, both living and dead, from the virtuous and the wise."

Friends in Council.

THE VICAR AND HIS FRIENDS, by Dr. Cunningham Geikie (Longmans, 5s. n.), is a collection of imaginary discussions. They are popular rather than learned, though every one concerned in them does his best to overwhelm one with authorities, no matter what may be the subject of the conversation. For instance, when the vicar and his friends discuss prayer, they quote in the course of a few pages John Newton, Tyndall, Mrs. Carlyle, Seneca, Plato, Juvenal, Persius, Schleiermacher, the Accadians, St. John the Baptist, and Mr. Spurgeon. In fact, they all seem to have the classical dictionary at their fingers' ends, and a working knowledge of the best-known modern books. The result is by no means bad reading, but one feels that these large social and religious topics demand more thorough treatment than they have received, at any rate in the present work, from Dr. Geikie. In a book so full of references to ancient and modern literature, it is unpleasant to suspect that many of them need to be verified. Dr. Geikie says:—"Plato, indeed, in 'Charmides,' tells us that Apollo gave the arrow to the Seythian, and that by its means he found his way through countries strange to him." Where, in the "Charmides," is this to be found? Again, Dr. Geikie says:—"No wonder that Gibbon, after discoursing on the glory of the dome of St. Sophia, adds, 'but the smallest fly that lighted on it was a much greater wonder.'" These, though put into inverted commas, are not

references, the name of the late vicar of St. Peter's Docks, was not Lowther, but Lowder; and the late Allan's, Holborn, should not be given, as in the "Machonochie Rev."

Ladies of Old Times.

Miss Gabrielle Festing's *UNFORTHGOTTEN IN HISTORY* (6s.) contains some charming and careful studies of certain interesting women of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. Drawn from old letters, old diaries, and the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission, these sympathetic portraits breathe, as it were, the aroma of pot-pourri for us the indefinable sadness which belongs to all a vanished past, and in the story of Lady Harley, wife of Thomas Pitt and Jane Innes, that ill-mate and of so delightful an aunt and niece as Mrs. Fenn and Lady Fenn, Miss Festing provides us with some self-forgetfulness and refreshment. These scattered papers were worth collecting into permanent book form; the volume may be recommended to quiet souls who have a wayside resting-place.

The Works of Sir Philip Sidney.

The authoress (Edith Morley) of this essay, *THE WORKS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY* (Rosa, 1s. n.), congratulated on the comprehensive style in which she has arranged her matter. The "Arcadia" and the "Pastorals" receive adequate treatment at her hands, but the main work in her book is the criticism of that inestimable "Apologie for Poetrie," whilst the famous letter to Elizabeth, concerning the "French Match," receives attention that it so thoroughly deserves. In her review of "Sidney's Translations of the Psalms," it is to be noted that, for the sake of the casual reader, Miss Morley does not allude to those translated by his sister Mary, both in quality as well as in quantity, it is admitted that the better results were achieved by Mary, of whose labours also in revising the "Arcadia" acknowledgment should have been made. "Astrophel's" relations with "Stella" are interpreted as a spirit, and should have been examined more fully, as also should have been his correspondence with Langnet; but, in offering these criticisms, we must not forget that the book in question does not claim to be a biography, but an essay.

A Question for the Weismannians.

USE-INHERITANCE, by Dr. Walter Kidd (A. & C. Black, 2s. 6d. n.), raises an interesting point--already discussed by author before the Zoological Society--which suggests the doctrine that acquired characters can never be inherited. By inheritance requires modification, in other words, Weismannism is not universally valid. The point is that of hair on the bodies of animals. When we find that the "hair-streams" on the face of a dog trend downwards, or those on the face of a horse downwards, or that the hair on the head of a large class of men is opposed to the hair on the face of a simian family, we seem to be in the presence of facts which cannot be accounted for by natural selection, which can only have had their origin in certain inherited characters in animals which show the new types. The peculiarities of the hair-streams must, it would seem, have thus been acquired by the individual and transmitted to their descendants. The point worked out by Dr. Kidd with many illustrations in a pamphlet certainly deserves the careful consideration of biologists.

FICTION.

"The Benefactress."

Readers who wish to be amused, and do not like problems and pathological studies presented to them in the guise of fiction, will not find many better new novels than *THE BENEFACRESS* (Macmillan and Co., 6s.). It is by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," and is fully equal to that taking book. We are not praising the author extravagantly when we say that she has at least two of the qualifications of a good novelist—an easy and correct style and an abiding sense of humour. The story, though it is clear that it will end satisfactorily, maintains its interest throughout, and is full of well-drawn characters. Anna Eatcourt, a young Englishwoman of twenty-five, who is heartily tired of her dependence on her rich and vulgar sister-in-law, succeeds to an estate near Stralsund in North Germany, which has been left to her by her German uncle Joachim. It is worth £2,000 a year, and Anna takes possession of it with the benevolent intention of providing a home, not only for herself, but also for "ladies of good family who have fallen on evil days by the will of God." So runs the pious German advertisement, an elderly lady of good family being also required as a paid housekeeper. Anna, of course, is an enthusiast, but at the same time a well-bred and sensible woman with whom it is possible to sympathize. She needs all the reader's sympathy during the progress of her experiment. It is to be hoped that the unsparing portraits of two or three German ladies will not lead to international complications. Fortunately, they are balanced by a German country gentleman of the best type, and by a terrible English female snob. After all, it is only a novel, and we suspect, from internal evidence, that it has been written merely for our amusement. From that point of view, it is a complete success.

A Pleasant Surprise.

The young person who anticipates in *THE SINNER AND THE PROMISE*, by Eric Parker (Macmillan, 6s.), the sort of thing suggested by the title will be comically disappointed. The book is named with probably faintly malicious "intention." It is not concerned with unsavoury "pasts" leading to sentimental futures. It is a delicate, sympathetic study of a handful of people as they appear to a sensitive artist with a keen sense of humour. The Sinner is one small boy; the Problem is another. Child-pathos is too apt to become mandarin and is a strict test of a writer's powers. How few have succeeded with it, from Dickens downwards! But "The Sinner" can even have an illness without becoming sickly. In his delirium he does not talk of angels:—

Latin sentences, always Latin sentences, subject and object and predicate and all the unmannerly jargon of school-book grammar. And twice at least there were words indicative of the more serious interviews with mine host—a sort of comment unspoken till now—and yet I knew the Sinner thought lightly of such matters; but they were part of his daily life, and so I think found their utterance then. I am sure I should have laughed at the word *don't* at any other time; just then, in that connexion, I wondered what it had cost him before to suppress it; not much, I dare say, but in that little bed he did not look worth whipping.

The Sinner's pathos is by no means always tearful. He has a comeliness which is "a sort of collection, really" of all the

There is a love story running through the book of the daintiest kind, and there are happy little descriptive nature, and, behind all, an interesting and fastidious

"Barbara West."

It is long since we have had the good fortune to read a book so convincing and so capable as *KEITH BARBARA WEST* (John Long, 6s.). The story has to do with the love affair of a young journalist, Enoch Watson West, a violinist on the lowest rung of fame's ladder. Whatever point of view the book is regarded it must be a success. The two principals are admirably drawn. Enoch is earnestly sentimental, desiring a mate for an angel in life; Barbara, frolicsome, tender, yet shallow, catches him in her little incapable way so that she may remain his friend while not accepting him as a lover. The dithyramb atmosphere about the book, both in the occasional involution of the literary style and in the analysis of the woman's mental and emotional processes, of the minor characters at least is not what we expect of Dickens. This is Jack Darbyshire, whose persiflage and downright good-heartedness remind one of Swiveller. A good deal of the book is given to a description of a provincial newspaper man's life in London, and the thing is well done. As a study in the development of character, as well as for humour and tragedy delicately described, forcible and over-wrought, "Barbara West" deserves high praise.

An Amiable Prig.

Mr. Julian Sturgis has improved considerably. *CALINARI* (Constable, 6s.) is a novel excellent in its life and smart dialogue and good character-drawing. Many better-known novelists might have been proud to be like Stephen himself begins as an Oxford undergraduate, child of fortune, clever, self-conscious, meaning to make his way to rights with the least possible delay—in short, a person of a not uncommon type in that ancient University. Sturgis accomplishes the remarkable feat of turning this very decent sort of man, and introduces us by the way to a very usual and very well-drawn character. His gallery of characters bears comparison with any we have seen of late years in a novel, and they cover a wide range, from the estimable Coops to Lord Ranham and the Princess. Some of the studies are admirable; the men, without exception, eminently like-life; and the author has provided a very incident (from the Russo-Turkish war) to keep the mercenary reader's interest from flagging. It is from start to finish—by far the best that Mr. Sturgis has written.

Mr. Max Pemberton.

"This," says the publisher's leaflet, with emphasis, "is Mr. Pemberton's longest and greatest novel, so far." *THE GIANT'S GATE* (Cassell, 6s.) is by no means so. The author has taken the stirring period of the Afghan War, the death of the late President of the United States, the riots at Longchamp; and stimulates the reader by the innocent device of introducing celebrities under thinly disguised names. Mr. Max seems to know his Paris; we find here (to quote from the obliging leaflet) "pictures of storm and calm, of the halls of the Anarchists, and the hells where they are conspiring against the French Republic." It is a pity that the author has not gathered all the material for

heroic. The author himself becomes no less monotonous in the glowing periods of his descriptive passages. He must always be painting his pictures in a high key, and the consequence is that he produces an impression of an unreal life passed in a whirl of violent emotions. We hunger for more repose. And the style of his writing is open to the same reproach. On occasion he can write decent English, but the temptation to be strong overpowers him, and too often he becomes merely violent, presenting the curious spectacle of a man ranting and weeping by turns over the fortunes of these harmless puppets of his own creation. The slight is almost pathetic, reminiscent of a baffled, struggling aeronaut whose machine obstinately refuses to rise for all his efforts. Mr. Pemberton is so clever a contriver of romantic stories that we could wish to see him learn a little more restraint and observe mankind a little more closely. His characters are excellent—from the outside; from within they are nothing.

Mr. Riccardo Stephens.

The temperament of the medical student is everywhere visible in the work of Mr. Riccardo Stephens, who loves to adopt the tone of the healthy, unmedicated British sportsman. *THE WOUND OF THREE EYES* (Murray, 6s.) contains one long story, which gives the volume its name, and several short ones. They all exhibit a talent of narration; the opening story would be really good but for a touch of the melodramatic and the use of some too ordinary machinery. Mr. Stephens writes well of what he knows; he handles field sports and the hospital with equal ease; and he is at home in the streets of Edinburgh or on the northern moors. Perhaps the best bit of work in an entertaining volume is the story called "Drummer Deas," which we remember noticing some years ago in one of the magazines. It is a powerful story, well told, and gives promise of better work.

Gulliver up to Date.

The satirist has often found a safe field in an imaginary Eutopia. Mr. Godfrey Sweeney is so determined to leave no abuse unlashd that he has been at the pains of discovering a whole archipelago, through which he painfully proceeds, island by island. *RIALLARO* (Putnam's, 6s.) is the name he gives to his new Utopia. It is in the South Pacific, and the group of islands which go to make it up are for ever encircled by a ring of mist and guarded by dangerous reefs and currents. The introductory chapters strike us as laboured and unnecessary. After the landing takes place there are some interesting chapters on the Aleofanian language, religion and social customs, which remind us of the habits of Mr. Samuel Butler's people of "Erewhon." The Bureau of Fame and its amalgamation with journalism and the Church into one great department of the State gives scope for a good deal of biting sarcasm. But the whole book is too long, and the writer's style is not calculated to banish weariness. "Riallaro" contains some sound sense, but the author has attempted too much, and towards the end of the book the quality of his satire has sadly degenerated.

Devon and Somerset.

We hesitate as to the epithet to apply to the set of short stories collected by Mr. Eden Phillpotts under the title *THE STRIKING HOURS* (Methuen, 6s.). They are dialect stories of South Devon, and there can be no question of Mr. Phillpotts' knowledge of the dialect. His work, when read aloud with the true intonation, is music in the ears of a Devonian. The stories themselves, however, are more open to criticism. Many of them seem trivial, made to measure, unconvincing. Whether in comedy or in tragedy Mr. Phillpotts seldom gets to the heart of

three men and three women, makes them fall in duly married them at the end. In place of the difficulties commonly attend the progress of true love—in fiction rather good account of a stag-hunt. It is not a story, on the whole—rather thin and slight, but no than some more pretentious works. The "Ph West," it may be as well to explain, are the wild re-

Mason's Corner.

We are assured in Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin's, his "Picture of New England Home Life," as he calls it, *ADAMS SAWYER* (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is most entirely from the imagination alone—that there is no such Massachusetts as Normouth, no town bearing the name of a borough, and no village discoverable under that name. Corner. If there had been, he ingenuously adds, he would have employed these names. No doubt, as was the case with "David Harum," there will not be wanting enthusiasts to cover the actual locale of the story, and to fit all the details with their real names. The book is of the "David Harum" school: it proceeds leisurely on its way, including a good deal of interest (and a good deal of no very great interest) in the characters said, or did, or thought. Is this sort of thing becoming a distinctive feature of American literature? Stockton practises it to excess, and it seems to be getting more and more the custom on the other side of the Atlantic at every opportunity roams of diffuse dialogue has much to do with the story. Perhaps the strenuousness of America finds restfulness in this deliberate inconsequence. We confess that we should prefer a little judicious compression. Mr. Pidgin seems to have found himself making but slow progress and towards the end the action becomes brisk enough—so brisk as to present the appearance of a hurried Long-lost relations crop up with bewildering frequency, take place wholesale: every one succeeds in his ambition with a completeness that is almost comic. It is rather a liking for Mr. Quincy Adams Sawyer, but the perfect gentleman that Mr. Pidgin would have us believe. But he is a good fellow on the whole, and the folk at Mason's Corner are worth knowing.

The Boomerang Club.

Mr. George Bartram has some power of imagination. He has no fear of incurring the wrath of the strait-laced *THIRTEEN EVENINGS* (Methuen, 6s.) he adopts the machinery of a club—the Boomerang Club is the name—the members of which entertain each other occasionally with interesting reminiscences of their past lives. Some of the characters are not particularly reputable, but the best of the respectable are commonly dull reading, and Mr. Bartram does well to seek lively subjects, for his writing is apt to be long-winded, and even the stirring related by the gay frequenters of the Boomerang times upon the monotonous. "On the Track of a Sly," for instance, is mere silliness. Some of Mr. Bartram's contributions, on the other hand, are highly spiced with anybody. It is not a particularly good collection, but it contains one or two that are worth reading. "The Lord," is the best; and "With a Taste for the Past" is almost worthy of a place beside Mr. Kipling's "The Smith" as a description of a Bacchanalian orgie. It is to us that the stories would have been better within a clumsy and old-fashioned framework.

A Reading Party.

burning to achieve another) discovers, in orthodox fashion, that college life even at Cambridge cannot give her everything; and the frivolous young lady, who had joined the expedition with a tardy resolve to make up for lost time, goes away to be introduced to the family of her betrothed. There is one disappointment—the plain student falls in love, but is rather unfairly fobbed off with a Newnham Fellowship. "Alau St. Aubyn" displays here her one stroke of originality.

In North Australia.

Despite its sensational cover, and the fact that Mr. Donald Macdonald and his collaborator have not attained to the level of "How We Kept the Flag Flying," yet *THE WARRIGAINS' WILL* (Warst, Lock, and Co., Gs.) is certainly a book to read. The story is put into the mouth of one Jasper Meredith, an ex-army captain. He and his friend, Allan Ogilvie, go to North Australia in the employ of an exploration company. The outsetting of the story lacks coherence. But once into it, the reader finds himself fastened to an absorbing tale in which the style is well suited to the story. Like the life of the explorers, one of recurring quietude and adventure, the story now rises high and now sinks to dullness. But some of its characters are well done, especially the "hard-case" "Slasher" Quin and the scoundrel Fox. The tale gives much insight as to gold prospecting in North Australia; also how the black police there do their work, and, as it comes from those who know their ground, it may be taken "without salt." The end is all that one could wish it to be, there being a modicum of the inevitable love interest.

Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie.

Titles are as thick in the pages of *HER GRACE'S SECRET* (Hutchinson, Gs.) as blackberries in September—a fact which should be enough to secure Mrs. Twissdale's novel a wide reading in certain quarters. Whether, when read, it will be appreciated is another matter. Her aristocrats are terribly wicked, it is true; they break the ten commandments like so many eggs; and the majority of the ladies are haughty and beautiful enough even for the taste of the servants' hall. But they are also bored to extinction. The old Duke of Glenroy, Lord and Lady Arlington, and the rest find life in these lofty circles almost too hard a burden to bear, and after some time their persistent air of ennui infects the reader. The book is long: it has an ingenious plot (*Her Grace's secret* is, curiously enough, rather like the secret in "Tristram of Blent" turned upside down); it is written with some cleverness and some acquaintance with the world it describes. But it is too full of the air of boredom to be exhilarating, and the warmest admirer of the aristocracy could hardly call it pleasant.

THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY, by F. Norreys Connell (Grant Richards, Gs.), has the merit of being a little out of the common. "Zooks," said the Duke of York, "that's a rake-hell's earnest on the bay!" After this beginning we naturally find ourselves back in the days of Charles O'Malley; and the escapades of the Irish Captain, which culminate in his winning a wager that he would get Napoleon's sword on the field of Waterloo, form a clever revival of the manner of Charles Lever which is rather a refreshing change from the society novel.

A MAN OF MILLIONS (Cassell, Gs.), though not, despite its sensational incidents, wildly thrilling, is a well-written book, by Mr. S. R. Keightley; and the rough diamond of a millionaire, who returns from the life of an outcast in Africa, is well drawn, as is also the girl who reclaims him, though their agreement at the close

sixteenth century. It is a laudable attempt one, though as a story it wants coherence and a little tedious in its rehearsal of the brawls. Captain.

Miss Adeline Sergeant hardly puts forth her *SYLVIA'S AMBITION* (Hodder and Stoughton), quite harmless tale, pleasant enough to read, rather superficially on theatrical life, with a country home of a wealthy and philanthropic man.

THE BLACK MASK, by E. W. Hornung (Grant Richards, Gs.), gives us the exploits of an educated professional who appeared in a previous book by the same author, his "Dr. Watson." They are sensational enough, tails off considerably when the hero goes out-dies there. The stories are ingenious, but the author like Raffles', might well be turned to a better use.

SPORTING SORROWS (Arrowsmith, Is.), by F. C. M. is a bright little collection of amusingly written stories on sporting subjects. The humour is fresh and original, and some of the sketches have previously appeared in *Punch* worth reprinting.

AN ILL WIND (John Long, Gs.) gives us one of Cameron's ingenious plots wherein almost all the men love the same girl, one of them being already engaged and subsequently marrying a third. They play the game in a manner a little too obviously amateurish to make all convincing.

A STOLEN WOOING, by Seyton Heath (Digby, Gs.), is improbable, ungrammatical, well-meaning, and a little tedious. It is well printed and brightly bound.

In a smooth style, far from being too wordy, marred by occasional lapses into slipshod English, *TANQUERAY RECORDS*, in *THE CALL OF THE FUR* (Blackett, Gs.), the main part of an immoral, aesthetically poet's journey through life. It is hardly an original, but the book contains a pleasing sketch of a lady.

A HARVEST OF STUNNED (Francis Brett, 2s. 6d.), by Hooper, is not a very creditable piece of work. It is not a book that a clergyman would choose to read at meetings. The tone throughout is vulgar and the characters and the setting are equally objectionable, though the book may possibly be worth perusing, emphatically not worth reading.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

In *Temple Bar* George Paston writes of "Professor in Literary England." The professor is George Ticknor, who gossiped agreeably about *Salon*, &c. The inclusion of some of his *Madame de Staël's salon* would have added to the paper. One of the short stories is by Mr. H. C. M. whose career we have watched with interest ever since that very graphic book "In the Niger Country."

Those who are interested in the lighter life will thank us for drawing attention to an article written by Mrs. Pennell and illustrated by Mr. J. R. on "Italy's Garden of Eden," which is Ruskin's *Italian Lakes*. There is also an interesting account of Mend Howells, of life in the Paris Art Schools.

October 19, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

In the *Sunday Magazine* Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes discourses of the charity of Queens—a subject on which she has collected a good deal of information.

"Wanted—Women" in the *Empire Review* is an appeal to ladies of birth and education to go West and get married. It is pointed out to them, however, that they had better learn to make themselves useful in a house before they start. If they are competent and "willing"—not only in the sense of Mr. Barkle but also in the sense of the general servant—they have a fair promise of a happy home some forty miles or so from a railway station. "Silhouettes of the War" is anecdotal and moderately interesting. The writer's name is not given. The most important paper in the issue is Colonel Willcocks' account of the relief of Kummsi. He is very enthusiastic about the black troops under his command:—

The only refusal to obey orders was that men in hospital broke out during the night and, willing to face any punishment except that of not being in the relief, joined their companies, hiding in the bush to avoid detection. Footsore, their legs in most cases a mass of ulcers, underfed, without an ounce of meat or salt or anything in the shape of grease to cook with, without change of clothing, these splendid fellows never grumbled; all they wanted was to say:—"I too took part in the relief of Kummsi."

The story of "The Duke of Kent's Military Service in the West Indies" is an unrecorded chapter in colonial history related by the Hon. N. Darnell Davis.

The *North American Review* brings to light an essay on Shakespeare, by Victor Hugo. It is like this:—

Shakespeare the drunken savage! Savage, Yes, but the inhabitant of the virgin forest; drunken indeed, but with the ideal. He is a giant, beneath the boughs of enormous trees, who holds a great golden cup, and the light which he drinks is reflected in his eyes. Shakespeare, like Æschylus, like Job, like Isaiah, is one of the sovereigns of thought and of poesy, who, sufficient for the All Mysterious, have the depth of creation itself, and who like creation itself translate and illustrate this depth by a profusion of forms and images, springing from the darkness, in flowers, in leaves, and in living streams.

One can picture the poet declaiming this. One sees his arms waving, and eyes glowing like coals of fire.

In the *Universal and Ludgate Magazine* Miss Mabel Moore has an article on Wren's Library at Cambridge. The series of photographs—"Frenchmen of To-Day"—continues with M. Paul Bourget, "Gyp," and Madame Dieulafoy.

We have also received *The Woman at Home*, *The Universal and Ludgate Magazine*, *The Art Journal*, *Golden Sunbeams*, *The Dawn of Day*, *Little Folks*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *The Magazine of Art*, *The Connoisseur*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Longman's Magazine*, *The Literary Era*, *The Artist*, *The Journal of Education*, *The Smart Set*, *The Rambler*, *The Antiquary*, *The Genealogical Magazine*, *The Public School Magazine*, *The Architectural Review*.

Correspondence.

WAS AMY ROBSART KILLED?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, —Mr. Philip Sidney writes in answer to some criticisms of your reviewer on his recently published treatise "Who killed Amy Robsart?" With the point raised by your reviewer I have nothing to do. In fact I have not seen Mr. Sidney's treatise. But I am surprised that no reviewer has taken him to task for its very title. The question "Who killed Amy Robsart?" assumes, as a matter of course, that scandal was right in insinuating that Amy Robsart was killed by somebody, and

except any testimonies hitherto unknown that Mr. have succeeded in unearthing. But, unless he has found arguments to prove a murder, I submit that the title of his should have been, not "Who killed Amy Robsart?" Amy Robsart killed?"

My first article on the subject will be found in the *Historical Review* for April, 1895 (Vol. I., p. 235). In argument would have been considerably strengthened seen at that date the text of De Quadra's letter, who professed to translate in his history. As soon as I discovered the whole text of that letter was actually in print publication, I wrote an article upon it, which will be published for January, 1898 (Vol. XIII., p. 83), of the To these two papers, especially to the last, I refer and all who are interested in the subject.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES GAI

West View, Plumer, Oct. 12, 1901.

AUSTRALIAN VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Mr. Jose, in his contribution on Australian remarks that he has said little of what he meant therefore may perhaps be pardoned for feeling unable to comprehend his meaning.

His article, however, amounts to a depreciation of Lindsay Gordon and one or two of his time, and an appeal to some later poets, or poetical aspirants, who, he considers much more typical of the country.

I have travelled through the bush more than most of myself, and, while my experience of the cities is weeks, my experience of the bush extends to some years. I emphatically that Gordon in his poems voiced Australia and to the native born of my time. And, though I have the country for some eight years, I venture to say that Australia of to-day. Kendall we can leave aside, I admired for some of his sad, sweet verses, he was never by the Australians as typical of the country.

Mr. Jose tells us that the Australians mistake Lindsay Gordon as representative of the country at the Marcus Clarke in his preface to Gordon's poems, which such an exquisite piece of poetical prose. Did any poet accept a poet as typical of their country on the critic? Further, is Mr. Jose aware that Gordon's poem in the mouth of more or less all Australia long before Clarke wrote his appreciation? To say that Gordon Australian as "With Kitchener to Khartoum" is so absurd. And when Mr. Jose says that what he is call the "Wattleblossom" sentiment of the "Sick St" appeals to the tourist and the townsman he is misreading a poem which is one of the best descriptions of the philosophy of the bush.

Mr. Jose gives a number of quotations from Lindsay writers, but one fails to see in them anything more of the life, or that the more serious represent more accurate philosophy of the country in what, did one wish to call "Wattleblossom" compliment, one might describe "never-never" sentiment.

It is true that a weird melancholy tinges the Lindsay Gordon and others, and will any one with a touch of imagination, whether English or Australian born, and

Where, with fire and fierce drought on her tresses,
 Insatiable summer oppresses
 Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,
 And falut flocks and herds.

And the following lines from the "Sick Stockrider" are as typical as any of the active life :—

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming
 grass,
 To wander as we've wandered many a mile ;
 And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white
 wreaths pass,
 Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
 'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the
 station roofs,
 To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
 With a running fire of stockwhips, and a fiery run of hoofs :
 Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard !

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

London,

EDWARD H. CANNEY.

"AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have no wish or right to meddle with English politics, nor have I either any competency to deal with military matters. But on reading Sir Redvers Buller's speech of the 10th inst., in which he brings in an "international detective," I could not help recalling a somewhat similar incident in literary history.

Lord Chesterfield and Montesquieu were good friends, and, on one occasion, while travelling together to Rome, they began to discuss rather hotly the character of their respective countrymen.

"The French," said Montesquieu, "are more intelligent than the English."

"Well," replied Chesterfield, "I do not deny it, but the English have more common sense."

Each persevered in his estimate of his own people, and, meanwhile, they arrived at Rome. Shortly after, Montesquieu received one evening the visit of an individual unknown to him, who said, in a mysterious voice, "Sir, I know you are a great French literary man, and for this reason, beside the great interest I take in your safety, I come secretly to inform you that the police of the Holy Office have their eye upon you, knowing that you are by no means a firm believer in our holy religion. I come, therefore, to warn you to be on your guard." The stranger quitted the room with the thanks of Montesquieu, who began to consider how to protect himself. With this object in view he burnt without delay the sheets of a book on the affairs of Rome, still in MS., at which he had worked for years. The following day he met Chesterfield and related to him what had occurred.

"Then," said Chesterfield, "you have done away with a work which cost you several years of thought?"

"Yes."

"But, tell me, who was your visitor? Did you ask for his name?"

"No, I didn't. He merely said that he warned me out of sympathy. And considering that my book, though unfinished, was on subjects relating to religion, I thought it prudent to destroy it."

THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MR. BLACKMORE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have been asked to act as Hon. Secy. Treasurer of a Fund to be raised with the object of erecting a Memorial of the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore in Exeter, and, having known Mr. Blackmore intimately for many years, and enjoyed the great privilege of his hearings, I need hardly say that in accepting the position I am conscious of the feeling that whatever work it may entail it will be a "labour of love."

The accompanying reprint of an article in the *Circular and Bookellers' Record* of May 4, 1901, shows how the Memorial came to be suggested. It is the Subscription Fund will be more than sufficient for the erection of a suitable Memorial in Exeter Cathedral, as proposed, with the sanction of Mr. Blackmore's will, that any surplus should be invested for the benefit of the Benevolent Fund, which has recently been in connexion with the Society of Authors.

I am yours faithfully,

R. B.

St. Dunstan's-house, Fetter-lane, London, E.C.

* Mr. Marston will be glad to send the circular reprint of the article above mentioned and a printed list of the Honorary Committee of the Fund, which includes Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, &c., to any of our readers.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The life of Christ is still the favourite gift book. At least five new biographies are announced, the best being the guinea volume by Dr. John Watson, *The Master* (Hodder and Stoughton). Mr. Watson went to Palestine especially to illustrate his pictures are reproduced in colours. "The Life of the Redeemer" is Messrs. Cassell's contribution already mentioned in *Literature*, is divided into three volumes, written by various well-known writers of different bodies. A third biography (Grant Richards) is J. Dawson, who has recently visited Palestine. "The Man Christ Jesus," and is as far as possible a life of the Christ. It is illustrated from the old masters. The Rev. H. C. Beeching's "Life of Christ" is Murray's "Home and School Library," and "The Life of Christ: A Harmony of the Gospels" by Father Palmer (Art and Book Company).

"A History of the World" is a large volume announced the first volume of eight, to come from Mr. Heinemann. The general editor is Dr. Heinrich Meier. The Rt. Hon. James Bryce. It begins with the American Continent, since in Mexico and Peru documents of man's existence are to be found.

Mr. H. G. Wells' volume of "Anticipation" is published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall next month. It will also have another "Road" book by Mr. Wells ready—"The Norwich Road," illustrated by reproductions from well-known pictures. Publishers also announce a translation by P. A. Diaries of the Emperor Frederick, as edited by Poschinger, with extracts from the diaries kept by the Emperor from 1871 to 1879.

month, is subsidiary to his "The Women of the Renaissance" and arises to some extent from the correspondence that book brought him from ladies on the part women may play in life.

Mr. Grant Richards will shortly publish a volume by Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., entitled "Ireland and the Empire: A Review, 1800-1900," sketching the political history of Ireland, and giving the author's views on the future.

"What's What," the new book of reference by Mr. Harry Quilter, which he describes as a "guide for to-day to life as it is, and things as they are," will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein on November 1st.

Mr. Elliot Stock will shortly publish a book by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald on "Bardell v. Pickwick," giving the real names of the characters introduced into the case, and some fresh information concerning its origin, with curious illustrations.

Miss Mary Wilkins' new book, "The Portion of Labour"—a long New England novel—will be issued by Messrs. Harper towards the end of October.

"The Military Forces of the Crown," by Colonel W. H. Dandel, late instructor at Sandhurst, is a book of interest to come from Messrs. Cassell. It is intended both for military men and the general public.

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, are about to publish a volume of fairy tales by the Queen of Roumania, which bears the title "A Real Queen's Fairy Book."

A new series of books dealing with current ecclesiastical problems called "The Churches Outlook for the Twentieth Century" is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock. The first volume to be issued next week is "Theology Old and New," by Dr. W. F. Cohn.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode are issuing as new volumes in the Bible Student's Library "Samuel and His Age," a study in the constitutional history of Israel, by Dr. G. C. M. Douglas, D.D., and "Grammar of Prophecy," an attempt to discern the method underlying the Prophetic Scriptures, by the Rev. R. B. Girdlesdone.

Among the books we have not already announced coming from the Cambridge University Press shortly are "The Annotators of the Codex Bezae," by Dr. Rendel Harris; "Cromwell on Foreign Affairs," with four essays on international matters, by F. W. Pryn; "Hegelian Cosmology," by J. McT. E. McTaggart, uniform with his "Studies in the Hegelian Dialectic"; and two volumes in the Pitt Press Series, "The Memorabilia of Xenophon," Book II., edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex; and Horace's "Satires," edited by the Headmaster of Westminster School.

The Oxford University Press announce the following works for the Series of *Anecdota Oxoniensia*:—"Collations from the Codex Clunianensis s. Holkhamiens," a Ninth-Century Manuscript of Cicero, now in Lord Leicester's library at Holkham, with unpublished Scholia, two facsimiles, and a History of the Codex, by W. Peterson; Pindarus's "Yūsuf and Zalikhā," edited by H. Rihé; "Kāya Satapatha Brāhmana," edited by J. Eggeling; Bal's "Index Britanniae Scriptorum," edited by R. L. Poole and Miss Mary Bateson.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will publish immediately a work entitled "A Scientific Philosophy the Harbinger of a Scientific Theology."

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall announce a new illustrated magazine devoted to carpentry, mechanics, electricity, and engineering, called the *Young Engineer and Amateur Carpenter*. The price is to be 4d., and the first number will be ready on the 25th instant.

Books to look out for at once.

"Hypolympia; or The Gods in the Island." By Edmund Gosse. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

[An ironic fantasy.]

"The Charteuse of Parma." By Stendhal. With an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. Heinemann. 2s. 6d.

"Living London." Edited by George H. Sims. Cassell. Part I., with photographs.

"The Prophet of Berkeley Square." By Robert H. Bates. Macmillan.

"Count Hannibal." By Stanley Weyman. Smith, Elder, & Co.

"A Modern Antiquary." By the writer of "An Englishman's Letters." Murray. 6s.

"In Spite of All." By Elma Lyall. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS

With notes where required to guide the reader as to contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent

ART.

L'IMAGINATION DE L'ARTISTE. Par P. SOUBRIAT. 7½ x 10. Paris: Hachette.

[By the author of "Théorie de l'invention," "L'esthétique," and "La suggestion dans l'art."]

THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK. By A. WHITMAN. 152 pp. Bell. 15s.

[The author is in the Prints and Drawings Department of the British Museum. It is a substantial work, with a great number of illustrations, mostly in half-tone.]

FILIPPO DE SER BRUNELLESCHI. (Great Masters Series.) LEADER SCOTT. 8 x 5½. 158 pp. Bell. 5s. n.

GIOVANNI SEGANTINI. By L. VILLARI. 11½ x 7½. 67 pp. 2ls. n.

[A sumptuous work, with 75 of the artist's pictures.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By GRAHAM SMITH. 2 vols. 9 x 6, 455 pp. Methuen. 25s. n.

[This is the "authorized" biography, undertaken at the request of Mrs. Stevenson, supplementing the letters edited by M. Colvin.]

STRINGER LAWRENCE (The Father of the Indian Army). By H. B. BURNETT. 8 x 5½. 133 pp. Murray. 5s. n.

[A short life, with portraits, &c., of the first English Chief in India, 1678-1775.]

PROPOS DE FELIX FAURE. By SAINT-SIMONIN. 7½ x 4½. Paris: Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

GOODY TWO SHOES—NURSERY RHYMES. Part II. By W. W. WELSH. (Cloth paper bound.) S.P.C.K. 4d. and 6d.

[Goody Two Shoes "is a slightly abridged reprint of a known tale (1768) attributed to Goldsmith. The illustrations are the original woodcuts. "The Nursery Rhymes" are well illustrated by Clara E. Atwood.]

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ANTHEA. By L. ROSSI. 4½ x 7. Galsner.

[A little fairy story in large print.]

MRS. HAMMOND'S CHILDREN. By MARY STRAFFORD. 7½ x 4½. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. n.

[Sketches of children's home-life amusement. Fairly well illustrated.]

THE REIGN OF KING COLE. Ed. by J. M. GIBSON. 7½ x 4½. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

[A number of fairy stories from different sources retold in the Court of Old King Cole. Copiously and well illustrated by C. R. B. B.]

THE WONDER-CHILD. By ETHEL TURNER (Mrs. H. R. C. B.). 7½ x 5, 320 pp. R.T.S.

[A story of Australian life, and the Australian war-continuation of the Swedish of BARON G. BJERKLOF by H. L. Brinkstad. 8½ x 6½. 178 pp. Heinemann.]

[A selection of the Swedish Folk and Fairy Tales collected twenty years ago by Baron Bjerklof. Fully illustrated by N. A. G.]

WITH THE REDSKINS ON THE WARPATH. By S. WALKER. 280 pp. 3s. 6d. n.

[The adventures—fights with Indians, &c.—of a young Canadian Ranger during the French Wars in Canada in the half of the eighteenth century.]

THE SOUL OF A CAT, and Other Stories. By MARGARET W. 7 x 4½. 174 pp. Heinemann.

[Mostly studies in cat-character, with sketches by R. B. B.]

THREE SAILOR BOYS; or, Adrift in the Pacific. By V. L. CAMERON, C.R. 7½×5, 140 pp. Nelson. 1s. 6d.

[Three runaway boys who go to sea and get caught by savages. Illus.]

A CHERRY TREE. By AMY L. FROVIE. 7½×4½, 185 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s.

[A short story of domestic life for girls. Two illustrations.]

THE WORLD OF THE GREAT FOREST. By P. DE CHATEL. 8½×5½, 323 pp. Murray. 7s. 6d. n.

[The animals of the Great Central African Forest (some of which were discovered by the author) here tell their own stories and explain their actions. The pictures (not all new, we fancy) are very good.]

CLASSICAL.

SEXTI PROPERTII, CARMINA. [Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. 7½×5. Clarendon Press. 3s.]

HOMER'S ODYSSEY. Books XIII.-XXIV. Ed. by H. B. MONRO. 9×5½, 512 pp. Clarendon Press. 16s.

[A continuation of the commentary on the Odyssey originally begun by Mr. Riddell, of Balliol, and completed as to its first part, books I.-XII, by Dr. Merry, in 1875. Appendices on Homer and his works occupy more than 200 pages.]

EDUCATIONAL.

GERMAN VOCABULARIES. For Repetition. By SOPHIE WRIGHT. 6½×4½, 61 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d.

EASY GREEK EXERCISES. By C. G. BOTTING. 7½×5, 102. Methuen. 2s.

KENTWORTH ("Sir Walter Scott" Continuous Readers). Ed. by R. S. DAVIES. 7×4½, 216 pp. Black. 1s. n.

A TREATISE ON ELEMENTARY STATISTICS, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By W. J. DODDS. 7×4½, 311 pp. Black. 7s. 6d.

LA LANGUE ANGLAISE SANS MAÎTRE. Par C. A. THUMM. 7×4½, 106 pp. Marlborough. 1s.

DER ENGLISCHE DOLMETSCHER. Von C. A. THUMM. 7×4½, 96 pp. Marlborough. 1s.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By G. H. THORNTON. (Self Educator Series.) 217 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

[Take other books in this series divided into two parts—First, Chapters on Composition with Exercises; secondly, Key to Exercises.]

FICTION.

LOVE LIKE A GIPSY. By B. CAPES. 7½×5½, 365 pp. Constable. 6s.

[A Romance of the Time of the American Revolution.]

DEEP-SEA PLUNDERING. By F. T. BULLEN. 7½×5½, 350 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

[Stories belonging to Mr. Bullen's usual province, two-thirds of which are reprinted from newspapers and magazines.]

FÉDÉRIQUE. By MARCEL PRÉVOST. Trans. by Ellen Marriage. 7½×5, 206 pp. Duckworth. 6s.

[The most important of the author's novels on Feminism.]

"MAM" LAURIMIER. By P. MASON. 8½×5½, 240 pp. Treherne. 2s. 6d.

[Short sporting stories, mostly reprinted from the *Sporting and Dramatic News* and *Tillotson's Newspaper*.]

EAST OF SUTZ. By ALICE PERRIN. 8×5½, 311 pp. Treherne. 6s.

[Romantic and mysterious phases of Anglo-Indian life.]

MARY ANNE OF PARCIMENT BUILDINGS. By LUCAS CLEEVE. 7½×5½, 332 pp. Digby Long. 6s.

[The story of a barrister and a girl of the lower class who sacrifices her life for him.]

THE AWAKENING OF HELENA THOMPE. By E. R. ESCHER. 7½×5½, 220 pp. Partridge.

[The love story of a country doctor's daughter.]

THE GATHERING OF BROTHER HILARIUS. By M. FAIRLESS. 7½×5½, 151 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

[A medieval story of monastic life.]

A BLIND MARRIAGE. By G. H. SIMS. 7½×5, 256 pp. Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.

[Short stories of to-day.]

CAPTAIN ISHMAEL. By G. GRIFFITH. 7½×5½, 314 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

[Romance and adventure in the Pacific Ocean in the 16th century.]

A MAN OF MILLIONS. By S. R. KNIGHTLEY. 7½×5½, 330 pp. Cassell. 6s.

[See Review, p. 376.]

TRAMVA QUEEN. By T. WILSON WILSON. 7½×5½, 385 pp. Arnold. 6s.

[Provincial life near the Lake Country.]

JOSEPH KHAÏSSAN, HALF-CASTE. By A. J. DAHELMANN. 6s.

[A curious story of a humanitarian half-marries an English girl.]

SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN. By MAMM. 200 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[Short stories. One or two of the women scenes laid in England.]

LA COLONNE. By LUCIEN DESCARVES. 7½×4½, Stock. Fr. 3.50.

LES OMBLÈS. By RENE BAZIN. 7½×4½, 390 pp. Fr. 3.50.

LE MYSTÈRE DE KAMA. Roman Magique. By 7½×4½, 307 pp. Paris: Flammarion. Fr. 3.50.

L'AGONIE. Roman Historique. By JEAN LOMBA. With illustrations. Paris: Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.

HISTORY.

AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. Welding of the nation, 1845-1900. Ed. by A. B. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

[The last vol., with general index, of the book.]

THE CAPE AND ITS STORY; or, The Struggle of the Author of "Breaking the Record," &c. 7s. 6d.

[A popular history to the taking of Pretoria. MODERN EUROPE. Vols. III. and IV. By T. L. Ed. Revised by A. HASSALL. 7½×5½, 464+465.

[This is to be completed in six volumes.]

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LITERARY.

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[On Literary subjects—Coleridge, Shelley,

THE WRITINGS OF OLIVER ORMEROD. A. J. By H. COLLEY MARCH, M.D. 7½×5, 351 pp. R. 5s. n.

[Ormerod wrote "The Felley fro Rachdale dialect of the visit of a shrewd Lancashire of 1851, and a similar book about the Exhibitions their quaint illustrations, were very popular. They by any one but a Lancashire man, though the them are included criticisms mostly in literary the *Rachdale Spectator*, and criticisms on the S. to the *Ficar's Lantern*. Dr. March contributes

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAUNA, FLORA, AND GEOLOGY OF THE CLYDE. By SCOTT ELLIOT, M. LAURIE, and J. R. MURDOCH. ON THE LOCAL INDUSTRIES OF GLASGOW OF SCOTLAND. Ed. by A. McLEAN. 3s. 6d. ARCHEOLOGY, EDUCATION, AND MISCELLANEOUS. Ed. by M. MACLEAN. 3s. 6d. n. 875 Maclehose.

[These are the handbooks prepared for the Association in Glasgow, 1901.]

HEADS AND HOW TO READ THEM. By S. 7½×5, 112 pp. Pearson. 1s.

[A popular exposition of phrenology, with deduced therefrom as to choice of wives, servants

THE COUNTING HOUSE GUIDE. By W. G. CONE. Edinburg Wilson. 7s. 6d. n.

[A very complete and useful book, intended "Tate's Counting House Guide," now some valuable feature is the insertion of copies of used in commerce.]

POPULAR STUDIES IN MYTHOLOGY, ROMAN. No. XI. By I. R. JOHNS. Nutt. 6d.

[Another of these capital little paper-bound the Mabinogion.]

THE QUIVER. Vol. for 1901. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Vol. 40. 10s. 6d.

ST. NICHOLAS. Vol. XXVIII., Part II. 9½×7, 5s.

THE ROYAL OWN ANNUAL. Vol. 100. 10s.

PHILOSOPHY.

HUMAN NATURE AND MORALS. By J. K. INGRAM, LL.D. 9 x 5½. 115 pp. Black. 3s. 6d. n.

[An account of Comte's theory of man's moral and intellectual constitution.]

THE ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF HEGEL'S LOGIC. By J. B. BAILLIE. 9 x 5½. 375 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

[Described as "A general introduction to Hegel's system." The author is a Cambridge man, and is now Lecturer in Philosophy at University College, Dundee.]

POETRY.

POEMS. By ELIZABETH M. ALFORD. 7½ x 5, 83 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

[Partly reprinted from the *Queer*, the *Argosy*, and the *Family Churchman*, and from previous books by the author.]

POLITICAL.

LETTERS FROM JOHN CHINAMAN. 6½ x 4, 63 pp. Brimley Johnson. 1s. n.

[A pamphlet partly from the *Saturday Review* giving the Chinese point of view.]

THE IRISH LAND PROBLEM AND HOW TO SOLVE IT. By D. S. A. COSBY. 7½ x 4½. 117 pp. Brimley Johnson. 1s. 6d. n.

[A defence of Irish landlords, reprinted from the *Westminster Review*.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE NOVELS OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON, in Twenty Vols. 7½ x 4½. Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. n. each vol.

[Mr. Leslie Stephen's edition in 12 volumes is now out of print, and this is an attempt to produce a complete, handy, and inexpensive edition. The illustrations are from engravings by Stothard and Burney. The volumes are in small octavo, tastefully bound.]

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. Three vols. Ed. by A. GLOVER. 9 x 6½. 459+464+466 pp.

[These partly and well got up volumes contain an Introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson, many portraits, and a great number of topographical illustrations, full-page and in the text, by Mr. Herbert Ralston.]

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FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. By R. L. STEVENSON. (The Paper Edition.) 6½ x 4½. 277 pp. Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d. n.

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[We have before called attention to this handsome edition. The frontispieces in half-tone by various artists are exceedingly good.]

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[Further volumes similar to the reprint of Hazlitt's "Table Talk," noticed in last week's list.]

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THE HOUSE ON THE SCAR. By BERTHA THOMAS. 2nd Ed. 314 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[A tale of South Devon.]

SCIENCE.

PRACTICAL HISTOLOGY. By J. N. LANSLEY. 7½ x 5, 304 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

PSYCHOLOGY, NORMAL AND MORBID. By C. A. MERRER. 578 pp. Sonnenschein. 15s.

[The author is Lecturer on Insanity at two London Medical Schools, and this substantial work is founded on the thesis, which thinks too much ignored—that a knowledge of the normal precedes a knowledge of the abnormal.]

SOCIOLOGY.

ESSAIS SUR LE MOUVEMENT OUVRIER EN FRANCE. By D. HALÉVY. 7½ x 4½. 300 pp. Paris: Georges Bellais. Fr. 3.50.

L'HUMANITÉ ET LA PATRIE. By ALFRED NAQUET. 7½ x 4½. 3 Paris: P. V. Stock. Fr. 3.50.

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MATTHEW HENRY AND HIS CHAPPEL, 1662-1800. By I. ROBERTS. 9 x 6, 265 pp. Liverpool Bookellers' Company. 5s.

[An account of the oldest Nonconformist chapel in Chester, on the biography of Matthew Henry, for whom the chapel was and the autobiography of Philip Henry, his father. The funds by the sale of the book will go to the repair of the chapel.]

RULING IDEAS OF OUR LORD. By C. F. D'ARCY, D.D. EARLY CHURCH. By PROF. J. ORR, D.D. PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES. By J. M. GIBSON, D.D. (Christian Study Mass.) 7 x 4½. 139+146+171 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. n. each.

[Dr. Gibson's book aims at being a moderate statement of Evangelical position, written in the hope of an understanding with Sacerdotalists. Dr. D'Arcy is Dean of Belfast; Dr. Orr is a professor at the United Free Church College, Glasgow.]

THE ANCIENT EAST. No. III. The Babylonian and the H Genesis. By H. ZIMMERS. Nott. 1s.

[The third of these short studies on recent Oriental discoveries by the leading scholars of Germany, with bibliographies. The translations by the authors, are by Miss Jane Hutchison.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

THE GREAT DESERTS AND FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA. P. FOUNTAIN. 9 x 6, 295 pp. Longmans. 8s. 6d. n.

[Mainly deals with animal life. Mr. W. H. Hudson comes in the work in a preface.]

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[Impressions of travel in Central and Western Polynesia. Ph

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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 210. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

MR. H. V. ESMOND.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

- "Links with the Past." By Mrs. C. Bagot. (Arnold.)
- "The War of the Civilizations." By G. Lynch. (Longmans.)
- "Tales of Dunstable Weir." By Zack. (Methuen.)
- "The Embarrassing Orphan." By W. E. Norris. (Methuen.)
- "The Glow Worm." By May Bateman. (Heinemann.)

* * * *

We may congratulate Miss Netta Syrett on being the author of the play selected by the Committee of the Playgoers' Club, in accordance with their arrangement with Mr. George Alexander. Mr. Alexander, as our readers know, sympathetically mindful of the numberless amateur players who have never yet seen a

Garden of Delight" (1897). The latter was published by Hurst and Blackett, who have also in hand a new novel by Syrett, of which the title is not yet fixed.

That portion of the library of the late Mr. Frederick Ellis which comes under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer on November 4 is noteworthy by reason of the number of fine Press books on vellum it contains. As friend and fellow-worker William Morris, for on most points his advice was received, picked copies of all or nearly all the publications, many of them, too, were gifts, with inscriptions on the fly-leaf. Including the two trial pages of the *Prologus*, a work which would have excelled the Chaucer in splendour had it been completed, 53 works were issued during the seven years. It is no uncommon thing for a complete set on paper to fetch at auction. A series realized about £150 when first a year ago; and as much as £500 has been paid for it since. In 47 cases a strictly limited number of copies printed on vellum at about six times the price of those on paper. Of these the Ellis library contains no less than 28, the value of which have never before changed hands publicly. The first on paper was issued at £20, and has risen steadily, and is now worth about £85, albeit 425 copies exist. Now for the first time one of 13 examples on vellum will be sold. Its original price was £126. This Chaucer, so far as modern books go, is the corner-stone of the Ellis library, as it was of the Morris. There are also rarities on vellum like the 1891 "Garden of Delight," one of four examples bound in green vellum in an experiment; the "Poems by the Way," which made a record of £50 in 1899; the "Defence of Guenevere," sold not long since for £39; and the Herrick "Poems," which have more than tripled in value since published at 8s. 6d. Among the others are, too, several *editiones principes* of works by Morris. Marbecke's "Booke of Common Praier Noted," printed by Richard Grafton in 1550; the first issues of Keats' "Endymion" and Shelley's "Adonais," which, like many other volumes, are in Cobden-Sanderson bindings; a 1501 Horace, printed by Kerver; the copy used by Ruskin, and containing many notes in his autograph, of John Stuart Mill's "Principles of Political Economy"; and "Leaves of Grass," with pencil copy by Walt Whitman, who sent the book to Mr. Ellis with a view to an English edition to be published by him.

Mr. Bernard Shaw recounts his early struggles as a dramatist in a characteristic preface to the new edition of "Cashel Byron's Profession" (Grant Richards, 6s.). He wrote, he assures us, many novels, and for many years the only people who handled them were Messrs. Carter, and did not lose money by them were Messrs. Carter, and

Mr. W. E. Henley wanted to have it dramatized; Stevenson wrote a letter about it, of which more presently; the other papers hastily searched their waste-paper baskets for it and reviewed it, mostly rather disappointedly; and the public preserved its composure and did not seem to care.

Stevenson thought highly of it, and the letter referred to is in Mr. Colvin's edition. But it is there expurgated; and Mr. Shaw gives us for the first time Stevenson's analysis of the contents of the book:—

Charles Reade	1 part.
Henry James or some kindred author, badly assimilated	1 part.
Disraeli (perhaps unconvincing)	½ part.
Struggling, overlaid, original talent	1½ part.
Blooming gaseous folly	1 part.

"If he only knew how I had enjoyed the chivalry!" adds Stevenson. Though we agree with Mr. Shaw in not thinking it a masterpiece, we enjoyed it when we read it in the shilling edition referred to. Some twenty years after its first appearance it was discovered in America, where it prospered.

THE FIRST LINE.

21st October, 1895.

This day is full of glorious victory.

Echoes of conquest whisper from afar
In every wave of the remembering sea.
Dear England! hath thy crown a richer star
Than this brave jewel, Nelson's Trafalgar?
Or hast thou in thy missal lovelier name
Than his who stricken in the ebb of war
Pillowed his head on thine unsullied fame

And smiled into Death's eyes from out the smoke and flame?

Let the sea speak to thee, the jealous sea

Whose scorn of weakness is the scourge of fears,
Let her surge be a trumpet unto thee,
Her waves a memory ringing in thine ears.
Heed her, or thou shalt place sad dust with tears,
No laurel, on thy proud cathedral graves;
Heed her, or in tradition-robbling years
Thy trampled children looking o'er the waves

On this great day shall curse the sires who made them slaves.

Shall the shrugged shoulder speak a nation's mind

When at their post the easy wardens sleep?
Shall we be blind because our chiefs are blind?
And keep no count because no count they keep?
Nay! by the sacred blood that won the deep,
And by the words on our dead Nelson's lips,
We will not hold our British birthright cheap,
Assured our star shall never know eclipse

While British seamen man their country's honest ships.

If Alfred builded, canst not thou maintain?

If Nelson conquered, canst not thou make sure?
Are all thy riches, all thy splendour vain,
Thy realms a Paphian's glittering furniture?
Thine is wide empery—Wilt thou abjure
The open ocean, empire's silver key?
Perish the drunken thought! Be strong, endure;
Thou must be England, and thou must be free,
And while this England stands, England's must be the sea.

The Society of Authors have offered to erect a monument designed by Mr. George Frampton, in the cry of the Cathedral as a memorial to Sir Walter Besant.

We are glad to hear that Sir Theodore Martin has recovered from his illness.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered £1,000 to erect a free library; £2,000 to the town of Castle Douglas, in North Ayrshire; and to Dundee £20,500 for four buildings (if the town furnishes the sites and land in the £); and £11,000 for a central library and reading room.

Mr. Stopford Brooke will begin on October 1st at the College a course of five lectures on Matthew Arnold and contemporary poets.

At a mass meeting of students of St. Andrew's University held on Tuesday, a letter was read from Mr. James Buchanan accepting his nomination for the Rectorship of the University.

An Irish play, *Diarmid and Grania*, written by Mr. George Moore, was produced on Tuesday at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, by Benson's company.

It is denied that the dispute between Messrs. Pearson and Messrs. Messrs. Pearson has been settled out of Court. It is expected to come on towards the middle of November.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been re-elected Captain of the Rottingdean Rifle Club, which he founded some years ago.

The naming of novels is an art in itself, and literary exercise is started by an evening publishing a serial by Mr. Robert Macbray. The prize is offered to the reader who chooses the best.

The tenth session of lectures of the Bibliographical Society will begin on Monday, when Mr. Cyril Davidson will discuss the various leathers used in bookbinding.

The chapel in King's-court, Great Suffolk Street, in which Bunyan once took refuge from an angry mob, has been closed by the County Council on account of its dilapidated condition.

Mr. Victorien Sardou is writing a play on the life of Henry Irving.

It is said that Mr. Pinero's visit to Italy will be followed by Signora Duse's playing the title-part of his last play.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's play *Quality Street* has been produced at Toledo, U.S.A.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler has been elected a member of the Ruskin Society.

The editor of *Boys of our Empire* has published a description list, in order to raise a testimonial fund for Jules Verne.

Mark Twain has become a politician, and will speak at Tammany Hall and all its works at a public meeting at Waldorf.

An announcement comes from New Zealand that Mr. T. J. Burns, a leading Dunedin citizen,

editions of Chaucer, copies of the first four folios of Shakespeare, and first editions of Froissart, Spenser, Herrick, Milton, Waller, Suckling, and Hollinshed, and Still's "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which realized £64 at the sale of Mr. George Daniel's library in 1804.

Mr. H. G. Wells, who takes all prophecy for his province, has been discussing the languages of the future in an article

The Languages of the Future. published simultaneously in the *North American* and *Fortnightly Review*. His prediction is that the little languages like Basque and Flemish and even Italian will be squeezed out, that English, French, and German will struggle, and that French will win in the end. We are not at all sure that

the former opinion is based upon a close observation of the facts or derives a great deal of support from them. The minor languages, though useless for commerce and often superfluous for culture, die uncommonly hard, and display remarkable vitality at the present time. The attempt to galvanize into life the old Celtic language of Ireland is only one case in point, and not, perhaps, one of the most important cases. The endeavour to revive Provençal in the South of France is in the main a literary enterprise. The instances which really affect Mr. Wells' argument are those in which the masses of the people have insisted upon retaining tongues which most of us consider outlandish. In spite of the opposition encountered, they have gained ground instead of losing it. There are at least two European countries in which this has notoriously and conspicuously happened: Belgium and Austria-Hungary. In Belgium a serious attempt was made to establish French as the general and official language. But the Flemish resisted, and after a long and furious agitation they obtained the complete official recognition of their language. It is taught in the Belgian schools, admitted in the Belgian law courts, and printed on the Belgian postage stamps. As every philatelist knows, on the earlier Belgian stamps the inscription "Belgique-Postes" stands alone; whereas they now carry the double legend "Postes-Belgique" and "Belgie-Posten." In Austria-Hungary the battle has been against German, which, of all the many tongues spoken in that composite country, is obviously the most suitable for general use; and two alternative languages are making headway against it. In Austria itself the Czech language is forcing its way to equality with German. In Hungary the Magyars, who hold the balance of political power, are absolutely persecuting German out of existence. Magyar, and not German, is taught in the national schools; only the Magyar names of places are given in the geography manuals and railway time-tables; German theatrical performances have lately been suppressed. German, in short, has been made as much a foreign tongue in Hungary as Magyar is in Prussia. Obviously there are here strong tendencies which will have to be violently corrected before the first part of Mr. Wells' prophecy can begin to be fulfilled. Nor are we satisfied of the soundness of the reasoning by which he maintains that French is destined to make headway at the expense of English. He writes that "the decisive factor in this matter is the amount of science and thought the acquisition of a language will afford the man who learns it," and that France has the advantage in this respect over England and Germany alike. Whether the latter proposition be true or not, the former fails to carry conviction. It is not warranted by ancient, mediæval, or contemporary experience, and it is based upon the familiar fallacy of putting the cart before the horse. The number of people who learn German is that of

Literature Portraits.—XX

EDWARD FREDERICK BENSON

Irresy optimism, great self-confidence, and cultivation seem to be Mr. Benson's three principal characteristics revealed in his work, and three excellent characteristics are for a man to be endowed with if he wishes to win in literature; for, together, they should imply a high degree of sanity. This healthfulness is shown, quite apart from his writings, in his life at Marlborough and Cambridge. He was well, but he played well too, and made it difficult for anyone to be dull. Racquets and football, in both of which he shone, denote much; the Worts, Prendergast, and other studentships, all of which he won, denote much of the same kind. He made the most of the best sort of education obtained in England and qualified for admission into the sort of modern society where manner and manners are as indispensable as birth formerly was.

In the meantime, his scholarship had taken him to Athens, where he worked for the British Archaeological School, and in Egypt, where he worked for the Hellenic School. He came directly under an entirely different set of influences. He came under them, moreover, at the time when they were likely to have the best effect upon him, when he was young enough to be impressed by the splendour of traditional glamour of the past, but old enough to appreciate the value and discriminate between the old and the new in both environments—in Piccadilly, where another set of influences have become a *finesse*, and on the Acropolis, where he might have become a misty visionary—his training enough to control his temperament and arrive at healthy conclusions. His sanity, as it seems to me, gave him power to resist the unfitting and assimilate only the simplest and the best.

From the same quality another thing inevitably resulted: an honesty of mind revealed in a certain simple directness of speech which, if not good style from a purely literary point of view, is a fair working substitute for it. What Mr. Benson may do some day, he is at present so much interested in whatever story he happens to be telling at the moment that he forgets all but the story; he begins and stops when he comes to the end, and he regards all fine writing for fine writing's sake as so much of good time. Simplicity and straightforwardness are his, and I doubt if in all his books there is one line that can be condemned as "precious."

It is only natural that with a mind as susceptible to impressions as a sensitive plate, much of Benson's work will be photographic in its fidelity, and, photography notwithstanding, the inference is obvious. If he is judged only by his stories and books dealing with the present, his place in fiction would almost approach that of Du Maurier in black and white; and incidentally it may be added that no more Benson's fault than it was Du Maurier's fault some years ago, as time is reckoned now, that his characters were a Grecian bend. But the Benson who is known as Edward Benson is only part of the man. With his self-confidence and optimism it was inevitable that he should at the end of the line of least resistance; he went about with a certain air of "I don't care," and he was not a

whatever form of art, he is apt to find his public very tyrannical; he has done something well and stands committed to following it up with something similar, whatever his own inclinations or powers may be. Benson himself probably knew his potentialities pretty well, but he acquiesced easily in the situation, and the next year, in 1894, "The Rubicon" appeared. It had much the same merits and much the same demerits as its predecessor, to which, indeed, it was practically a sequel; and if to certain palates a sequel has the same sort of flavour as has a twice-lighted cigar, one need not find fault with the tobacco. In 1893 "Six Common Things" was published, and in 1895 there came the "Judgment Books." Of the former one cannot fail to have a high opinion. So far as publication fixes events these four books covered a period during which two things had happened—the "Dodo" tradition was established and Benson had spent three years in Grosse.

In 1896 came "Limitations," and in that book there are two things worth noticing. It contains one of the best pictures I know of University life, and it seems to be in some sense a confession of faith on the part of the author. The really good story of undergraduate life remains to be written, possibly because, at the time the spell of it is strong upon a man, he has not acquired the power of expression, and because when he has acquired the power of expression the spell has weakened and his sense of perspective makes him hesitate as to whether it is worth writing about at all. But much of the charm of life at Cambridge is recalled by "Limitations," and for that alone some gratitude is due. More important, however, is the description of the struggle that goes on in Tom Carlingford's mind before he gives up what he believes he could do, and what he believes to be supremely well worth doing, and decides to be an apostate prostituting his gifts by simply using them to ward off starvation. There is the nucleus of fine tragedy, and one wonders how far the book is autobiographical. When once you have tasted enthusiasm you can never forget its wonderful intoxication although you may have lost it entirely. The chances may be a thousand to one that you can never fly, but lose the blessed illusion that you can fly, and what is left? I have often wondered whether "Dodo" was the statuette, and whether in Benson's studio a Demeter stands with her head bent in sorrow for her child. If so, one hopes that he has another goddess. For "Dodo" reappeared in person in "The Lady's Realm" if I remember rightly, and "Mammon and Co." did well in two continents in 1899, and "The Luck of the Vails" has been serialized and published as a book since then. Of "The Babe B.A." there is not much to say, and besides all these Benson wrote a multitude of little society stories, all bright and flippant, and cheerily, breezily amusing.

I do not want to seem to depreciate these things; they are wonderfully vivid, and, as I have said, photographic in their fidelity to the life they describe; if sometimes the people who move in the world seem sordid and mean, or heartless and unmoral, it is no fault of the author; it is their artificiality which is emphasized by his own truthfulness; they are at any rate well governed and witty, quick in the up-take and mentally alert. Benson, with his optimism, sees the best side of them, and with his good taste makes the best of them. Above all, the books are amusing, as such books ought to be. But yet I seem to see their author a victim to the tyranny of the public he has created for himself. Are they his "statuettes"?

For apart from them all, on an utterly different plane, stand the two novels which show, and that perhaps in-

had suffered something of the unspeakable horror goaded the Greeks into that rebellion than a nearly a century after the event. He steeped the wonderful atmosphere of the country, with the book is full of exquisite word pictures; he inmost hearts of the people, with the result the contribution to the history of the time by its re-character of the people who rebelled; finally he one living soul, incarnate in the "little Milton" the central point of one of the most charming lo have ever read.

These are the things which seem to me to words, supremely well worth doing, and which do. What his place in fiction is destined to entirely with himself, but, if "The Vintage" to remain a single aberration from the path of comedy, it may be very high indeed.

CRANSTOWN

Mr. E. F. Benson was working at Athens Archaeological School when "Dodo" appeared. "Dodo" made her first appearance in two volumes and went through three editions in that form in . The book continued to sell remarkably well, and one-volume form can boast of a fourteenth edition though always certain of a fair measure of success reached anything approaching this circulation books. "Dodo" was given another lease of present year with a large sixpenny edition in the "Novelist" Series. The chronological list of novels is as follows:—

- 1893.—"Dodo" (14th edition). Methuen.
- 1893.—"Six Common Things." (5th edition) (Osgood—now published by Harper.)
- 1894.—"The Rubicon" (5th edition). Methuen.
- 1895.—"The Judgment Books." (2nd edition) (Osgood—now published by Harper.)
- 1896.—"Limitations." (Innes—now published by Putnam.)
- 1897.—"The Babe B.A." Putnam.
- 1898.—"The Vintage" (3rd edition). (Methuen—being serially in the *Graphic* and *Harper*.)
- 1898.—"The Money Market." (Arrowsmith's Chiswick.)
- 1899.—"The Caprina" (2nd edition). (Methuen.)
- 1899.—"Mammon and Co." (3rd edition). (Heinemann.)
- 1900.—"The Princess Sophia." (Heinemann.)
- 1901.—"The Luck of the Vails" (2nd edition).

Mr. Benson was also the joint author with Hogarth of the "Report on Prospects of Alexandria," which was drawn up for the Archaeological Exploration Fund, 1894-95, and read before the Hellenic Society, who had subsidized the expenses of the excavations carried out in 1894. This month Mr. Benson is beginning a series of *Outlook*, entitled "Some Social Criminals."

The rumour is contradicted that the *Figaro* regarded as the typical French newspaper, is to be the *Gaulois*. The latter is the younger paper, at present, has a firmer hold upon the public. It was the avowed rival of the *Figaro*, in 1867; and it has frequently changed sides. The editors have Tarbé, Jules Simon, and Arthur Meyer, the latter of the chair; and its policy has been successively Bonapartist, Republican again, Bonapartist and Royalist. M. Meyer is such a devoted Royalist that to support the claims of the Duc d'Orléans even tender had publicly sneered at him for being a supporter of the claims of the Duc d'Orléans.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

A "Personal View."

Recent criticism has not been quite judicious in its estimate of some living American writers. The excessive praise bestowed on the rather facile historical novel "Richard Carvel" is a striking illustration of the lack of the sense of proportion in the minds of some critics when they happen to be reviewing new American works of fiction. Whatever may be the strong points of this book it is distinctly amateurish both in style and construction. Of course, "Richard Carvel" would never have been written if Mr. Stanley Weyman had not set the fashion of writing historical novels on the somewhat artificial plan of making the hero relate his own exploits. "Richard Carvel" is from this point of view little better than a clever imitation of so-called historical romances which, are doomed, sooner or later, to pass into oblivion for this simple reason—that they appeal too much to popular taste to have much solid artistic value.

The indiscriminating critic also misleads the public, as he probably misleads himself, when he lauds Mr. Henry James and Mr. W. D. Howells as masters of style. The style of both of these authors is surely marred by cumbrousness, affectation, and self-consciousness. When we compare their method with that of Nathaniel Hawthorne, we are struck by the difference. Hawthorne appeals to the human heart; they appeal to the prejudices and, we might add, to the manias of latter-day literary pedants. While Mr. Howells sees nothing in modern life but "leather and primella," Hawthorne sees a deep and tragic background behind the apparently commonplace routine of civilized existence. To over-estimate living American writers is to do injustice to Hawthorne. One of the worst offences of the log-roller is the way in which he, so to speak, depreciates the literary currency. He makes pewter pass for gold, so that books become a species of debased coinage. It is time to call attention to the fact that the American writers of to-day are much inferior artists to Hawthorne.

So peculiar is the position of Nathaniel Hawthorne in literature that justice has never been done to his extraordinary powers as a writer of fiction. It is true that Mr. Leslie Stephen in his work, "Half-hours in a Library," gives the American writer credit for having extracted poetry "out of the most unpromising materials"; but something more than this can be said of Hawthorne. He is not merely a great creative artist. He is a writer endowed with the rarest kind of originality; he is one of the true aristocrats of literature. His genius is the fine flower of Puritanism. In his writings there is nothing impure—nothing "common" or "mean." He has a positive disdain for the trivial. He has made imagination the torch of conscience. Tearing aside the mask of conventionality which human nature wears in everyday life, he reveals its inner depths with painful clearness and definiteness.

His method, indeed, is almost the reverse of that adopted

of the romantic incidents which not only give life to the story, but bring out all that is most distinctly characteristic in its *dramatis personæ*. The villain Pyncheon and his terrible death have in them a kind of fatality; but the author carefully avoids all "bloody details," so that the tragic horror of the *dénouement* is, in way, the opposite of melodrama.

Carlyle, in his somewhat ungenerous estimate of novels, has described them as "*costume novels*." This is not a fair criticism of Scott. The Waverley Novels enjoyed a long-continued popularity because of their great merits as works of fiction. But it must be acknowledged that Scott was too much concerned about externals, and always devote sufficient attention to the study of them. This could not be said of Hawthorne. It is easy to see how differently he would have dealt with the subject Scott has, after his own fashion, so strikingly treated in "Ivanhoe." We should have had very few tourneys; possibly, we might have had no description of a tournament. We should, on the other hand, have learned a great deal as to the spiritual history of both Ivanhoe and Rebecca. He should have been more deeply interested in the unbridled brutality of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's spirit than in the record of his crimes. A more lurid light might have been thrown on the mysterious death of the Templar, Bels-Gull, according to Scott, after a fall from his horse, died of the violence of his own contending passions. In Hawthorne's "Ivanhoe" should have had none of the Wardour-street element of "Ivanhoe" if it had been written by Hawthorne.

But Scott was not Hawthorne. He was greater in power—far inferior in penetrative insight. To his admirers Sir Walter will always be the "Wizard of the North" and his glamour will be unfading. To those whom he cannot charm, many—if not most—of his historical personages seem little better than "plaster of Paris," to use Stephen's somewhat disrespectful but not unfelicitous phrase.

The book which has gained for Hawthorne the widest reputation is "The Scarlet Letter." He did not himself regard it as his best work that embodied his highest conceptions as a literary artist, but it is certainly a masterpiece of its kind. In the story of Arthur Dimmesdale we have a study in "morbid" which impresses us as too cruel, too uncompromising. The woman, Hester Prynne, is a heroine as great as Magdalen. Her moral martyrdom raises the story to the highest level of human possibility. Even George Eliot has never presented to us the possibilities of a woman's nature so vividly or thoroughly. Hawthorne has in "The Scarlet Letter." The book, however, has artistic defects. Its "symbolism," on which Mr. James has laid so much stress, gives the story here an curious aspect of unreality. The witch-element, to mistake. It might, furthermore, be urged that of Chillingley is an attempt to personify the Prince of Evil in human form. But, when criticism has done its worst, "The Scarlet Letter" remains the greatest work of its kind.

of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure as he stood out from all the earth to put in his plea of guilt at the Bar of Eternal Justice. "People of New England," cried he, with a voice that rose ever high, solemn, and majestic, yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe, "Ye that have loved me—ye that have deemed me holy! Behold me here, the one sinner in the world! At last! At last! I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood, here with this woman, whose arm more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been, wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose, it has cast a lurid gleam of awe, and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you at whose hand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

The dramatic power of the scene is only equalled by what one might call its spiritual realism. How terrible is the unveiling of a soul! and how marvellous is the gift of the artist who can thus uplift the veil! Many writers have, since Hawthorne's death, vainly endeavoured, by borrowing the confession-scene in "The Scarlet Letter," to adapt it to other circumstances, but what a failure such efforts have proved! The imitators of Hawthorne have not the art of creating an atmosphere in which their phantoms could live.

"The Blithedale Romance," though it possesses a deep interest as a tolerably faithful account of the Brook Farm experiment, can scarcely be described as an entirely successful work of fiction. But the character of Zenobia will always fascinate the student of female psychology. Mr. Thomas Hardy has never portrayed a more charming, a more wayward, a more elusive, or a more inscrutable type of womanhood. The scene in which the body of Zenobia is discovered in the river, with her knees still bent in the attitude of prayer, but with a look of proud defiance in her eyes, is one which clearly proves that Hawthorne was a consummate artist.

If we were merely discussing the question of style, it would be no exaggeration to say that Hawthorne has never written anything more beautiful than the description of the old man and the child in "The Dolliver Romance." The work, though a fragment, bears the stamp of genius. At the time when Hawthorne was writing it he was suffering not only from illness but from anxiety as to pecuniary affairs. He had previously written about his projected work in this characteristic fashion:—

There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold and have a perception of very disagreeable phantoms to be encountered as I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book.

It would not, indeed, have been "a sunshiny book" if Hawthorne had lived to complete it. A book written by a man in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" can scarcely be expected to be mirthful or light in tone; and yet there is in

story would have weakened its force as a finished might be an interesting question for those concerned more art of manufacturing stories. But with Hawthorne by this standard. Certainly in "Satanstoe" or the Elixir of Life," the theme is also too fanciful perhaps, for successful treatment.

In "Transformation" Hawthorne gives us of been said by a celebrated English novelist the design. It was the greatest work of fiction ever written, the author had failed to execute his plan effect the best passages in "Transformation" could have excelled. Balzac has never written anything more dramatic situations, cramped his story "Transformation," which might have been his greatest creates on our minds the same impression as a mutilated piece of beautiful sculpture.

Of the short stories of this unique writer it is to speak too highly. Some of them are perhaps more representative of his peculiar genius than his more. For instance, "The Birth-mark" and "The Great-Heart" have more spiritual significance than any other of the same length.

In one of the "Notes," which give such a glimpse at the mental mechanism of the author, he would like to write a story about nothing. Chevalier Flaubert says much the same thing in one of his novel-manufacturers of to-day the idea may seem in reality genius has little need of incidents to tell his works. It is not the situations in Hamlet but of Hamlet's mental struggles that interest us most. The greatest American prose writer, standing as an analyst of the soul. His stern Puritanism has stripped off the stage accessories of life, and to lay bare the convulsions which are the real sources of life. He is in literature what Spinoza is in philosophy, a pursuer of truth. Those who are weary of both of sensationalism may turn to Hawthorne for calm and peace. His works have a cloistered calm which is in common with the mad rush of modern life. In a country where progress has almost made man wither "should have given birth to such a masterpiece needed a Hawthorne. His writings are the result of his restless pursuit of material success.

D. F.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

Samuel Richardson has, we are afraid, been except students for many years past; and because his three novels the modern reader probably knows the author or his works. One might ask a dozen questions the names of Richardson's books and "Pamela," "Clarissa," "Grandison," but it

October 26, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

In his day the whole of Europe positively raved about him. They imitated his style, they plagiarized his plots, made plays out of his novels, wrote continuations of his stories, and issued several translations of his works. These things were done by such men as Rousseau, Diderot, Goethe, Prévost, George Sand, Musset, Balzac, Voltaire, and Lessing—writers who did not, surely, follow the craze of a fashion as is done so extensively nowadays. They were admirers heart and soul of one of the greatest realists England has known. Rousseau considered "Clarissa" the finest novel in any language; Diderot in his "Eloge" promised to read him alternately with Homer, the Bible, Euripides, and Sophocles, and said that he rejoiced that Richardson had more admirers in France than in his native country. And those who did not "weep hours of life away," as a German poet confessed to have done over his work, came over to England to find the spots where the characters were supposed to have walked and had their being, much in the same way that Americans go to Stratford and admirers of Dickens to Rochester and the neighbourhood. In England the feeling was much the same, but not so strongly manifested. If one had not read the latest volume of "Pamela" or "Clarissa," as the case might be, it was considered a far more heinous crime than, say, to confess ignorance of "An Englishwoman's Love-letters" to-day. These facts elaborated in the few biographical accounts of his career have kept his memory green; and a knowledge of the place of Richardson in English literary history is part of the equipment of the literary student, even if few such students have taken the trouble to read him. Perhaps one reason why his works are not more widely read is to be found in the curious fact that while Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett are well served by the publishers of reprints, only one complete edition of Richardson's writings has been accessible for close upon a century, and that expensive, and, speaking from a general point of view, ungetatable. We are led, therefore, to welcome the complete edition included in our book list of last week, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is in twenty small well-printed volumes, and contains seventy-eight reproductions from the illustrations by Stothard and Burney—we reproduce one by Stothard—and a portrait of Richardson, the frontispiece to each volume being a photographure. Miss Ethel M. M. McKenna's study of the novelist and his work is well considered and interesting. We confess, however, some curiosity to learn upon what authority she speaks of Fielding's "Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews" and of "his famous parody 'Shamela' to which Joseph Andrews owes its inception."

Richardson was born in 1689 in Derbyshire, so that when "Pamela" was written in 1740 he was over fifty years old. Everybody knows how it came to be written—it was evolved out of an invitation to write a volume of business letters. Long as it is, it is said that only two months were devoted to its writing, and only after office hours, for Richardson's printing business kept him occupied during the day. It was published anonymously and its success was immediate. "Clarissa" began to appear in 1747. "Pamela," according to the well-known story, so moved the blacksmiths of Slough that they broke into the church to ring the bells for joy when the heroine wedded her master. Whether the blacksmiths were equally interested in Clarissa we do not know, but there are plenty of instances on record of expressed agony of impatience for the new volume. It is undoubtedly Richardson's greatest book; Dr. Johnson proclaimed it the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart. "Grandison" (1753) was the outcome of the mastering

O master of the heart! whose magic skill
The close recesses of the soul can find,
Can rouse, besalm, and terrify the mind,
Now melt with pity, and with anguish thrill;
Thy moral page while virtuous precepts fill,
Warm from the heart, to mend the age's den;
Wit, strength, truth, decency, are all con-
To lead our youth to good, and guard from ill.

O long enjoy what thou so well hast won,
The grateful tribute of each honest heart,
Sincere, not hackney'd in the ways of
At each distressful stroke their true tears run
And nature, unsophisticate by art,
Owns and applauds the labours of thy

To Richardson, surrounded by his little troop of
ladies, the literary quality of such addresses matter



THE RESCUE OF MISS BYRON BY SIR CHARLES GRANDISON
THE HANDS OF SIR HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN

"The moment I returned to the chariot your lovely countess
herself into my arms."

[By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

provided they paid the proper tribute to his rather ta-
prudential morality, and he doubtless accepted with co-

more than of "Tom Jones" or "Tristram Shandy." Who would have the heart to interfere with an author who assures us that his works were written to "amiably illustrate, and strongly enforce, the proper virtues of man and woman, parent and child, old age and youth, master and servant. Each of them communicated in a regular collection of familiar letters written to the moment while the heart is agitated by hopes and fears on events undecided. A method which must engage more strongly and prove far more interesting to the reader than a cold unanimating narrative of events long since determined."

Richardson carried on his business of printer and publisher in Salisbury-court. His house at North End is still to be seen. He died in 1761 and was buried in St. Bride's, Fleet-street.

MICK McQUAID.

An Irish correspondent writes :—The recent references to the creator of "Jack Harkaway" in *Literature* remind me of a similar curious instance of the immense popularity in Ireland of a serial writer whose personality was and is known to comparatively few people. The late Colonel W. F. Lynam, the creator of "Mick McQuaid," published next to nothing in book form, but he was a prolific writer for papers and magazines. In 1867 he began the publication, in a paper called the *Shamrock*, read chiefly by the Nationalist youth of Ireland, of a story called "Mick McQuaid's Conversion." It described the sordid cunning of a character who changes his religion for money. It caught on immediately, and for nearly thirty years the adventures of Mick McQuaid delighted a constantly increasing circle of readers. The "Conversion" was followed at once by a fresh serial called "Mick McQuaid the Evangelizer," showing his hero as a fully-fledged evangelist. It depicted the worst vices of the lowest class of Irish peasants, often with remarkable humour and raciness, and sometimes with coarse, savage power. The cry for "more" induced Colonel (then Captain) Lynam to present Mick in a new light, and he next appeared as "Mick McQuaid the Under-Agent," in which the cupidity and insolence of the inferior type of bailiff are depicted. The appetite of the *Shamrock's* public being unsatisfied, we next find Mick as "M.D.," and the life of the country doctor in Ireland and its humours and its miseries are well displayed. Then "Mick McQuaid, M.P.," comes on the scene and outshines all his previous records. His capacity for jobbery, his insincerity and rascality, are ruthlessly drawn. "Mick McQuaid, Solicitor," followed, and all the chicanery of the worst type of Irish attorney is set down in a quite Hogarthian manner. The circulation of the paper, meanwhile, increased by leaps and bounds, and it became a valuable property. Many Irish writers who have since become well known were its frequent contributors, and the same may be said of its artists, among whom were Harry Furness, Gustave Doré, and G. Montbard. The next appearance of the famous Mick was in "Mick McQuaid's Spa," further illustrating his genius for dishonesty and his sublime impudence. The author tried vainly to invent other characters and to turn his attention to other subjects, but his readers only clamoured for more, and "Mick McQuaid, J.P.," and "Mick McQuaid, Poor Law Guardian," not to mention other serials with Mick as the central figure, duly appeared. When, on a change of proprietorship, an attempt was made to stop the interminable narrative, the circulation of the paper went down by thousands and the

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF STEVENSON.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By G. G. STEVENSON. Two volumes. (Methuen, 25s.)

There is no personality in the whole of literature more fascinating than that of Robert Louis Stevenson. Much of this personal fascination he contrived, and well-concealed literary art, to transfer to his books, which thus achieved that note of frankness for the sake of which certain writers are always valued more than their intrinsic power quite justifies. The task of his biographer is made harder than it should be, for compensation, his work is assured of a readership which it is at all adequately executed. Mr. G. G. Stevenson's life of his famous cousin is more than adequate to say so; it is a dignified, scholarly, frank, and at the same time very loving piece of work, which is well worth the subject. At the same time, it tells us, little Stevenson that was not already familiar to us as a boy who had the Edinburgh Edition and the letters to Mr. Colvin at his finger ends, and who possessed a familiarity with the various reminiscences which Stevenson have published in the seven years that have elapsed since his death. It was inevitable that, in anything but a definite and formal biography, this should be the case. Mr. Balfour has candidly admitted it in his preface.

In Stevenson's case, if anywhere, the result of a biography would be autobiography if it could be so. I availed myself as far as possible of the writer's own words as he has referred to himself and his past experience together the passing allusions to himself throughout his works was an obvious duty; my longer quotations, except in two or three necessary instances, have been taken almost verbatim from the material which was hitherto either unpublished or in the limited Edinburgh Edition. Where a passage in his manuscripts or ephemeral works was of his life or development, I employed it not only as it should have used a letter or a hasty note, but in the same fashion, regarding it as a piece of direct evidence from the best possible source.

This plan, which seems to us to be the only one to adopt, necessarily involves a certain amount of repetition, which may even appear excessive to those who own the Edinburgh Edition. As they are so many in number—at an outside computation of about a thousand—it was right to consider the far larger number of the autobiographical material published alone will be new. Even to the best-read admirer of Stevenson's life which is still obscure on his development and his literary work is so one cannot but feel a justifiable curiosity

enough after all, chiefly consisting in the shifts to which even an Edinburgh lad is put when he tries to "see life" on five shillings a week, which was all the pocket money that Stevenson had to conduct his University career upon. An extract from the fragment aforesaid helps us to understand a good deal in Stevenson's work and in his own dim references to his youthful excesses:—

I was the companion of women, chimney-sweeps, and thieves; my circle was being continually changed by the action of the police magistrate. I see now the little sanded kitchen where Velvet Coat (for such was the name I went by) has spent days together, generally in silence and making sonnets in a penny version-book; and rough as the material may appear, I do not believe those days were among the least happy I have spent. I was distinctly petted and respected; the women were most gentle and kind to me; I might have left all my money for a month, and they would have returned every farthing of it. Such indeed was my celebrity, that when the proprietor and his mistress came to inspect the establishment, I was invited to tea with them; and it is still a grisly thought to me, that I have since seen that mistress, then gorgeous in velvet and gold chains, an old, toothless, ragged woman, with hardly enough voice to welcome me by my old name of Velvet Coat.

This gives us a good idea of the lad whom Mr. Henley painted in that sonnet which still remains, to our mind, the best portrait of young Stevenson that has been drawn with pen and ink:—

Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter Catechist.

Mr. Balfour has been three fortunate in the discovery of this fragment of autobiography, notably in its third book, "From Jest to Earnest," which describes the "high jinks" in which R. L. S. and his friends delighted, and indicates the passage from "greensickness" to that sane and manly attitude to life which was so signal a triumph over physical disabilities. Little less welcome are the charming reminiscences of Colinton Manse, which contain much that is fresh and characteristic, in spite of their having clearly furnished material for several published essays. Indeed, the two best parts of the book, to our taste, are those which deal with Stevenson's childhood, of which all is here collected that the world can ever expect to know, and with his life at Vailima, of which Mr. Balfour writes as a participant in the family interests and a close observer of the romantic life of Tusitala. Mr. Colvin was too unsympathetic with "the blacks and chocolates" to handle that well, and there was much to tell which did not find place in the Letters or in the South Sea book. The account of Stevenson's parents, too, is fuller and more subtle than anything that has hitherto been published, and the outside world should have no excuse for further misapprehending the relationship between Thomas Stevenson and his strangely gifted son, or for uttering such fatuities as the supposition that the whole of that relationship is painted in (for instance) "John Nicholson," which had just enough of autobiography to mislead the ignorant. Indeed, we have nothing but praise for the way in which Mr. Balfour has throughout his book fulfilled a task of extreme difficulty and

A Bible picture-book was given to him as an extra present. His mother, 'from that time forward it was the wish of his heart to be an author.' " He learnt, about the same time, to read and write in numbers; there is preserved a curious little poem by the boy called a "songstry"—which his father secured down and preserved. It may rank in the history of literature with the epitaph of the duck on which little Sam Johnson was born—though that story rests on a worse foundation:—

Had not an angel got the pride of man,
No evil thought, no hardened heart would have been
No hell to go to, but a heaven so pure;
That angel was the Devil.
Had not that angel got the pride, there would have been
no hell.

For Jesus Christ to die upon the cross.

The manner of Stevenson's collaboration has not yet been discussed, and the account of its method which is given by his surviving partner, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, will be read with interest by craftsmen in the art of letters. He says:—

When the idea for a book was started, we used to sit over together, and generally carried the tale on from one invention to another, until, in accordance with the practice, we had drawn out a complete list of the subjects. In all our collaborations I always wrote the first draft of the ground The first draft was then written and rewritten by Louis and myself in turn. . . . collaboration was a mistake, for me, nearly as much as it was for him; but I don't believe Louis ever enjoyed any work so much as he liked the comradeship—my work coming in when his energy flagged, or vice versa; and he liked my application—as he always did—pulled us magnificently out of our slumps. In a way, I was well fitted to help him. I had a dialogue—I mean, of the note-taking kind. I was a good artist and a man of genius. I managed the practical shifts and inventions which were constantly necessary. I was the practical man, so to speak, the one who put the distances, and used the weights and measures; I was the "Wrecker" the storm was mine; so were the night murders on the *Currency Lass*; the plagues in San Francisco and the commercial details of London's partnership were mine and Pinkerton to a great degree, and Captain Jack was mine throughout.

It is always interesting to look into an artist's life, and for all Mr. Osbourne's becoming modesty we can see that a partnership was a mistake which gave us such a vigorous, and romantic a tale as "The Wrecker." Let us quote a rondeau which is of double interest as being the sole survivor of a form of verse in which Stevenson took more than superficial interest, and as expressing his philosophy of life with great directness. It runs thus:

Since I am sworn to live my life
And not to keep an easy heart,
Some men may sit and drink apart,
I bear a banner in the strife.

Some can take quiet thought to wife,
I am all day at fierce and curte,
Since I am sworn to live my life
And not to keep an easy heart.

I follow gaily to the life,
I care wisdom bowed above a chart.

TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON. By ANDREW LANG. ("Modern English Writers.") (Blackwood, 2s. 6d.)

This book, though it may not add anything to the popular knowledge of the great Victorian poet, nor indeed any much to affect the popular estimate of his poetry, is nevertheless a book which any lover of poetry will be glad to have read. To say that the book is by Mr. Lang is to imply at once that it is bright and entertaining; and it may be added that he has contrived to treat a greatly over-written subject with astonishing freshness and vivacity. His animated style, in which every sentence is like a pistol-shot fired point-blank at its mark; his restless idiosyncrasy, which seems afraid to be altogether serious for two pages together; his playful "digs" at the younger generation; his amenable assumptions of desirable ignorance ("I am not well acquainted with the habits of the greater ape"; "I confess to little acquaintance with modern ethical novels"); all these traits combine to render his work attractive, lively, and companionable. But what will perhaps be less easily appreciated, except by the professed student of literature, is the extraordinarily apt and ready acquaintance with a whole wealth of literary associations which peeps out everywhere from beneath the more superficial attractions of his style. Mr. Lang's felicitous allusiveness is inexhaustible, and to the reader who can follow him intelligently through his network of suggestions and snatches of literary reminiscence the book will have the additional charm of illustrating the subject with a diversity of associations which form a far more eloquent commentary than all the annotation of the pedants.

From the biographical point of view, Mr. Lang possesses a great advantage over his predecessors, in having Lord Tennyson's life of his father to draw upon. He is thus protected from error, and the accuracy of his little volume is generally sound. It may, perhaps, be noted that Browning was not in 1850 "already author of 'Men and Women,'" as a rather ambiguous phrase on page 83 seems to suggest; and that *Becket* was not (page 190) "put on the stage in 1891," but in February, 1893. Nor is it correct to say (p. 6) that the "Poems by Two Brothers" were by Alfred and Frederick, since the latter contributed but two or three pieces to the volume, and it was Charles who was the acknowledged joint-author with Alfred. These, however, are comparatively trifles. More open to criticism is Mr. Lang's contented reliance upon the "authoritative life" for all his biographical details. "I have not thought it desirable," he says, "to include what [Lord Tennyson] rejected"; and again, "Nor have I sought outside the biography by his son for more than the biographer chose to tell." This is, of course, a courtly compliment to the present Lord Tennyson; but, so far as a character-sketch of the poet is concerned, it has the effect of leaving us very much where we were before. Every one knows that Tennyson was a man of marked individuality, and subject to many shades of characteristic, but his biographers have hitherto done very little towards giving us a comparative or descriptive sketch of his life and temperament. Even the definitive biography itself is rather a storehouse of record than a picture of character. And, without in the least encouraging "tittle-tattle" or undesirable personality, we cannot help thinking it a pity that Tennyson should lack, what so many other less important persons have fortunately secured—

takes the safe view, which is also, generally speaking, one. His criticism is pleasantly free from fashionable he makes no ingenious attempts to maintain perverse theories; his estimate is that of the enthusiastic fanatical, Tennysonian. Although he playfully professes ignorance of the stage and a lack of enthusiasm for the he is particularly interesting in his analysis of the positively "illuminating" on *Queen Mary*. His for "Maud" is less heart-whole than we should have but he writes with tact and a rather uncharacteristic seriousness upon "In Memoriam." His suggestive effect of that fine poem of consolation upon the mourner is touched with a sincerity that is both restrained and dignified. We have never read better criticism of what has too often been treated as the particular tourney-sectaries and schismatics.

Finally, the whole book is marked by an enthusiasm of the spirit, as opposed to the letter, of true poetical significance of Tennyson's work is being gradually obliterated by criticism of the utilitarian order; and, since he is deliberately philosophical, there is a growing tendency to him as though he were primarily valuable for his philosophical religious teaching, and his snatches of scientific Against this lumbering kind of comment Mr. Lang makes protest. "The point of view," he says, "must shift with the generation of readers, as ideas or beliefs go in or out of fashion, are accepted, rejected, or rehabilitated. To one age may seem weakly superstitious, to another needlessly After all, what he must live by is, not his opinions but his poetry. The poetry of Milton survives his ideas; may be the fate of the ideas of Tennyson, his poem endures." This is admirably said; and, what is more, is unquestionably true. We can only hope that Mr. Lang's book may have its effect upon his successors in the growth of Tennysonian commentators.

A COMMENTARY ON TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

BRADLEY, LL.D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. n.)

If any poem of Tennyson's can justly be said to deserve annotation and commentary, "In Memoriam" is certainly one. It is perhaps the most widely read, as it is certainly the most frequently quoted of all his works, and yet it would be too much to say that it is probably the least understood of his poems, most easily subject to misinterpretation. And this is due, not so much to its very construction and in the circumstances of its composition. As every one knows, "In Memoriam" is practically seventeen years in process of growth. It is a series of disconnected pieces, not even intended for publication, and it only gradually grew into coherence and into the form of a complete and progressive study. The result is that it presents a sort of multiplicity in unity; its separate parts are in one sense complete in themselves, and in another sense they are part of a corporate whole; so that, while the poem is too long to be read at a sitting, and is, perhaps, rarely read as a connected study at all, its sections are partially understood without reference to their place in the graduated scheme of the argument. And, apart from this, there are textual difficulties of considerable complexity. As Mr. Bradley justly says:—"The meaning of many of the lines is doubtful, and a few are extremely obscure; the cause

From one point of view Mr. Bradley has done his work, as was only to be expected, with exemplary judgment. Almost every difficult passage is satisfactorily elucidated; and, although there is an occasional tendency towards a somewhat tiresomely academic tilting with earlier commentators, the notes are for the most part kept commendably clear of excesses. The only respect in which Mr. Bradley seems to us to indulge his taste for annotation too freely is in the number and abstruseness of his illustrations. It is easy to see that he has been led astray here by Mr. Churton Collins' example, and, indeed, many of his parallel passages are taken straight from "Illustrations of Tennyson." But, not only are many of these cross-references far too elaborate to be profitable, but they have also the undesirable result of wearying the student on the one hand, and on the other of confusing his appreciation of the author he is studying by diverting his attention to literary parallels when it ought to be concentrated upon individual beauties. Here, for instance, is Mr. Bradley's note upon the verse—

And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands.

Hollow; Tennyson is very fond of this word; e.g., "Hollow smile and frozen sneer." "The Poet's Mind" (cf., LXX. 4, LXXIII. 13). There may be a reminiscence of Virgil's "cava anli imagine formae." Aen vi., 203.

This is a fair example of much of Mr. Bradley's annotation, and, well-meant as it is, it is precisely the sort of commentary which deadens the mind of the young student to an intelligent and quick love of literature. As Mr. Bradley well says, there is no virtue in a sort of misty appreciation of poetry which enjoys without understanding; and it is unquestionable that, the more the heart of the meaning of fine poetry is understood, the more keenly it is appreciated for its own sake. But it cannot, we think, be pretended that either an understanding or a love for poetry is fostered by the sort of annotation that overlays a single passage with a variety of parallelisms, many of them far-sought and unconvincingly ingenious. On the contrary, the very opposite effect is produced, and the unfortunate habit of cramming—the perpetual risk of the modern system of examination—is insinuated into the one field of study from which a true lover of literature would be most anxious to exclude it. For "the cramming of tips" is the destruction of the literary spirit.

There are other respects, however, in which Mr. Bradley's commentary invites cordial approbation. Its elucidation of difficult passages is, as we have said, thorough; it is also concise and unaffected. His explanations are pleasantly free from the parade of the lecturer; they, curiously enough, avoid just those shortcomings which make the "Illustrations" appear a little self-consciously pedagogic. But the best part of the whole book is the catena of short prefaces, dealing with different aspects of the poem, historical, constructive, and spiritual. These are, in their way, models of brief elucidation, and will be helpful even to the experienced and methodical student of "In Memoriam." They sum up much thoughtful study in a little space, and convey a great deal of suggestive reflection brightly, clearly, and persuasively. The book is well worth possessing, if only for them.

As to the larger question of the general utility of commentaries of this kind, this clearly opens up arguments too wide

argument, but we believe it to be a sound one. Time for these commentaries comes later. When poetry has been intimately absorbed, the aphorism clearer by familiarity. At this stage the need is obvious; and here a book like Mr. Bradley's, in its selection, and perhaps even its necessity. If only lecturers would appreciate more thoroughly, gradation in the process of poetic taste, we think popular appreciation for poetry would be more genuine and sensitive. The fault of our modern system is that commentary is used too early, and the sense of its birth under a weight of quite subsidiary considerations.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD AS EASTERN TRAVELLER.

A WINTER PILGRIMAGE: Being an Account of a Journey to Palestine, Italy, and the Island of Cyprus in the year 1900. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.)

Mr. Rider Haggard is very amusing. We do not know how to make of this book; classify it we cannot, but read it with all interest and amusement. Such an odd mixture of dry humour, unintentional humour, and humorous explanation with footnotes; of shrewd observation and ignorance; of enthusiasm and good-humoured irony. He hastens to add, Mr. Haggard never mocks a man, neither, again, does he pump up insincere sentiment in the fashion of Pierre Loti. It is a healthy book, the author, with a kind of boyish naiveté, who does not know he should not be interested in his meals or the railway yet contrives to add a great deal which is really valuable without realizing the difference.

The book has no unity. The architecture of the book has nothing to do with Palestine, nor, indeed, with the East, and yet we would not have missed some of the simple remarks on what he saw in Florence, the author's unsophisticated mind which knows little of the East, his admiring is, however, wasted; the "lace-work of the dome" in Milan Cathedral is simply a whole thing a sham. We, too, hate a Continental every decoration strikes you like a blow, surrenders to the servility on fire for unearned fees, fed with mess and soul loathes; we, too, have suffered the slight outrageous fortune on Italian railways; but this is not the essence of a winter pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Again, Mr. Haggard quotes Latin lines which speak of the "Mycenians," regards Homer and isolated sports of nature which have no connection with circumstances of their time, calls Mount Athos and imagines the modern Greek pet name Christos form of Christopher or what not, to be the same as "Christ." He suggests that an ancient to be a "jeweller," because pieces of gold were found there. Mr. Haggard is convinced that Tabor was the site of the Transfiguration; thinks that Gordon's tomb was on the hill which now presents two eye-holes, the Calvary. He does not know how completely this has been refuted (e.g., in the best *Quarterly Review*, P.E.S. fund). In fact, the reader who goes to the East, and who is not a Jew, will find that the

amusement. His adventures are told with something of Kingslake's good-humour, though hardly with his inimitable touch. When his amazement at what he sees does not strike him dumb, his descriptions are often really vivid. He has an eye to agricultural possibilities, and some good advice not only on these, but on other practical points. His account of the way to exterminate locusts may prove useful elsewhere. Above all, every great deed, or pathetic memory arouses in him an instant enthusiasm, which is quite sincere, though it scarcely lasts long. A healthy book, we repeat; it will not be mentioned a thousand years hence amongst the works of Palestine pilgrims, but it is quite worth having in this present year of grace.

THE MYCENÆAN AGE AND ITS LORE.

THE EARLY AGE OF GREECE. By Professor WILLIAM RIDGEWAY. Vol. I. (Cambridge University Press, 21s.)

"What people made the objects called Mycenaean?" was the subject of an article published in 1896 by Professor Ridgeway in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. He came to the conclusion that this people was the nation called by the Greeks Pelasgi, a name which was for a long time thought to have been loosely applied by the ancients to the prehistoric inhabitants of Greece. That paper has never been answered, and, indeed, it was thought by many well able to judge to be unanswerable. Mr. Ridgeway proves his theory still more fully in the remarkable volume before us; and we frankly confess that his main position seems to be quite secure.

His method is briefly as follows. He first examines all the finds of Mycenaean remains. Their number, as they stand here for the first time collected, and their distribution, ranging from Spain to Rhodes, Cyprus, and Canaan, from Etruria to Africa, and over practically the whole area of the Aegean, will come as a surprise to many. He finds in all the same characteristics, and concludes that they were made by one race. He then chooses out Crete and the Peloponnese, as places where large numbers of such remains have been found, and where not many successive races have lived; and tests the claims of the several races which have inhabited these countries to be the makers of the remains. He discusses the ancient statements about the Pelasgi, and shows them to be consistent, and to point all to the conclusion that the remains are Pelasgian. The theory is used to explain facts like the existence of Helots and Perioeci in Lacedaemon, and serfs in Crete, Thessaly, and elsewhere, as well as the absence of serfs in places where the Pelasgi had not been conquered, but their territory had passed by marriage to new masters.

Then comes a discussion of the Homeric age, in which dress, arms, and armour are made the tests of race; and the conclusion is made that the Homeric heroes were Achaeans. Ethnology points in the same direction. The Achaeans are a tall, light-haired race, identified here with the Celts, who came from central Europe by the trade routes and conquered the small swarthy Pelasgi then in their decline. The tombs at Hallstatt, Glasinatz, and elsewhere, are shown to contain accoutrements of the same kind as those described in Homer; and the burial customs of both correspond. Special attention is drawn to the shield and the brooch, which are examined in minute detail. Finally the Homeric dialect is examined, and with the Arcadian identified as a kind of Aeolic, which Mr. Ridgeway believes to

point in the argument; for it is now impossible for us to say that the processes assumed are impossible. The same course is taken to prove conquered nations influenced or are influenced by their conquerors in language, or neighbours by neighbours. It is a confirmation of the soundness of Mr. Ridgeway's theory how many difficulties are cleared up by the way. We have space to examine these at length; but we must not fail to point out that reasonable explanations are suggested in the Attic dialect, of the so-called Doric in Attic plays, of the strangeness of Homeric names, of obscure letters in the Italian alphabet; and, again, of the Centaur myth, of the existence of cremation and inhumation by side, of the developed literary style of the Homeric age.

As we cannot but agree with conclusions which are set forth with such fulness and fairness of argument, our criticism will be confined to a few points. First of all, there is an amount of unnecessary detail in the account of excavations and diggers' names might well be dismissed to make room for the argument which would gain in clearness by some condensation. A careful arrangement in paragraphs would also lead to the same end. Again, the chapter on the Brooch does not seem to be sufficiently clear. The technical terms are not explained, and where so much turns on minute details, each ought to have been depicted, especially several classes and sub-classes mentioned on page 55. We lastly suggest a few additions. A *μύρρη* has lately been found in Crete, and is figured in the last number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. The assumption that tribes diverse in speech might communicate by written signs is amply borne out by the fact where one written language is intelligible over a large area but differently read. The awe of a race which cannot be overcome is exemplified in the Spanish disbelievers in the Americans, which Plutarch mentions, points to some of the Celts or Achaeans. The libation-tube, or horn, may be seen in a number of Roman tombs on the Iberian Peninsula and in many earthen urns of the Italian museums. Payne's village of women, described in the "Hist. of the New World," throws some light on the Amazons. Perhaps some clue to the origin of the Greek letters may be found if ever the Cretan tablets are deciphered. Particular looks like the double axe, and a similar symbol in a Laconian inscription is given this value by C. J. Beazley. We shall look forward with keen interest to the second volume, where we hope to see some light thrown on the Homeric Poseidon, Zeus, and Hades, and, perhaps, an explanation of the Dodonean Zeus, whom Mr. Ridgeway calls Achaean and calls Pelasgian. No doubt Mr. Ridgeway will have much to say of the "old-fashioned custom of women to dance at sacrifice" (Schol. Arist. "Knights"), and of the custom that the men shouted a psalm. Mr. Evans has at Knossos the picture of a female goddess in a stola, apparently a priestess is depicted holding the sacred object on the bronze belt (*μύρρη*) mentioned above. On the question more evidence is certain to be found when the islands have been properly examined. There are other Cyclopean remains which have not been published. For instance, such a name as that of the hill Iars in Lesbos is a distinct point of contact with the Mycenaean

come to sum up the discoveries of a generation and to see what is the result. Absolute certainty is claimed by no wise scholar; Professor Ridgeway, who is clearly confident in his own theory, would be the first to renounce it if further evidence made that necessary; and Mr. Hall is careful to point out that in prehistoric archaeology nothing but a working hypothesis can be got. If Mr. Hall's working hypothesis differs from Professor Ridgeway's, we must endeavour to test how far this is due to a juster weighing of evidence, and how far to other causes.

In one point Mr. Hall has the advantage of other writers on the Mycenaean age; he is able to estimate the evidence from Egypt in the light of a wider knowledge. He has examined this evidence fully and carefully, and classical scholars will be glad to have it put in a form which they can understand, and yet so put that the Egyptologist can test the statements. This is, in our opinion, the most valuable part of the book, and we doubt whether Mr. Torr himself will now venture to contest the accepted date for the Mycenaean age. Mr. Hall believes that the "great men of Keftiu" were Cretans, who communicated with Egypt probably by way of Cyprus, basing the identification on a comparison of the Cretan cupbearer frescoes with Egyptian paintings of the Kefts. The illustrations of things Mycenaean from Egyptian sources are interesting and convincing, and we have no quarrel with this for a "working hypothesis." Mr. Hall is by no means rash in his use of evidence, and is careful to guard against mistakes such as assuming that a tomb is as old as the oldest object found in it. On the "question of date" and on Egyptian influence his book is satisfactory. He is also just in his deduction that the Mycenaean culture cannot have come from Asia Minor—that is, from Babylonia in the end. This has a bearing upon the latest finds in Crete, rude figures which have been assigned, with the rashness of half-knowledge, to a Babylonian origin.

On Greek soil Mr. Hall is not so safe, and we cannot think that he has mastered the evidence. He assumes that the Homeric culture was a decadent form of that of Mycenae, in spite of the complete difference in armour and dress, and a wide difference in custom. The contrast between burning and burial, he says, "implies no difference of race," although it implies a wholly different conception of the next life. Those who buried the dead believed that the spirit remained with them; those who burned, that the spirit departed to another place. So the buried dead were worshipped; so Croesus burned his offering to Apollo, that the God far away might sooner enjoy it. Mr. Hall actually urges the fact that both were practised side by side as an argument that they prove nothing as to race. As well might he assert that language is no test of race because English and Bengali are both spoken in Calcutta. The differences in arms and armour, he would have it, "only show that in the Homeric period they had altered somewhat from the old Mycenaean standard"; yet he cannot point to any intermediate stages or suggest reasons for the change, or explain survivals just where they would be expected. He thinks the Pelasgians excluded from the candidates for Mycenae simply because no Mycenaean culture has been found in Arcadia, forgetting that this bleak district was the home of the poor, while the great fortresses and cities were all elsewhere. Legends of the Pelasgians are "so contradictory that nothing can be made out of them." He does, however, believe that the Pelasgians were non-Aryan and spoke a barbarous tongue; yet he seems to imply now and then that this non-Aryan tongue had affinity with Greek (p. 135, note). A similar confusion appears in his statement—which all will agree with, that there is about Mycenaean art a

The fact is that, apart from his special department, writes with insufficient knowledge. We have already seen how curiously he dismisses the burial question, without ethnological considerations; in matters of religion he is equally rash. "Foremost amongst Pelasgians, Zeus," he says, "who was born in Crete." Yet Mycenae was at Olympia, and when was he born? There is no proof that Mycenae Crete knew of the "old Pelasgic god of the double-headed axe, Zeus of later days, known from Plutarch, or the Pagans, or Apollo Taras, or Asiatic heroes, or the Amazons, all use this axe, as human warriors did? None of them. If we ask for proof in place of assumption. We reject the theories put forth by Mr. Evans as to his Cretan not only accepted here as "working hypotheses," as "without doubt" facts (203 ff.) Mr. Evans has taken a few of the scores of literary signs from the Cnossian palace for Divine symbols, leaving the rest to themselves. Where this kind of argument leads is not clearly enough; he actually makes the preposterous claim that the ornamental seat in the palace was a symbol of Dodona! In fact, these theories cannot stand. Mr. Hall must reconsider his symbolism. Our confidence in his judgment has been rudely shaken; and we hope to see him pronounce on such questions as he has imperfectly considered with the wise caution of the rest; and if he does, we shall be glad to see Mr. Hall's sincerity that he has hung out a flag to those who are not colour-blind.

ART.

ANDREA MANTEGNA.

ANDREA MANTEGNA. By PAUL KRISTELLER. Vols. I and II. Plates and 162 Text Illustrations. English Edition by S. ARTHUR STRONG, M.A. (Longmans. 70s.)

This new life of Mantegna is not only the most complete which has been published this season, but the most complete monograph on an Italian master which has seen the light in many years. The work of a German author, who has acquired a considerable reputation in more than one branch of literature, it appears, first of all, in an English edition, edited by Mr. Arthur Strong. The book does not only contain the author's own work, but also the work of an author, editor, and publisher. A profusion of illustrations adorn its pages, and the cover is decorated with a reproduction of the noble bronze bust which stands in the painter's last resting-place in the church of Mantua. Dr. Kristeller's studies in Italian art have qualified him in an especial manner for this work. He is intimately acquainted with those Mantuan artists who are so rich in material for the art-history of the fifteenth century, and publishes several new documents which throw light on Mantegna's history and on his relations with the princes and princesses in whose service the best of his time was spent. At the same time he has carefully examined the master's works and the best critical opinions on them, and his own judgments on doubtful points are always clear and discriminating. Andrea Mantegna, our author's subject, has never yet been given the place that he deserves in the history of Italian art. His art is not only one of the most original and most powerful of the fifteenth century, but it is also one of the most original and most powerful of the entire history of art. His art is not only one of the most original and most powerful of the fifteenth century, but it is also one of the most original and most powerful of the entire history of art. His art is not only one of the most original and most powerful of the fifteenth century, but it is also one of the most original and most powerful of the entire history of art.

the keynote of Dr. Kristeller's book, the motive which he draws out and illustrates throughout the 500 pages of this fine volume.

It was in Padua, the centre of humanism in North Italy, surrounded at once by the most stimulating intellectual and artistic influences, that young Andrea grew up in the shop of Squarcione, "the father of painters." But his real teachers were the Florentine sculptor, Donatello, who came to work in Sant' Antonio of Padua in 1443, when Andrea was a boy of twelve, and the Venetian painter, Jacopo Bellini, who was employed in the same church a few years later, and whose daughter, Nicolosia, he married in 1454. The young Paduan applied himself with all the enthusiasm of his ardent spirit to attain the new ideals that came to him from Venice and Florence. Donatello taught him how to study nature; Jacopo Bellini and his son showed him the fine technique of Venetian painting. The frescoes in the Eremitani Church at Padua, painted between 1448 and 1455, were his first successes. While Donatello's influence is felt throughout, the bold experiments in perspective that we find in the frescoes which show St. James led to Execution and his Martyrdom prove that Andrea had profited by the examples of Paolo Uccello, who was then working in Padua. On the other hand, the marked advance in colouring and expression that becomes visible in the last subjects show how much he was still learning from the Bellinis, and more especially from his brother-in-law Giovanni. "How keenly," exclaimed Goethe at the sight of these frescoes, "and with what certainty an actual present is here reproduced." The Eremitani frescoes were, so to speak, the school in which Mantegna conducted his own education. By the time they were completed he was a mature and independent master. Besides the altar-pieces of St. Luke in the Brera and the St. Euphemia at Naples, both of which were painted in 1354, the Madonnas of Bergamo and the Poldi-Pezzoli, so full of strong human feeling and tender melancholy, are assigned by the present writer to this early period. Another work which we should have been inclined to place rather later is the St. Sebastian at Aigue-Perse in the Puy de Dôme, which was evidently brought to this remote corner of France by Chiara Gonzaga, who in 1480 married Gilbert Count of Montpensier. It is interesting to compare this little-known figure with the fine St. Sebastian at Vienna—probably a work of Andrea's early Mantuan days—and with the strangely vehement and exaggerated representation of the same martyr in the Franchetti collection at Venice which he painted at the close of his life.

The great Triptych, which is still the glory of S. Zeno of Verona, and the Christ on the Mount of Olives, which hangs close to the similar subject by Giovanni Bellini in the National Gallery, were not completed until the summer of 1459. By this time Andrea had already received a flattering invitation from Lodovico Gonzaga to enter his service, and towards the end of the year he moved with his wife and family to Mantua. The Gonzaga princes were liberal and intelligent patrons of the fine arts and treated Mantegna with unvarying kindness during the forty-five years which he spent at their Court. He received a salary of fifteen ducats a month, together with lodgings, corn and wood for his family, as well as frequent grants of land and money. But wars, plague, and famine impoverished the little State, and Mantegna was always addressing letters to the Marquis complaining that his salary was in arrears and reproaching him with not keeping his promises. "It is impossible to obtain from us what we have not got," wrote Lodovico on one occasion, in reply to these remonstrances, "and you yourself have seen that whenever we have been able to collect our revenues we have

Among the first works which Mantegna executed at Mantua the Triptych in the Uffizi and the Death of the Virgin (the Prado at Madrid). The three great altar-pieces—the Descent from the Cross, the noble Trivulzio Madonna, and the Descent from the Cross and Saints in the National Gallery—belong to the last years of the century, when the master was already approaching his sixtieth year. So, too, do the smaller Madonna at Dresden and the Child in the Mond collection. Of all the wall-paintings which Mantegna adorned the Gonzaga palace and of which only two series remain—the frescoes of the Camera del Duca at Mantua and the Triumphs at Hampton Court. The paintings which adorned the bed-chamber of the Marquis in the tower of the Castello were finished in 1474, and the charming picture of the good prince in the heart of the century. The nine tempera paintings of the "Triumph of Julius Caesar" were begun in 1484, and were sufficiently advanced to be shown to Duke Guidobaldo of Urbino when he came to visit his betrothed bride at Mantua—not as Dr. Kristeller says in one of his very few mistakes (at p. 274) to Duke of Ferrara. They were only completed after Mantegna's return from Rome in 1490, and during his absence he wrote to the Marquis to see that the rain was not allowed to come through the windows and injure them, as he considered them his most perfect works. In 1620 these priceless works were bought by Charles I., and after being valued at £1,000 at the sale of the King's works of art in 1651, were reserved by the Lord Protector Cromwell for the decoration of his own residence of Hampton Court. They were entirely painted over by Laguerre in William III's reign, but even in their present deplorable condition their splendour and beauty of the composition still excite our admiration. The great procession moves along with its swing and freedom; every figure seems to be animated with the same enthusiasm and stirred with the same emotion as the hero goes on his triumphal way to the Capitol. In Goethe's famous quoted words:—"The study of the antique supplies Nature gives movement and the last touch of life." In the last years of Mantegna's career mythological subjects occupied an increasing share of his time and thoughts. The two pictures of the Triumph of Venus, or Parnassus, and the Triumph of Virtue, or that of Virtue over the Vices, and a third, Combats in the Realm of Love, which Costa finished after his death, are in the Louvre. The fine *grisaille* known as the Triumph of the Mother of God, but in reality representing the image of the Phrygian Mother of Gods, publicly received by the Roman Emperor at Ostia, remained in the painter's shop at the time of his death and was bought in Venice by Lord George Vivian and brought by his son to the National Gallery in 1873. Closely connected with this work, both in style and subject, are the drawings of Serevola at Munich, and the Combat of the Tritons at Vienna, and several of Mantegna's finest copper engravings.

To the end of his life the master's activity never flagged in spite of illness and of financial troubles which at last drove him to part from his favourite antique marble, the bust of the Emperor, a few weeks before his death. He died on the 13th of October, 1506, at the age of seventy-five, and the cultured org. Lorenzo da Pavia, writing to the Marchesa Isabella, thus expresses the feelings of his contemporaries:—

"The death of our master Andrea causes us great sorrow, for, in truth, in him an excellent man and an Apelles have passed away: I do believe the Lord George to employ him for the creation of some beautiful work."

destroyed by the modern spirit, a full and perfect understanding of the sincere and splendid representations of intellectual and physical life, of the intensity of purely human emotion and the melodious rhythm of form and movement, which, with a strict and stern restraint, but with a purity and strength equalled by no other artist of the Quattrocento, is expressed by the works and in the whole personality of Andrea Mantegna.

GREAT MASTERS IN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

(George Bell and Sons.)

Brunellesco.

FILIPPO DI SER BRUNELLESCHI. By LEADER SCOTT. (5s. 6d.)

Three great figures dominate Florentine art at the opening of the fifteenth century—Brunelleschi (Leader Scott, following Vasari, adopts the popular form of the name in her book, but not on the title page), the architect of the cathedral dome; Donatello, the supreme master of sculpture; and Masaccio, the short-lived painter whose earlino frescoes mark an epoch in the history of the Italian Renaissance. All three men were united by a bond of close friendship, and Brunelleschi, the elder of the group, grieved bitterly, Vasari tells us, over the loss sustained by the world in Masaccio's early death. The great architect, there can be no doubt, exerted a powerful influence over his younger friends, and taught them to apply scientific principles to the arts. But it is less as the discoverer of perspective than as the builder of the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore that Brunelleschi is remembered to-day. The history of this his great work, of the ridicule and opposition which he had to encounter, of the failures and misfortunes which attended the realization of his project, are the leading features of Leader Scott's excellent *Life*. Fortunately there is no lack of material for this important episode in Florentine art history. The biography of "Filippo di Ser Brunellesco"—to give him his full and correct name—by his friend and contemporary Antonio Manetti, lately reprinted by Signor Milanese, gives a trustworthy account of the architect's career, and his statements are in almost every case confirmed by the Archives of the Opera del Duomo, lately collected and published by Cesare Gnost. Still more recently—in 1892—a distinguished German scholar, Herr von Fabriczy, has given us a full and complete life of Brunelleschi, in which all the documents relating to the master are carefully compared and edited, and many doubtful points are cleared up. The building of the dome occupied the best years of Brunelleschi's life. In 1417 he first laid his bold scheme for the erection of a free dome, "without scaffolding and centering," before the Councilors of the Cathedral Works, and it was not till August 31, 1436, that the cupola was finally closed and received the solemn benediction of the Bishop of Fiesole, while the bells rang peals of joy, and the whole city hailed the master with shouts of triumph. But during the intervals of his great work he was employed on several other important buildings, which are still the glory of Florence; amongst others, the portico of the Innocents Hospital, the church and sacristy of San Lorenzo, the beautiful little Cappella Pazzi in Santa Croce, the great church of San Spirito, and the famous Palazzo Pitti, which was still unfinished when he died in 1446. Brunelleschi visited Milan and Mantua and was consulted both by Duke Filippo Visconti as to the building of the strong Rocca, or fortress, in which he spent the greater part of his life, and by the Marquis Gianfrancesco Gonzaga as to the restoration of canals on the Po. But, since the Rocca Viscontina was razed to the ground by the

Pintoricchio.

PINTORICCHIO. By EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPS.

This painter, though he stands artistically than the majority of the men hitherto dealt with provides a personality full of interest and picturesque treatment from the literary as well as artistic point of view. Like many other artists he was fated to endure dire trouble in domestic life. A much younger than himself, was flagrantly unfavourably suspected of having hastened her husband's neglect during his last illness, but this private life was a measure balanced by the generous patronage and opportunities which befell him in his public career as a craftsman. His first chance came when he helped to decorate the Sistine Chapel, and the commission to cover with frescoes the walls of apartments in the Vatican. Innocent VIII. and his successors, however glaring may have been their delinquencies, were munificent and discerning patrons of art, and their decision to entrust the adornment of their palaces to Pintoricchio was a wise and enlightened one. His achievement, which by the liberality of the papal government was judiciously restored and made accessible to all, raised him to fame and opulence, and the description by Miss March Phillips is concise and intelligible. His *opus magnum* was the decoration of the library of the Palazzo of Siena, a task entrusted to him by Cardinal Piccolomini between 1502 and 1508. These great works are familiar to all students of art, and a knowledge of Pintoricchio's grand opportunities may legitimize speculation as to what treasures of painting and sculpture the world would now possess had Michael Angelo worked like Pintoricchio's instead of the exacting and imprudent Raphael.

Pintoricchio was born at Perugia about 1454. He opens the life of this painter in a tone of sneering criticism, describing him as the pupil of Perugino. This view is incorrect, but, seeing that there was only eight years difference in their age, it is likely that both men may have spent some time or other in the same *bottega* under Piero della Francesca or Botticelli, who were at the period in question the leading artists in Perugia. His earliest work was done in Perugia, and the two frescoes in the Sistine Chapel are his earliest extant productions. The decoration of the Appartamento Nuovo was begun in 1492, but the work was frequently interrupted by the political unrest of the times. His minor works, among the most important are his frescoes in the Palazzo Maggiore at Spello and in Ara Caeli at Rome. In the latter fashion with writers on Italian art to carp at Vasari, it is remarkable how often the sermon on a particular achievement is preached from a text taken from the garrulous Areline. Vasari declares that Pintoricchio's day a reputation greater than he deserved, at least a portion of the merit inherent in the decoration of the library at Siena may arise from the fact that the sketches furnished by Raphael, who was the master of Vasari, often dipped his pen too deeply in gall, and that a certain justification exists for both of them. Pintoricchio could hardly have been rated the greatest of his time, but it is certain that he earned his portion of work and patronage. As to the question of assistance or inspiration in the Siena frescoes, this is a subject over which art experts have wrangled

on the life, and not Vasari's text. Milanese labours this point at great length, but his arguments and his parallel extracts from the different editions of Vasari do not establish anything like a refutation of the charge. But the controversy is unimportant, except to the archaeologists. Pintoricchio has left us a body of work which, whether it be entirely due to his brain and hand or not, must ever remain one of the masterpieces of decorative art. It would be hard to name another painter who realizes so completely the joy of life. We are told that his own lot was unhappy, but in his age domestic irregularities were all too common, and in his busy life of absorbing work his troubles may have weighed lightly upon him. It is certain that his brush moved as if he were one delighting in the banquet of the senses, in the newly discovered earthly Paradise. In all his renderings of religious themes there is no touch of asceticism; his saints and virgins are fair and comely personages, not in splendid and luxuriant surroundings—objects destined less to stimulate devotion than to delight the eye of the beholder. It was a happy conjunction when a painter thus inspired was selected to commemorate the life of the humanist statesman, the friend of Pontano who ultimately became Pope Pius II. Miss March Phillips' volume is, on the whole, well carried out. She is an enthusiast who is nevertheless not blind to the shortcomings of her subject. Too much space seems to be devoted to biographical details and to description of the painter's work, and too little to the derivation and character of his art. Again, minor errors are somewhat frequent. Perugino was eight and not four years Pintoricchio's senior; Piero della Francesca sprang from Borgo San Sepolero and not from Arezzo; and Alfonso Borgia was the third and not the second Pope Calixtus; but the book gives evidence of wide reading, and a sincere desire to present the subject in verisimilitude. The illustrations are fully up to the standard of the previous volumes of the series, which continues to hold its own easily in comparison with other issues of a similar character in Germany and elsewhere.

FRANCIA.

FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI, CALLED FRANCIA. By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON. *Litt.D.* (58. n.)

This is a good and useful little work. Dr. Williamson has carefully collected all the information that is to be found in contemporary documents respecting the goldsmith painter of Bologna, who enjoyed so high a reputation towards the close of the fifteenth century. Little, however, can be discovered as to the details of his life. He was born about 1450, became master of the Goldsmiths' Guild in 1483, and, after acquiring considerable fame throughout Italy as a medallist and worker in metal, he began to paint portraits and altar-pieces when he was nearly fifty years of age. His friendship with the Ferrarese master, Lorenzo Costa, who came to Bologna in 1483 and lived in the same house, may have encouraged the goldsmith to take up the sister craft, and the two artists were frequently associated together in important works. Costa, the younger man, had a higher imaginative gift and poetry of conception, but Francia, as Dr. Williamson remarks, "was the finest colourist and more deeply religious man of the two." All Francia's contemporaries speak in the warmest terms of his high character and integrity, and of the charm and sweetness of his nature. He was the most popular of teachers and had as many as 200 pupils, one of whom was that "beloved Timoteo" of whom he speaks so tenderly when he left Bologna and returned to Urbino to become the

seen in the gallery and churches of Bologna, but his most known picture is the Buonvisi altar-piece, with the lunette of the Pieta, in the National Gallery. Dr. Williamson gives us a few interesting particulars regarding this work, which was originally painted about 1515 for a chapel in the Church of San Frediano at Lucca, as well as extracts from a seventeenth-century manuscript by Marcello Orsini in the Archigymasio Library at Bologna, which contains a list of Francia's works then existing in the different cities. From this we learn that the well-known Madonna of the Garden at Munich originally belonged to a Capuchin in Ferrara and that the fine Annunciation with the figure of the Virgin seated under an open portico, which was originally in the collection of the Duke of Mantua, belonged to M. Belset and is now at Chantilly, was given by Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, and given by his secretary, Giovanni della Posta, for his chapel in the Church at Modena. An excellent reproduction of the frontispiece to the present volume, which contains reproductions of several of Francia's best work, is the little-known fresco of the Madonna of the Earthquake, in which he gives us a view of the towers and churches of Bologna. But we are surprised to find no mention of the lovely Madonna of the red-haired angel in the Mond collection, which is one of the finest of Francia's paintings in England. We must also note the author's attention to the fact that Isabella d'Este's letter to her son's portrait in 1510 was addressed, not to Costa, but to Francia's intimate friend, the poet Girolamo Casio, who was in the noble Bentivoglio altar-piece by our master, with the laurel crown bestowed upon him by Leo X. Again, the wife of Giovanni Bentivoglio, was not "the daughter of Carlo Frateello," but the child of Carlo Sforza, and not of Giangaleazzo, the reigning Duke of Milan. This lady married the son of the ruler of Bologna in 1490. Her portrait, as well as that of her husband, appears in the beautiful frescoes in San Maurizio of Milan, where her daughter Alessandra had taken the veil.

Dr. Williamson's chapter on Francia's work as a goldsmith and the examples of medals and coins struck by him, and of the Mint, first for the Bentivoglio Princes and then for Julius II., the conqueror of Bologna, are of especial interest. In his enumeration of the works which he executed for the families of Gonzaga and Este he omits to mention one of his most renowned productions, the exquisite service of gold plate, enriched with precious gems and enameled with flowers and foliage, which he made for the wedding of the Duke of Bentivoglio and the Duke of Ferrara's daughter, Isabella d'Este, in 1487. Such wonders of the goldsmith's art have made Francia's name famous throughout Italy, and earned for him the splendid tribute paid him at his death, when Scipione wrote:—"On the 7th of January, 1517, died Messer Francesco Francia, the best goldsmith in Italy, as well as a most excellent painter, a first-rate jeweller, very handsome in person, eloquent in speech, although he was only the carpenter."

Messrs. Bell's new "Miniature Series of Painters" has begun with the attractive illustrated booklet FRANCIS VELAZQUEZ, and BURNES JONES (1s. n. each), seems to us well conceived. They give in small compass chapters on the art of each painter and on the illustrations by him in the book, and lists of his chief works, of the best

has done very well. He is craftsman rather than artist, but an exceedingly good craftsman, who knows how to handle his material. His book may be particularly recommended to people who have no leisure to study history deeply; and those who wish to study will find in it useful indications to direct their reading. The opening chapters, on the condition of the people when George III. was King, are especially well compiled. Nor



MR. AND MRS. BROWNING'S FIRST VISIT TO ITALY AFTER MARRIAGE.
A Drawing by Mr. E. J. Sullivan to illustrate "The Life of a Century."
[By permission of Messrs. George Newnes.]

must we omit to praise the pictures. There are 519 of them—many of them, as will be seen from the one we reproduce, of a very original kind—and the labour involved in collecting them must have been immense. The handsome volume would be a welcome gift-book to any one.

FICTION.

The Slaying of the Red Beast.

Yet another story of the American War of Independence. We may say at once that *CARDIGAN* (Constable, 6s.) is a very good story, too, so far as the main elements of romance go. It is moving, spirited, with enough striking incident to furnish half-a-dozen ordinary novels, and a whole gallery of actors, some of whom are drawn with skill and discrimination. Mr. R. W.

burned alive, is within an hour or two of being hanged in company with the aforesaid Mount as a common felon, and safely through all these and innumerable other encounters take hand in the fighting at Lexington, and finally, down, a sober, married man, in the old home by the River. It is a moving tale, told with spirit and with language and patriotic fervour. The passages which Chambers recounts—the Slaying of the Red Beast—England of ours is the Red Beast—are done with gusto. The author's villains are painted with a brush he lavishes upon them the blackest of black paint; naturally enough, they are all on the Tory side, and confess that a little more restraint would be sometimes able—a little less magniloquence, and not quite so aggressiveness of manner. But the story is so vigorously enjoyable that it is possible to overlook many trifling faults. If Lord Dunmore is a caricatured top-villain, and your Butler a caricatured rogue-villain, and Miss Felicity the customary heroine of historical romance, there are redeeming points about Sir William Johnson himself, and his two staunch henchmen. Nobody could book dull; it is packed with incident; it goes with energy from start to finish. Lovers of the melodrama will read it breathlessly.

Three More Musqueteers.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's work improves in quality, not fear comparison with any living writer of historical fiction. "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" was his first complete book, and *CLEMENTINA* (Methuen, 6s.) is in some points his best. It is told in the right heroic style. Charles Wogan—the name will recall one of the best of the "Parson Kelly"—with his three trusty comrades in arms is as gallant a gentleman as we could wish to meet in fiction. Like Alan Breck, he is a "bonny fighter," and the resource displayed in his innumerable contests—he finds himself pitted against four or five opponents at a time—remains remarkable even for an Irish gentleman. For Mr. Wogan is your true Hibernian stock, seldom at a loss either with sword or tongue, and he needs all his dexterity to get through his self-imposed mission. Mr. Mason's *Clementina* is a more personable personage than her Highness the Princess Clementina, daughter of Sobieski of Poland, affianced to James Stuart, the Pretender, King of England, and detained at Innsbruck by the Emperor. Her way to Bologna. The rescue of this amiable heroine is the work enough even for the indomitable Irishman and his friends of Dillon's regiment, beset as they are by enemies and traitors at every turn. Mr. Mason handles all the details of the abduction in his best manner. The story takes the reader from the start, and it is told in a pleasant and varied way, with a spice of distinction and with no lack of human interest. Most heroines of historical romance there is generally a certain sameness, but the Princess Clementina is not too much of a common model. She is at any rate a plausible creation, and the author has wisely refrained from doing violence to probability in order to secure the conventional ending. "Clementina" is a good book of its class, well written and well constructed. The illustrations, by Mr. Bernard Partridge, are perhaps the most accomplished artist's happiest vein.

"Hearts in Revolt."

HEARTS IN REVOLT, by Henry Gilbert (George Allen & Unwin, 6s.) is a curious study, not without fascination, of a young

And this very distinction, paradoxically enough, might be not unlikely to result in the man being ignored as something which it was too much trouble to understand. This may quite conceivably happen to the book. But any one who reads and understands it will find it difficult to forget.

Paul Armstrong.

A thoroughly capable writer, who has seldom put his name to a book unless he has had something to say, is sufficiently rare in these days to deserve our gratitude. Mr. David Christie Murray is a novelist whose work has always had an original note, and he does not readily descend to the manufacture of cheap machine-made fiction. *DISPAIR'S LAST JOURNEY* (Chatto, 6s.) may not have a very alluring title, but it is better worth reading than most of the novels we have seen of late. It traces the history of Paul Armstrong from his youth up, and Paul is an interesting character-study of the young man of genius who has to fight his way upwards from lowly beginnings. Paul's father also is a good character; the cosmopolitan impresario and playwright, George Darco, is admirable—as good a sketch of an uncommon type as we could wish to see. The authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy" could not have drawn the generous, frangible, eccentric better. It is a good story, excellently written. We catch in it, in parts, at any rate, a certain personal and pessimistic note.

HORN OF GRACE (Macmillan, 6s.) is one of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey's quiet domestic stories, appealing as they mostly do to an enormous public. Miss Carey is safer when she does not go too deeply into details of masculine life. "The stakes at cards" were high, though the boy was too much fuddled by champagne to guess that "is hardly put convincingly. "Stakes" (an odd word in this connexion) are hardly in the nature of ingenious acrostics to be "guessed" by the soberest villain.

Mr. Harold Bindloss in *A SOWER OF WHEAT* (Chatto, Windus, 6s.) preaches the dignity of labour. The scene of the story is laid in Canada, and the joys and sorrows of the pioneer's life. In his grim struggle with the virgin prairie are the main theme. The type of career which is described may lack the romance and glamour of life in other parts of our Empire, but the Canadian farmer's lot is far from being all prose, and Mr. Bindloss never allows his tale to suffer from want of variety. Without being sensational the plot is interesting enough, although the value of the book undoubtedly lies in its fresh and vivid portraiture of Canadian homesteads.

Those who wish to read an intimate picture of provincial Spanish life could hardly do better than try *THE FOURTH ESTATE* (Grant Richards, 6s.), a translation by Rachel Chaillee from the original of A. Palacio Valdés. As a story it is, to put it frankly, rather dull, in spite of the struggles of the two Sarric papers and the advent to that sleepy town of a most licentious and immoral aristocrat in the person of the Duke de Tornos. But it bears the impress of truth, and although it may not inspire us with any great respect for the modern Spaniard, the study of manners and customs on the Cantabrian coast has its interesting side.

Mrs. Egerton Eastwick's novel, *BEYOND THREE VOICES* (Burns and Oates, 5s.), is divided into two parts. In the first we are presented with "A Modern Pagan," Iolanthe, the beautiful half Spanish-American niece of an English Squire with a pedigree and its consequent pride and reserve, the second part being the sequel of her temperament and conditions. The book has a certain amount of local colouring, but the study of

CANON ISAAC TAYLOR

The late Canon Isaac Taylor, rector of St. Andrew's, died last week at the age of seventy-two, and was deserved more recognition than the daily Press gave him. He inherited literary gifts, being of Isaac Taylor, the well-known author of the "Of Enthusiasm," who was himself the son of a minister represented in the religious literature of the nineteenth century. His aunt, the well-known "Q. Q.," was a voluminous writer in high favour with the sober folk of the past generation. When the late Canon wrote two volumes, in 1867, on "The Taylor was able to give in an appendix a list of twelve books published by members of his family in the year in which he was writing.

Canon Taylor made his first venture in literature (after graduating at Trinity College, Cambridge, wrangler), by editing a new edition, under the name of Beeker's "Charicles." He made no pretensions to scholarship, but he had a thorough knowledge of French, and wrote almost as fluently in either as in English. It was characteristic of his boldness, in polemics that whilst still in his first career (he published an essay on "The Liturgy and wherein he strenuously urged a revision of it mainly on the ground that it would be 'an act to the Dissenters.' He came to London in 1841, and successively two West-end curacies. It was during that he first published, in 1841, the book on local history which he will be best remembered—"Words and the first real attempt to give intelligent illustrations of historical, ethnological, and geographical value, and it at once brought its author's name to the notice of the science of local etymology has now outpaced theories confidently enunciated by Taylor, but in later editions is still accepted as a work of merit.

From 1865 to 1869 Taylor was vicar of Bethnal-green, and here he brought out, "for the first time," a sketch of the work done in the parish of St. Andrew's, giving an unvarnished account of child labour. His rare leisure in the East to compiling the literary annals of his family green he went in 1869 to Holy Trinity, Twickenham, a holiday spent in Italy he was led to give a paper on Etruscan antiquities, particularly their numerals. The result was a volume of some merit entitled "Researches," produced in 1874. In the following year he presented by Earl Brownlow (whose niece he married) the valuable and quiet country rectory of Settrington. He had now greater leisure for literary work, and began systematic and original researches in the alphabet. Whilst engaged in this study he was necessary to acquaint himself with the origin of all the theories then current unsatisfactory, examining the problem, with the result that Phoenician and Latin solutions, and built up a system of ingenuity, proofs of their Greek origin. In 1875 his views, which are now generally accepted, entitled "Greeks and Goths, a Study on the same year, in recognition of his philological services he received from the University of Edinburgh the degree of LL.D. His most important work was published in 1883; this was "The History of the Alphabet," of which will probably always be recognized. It is a detailed account in two volumes of the development of both Semitic and Aryan letters, and was published in consequence of its merits, the author in 1885 the appropriate degree of Doctor of Letters. In the same year he became an honorary member of the paper read by Canon Taylor at the Manchester British Association in 1887 on "The Origin of the Alphabet."

distressed many of his Church of England friends, Canon Taylor was never personally aggressive; and he entertained at Settrington more than one of the strong advocates of missionary work who had attacked him in the *Press*—no doubt to their mutual edification. Canon Taylor took a prominent part in the Domesday celebration. The memorial volumes on the subject, issued in 1888, contained three essays from his pen—namely "Domesday Survivals," "The Ploughland and the Plough," and "Wapentakes and Hundreds." Of these three, the last was the most open to criticism by Domesday scholars, but the first, with its instances of Yorkshire strip cultivation, was at once valuable and most interesting. For a long period Canon Taylor had intended to revise and extend his work on "Words and Places," recognizing the advance made in the study of etymology since his last edition in 1873. Eventually he abandoned the idea, mainly through failing health, and the collections that he had originally made for this purpose were issued in 1896 under the title "Names and their Histories," which is an alphabetically arranged handbook of historical geography and topographical nomenclature. The student of place-names will find it best to treat this book as an appendix to and a corrective of "Words and Places." For several years past Canon Taylor's health had been far from satisfactory, and he was able to discharge but few of his clerical duties. But his interest in literary pursuits remained keen to the last. In 1898 he was able to see a revised edition of "Names and their Histories" through the press; and even last Saturday (October 19) appeared a posthumous paragraph from his pen in *Notes and Queries* on South African place-names.

Correspondence.

STEVENSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In these days of pocket editions, may I put in a plea for a reprint in that form of the complete works of Robert Louis Stevenson, including, of course, those pieces which were only reprinted in the "Edinburgh Edition," which, unfortunately, is beyond the reach of most? Such an issue would be a boon to all, but especially to persons like myself, whose employment necessitates a change of residence at least once a year. Books are notoriously heavy, and to save the heavy cost of moving same I am compelled to buy all I do in as small a bulk as is compatible with legibility.

The thirty-five (or thereabouts) large octavo volumes (not even uniform) which go to make up as complete a set of "R.L.S." as can be got upon the open market would take up more room than I can spare in my little library. The difficulty of the books being published by different firms was overridden in the case of the "Edinburgh Edition," and I see no reason why it could not be repeated.

I notice Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce (in their "St. Martin's Library") a pocket copy of "Familiar Studies in Men and Books," but there is no promise of the others following. A single work is, to my mind, useless. What is wanted is an edition including novels, essays, plays, letters, forthcoming life, and poems, and, for my own part, I would like Mr. Egerton Castle's French version of "Prince Otto" to be included.

While agreeing with Stevenson that in Mr. Meredith we have our greatest living novelist, I am sure most of your readers will agree with me when I say that "R.L.S." is more popular than even Mr. Meredith, and if Messrs. Constable find it pays them to issue a pocket edition of the latter's works there is no doubt that a similar issue of Stevenson would at least do as well.

In a bibliography, inserted in my book, I have on these (and other) articles by him, all of which I peruse, sending my manuscript to the press.

In support of my opinion that the mysterious Amy Robsart was not the result of an accident, I have allude to a conversation which occurred, about a month before Amy's death, between Elizabeth and a messenger of the English Ambassador at Paris. In the course of this the Queen stated that "none of his (Duc de Guise's) men were attempt at Cunnor."

If Amy's death was accidental, why did Queen Elizabeth make use of such an expression as "the attempt"?

I am faithfully yours,

Oct. 21.

PHILIP ST.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

We understand that the report that Mrs. Cornwallis's quarterly, the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, published by Mr. Macmillan, comes to an end with the present number, is unfounded. On the contrary, the next number, due at the beginning of the new year, is all but ready for the press. No change made in either the price or the general get-up of the review.

Mr. J. H. Slater, the editor of that useful work, *Prices Current*, has undertaken a similar book dealing with Pictures and Engravings, which will be published in time for Christmas by H. Virtue and Co.

"Jane Austen: her Houses and her Friends," by C. Hill, will be published at a guinea by Mr. Lane in two volumes. The author has been helped by the Austen family who have lent manuscripts as well as family portraits.

"Oxford University Sermons," by Principal B. P. Wilson, Mr. George Allen will publish on the 28th inst., contains a selection of sermons, an account of the rise and decay of the institution—"the Sermon"—at Oxford.

Messrs. Ginn and Company, the United States publishers for whom Mr. Edward Arnold has acted as agent, have opened an office at No. 9, St. Martin's-street, as headquarters for their business outside America.

A life of "Charles Haddon Spurgeon," by one who knew him intimately, is one of Mr. Andrew Melrose's new announcements for the autumn. A life in one volume of the great preacher is less extensive than that edited by Mrs. Spurgeon, is wanted. The same publisher has some new books in the "Own" Library for boys, including an illustrated re-issue of "Westward Ho!"

Books to look out for at once.

"Wanderings in Three Continents." By the late Sir Richard Burton. Hutchinson. 16s. net.

[A survey of Burton's most important expeditions, largely from his own words. Edited by W. H. Wilkins. Illustrated.]

"Then and Now." By Dean Hole. Hutchinson. 16s. net.

[Reminiscences. Illustrated.]

"The Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter." By F. H. Skrine. 1s.

"Diaries of the Emperor Frederick." Edited by Marguerite Poschinger. Translated by Frances A. Welby. Chapman and Co. 10s. 6d.

"The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen." By R. Barry O'Brien. Elder. 10s. 6d.

"Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal." By D. M. Wilson, the Commissioner in the Transvaal. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

"British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day." By M. H. S. Cassell. 5s. net and 5s. 6d. net.

"More Famous Homes of Great Britain and Their Stories." By A. H. Mason. Putnam. 21s. net.

[Among the writers are Lord Sackville, Lady Glean, Ernestine Edgcombe, the Countess of Pembroke, and Lord St. Albans.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

FRENCH DECORATION AND FURNITURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By LADY DILKE. 11½×7½, 200 pp. Bell. 2s. n.

[A sumptuous, copiously illustrated work.]

MINIATURE SERIES OF PAINTERS. FRA ANGELICO, BURNE JONES, VELAZQUEZ. By G. C. WILLIAMSON and MALCOLM DILL. 6½×4½. Bell. 1s. 6. each.

[See Review, p. 300.]

A WIDOW AND HER FRIENDS. By C. D. GIBSON. 11½×7½. Lane. 20s.

[This is the new season's book by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, which will be welcomed by all who admire "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "Americans," and the other collections of these finely-drawn pen and ink drawings.]

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. Vol. for 1901. 12½×9½, 376 pp. Cassell. 21s.

THE RELIQUARY AND ILLUSTRATED ARCHÆOLOGIST. Vol. VII. Ed. by J. R. ALLEN. 10½×7½, 288 pp. Bessmore. 3s.

ENGLISH CHURCH NEEDLEWORK. A Handbook for Workers and Designers. By MAUD R. HALL. 10×7½, 139 pp. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.

[A finely-illustrated book, clear and practical, which fills a want which the revival of Church needlework has created.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE MARQUIS D'ARGENSON AND RICHARD II. By R. RANKIN. 9×5½, 300 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.

[Two separate historical studies bound together; one of the French statesman, 1694-1757, who has left us his "Memoirs," the other "The Causes of the Fall of Richard II.]

LINKS WITH THE PAST. By MRS. C. HAGOT. 9×6, 332 pp. Arnold. 16s.

[Mrs. Hagot was born in 1821, and her parents and grandparents bore their share in public affairs. There are also extracts from the diaries of Miss Mary Hagot, who saw much of society at the beginning of the nineteenth century.]

HUGH OF LINCOLN. By C. L. MARSON. 150 pp. MONSIEUR VINCENT. By J. ADDERLEY. 160 pp. 7½×5. Arnold. 3s. 6d. each.

[These short biographies of Vincent de Paul, 1576-1660, and Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln (c. 1135-1200) form part of a little series of the "Lives of Holy Men," begun by Mr. Arnold.]

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY. The Story of his Life. By D. WILLIAMSON. Stockwell. 1s. n.

[A short popular life, especially from the religious side.]

MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK (1625-1678). By MARY E. PALGRAVE. (Saintly Lives.) 8×5½, 323 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

[Lady Warwick lived at Leighs Priory, Essex.]

THE LIFE OF PASTEUR. Two Vols. By RENÉ VALLERY-RADOT. Trans. from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. 9×6, 293+336. Constable. 32s.

ASOKA. Rulers of India. By V. A. SMITH, M.R.A.S. 7½×5, 204 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

[The 4th supplementary volume in this complete series, dealing with the life of the great Buddhist Emperor, 272-232 B.C.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

ON WINDING WATERS. By W. M. BRAYDON. 7½×5, 330 pp. Partridge. 2s. 6d.

[Misadventure and adventures of a party of students canoeing on a North American creek.]

ICE-BOUND, or The Anticosti Crusade. By E. ROBIN. 7½×5, 330 pp. Partridge. 2s. 6d.

[Boys' adventures in North Canada. Illustrated.]

GOD SAVE KING ALFRED. By the REV. E. GILLIAT. 7½×5, 422 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[A story with Alfred for hero. Illustrated.]

BOYS OF OUR EMPIRE. Vol. I. 12×8½, 944 pp. Melrose. 7s. 6d.

SUNDAY READING FOR THE YOUNG, 1902. 10×7½, 412 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s.

[A copiously illustrated Annual.]

THE CAPTAIN'S FLAG. A School Story. By W. E. CLE. 7½×4½, 176 pp. Sunday School Union. 1s. 6d. Illustrated.

THE STORY OF CATHERINE OF SIENA. By FLORENCE WITTS. 7½×4½, 123 pp. Sunday School Union. 1s.

GEORDIE'S VICTORY. By MARGARET E. HAYCH. Sunday School Union. 9d. Illustrated.

[A boy's battle with bad temper.]

MARLEY'S BOY. By JEANNIE CHAPPELL. 7×4. School Union. 9d. Illustrated.

[A moral story about a bad shilling which put hands.]

FANCY FAR LAND. A Collection of Stories for MYRA HAMILTON. 9½×7½, 229 pp. Chapman and

[A large-sized volume, containing fanciful stories in magazines—the Quiver, the Sketch, &c. A charming illustrations, for children of from ten to fourteen

ÆSOP'S FABLES IN VERSE. By ELIZABETH EY. Stock.

[The author's theory is that children will better in verse. Only a few of the best-known are illustrations.]

FOUR LITTLE FOLK AND SOME OF THEIR DO. 7½×5, 111 pp. Stock.

[A tale of children's domestic life.]

EDUCATIONAL.

HORACE SATIRES. Book I. Ed. by J. GOW. 6½×4½, 120 pp. Cambridge University Press. 2

XENOPHON MEMORABILIA. Book II. Ed. by G. J. Press Series.) 6½×4½, 98 pp. Cambridge University

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR. By G. 155 pp. The Macmillan Co. 2s. 6d.

[Founded on schoolwork in America.]

ALL FRENCH VERBS IN TWELVE HOURS. By J. 43 pp. Blackwood. 1s.

FRENCH TEST PAPERS. Ed. by ÉMILE H. LE 126 pp. Blackwood. 2s.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE READER. By E. E. SPEER. H. MARSHALL. 1s. 6d. n.

[This comes between "The Junior Temple, Readers—" for middle forms and standards.]

PASSAGES FOR PARAPHRASING. By J. F. M. Black. 9d.

[The passages are from poets—mostly English eighteenth century—about 20 lines long and with certificate and University Locals.]

FICTION.

THE BETTALEY JEWELS. By E. M. C. BALFOUR. 303 pp. Arnold. 6s.

[The tale of a remote country squire's family in the cupboard.]

MR. ELLIOTT. By I. O. FORD. 7½×5½, 314 pp. A [A story of factory life and county society.]

REVERSED ON APPEAL. By J. ROSS. 7½×5, 375 [Deals with the question of marriage with a de

THE WEALTH OF MILLERSTANG. By A. GISS. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[The north of England at the beginning of the

THE AMBASSADOR'S ADVENTURE. By ALLEN 343 pp. Cassell. 6s.

[Continues the adventures of the Ambassador "Secrets of the Courts of Europe" (Pearson's M political story introducing "personages of Europe

FLOWER AND THORN. By BEATRICE WHITBY. 7 and Blackett. 6s.

[The troubled relations of an officer and his wife together again by the African war.]

THE CAVALIER. By G. W. CABLE. 8×5½, 371 pp. [The American Civil War.]

ANTONIA. By JESSIE VAN ZILE BELDEN. 7½×5½, 196 [A story of the Dutch West India Company

Hudson, 1640.]

THE GREATEST OF THESE. By HELEN WALLA. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[Scotch life, ecclesiastical and provincial, in A MAN OF DEVON. By J. SINIGORN. 7½×5, 306 p

[Four short stories, in Devon, America, and A FOOL'S YEAR. By E. H. COOPER. 7½×5½, 320 p

[Aristocratic and racing life.]

THE EMBARRASSING ORPHAN. By W. E. NON. Methuen. 6s.

[In England and on an island in the Med

October 26, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

RED ROSE AND WHITE. By A. ARMITAGE. 7½×5, 331 pp. Macquoen. 6s.
[The experience of Ralph Mortimer, son of a knightly house, during the stirring times of Richard III. of England.] Illustrated.]

THE LOVELY MRS. PEMBERTON. By FLORENCE WARDEN. 7½×5½, 300 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[A mildish and ordinary story of an impeccable husband, a beautiful wife, a wicked earl, and a middlemarch aunt.]

IN THE BLOOD. By W. S. WALKER. ("Ooo-ne.") 7½×5½, 340 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[An Australian story] of [the bush, larrikins, "diggings out back," &c.]

GILLETTE'S MARRIAGE. By MAMIE HOWLES. 7½×5½, 321 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[The prolonged disloyalty of a husband who marries for money.]

THE JOY OF LIFE. By EMILE ZOLA. Trans. by E. Vizetelly. 7½×5, 318 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

[The title is sarcastic. It is a pessimistic novel of life in Normandy.]

MY ISLAND. By ELIAN HUGHES. 7×4½, 208 pp. Dent. 2s. 6d.

[Begins with a study of the scenery and memories of Anglesey and continues with stories of Welsh village life. Three illustrations by Lady Stanley.]

IN SPITE OF ALL. By EDNA LYALL. 7½×5½, 388 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

[A romance of the Great Rebellion.]

THE REAL CHRISTIAN. By LUCAS CLERKE. 7½×5½, 334 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[A modern story of a man who is converted to Rome, and falls to find there "real Christianity."]

WILLOWDENE WILLO. By H. SUTCLIFFE. 8×5½, 330 pp. Pearson. 6s.

[The adventures of a highwayman in Cumberland, 18th cent.]

DROSS. By H. TREMAINE. 8×5½, 222 pp. Treherne. 6s.

[The marriage of a clergyman with an adventuress and its tragic result.]

THE LOVER'S PROGRESS. Told by Himself. 7½×5, 438 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[Three love experiences, in Paris and Spain.]

THE OLD KNOWLEDGE. By STEPHEN GWYNNE. 7½×5½, 302 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[A story of Donegal at the present day and of an English girl who stays there. The central figure is a visionary peasant, who interprets "the old knowledge" or old folk beliefs of the people.]

LADY CHRIST. A Modern Mystery. By D. MACGREGOR. 7½×5½, 380 pp. Stockwell. 6s.

[The story of a quasi-divine maiden supposed to live in a Highland village in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign.]

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD. By ESCA GRAY. 7½×5½, 290 pp. (Popular Stories, No. VIII.) Stockwell. 3s. 6d.

[Another volume, dealing with county society, in this new series, which is presenting tales of an attractive and interesting kind, written from the Nonconformist point of view.]

LOVE'S CROSSWAYS. By MRS. A. M. DIBBLE. 7½×5. Digby Long. 6s.

[A love story of girls' college life.]

THROUGH THE TURF SMOKE. Love, lore, and laughter of Old Ireland. By SEUMAS MACMANS ("Mac"). 6½×4½, 174 pp. Unwin. 1s.

[Short stories—"The Bewitched Fiddle," "The Boyne Water," &c., by a native of Donegal.]

HISTORY.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY. Vol. I. Pre-History America and the Pacific Ocean. Ed. by DR. HELMOLT. 11×7½, 628 pp. Heinemann. 15s. n.

[This elaborate work is to be completed in six volumes. It is an English adaptation of Dr. Helmolt's work. There is a long introduction by Mr. James Bryce. This volume deals with the first principles of a universal history: man as a life phenomenon: pre-historic times; the complete history of America: and the importance of the Pacific Ocean. Illustrated.]

CHRONICLES OF THE HOUSE OF FORCIA. By FREDERICK BARON CORVO. 10½×6½, 375 pp. Grant Richards. 21s. n.

[This is a very elaborate study drawn from original sources, with portrait illustrations from coins, &c.]

LA MORT DE LA REINE (Les Suites de "l'affaire du Collier.") By M. FRANTZ FENCK-RENTANO, d'après de nouveaux documents recueillis en partie par A. BENOIS. 7½×4½, 262 pp. Paris: Hachette. Fr. 3.50.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, 1861-1865. By J. C. SCHWAB. (Yale Bi-centennial Publications.) 9×6, 332 pp. London: Arnold. New York: Scribner. 10s. 6d. n.

ENGLISH LAW AND RENAISSANCE. By F. W. MAITLAND. (The Rede Lecture for 1901.) 7½×5, 98 pp. Cambridge University Press.

THE GREAT EPIC OF INDIA. By E. W. HORTON. (Yale Publications.) 9×6, 445 pp. London: Arnold. New York: 17s. n.

ESSAI SUR TAINE: SON ŒUVRE ET SON INFLUENCE. GIRAUD. 7½×4½, 311 pp. Paris: Hachette. Fr. 3.30.

CHAMBERS'S TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY. T. DAVIDSON. 8½×5½, 1,207 pp. Chambers. 2s. 6d.

[A clearly printed, full Dictionary by an experienced lexicographer, with occasional small illustrations. Derivation and appropriate foreign phrases, common abbreviations, &c.]

MILITARY.

THE WAR OF THE CIVILIZATIONS. By G. LITCH. 8½×5½, 311 pp. Longmans. 6s. n.

[The record of a "Foreign Devil's" experience in China.] Photographs.]

WITH PAGET'S HORSE TO THE FRONT. By CAMO. (Trooper.) 8×5½, 180 pp. Macquoen.

[Told by a harrier Volunteer.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR NATURALISTS. By D. ENGLISH. 9½×6½, 311 pp. 3s. n.

[Naturalists have comparatively recently discovered photography, and much work of a popular kind has recently been published in this direction by the Kemtons and others. It was sensible and practical book on the subject, such as this, to help photography can really help the study. Many excellent illustrations.]

PHILOSOPHY.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By A. K. HOOKER. 8×5½, 519 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

[By an American professor.]

LAST WORDS ON MATERIALISM. By PROFESSOR LUDWIG BOLTZMANN. Translated by J. McCabo. 7½×5½, 299 pp. Watts. 6s.

[A selection from the essays, published at different times, on various scientific and religious subjects, of the late professor of "Force and Matter," who was described as a materialist himself a monist. With a Life of him by his brother, Dr. Boltzmann.]

STUDIES ON HEGELIAN COSMOLOGY. By J. MCTAGGART. 9×5½, 292 pp. Cambridge University Press.

[Two chapters appeared in the *International Journal of Ethics*. The author is Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge.]

POETRY.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BUCHAN. 7½×5½, 534+432 pp. Chatto and Windus. 12s.

[Well printed and bound, with two portraits.]

POEMS. By A. MUNBY. 8½×7, 108 pp. Kegan Paul. 3s.

PRO PATRIA ET REGINA. Collected and edited by PROFESSOR J. M. MACLEHOSE. 7×4½, 163 pp. Maclehose. 3s. 6d.

[An anthology from nineteenth-century poets, of the American. Issued in aid of Queen Alexandra's Fund for Sailors.]

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND, AND OTHER POEMS. BARLOW. 9½×6, 223 pp. Glashier. 5s. n.

FOLIA DISPERSA. By C. M. MASTERMAN. 7½×5½, 53 pp. 1s.

[Mostly sonnets.]

POEMS. By JOHN FARMER. 7½×5, 247 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d.

[Sacred and miscellaneous poems, and poems in the dialect. The author is an octogenarian Devonian.]

POLITICAL.

IRELAND AND THE EMPIRE. A Review, 1800-1900. By RUSSELL, M.P. 7½×5, 284 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[An historical review from 1800 for busy people who want to know about Ireland. The last chapter is on "How the Union maintained."]

BURMA UNDER BRITISH RULE—AND BEFORE. Two Vols. By NISBET. 9×5½, 460+452 pp. Constable. 32s. n.

[Describes the material progress of Burma since it came under British rule in 1886. The author has been twenty-five years in Burma.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

SIX SAINTS OF THE COVENANT. Peden, Semple, Wellwood, Cargill, Smith. By PATRICK WALKER. Ed. by D. H. 2 vols. 9×6, 365+264 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

[A reprint of these lives by Patrick Walker (1666-1745) as contemporary historical documents, and also for their S. R. Crockett contributes a foreword; and the editor's sensitive documents, introduction, notes, and a glossary.]

friend, and added to in 1895. This edition is uniform with the same publisher's "Horse Subscribers," recently issued—a neat little red book, with flexible cloth cover, and contains an introductory note by Professor A. Crum Brown on his brother's life.]

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS. By REV. ALEXANDER MACCUREGOR. New Ed. 5½×5½, 64 pp. Stirling: Mackay. 2s. n.

[This brief and popular study was first published in 1891, after appearing in the *Edin. Magazine*.]

THE LIFE OF FLORA MACDONALD. By the REV. A. MACCUREGOR. 7½×5, 152 pp. Stirling: Mackay. 2s. 6d. n.

[This 4th ed. contains a life of the author and an appendix giving descendants of Flora Macdonald, by Mr. Alex. Mackenzie. The life was the first authentic record, and gave reminiscences given to the author by Flora's daughter.]

NOVELS OF HIS NONAGE. No. 4. CASHIEL BYRON'S PROFESSION. By BERNARD SHAW. Newly Revised. 7½×5½, 349 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[This very clever novel, with a pagelist for hero, deserved a reprint. Mr. Shaw writes a preface.]

THE EPISTLES OF ERASMUS. English Translation. By FRANCIS MORGAN NICHOLS. 9½×6, 496 pp. Longmans. 18s. n.

[This book includes the letters written when Erasmus was still at the head of the religious and literary movements of the time, and does not go beyond 1517, when the Lutheran storm broke over Europe. One chief object of the editor is to give the right chronological order of the letters. There is a full bibliographical introduction, a chronological register, and notes and explanations appended to the letters.]

THE STORY OF SOME ENGLISH SHIRES. By the late DR. CRIGHTON. 9×6, 382 pp. R.T.S. 6s. n.

[This important book, until now out of print, appears as published in 1897, with the addition of a chapter on the County of Cambridge.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S GREAT INTEREST. By W. GUTHRIE. (Books for the Heart.) 7×4½, 251 pp. Melrose. 2s. 6d.

[A neatly got-up edition, with an interesting biographical introduction of this great popular work of Guthrie (1620-1665), a leader of early Scotch Presbyterianism.]

THE ZINCALI, or, An Account of the Gypsies of Spain, with an Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry, and a copious Dictionary of their Language. By GEORGE BORROW. 6×3½, 493 pp. Lane. 2s. n.

[A well-got-up edition on fine paper, with Borrow's prefaces to the first two editions.]

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Trans. by E. FITZ GERALD. 4½×3, 56 pp. Brimley Johnson. 2s. n.

[A minute pocket edition, bound in white vellum. With Fitz-Gerald's preface.]

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. ALFRED TENNYSON. FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS. VI. 5½×4½, 45 pp. Lane. 1s. n.

[Illustrated in line by Percy Bullock.]

LOVE POEMS OF E. R. BROWNING. (The Lovers' Library.) 5½×3, 153 pp. 1s. 6d. n.

[Including the Sonnets from the Portuguese.]

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Trans. by E. W. LANE. Illus. by S. Wood. 6 vols. 7½×5. Dent.

[Modified version of Lane's translation, published 1839-41, and the first complete translation from Arabic into English. Includes also the ten Tales, not in Lane but introduced by Galland in his French translation (1706). Preface on the literary history of the stories. Photographures.]

LAMPS' TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. Ed., with Intro., by F. G. FURNIVALL. Illus. by H. Copping. 2 vols. 9½×6½, 347+300 pp. Raphael Tuck. 31s. 6d.

[A sumptuous reprint of the original Tales, with new Tales founded on the plays (other than the Histories) not dealt with by the Lambs. Dr. Furnivall also writes a general introduction and an introduction to each Tale. The volumes, bound in white and gold, are copiously and excellently illustrated in half-tone by Harold Copping.]

DESCARTES'S DISCOURSE ON METHOD. Trans. by GERTRUDE B. RAWLINGS. 227 pp. ON LIBERTY. By JOHN S. MILL. Ed. by W. L. GOSSETT. (The Scott Library.) 219 pp., 7×4½. W. Scott. 1s. 6d.

[Two more volumes of this very extensive and well-printed series. In each case the editor, or translator, contributes a preface.]

SOCIOLOGY.

PUBLIC HEALTH AND HOUSING. By J. F. J. SYDNEY. 216 pp. P. S. King. 5s. n.

[The Milroy Lectures delivered before the Physicians, 1901.]

THEOLOGY.

THE ENDEAVOUR GREETING. Information and So. Members. By A. R. WELLS. 6½×3½, 59 pp. Melrose.

[A little book giving information and suggestion of the British National Council of Christian Endeavour.]

A CALL TO ARMS. By H. G. GROSER. 6½×4, 31 pp.

[A short paper-bound appeal "to young men and on the religious warfare."]

FRIENDLY COUNSELS. By REV. F. B. MEYER. 6½×3½, 1s. n.

[A little book containing papers from a monthly advice on practical and domestic subjects.]

THE TRINITY. By R. F. HORTON, D.D. 302 p. ASCENT. By the REV. F. B. MEYER. (Present Day) 8½×5½, 350 pp. H. Marshall. 3s. 6d. each.

[This series provides volumes of sermons by Dean Lefroy, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, and other tributed vols. Mr. Meyer's book is a selection of 2.]

TEXTS AND STUDIES. Contributions to Bible Literature. Vol. VII., No. 1. "The Meaning of 'Constantinopolitan Creed.'" By J. P. BETHUNE. No. 2. "S. Ephraim's Quotations from the Gospel." 8½×5½. Cambridge University Press. 3s. n. each.

THY HEART'S DESIRE. A Book of Family Prayer. LOVETT. 8½×5½, 280 pp. R.T.S. 6s.

[Provides a single prayer (without verses) with a Scripture reading for each morning and quarter of a year. Strongly bound, and printed headings.]

THE MINISTRY OF GRACE. By J. WORDSWORTH, B.D. 9×6, 486 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.

[A learned work on the origin and history of orders, Church festivals, asceticism and cellhood, mainly founded on Diocesan addresses. Extremely index.]

ERASMUS: A SERMON ON THE CHILD JESUS. LUTTON, D.D. 7½×5, 42 pp. Bell. 2s. 6d.

[This is reprinted from the apparently unique commented translation of Erasmus' "Concio," while of the late Mr. G. W. Napier, of Merchiston, who by Robert Redman, who died 1540. The use by the word "Sir" seems (argues Dr. Lupton) to show it was written for a formal opening of St. Paul's. Paulines and bibliographers should note this little.]

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. (Oxford Commentaries.) RACKHAM. 9×6, cxv.+524 pp. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

[The notes take the form of a continuous thread straight on. There are six chapters and introduction.]

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER. By H. D. M. SPENCE and others. 8½×5½, 340 pp. Chiswick.

[Studies by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Bishop of Ripon, Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Lyman Abbott and from well-known pictures, with views.]

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS. By W. J. DAWSON. 9½×6, 10s. 6d.

[The human life, avoiding theology and metaphysics, took final outline during a visit of the author to Rome. Illustrated from the Old Masters.]

LESSONS FROM THE PARABLES. By Mrs. W. J. T. Stock. 5s.

[For home and school use. Commended in a Dean Hole.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

BY THE WATERS OF SICILY. By NORMA LORIMER HUTCHINSON. 10s. 6d. n.

[Personal notes and stories of travel in Sicily, of letters to a girl friend. Photographs.]

THE SHERBRO AND ITS HINTERLAND. By J. S. SHERBRO. 8½×5½, 226 pp. Macmillan. 15s. n.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 211. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of next week's *Literature* Portrait will be

MR. SIDNEY LEE.

The accompanying article on Mr. Lee's literary work will be written by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.

* * * *

We shall also publish next week an article by Our Paris Correspondent on the chief recent publications and other literary matters in France.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Letters of John Richard Green." Edited by Leslie Stephen. (Macmillan.)

"Wanderings on Three Continents." By Sir Richard Burton. Edited by W. H. Wilkins. (Hutchinson.)

"The Prophet of Berkeley Square." By R. S. Hichens. (Methuen.)

history of Mary Queen of Scots; and he is now engaged on a novel to be called "The Queen's Quair."

* * * *

M. and Mme. Palchard, the son-in-law and daughter of Renan, are preparing for the Press a volume of the writer's letters to his mother, written when Renan had just left his home in his youth, between the Church and a life of science. In his youth, between the Church and a life of science, he explains his scruples to his mother with infinite delicacy, and the comparison of these letters with those to Herminie is both curious and instructive.

* * * *

A record price was obtained on Wednesday at the Rooms, when a beautiful folio Watteau passed for £1,000. Hodgkins, the underbidder being a Parisian agent. The volumes are uniformly bound in old French red morocco, bear the arms of Louis Joachim Potier, Duc de Choiseul (1704), with the fleur de lis stamped in the four corners. Impressions of the plates are fine throughout, but slightly soiled. It is a curious fact that the number varies with each known copy of this rare work. In the present number is well above the average. At the same sale a copy of the Arabian Nights (16 vols. printed for private subscription by the Kamshashtra Society) fetched £33 10s., and a copy of the Tudor Translations, 30 vols., £50. The sale is exceedingly good and we hope to give further particulars next week.

* * * *

Those who have been accustomed to read the "Crockford's Clerical Directory"—and it is generally a good reading—will no doubt recollect several acid paragraphs regarding degrees conferred by certain American Universities. It is pleasant to be able to state that the University of Idaho, at least, does not regard its degrees as matter for traffic. A firm of solicitors, who recently wrote to the president of the society offering to purchase an LL.D. degree for a young man who was thinking of entering Parliament, received the very caustic answer:—"The principal whom you refer to has disgraced his nationality, the Bar, and himself. When he attempts to enter Parliament he will learn that his ambitions, unless carefully limited, are unrealizable."

* * * *

It will be remembered that a shipload of shells was collected by the headmaster of Dover College, and was sold by Dr. Lunn, lately made a holiday tour of the Isles of Greece. Mr. Owen Seaman wrote a poem on the occasion, with the delightful couplet:—

'Twill be among their purest joys
To work it off upon the boys.

MUSINGS ON A SHELL.

Upon a mountain's height, far from the sea,

I found a shell,

And to my curious ear this lonely thing

Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain height ?

Ah, who can say

Whether there dropped by some too careless hand—

Whether there cast when oceans swept the land,

Ere the Eternal had ordained the day ?

Strange, was it not ? far from its native sea,

One song it sang—

Sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide,

Sang of the awful vast, profound and wide—

Softly with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain's height

Sings of the sea,

So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,

So do I ever, wandering where I may,

Sing, O my home ; sing, O my home, of thee.

ROBERT M. SILLARD.

The King has given to Eton College a prize for proficiency in French and German.

Among the literary birthdays of next week are those of Ian Maclaren (November 3, 1850), Sir Rennell Rodd (November 9, 1858), "John Oliver Hobbes" (November 3, 1867), Eden Phillpotts (November 4, 1862), Jonas Lie (November 6, 1883).

Canon T. Thellusson Carter died at Clewer on Monday last. We publish an obituary notice in another column.

Mrs. C. Bagot, whose "Links with the Past" we review on another page, is the mother of Mr. Richard Bagot, the novelist, author of "Casting of Nets," and "The Just and the Unjust."

Some Dickens letters have been presented to the manuscript department of the British Museum, subject to the conditions that they shall not be shown to the public for another twenty years.

Mr. Hall Caine has been elected a member of the Manx House of Keys.

"Miranda of the Balcony," Mr. A. E. W. Mason's popular novel, has been dramatized and produced in America with considerable success.

Miss Dorothea Beale, Principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College, was presented on Monday with the freedom of the borough of Cheltenham in recognition of her services in connexion with the education of the women of England.

The Bull at Rochester, famous as the resting-place of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass, is about to be sold by auction.

The Bishop of Ripon will lecture on Burke at Glasgow next Wednesday. On Tuesday Mr. Henry S. Salt will lecture at Essex-hall, on behalf of the Humanitarian League, on Shelley as one of the disciples of humanitarianism.

Dr. Conan Doyle is to be the guest of the Walter Scott Club at its annual dinner on December 1.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, the well-known natural history subjects, has changed his name to Thompson Seton. He maintains that Thompson was adopted by his family during the troublous times.

At the recent counting of volumes in the British Museum, the estimate reached the enormous figure of over two million volumes.

On Thursday a statue of Daniel Owen—the once a Stickit Minister, was unveiled at Mold.

The cross on the Communion Table at Woburn-square, to which was attached the Jew Osmaniel, presented to Christina Rossetti for her services in the Crimean War, has been stolen.

Mr. Reginald Carter, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, has been appointed to the rectorship of the Academy, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Hawtrey.

Dr. Sophie Bryant opened the Irish Literature Session with an address at the rooms of the Society on Saturday evening, her subject being the Celtic Literature.

Leo Tolstoy, the novelist's son, has had but little success in his five act tragedy *Nights of Madness* at St. Petersburg.

In a note in this column on October 19, in connection with reference to the Index, the "De Re" was mentioned as one of the works on which the restriction is placed. It should have been spoken of as the work of Cope.

A monument will be erected in his native land of Elias Lönnrot (1802-1884), the Finnish folk-lore collector and author of a well-known version of the "Kalevala," the great Finnish Dictionary.

A Russian version of *The Tempest* has been produced at St. Petersburg, at Mme. Yaworsky's theatre.

Señor Galdos is visiting Paris in order to confer with M. Coquelin aîné, with a view to the French version of his play *Electra*.

A monument to the German war-poet, Körner, is being erected at Chemnitz.

A committee has been formed at Dijon for erecting a monument to Bassinet. The subscriptions already amount to 45,000 francs.

We publish this week a portrait and an analysis of the work of Mr. H. V. Esmond, who, almost alone among the modern novelists, has distinguished himself as a dramatist. It suggests the question whether players are more likely to write good plays. The question is a difficult one because history and the somewhat doubtful conclusions of the critics are not quite an exact one since it is a well-known fact that many of the great dramatists have been successful as novelists.

Music is not quite an exact one since it is a well-known fact that many of the great composers have been successful as dramatists.

not necessarily distinguished actors. Shakespeare was not only an actor but an actor-manager. Molière was excluded from membership of the French Academy of Letters because he was an actor. The precedents, however, are too old to be very helpful; and it may be more interesting to consider the question with reference only to contemporary conditions. What we should expect, under those conditions, would be that the actor would be far less likely than the average man to write a very bad play, but that the man who has it in him to write a very good play would not be very likely to be an actor. The writing of plays is partly an art and partly a craft; and, in so far as it is a craft, the actor, if he have the merest medium of intelligence, cannot help knowing a great deal about it. He has at least a certain negative equipment. Certain fundamental principles have been impressed upon him by his experiences at rehearsals and on first-nights. Certain mistakes, usual in the work of amateur playwrights, are quite impossible to him. He knows that situation counts for more than fine writing, that the most brilliant effects may be lost if they are not led up to, that other effects will not carry over the footlights at all, and that it is necessary for him to please the stupid as well as the clever people among his audience. Such instinctive knowledge is an immense initial advantage, and a good many actors (though hardly so many as one would have expected) have turned it to profitable account and produced plays (mainly farces and melodramas) which may fairly be described as workmanlike. Between the workmanlike play and the great play, however, a considerable gulf is fixed. The great play requires a great man to write it—a man of intellect, imagination, and knowledge of life; and our doubt whether such plays are likely to be written by actors is really a doubt whether men of commanding intellect are likely to feel tempted to adopt the stage as a profession. Rightly or wrongly, such men have, even in modern times, a suspicion of a feeling somewhat akin to that which prejudiced the mimes and mummers in days gone by—viz., that to paint their faces, and dress themselves in outlandish garments, and affect emotions, often ridiculous, at the bidding of another, is an undignified proceeding. In spite of the precedents of Shakespeare and Molière one finds it impossible to picture such dramatic writers as Tennyson, or Bulwer Lytton, or Victor Hugo treading the stage. Nor can one help feeling that, if they had done so, they would have forfeited some of their greatness. Whence it follows that the men best qualified to practise dramatic composition as an art have, in too many cases, had an inadequate knowledge of it as a craft. It is a difficulty which must be got over somehow if great plays are to be written. To some extent it is got over by the fact that a certain number of men of brilliant ability are stage-struck in their youth, and so learn the technicalities before awakening to the discovery that acting is an occupation not wholly worthy of the man who is conscious of the faculty of creation. This, we imagine, must have been the case with Mr. Pinero and Mr. Stephen Phillips. Such cases, however, are necessarily rare; and probably the cause of the theatre would be helped if people other than actors were afforded greater opportunities of studying the craft of writing for the stage. We do not suggest a School of Dramatic Composition, or anything of that sort. But there are certain facilities which it would not be difficult for enterprising managers to afford. They all know (through the MSS. submitted to them and through other sources of information) of young writers who have the root of the matter in them, though their ignorance

Literature Portraits.—XXV

MR. HARRY V. ESMOND.

The case of Mr. Esmond suggests some curious reflections. Ask the casual playgoer what he knows of a playwright. The casual playgoer will think of never sentimental, fanciful pieces. The verdict will be fellow, writes nice little plays." Put the same question of the more serious drama and his mind will go to *Grierson's Way*. Nothing pretty or sentimental is truth, hard reasoning, an almost brutal fidelity to *Grierson's Way* the casual playgoer has possibly heard. The afternoon performances of the New Theatre Society were not in his line, and the piece has been played since, in this country at any rate. Yet strangely vivid and powerful impression upon the man who did see it, and in my own case a lasting impression was, in the right sense of the words, strong and original. Violence and eccentricity too often masquerade in originality and strength, especially in these days of criticism and hasty hand-about of the boys. The eager for dramatic masterpieces, so credulous when the renaissance is talked about, that it must go hard with a playwright if he cannot contrive, once in his career at all, to persuade some little knot of critics that he is the real Alas! we have such a number of coming men—and so long to arrive. When *Grierson's Way* was played at the market Theatre that dull winter afternoon in 1899, a lot of us thought we were the witnesses of an arrival. But we to look back upon since then? If not a retirement point attained, yet merely a marking of time; a standstill far as progress in artistic achievement is concerned; perhaps we hope so—a *reculade pour mieux sauter*, when shall be come full circle.

Now which is the real Esmond? The creator of the Ball and Jim Grierson and Captain Murray and the maimed musician, Philip Keen; the creator, too, of *The Decided Way*; the man who sees so clearly the women are when you get at the real creature and wrappings of convention and circumstance? Or the craftsman of theatrical plays, who preaches sentiment with an unblushing brow; would fain persuade a world of beings that a habit of mind cultivated and rooted does out twenty years can give way in a moment, in the glance of an eye, at the glance of a comely young woman; the common sense for a rosy cheek and a fresh air and dainty roguery; would have you believe that the saving of a boy from marriage with a wanton, middle-aged barrister would untruthfully proclaim his mistress? There can be no compromise between life so utterly and entirely opposed. The same man serve God and Mammon. Can the same writer seek eye for Truth and also serve tables spread by Sentiment? If not, which is the real Esmond? Who, indeed, shall we say?

Let us see what deductions we can find up to writing career from the first. Of *Rest I must be* uninformed; it was acted at the Avenue Theatre so remote from our present age that the books of their mention of it leave its date to the searcher's

he marries the poor soul, while two pretty nieces who have flitted in and out during his period of aberration are also provided with husbands and dowries. *Hogey* was full of fancies, queer fancies and engaging fancies. Mr. Esmond let his freakish imagination run awhile unchecked. The same freakishness has been noticeable in most of his later plays, but not in any other to the same extent as in this. It is this curious element in his work that has made much of it seem unsubstantial, unreal. Leigh Hunt wrote a book to point the distinction between imagination and fancy. Mr. Esmond's plays might have served Leigh Hunt for so many examples of his theory. They are fanciful rather than imaginative. His ideas are quaint rather than illuminating. They seldom flood the mind with fresh knowledge, but they set it working in out-of-the-way directions. *Hogey* was an entertaining fantasy and there was some pretty writing in it. But it was of too thin a substance to take hold of the public which confers success from the box-office point of view.

The Divided Way, which at a short interval followed *Hogey* upon the same boards, failed for another reason. It was a study in morbid psychology, unrelieved by any lighter theme. In its kind it was true enough to nature, but the kind is not one that most people would admit to be either possible or suited to stage treatment. If *Hogey* was not real enough, *The Divided Way* was far too real. An outline of the story will plainly show why. It had so short a life. Lois, a woman of passionate impulse, and of the unemotional, unimaginative type to which such women nearly always belong, has been engaged to marry Gaunt Humeson, who, travelling in Africa, is reported dead. The report is credited and Lois marries his half-brother. You may ask "why?" Mr. Esmond could only make answer that such things do happen, which is undeniable, most often to women like Lois. Later on Gaunt Humeson comes back very much alive. He is a good fellow and he accepts the situation. But his presence revives the passion which he had awakened in Lois, and she makes little attempt to conceal its revival. At last she drives him to take refuge in flight, but even then he is not safe, for Lois follows him. He pleads with her to return to her husband, and even threatens to poison himself if she still refuses. At this moment the husband comes upon them, prepared to take Lois back with him, to forgive and to forget. But the idea of going back to her life without Gaunt fills her with misery and repugnance, and it is she who swallows the poison that Gaunt had produced. So the play ends with suicide and despair, in unrelieved gloom and darkness. Now seven people out of ten decline to believe in the existence of such women as Lois, just as they scout the possibility of a woman like *La Femme de l'Inuite*, or of a woman like *Iris*. "If such women do exist," say these people, "let us hear as little of them as we can." On the other hand, those who know that Dumas *plus* and Mr. Pinero and Mr. Esmond have drawn characters true to life, find the stage presentation of them, with its necessary reticence and limitations, falling short of the actual. The playwright is therefore in a hard case.

Possibly we have here the explanation of which we are in search. Mr. Esmond may quite well have said to himself "There is clearly neither money nor present fame to be won by drawing from the life, the ugly with the beautiful, the monstrous as well as the normal; go to, therefore, I will offer to the public that plays just the kind of travesty upon the facts of life in which it delights." And he may have sat down upon the spot and written *One Summer's Day*, which filled the Comedy Theatre for months and won golden opinions, as well as golden sovereigns, from all

only just to say here that he has done all this with a deft hand, with a pretty wit, with an excellent quiet humour. And very likely from his point of view it is right. As Mr. Alexander said in the very so made last Saturday, it is difficult for those of the public with drama to disregard the demands of the day "Is there not enough sorrow in the real world should we have it in the theatre, where we want to forget after the day's toil and its sad experiences?" The first order must be concerned with the lives that are in the bells that are jangled, out of tune and in danger that have no history, the bells that chime sweetly opening to year's end—these provide the dramatic material. The pity of it is that there should be so little theatre found among all the theatres of London where a few who care about a play that is something other than a day's toil and its sad experiences. It stands at present, it would be as unreasonable to expect for writing sugar-plum plays as it would be to expect a merchant to sell only dry champagne. But in *Grierson's Way* and understood what a future there is in a man who could write so moving a drama; can it be that such a situation should exist.

I do not think that I need discuss the play *Way*. So few people have seen it that nearly all the lines would be dependent upon my rough sketch of the play. That would incline them to do it less than I hope Mr. Esmond will publish it, for it reads almost like a novel. The workmanship is as simple and bold as the original. The only defect to allege against it is that it is calculated to depress the mind, to lower vitality. It is logical, natural, but it sends you away with a feeling of revolt against the conditions of the hopeless tangle of so many lives. You do not feel depressed after reading it. Then it is the tragedy strikes you most forcibly. You say "It could not be otherwise; it is *Kismet*," or, if you be an upholder of the "It is the inevitable penalty of sin." But when the tragedy played out before your eyes by women, the pity and the poignancy of it are so great. Which seems to suggest that there is something in the old belief that the theatre had its limitations, that subjects were not for dramatic treatment.

One lesson *Grierson's Way* teaches is that a passion awakened in a woman's breast cannot be quenched. It is a theme Mr. Esmond has developed in several plays. In nearly every one of them he insists that the woman can commit to disregard what her husband has to say to marry without love. In *The Wilderness*, it is a little girl, and showed how a girl who married a man and his money learnt to love him for himself. In *Esmond* Esmond drops a pretty broad hint that this happy marriage was due mainly to the fact that no one had loved him. In *The Sentimentalist*, the play which was seen last Saturday, at the Duke of York's Theatre, Esmond is inclined to press home his warning against marriage with a vehemence that loses sense of proportion. He indeed laugh a little himself at the lover who does so far as to kill an elderly and battered duke in order that the duke's betrothed may wed, not the sentimental third adorer whom she really loves. Mr. Esmond is a sentimentalist, through the duke, and suggests

November 2, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

people eat unwholesome suppers; but it is on a different level from the rest of the piece. Nor do the fanciful touches here call forth quite the same sympathy as in the other plays. The "Trinity," as the four old friends illogically insist on styling themselves, are more than a little tedious. But the stuff of the drama is good, genuine human nature, tenderly and humorously presented, and I do not think Mr. Esmond has written any prettier love-scene, although he has written many pretty ones, than that for Dick, and in the final act. Dick's slowness to see that he has only to ask and to win reminds one of another Dick—Major Dick Rudyard in *One Summer's Day*, who was equally long in discovering Maysie's readiness to fall into his arms. Oddly enough, the resemblance goes further, for each Dick is looking after an adopted son, though the plots are otherwise quite distinct. The "Kiddle," who is Dick Rudyard's charge, and the small boy and girl in *The Wilderness* would justify a fashionable palmist in crediting Mr. Esmond with fondness for children amongst his other qualities. But they scarcely remove that wholesome prejudice which most of us indulge against children on the stage.

Mr. Esmond's experience as an actor has, of course, very much helped him to master the technical side of playwriting, as Mr. Pinero's years of acting helped him. Yet neither of these authors write what are called "actors' plays"—that is, plays depending for their effect more upon trickery and "business" than upon exposition of character and study of men and women. Mr. Esmond was well-known as an actor before he gained a name or even made a bid for fortune as playwright. He first attracted notice in London by his playing in *The Middleman*. In this piece was acting also Miss Eva Moore, who in 1891 became Mrs. Esmond, and who has played several of the leading parts in her husband's plays. Mr. Esmond was particularly good in parts so utterly different as the seapegrace young Bompas in Mr. Pinero's play *The Times*, Cayley Drummie in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, the depressed little man (whose name I forget) in *The Princess and the Butterfly*, and Eddie Remon in *The Masqueraders*. When Mr. Esmond the actor had parts in Mr. Pinero's plays the experience must have been exceptionally useful to Mr. Esmond the dramatist. Mr. Pinero is a master of stage-craft. No young playwright could study in a better school. And, by the way, when one comes to think of it, Mr. Pinero has set us puzzles sometimes very much like that which we are investigating in Mr. Esmond's case. We are often in doubt as to what the real Pinero is like, what are his views and his outlook upon life, what his philosophy and his convictions. Can it be that actor-playwrights are influenced in the choice of subjects and in their treatment of themes more by the opportunities afforded for making effective drama than by settled habits of mind and bias of matured opinion? It may be. Now and again one is driven to say that it must be. And yet, as Mr. Bernard Shaw would mockingly remind us, "You never can tell."

H. H. FYFE.

Americans certainly take their literature very seriously if we may judge from a slip enclosed in a new book sent us by the Funk and Wagnalls Company. It gives instructions as to "How to open a new book"; and seems to combine the chief features of a conjuring trick, a scientific experiment, and a religious ceremonial.

In order to open a new book so that its back will not be broken, the following instructions will be of value:—The book should be held with its back on a smooth table, then the front board cover should be let down, the leaves being held in one

WOMEN'S JOURNALISM

"A Personal View."

By Mrs. E. T. COOK.

Things are always unexpected in life, and the Women's Journals, even to the mere man, are often a surprise on reading. Was it not the late Mr. Corney Grain who, in his own inimitable way, that, if he ever chanced to have a spare in a waiting-room, or country house, he invariably occupied himself with the "Answers to Correspondents" in the "Ladies' Journals," where, no matter how tired he might be, he always found in such remarks as "Aspinall's Face for the face," or "If your 'Cozy Corner' is not cozy by sitting in it," unfailing consolation and charm?

Have women really—as apart from men—quite so distinct tastes in Journalism? It is a wide question. The advanced and educated among them indignantly refute and that, indeed, with so much energy and vigour as to cast a suspicion of the real weakness of their cause. "Most ladies do protest too much." Is it not doubtful, to even superior feminine souls could, or would, be of proof against an article headed "What Women are Worth in Spring"? Is it, according to generally received opinion, even desirable that they should? But that is another question.

The superior few among women are right as well as the men. What may be perfectly true so far as they are concerned, may be equally untrue as regards the vast majority. Unfortunately, it is the large mass of these "others" who really answer the question. It is the actual facts that prove the truth; it is the demand that causes the supply. The large number of so-called women's publications, for instance, as *The Domesticated Woman*, *Home Wrinkles*, *Foolsteps*, *Society Chatter*, with a hundred others, every bookstall haunter will be able to reel off and surely testify sufficiently to the average woman's tastes. Are such tastes really culpable? I would not, myself, discriminate in this matter, for I have many charming at all unintelligent women friends who love such purely popular papers. They cannot resist the attractions of *Home* or *Society*. They become kleptomaniacs on the spot as regards *Society*. *The Domesticated Woman* is ever at their elbow, though they are not so politics in the severer abstract, but they turn at once, by instinct, to the magic "Daily Magazine" of the paper. Are they stupid therefore? Certainly not.

People, on the contrary, are often remarkably quick, practical, and talented. If it seems of vital importance to know where Lady A—buys her toupees, what the opinions of B—thinks of the kindergarten system, or how Mrs. C—dresses her twins—why, it is, after all, an almost comparatively harmless folly. Everybody, perhaps, can tolerate such small-beer; but then people are not all alike. There have been away from England for ten years, and only yesterday a lady said, "I was in the millinery

hammock; she can ruminate placidly on such ephemeral pastures without, at the end of the *siesta*, in the least knowing what she has been assimilating. In such cases, literature acts like a mild *soporific*, beneficial to the body, whatever it may be to the mind. It is difficult to gauge the public taste; some ladies may, like Mrs. Wittitery, prefer a paper that is entirely invertebrate. In this connexion, I may say that I once happened to travel with two respectably dressed girls, of the "superior dressmaker" class, who both of them appeared to be entirely engrossed in popular weeklies. For one hour neither of the two looked up from her book, at length one of them yawned and said:—

"My story's awfully dry. How's yours?"

"Oh, such rubbish!"

"But there, it does well enough to pass the time away."

And then for another hour they read on speechlessly. Just good enough "to pass the time away"—demanding no mental effort, containing a variety of every kind of tople, and artistically seasoned with a few personalities—such appears to be the average woman's taste. And women's journals, if they would succeed, must always be written to suit the average woman. Editors must, after all, recognize facts. It is as well for the makers of women's journals frankly to recognize their limitations, and say mournfully, "As I can, not as I would." Though one would no doubt like to "raise the tone" of feminine literature, yet cash as a factor must of necessity be superior to sentiment. That is only political economy. Let not, therefore, the poor contributors to such periodicals be blamed for what they must perforce supply. Their duty is, beyond all else, to suit their public, and for every special magazine the experienced contributor will know well beforehand what style to adopt. The contributor may personally dislike the whole business of personal snobbery, she or he may, and probably do, feel utter indifference to the vagaries of the titled people they interview, or to the ambitions of the music-hall belle whose photograph they "write round"; yet the remorseless "tale of bricks" must be provided just the same.

Women's journalism has yet other dominant qualities. One of these seems to be a morbid desire to give its readers a little of everything, so that a mere penny weekly appears to aim at being an encyclopædia in little. Another is a continual straining after practical and methodical information, as if, indeed, the editor were in constant terror of being considered "undomesticated." The information is generally a trifle emotional, women being always in danger of making up by an excess of emotion for a deficiency of knowledge. A mere man will sometimes confess his entire ignorance of a subject, a woman, never. Ask a woman to write about the differential calculus, the philosophy of Kant, the rise of Buddha,

She will not fail or falter.

But lend her to the task.

Most women journalists could write everything in their paper, and as for the dress-making article, there is hardly a woman alive who could not write that!

a *plébiscite*, started by an enterprising woman's recently unveiled them.

But the vast differences of women's and men's be easily seen by comparing the contents bills written for each. In the woman's paper, whatever absent, three factors are invariably present, viz.:

1. The Toilet and Its Accessories.

2. How to make the Home Beautiful.

3. Spring Fashions.

The titles may, of course, vary, but the substance is substantially the same. Possibly, there may be further such as "Hints for Mothers," "Cookery as" "Answers to (generally love-lorn) Correspondents" would one think if in men's journals one can find items as:—

1. Mornings with my Tailor.

2. Evenings with my Wife.

3. How to make my Office Home-like.

Yet, it should be remembered, when the contents of the general scrappiness of women's journals, are considered the class of women for whom they are primarily written, mainly half-educated, and are also, by reason of their domestic duties, too hard-worked to be able to get more than a few paragraphs at a time. Further, there is a distorted affection for details, though this, indeed, results rather than the cause of their "seraphic" style. They, like, for instance, to be told exactly how great authors wear, and how great authoresses do though they have never read any of their works, or indulged in philanthropy on their part. I remember a friend of education who told me that she had so enjoyed "Life and Letters" of Carlyle. "I must read him," she now try to read one of his books." That is just it. It is this unrivalled power of sympathy, I would say, curiosity, that makes her always so interested in "Answers to Correspondents" of ladies' magazines. The questions that, I strongly suspect, are often many of them office. Some feeling natures have been known to be thrilled over their imaginary fellow-creatures' misfortunes and have melted almost to tears over "Forsaken" by her cruel lover, or over "Blighted" sadder lot. Or if the correspondence reaches the depths that it is impossible to fathom, yet it is of interest thereby.

Women's private feminities, which are so much of real life, do not, strangely enough, come into their journals. Yet literary women are, as is always above that very human vice.

"Does Mrs. X—— write well?" I heard an authoress ask of another.

"Yes—" was the grudging answer: "but not vilely."

"How old is she now?"

"Well, she was forty till quite lately, but

Of the quaint uses to which the Queen's English is often put in women's papers, and which some journals seem to encourage, I will not speak here, but will pass on to the last count in the indictment, the snobbery of which some ladies' periodicals are so often accused. Of course, they are not all of them entirely beyond suspicion; and yet, even in this, it seems to me that men are at least equal offenders. For to how many dignified and severe publications, not women's papers at all, does not the possession of a title prove an "Open Sesame"? Even the sacred arena of party politics is in their case a trifle less sacred to the "noble born." The snobbery of women's journals is, perhaps, a degree pettier and more personal; but that is all.

And is women's journalism only read by women? There was a feuilleton that ran lately its gay course through a daily paper, a story where, if I remember rightly, a golden-haired lady hid her murdered husband in an innocent haystack, and was thereupon promptly collared by justice. I was not surprised that the story—which, by the way, excited the outspoken and somewhat envious gibes of all the feminine Writers' Clubs—was eagerly read by all the domestic and shopkeeping class; but what really astonished me was to find several learned men, scientists and professors, and the like, quite conversant with the mysteries of the haystack, and intimate with the vagaries of the plot.

Yes, women's journalism may have its faults, yet, after all is said, must we not fall back on Mrs. Poyser's well-worn remark "I'm not denying the women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men"?

ANOTHER BOSWELL.

The good taste and thorough workmanship which are apt to characterize Mr. Dent's reprints have never showed to greater advantage than in his perfectly admirable new three-volume *LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.*, by James Boswell, edited by Arnold Glover, with an Introduction by Austin Dobson (Dent, £1 2s. 6d. n.). In all externals it seems to us an almost ideal edition. The page is excellently proportioned, the press-work (by Messrs. Turnbull and Spears) is unimpeachable, and the publisher has chosen a very light though substantial paper, which gives the volume an easy feeling in the hand. But, beyond this, the charm of the edition is enhanced by some well-produced portraits, and by a series of dainty and delicate illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton, portraying a great variety of Dr. Johnson's haunts, restored by the artist's imagination to the condition of his time. These illustrations are indeed delightful, and may be said to constitute the unique attraction of the edition.

Mr. Railton's work is too well known to invite criticism at this time of day. It has certain patent faults of an over-elaborate and rather finical technique; but we notice gladly in a good many of these drawings a return to a more direct and simple method. For purposes like the present his work possesses individual qualities which quite outweigh its defects. We know of no artist who so happily combines fidelity to architectural detail with an atmosphere of sentiment; and the picture of Chesterfield-house, which we reproduce on page 416, is an admirable example of the combination. It is full of detail, and is yet pictorially charming and "suggestive." There are a hundred of these illustrations

But the excellences of this reprint are not confined to manufacture. The editorial work, without being over-weighty, is thoroughly sound and common-sense. Arnold Glover's careful notes are already familiar in the "Temple Classics," and Mr. Dent has been fortunate in securing for the present edition a topographical introduction from the pen of Mr. Austin Dobson, than whom, of course, is no one living better qualified for the task. It is true that Mr. Dobson knows what happened upon every day in the eighteenth century; and, though this may be a playful exaggeration, his present introduction abundantly proves that he can follow Dr. Johnson through every month of his life, from garret to drawing-room, with an absolutely infallible acquaintance with exteriors and interiors, and with the many figures with whom their histories have been associated. The introduction is indeed packed with intimate knowledge, and packed so closely that every subordinate sentence even contributes its addition to our information. We open at random and come upon the following:—

It was probably to the same bookish neighbourhood [i.e., Little Britain] (where Dorset, years before, had bought an unsaleable work called "Paradise Lost") that he gravitated in 1737, when, who bade him buy a porter's knot, was also at Little Britain bookseller.

The simple statement that Johnson migrated to Little Britain is here made to support four illustrative facts: the purchase of "Paradise Lost"; the depression of the poem in the market; Wilcox's business as a bookseller; and the same person's surly discouragement of the future biographer. *Ex pede Herculem!* The introduction is full of illuminative phrases. It displays Johnson in his own setting, sets him over against the world in which he moved, and, as it were, a moving panorama of eighteenth-century manners. It is stimulating to compare such thorough and quick allusiveness with the ordinarily perfunctory notices which many distinguished men-of-letters are content to "deduce" the classics to the general public. And Mr. Dobson's skilled and graceful work is thoroughly in keeping with the edition which it adorns. The entire work



MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.
[Original drawing.]

November 2, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

England and Scotland. Meanwhile, the Glasgow Exhibition, especially on its archaeological side, is to be handsomely dealt with in two forthcoming volumes to be published by Messrs. James MacLehose and Sons, publishers to the University. One will deal with the fine arts and historical loan collections, the other with Scottish historical antiquities as illustrated also in the loan collections. These are the only memorial volumes to be issued under the auspices and with the special assistance of the Exhibition authorities, and they will undoubtedly be found of considerable permanent value.

Glasgow Publishing.

The mention of "Glasgow in 1801"—not the only book of its kind called forth by the exhibition—serves, by the way, to remind one how far Glasgow has advanced in the manner of printing for its publishers. Messrs. William Hodge and Co. are well to the front in this matter. Time was when the University people of Glasgow found it necessary to go to Edinburgh in order to "gett one sheet right printed." That was not long after Cromwell declared that Glasgow was "a much sweeter and more delightful place than Edinburgh," and some days before Smollett celebrated it as "the pride of Scotland—one of the prettiest towns in Europe." Things have changed since then. Glasgow is not quite so charming now; but, on the other hand, there is no longer any necessity to go to Edinburgh to "gett one sheet right printed." Glasgow can do her own printing, and do it very well too.

As we have said, we are promised still another interesting addition to the literature of Glasgow. This is Mr. William Ernest Cameron's "Frisolous Glasgow," to be published shortly by Messrs. F. W. Wilson and Co., of 57, Hope-street. The book, which deals in a humorous way with life in the "sea-born city," will be profusely illustrated by Mr. Tom Browne and other well-known artists. Messrs. Wilson were the publishers of Mr. John Davidson's early works—of his story "The North Wall"—little known at any time, and now totally forgotten—and of "*Bruce: A Drama*," copies of which are now scarce and selling for as much as half-a-sovereign. Mr. Davidson was engaged in educational work in Scotland in those days. When *Bruce* was published he held an appointment as English master at Morrison's Academy, Orkney. Messrs. Wilson, it may also be noted, were the publishers of an excellent edition of Walt Whitman's "*Leaves of Grass*," with which the poet expressed himself as greatly delighted.

While Glasgow pays such close attention to the claims of local literature, she is not altogether unmindful of the classics. Long ago Robert Foulis, of Glasgow, produced an edition of Gray's poems, a beautiful quarto of some sixty-four pages, of which Gray remarked that it "must certainly do credit both to him and to me." "Doddsley's editions," said the poet, "are far inferior to that of Glasgow." The same thing might be said to-day, comparing some of the London cheap editions of Cervantes with that now being issued by Messrs. Gowers and Gray. Three volumes of "*Don Quixote*" are now ready in this fine edition; and the next of the series will be the "*Novelas Exemplares*" of Cervantes, to be issued in February and March of next year. In this case the translation is being done by Mr. Norman MacColl from the *editio princeps*, and it is anticipated that it will be "the most exact yet published." The same publishers, it may be remembered, announced a complete edition of the works of Charles Lamb. This unfortunately has had to be postponed, owing to the illness of Mr. Thomas MacColl, who

are "not entirely interesting to the general public," whose staff of literary assistants numbers several well-known in the book world. Dr. Annandale has been connected with the firm as an expert in the cyclopedic work; and Mr. George H. Ely, another of the literary staff, became favourably known to the couple of years ago as the translator of M. de Clavière's "*Women of the French Renaissance*." Mr. Ely has been engaged on the translation of a new work by the same writer, which, as announced a fortnight ago, is published shortly by Messrs. Sonnenschein. Mr. Ely was formerly assistant master in the United Westminster School.

"Keep your eyes on Paisley," said Lord Bessborough on a memorable occasion. The advice was, of course, comical, not with publishing; but Paisley can produce as well as it once produced its famous shawls. There is a well-known story which relates how at a certain public meeting in Paisley the only stranger present was put up to the health of the local poets; when he sat down every one in the room rose to return thanks, with the exception of one who was deaf! This story may be apocryphal, but the poets in Paisley. We have already mentioned some of the forthcoming works. Messrs. Appleton, we have seen, the American rights and ordered a large number of Mr. J. R. Aitken's "*Idylls of Enoch*," which will be published almost immediately. Another Paisley firm, Messrs. Parkine, have in the press what should prove a very interesting history of Annandale, by Agnes Marchbank, whose book on the "*Covenanters of Annandale*," published some years ago, was well received. Many notable names in history and literature have been dealt with in this new volume. Ben Jonson, certainly of Annandale descent, and no one else is likely to have the fiery spirit who gave fame to Ecclefechan.

THE DRAMA.

"THE LAST OF THE DANDIES."

It was Mr. Pater, if I remember rightly, who said that the worst habit is to fall in life. Mr. Tree is evidently of opinion, for he declines to run into a groove, and, in the theatrical world, renders the invaluable service of things lively—making them hum, as the Americans say. We owe more to the manager in him, I think, than to the actor for he has the limitations of his temperament. There is no limit to the manager's artistic curiosity or passion for experiment. One thing is certain. There is no other man in London for the moment who could have put the Dandy on the stage. No doubt the conception of Dandy as a protagonist of drama belongs to others—W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, in fact; but *de rebus et non existentibus*, &c., and the actual presence of Ben Austin in space of three dimensions was the work of Mr. Tree. Dandy plays, then, naturally became a re-regularized species. There was Mr. Clyde Fitch's *Ben Brumm*, which have been a success in New York, but never performed in this country. And now there is *The Last of the Dandies*, by the same author, with Mr. Tree to play Count D'Orsay. It is a big and polychromatic affair, from the plastic point of view it will hardly satisfy those who go to the theatre for the sake of the plot, but the structure is so strong that it

sent of august symbolism to appearances. He is what he is by virtue of personal magnetism, by a splendid contempt for ordinary standards of social value, dominating the world not by rank, nor yet by rank, neither by "grace" nor by "works," but by the cast of a coat and the adjustment of a cravat. That is to say, he is an animated paradox. He attracts us by what in other men would be repellent insolence, and wins our respect for sheer fatuity because it is carried to the verge of the sublime. It must be obvious to every one who knows the theatre that it is no proper home for this kind of character. For the theatre will only concern itself with characters on their human side, and the human side of the Dandy is just the side where his dandyism ceases to have any significance. In the theatre we see the fatuity but not the sublimity; we see a fop dropping his topknot to love and hate, laugh and weep, like other men, and we murmur to ourselves, with Faustus over Helen, "Was not the face that launched a thousand ships?" In a word, the absolute Dandy, like the absolute Geometer or the absolute Political Economist, is inextinguishable to terms of drama.

That is why, I submit, out of the half-dozen scenes of Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, one only (Act I.) exhibits the Dandy absolute. We see him at his dressing-table before his mirror and watch the various stages of the process by which the work of art (the Dandy is at once artist and work of art—that is his definition) becomes a finished masterpiece. But as soon as that process is complete the Dandy ceases to be a mere object of contemplation, because he has now to do something—namely, to take part in a dramatic action; and under that necessity, his dandyism becomes a mere side-issue. Superficially, it is true, the man retains his clothes and his air—the *stigmata* of his function—so that one might label the succeeding scenes—The Dandy at the ball, the Dandy in the gaming hall—the Dandy up the river, and the Dandy in *articulo mortis*; but the continuity of the character is only superficial, and we are now in reality considering the man for what he is worth as a man. I do not mean that we are applying any austere moral standards to him—that would be to break up the game altogether, for,

judged by such standards, he is merely a libertine and a cumberer of the earth—but we are looking for the genial and generous traits of humanity in him, and that there is a heart under the brocade waistcoat and under the macassar-oiled locks. To tell the truth, in perusing various memoirs of the Dandies, I am somewhat suspicious that there is no such evidence. Mr. D'Oursay, however, has, by the necessity of drama, to make his plan. His plan is to show us the Dandy purified and the awakening of the paternal instinct. D'Oursay's son, after twenty years' complacent ignorance of the fact, discovers the son, and some sort of dramatic conflict is indicated to get this son happily married, even at the cost of his life to himself and his friend Lady Blessington. The discovery is sought in the sentimentalizing of Lady Blessington of her furniture and in the yearning of D'Oursay for the son whom he dares not openly acknowledge. This discovery of the son does not lead to a really dramatic action—as it does, for instance, in Sardou's *Tien Gai* (Act 7), where the father is challenged by the uncle and has to keep his secret to himself and, by refusing to do so, he is branded as a coward. It merely leads to "amplified" scenes—the river scene, with the Dandy in white silk, and the scene at Crookford where the Dandy gambles to make a dowry for his son and the bank. Finally we have the Dandy dying, like his *prince*, or like Richard III. "with armour meeting death" "like a gentleman," as he says in his brocade waistcoat and most elegant "froek." In no play, whatever curious amusement it may provide of the costumes and manners of the time. As to the costumes, they could not be more carefully, more artistically done than in the introduction of walking gentlemen and ladies in Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Countess Guiccioli, being the author's, not the manager's. Nor is it Mr. Tree's fault that the character of D'Oursay is a dramatic character; he makes what he can—and

actor could—of it, a figure, rich, racy, a style," with a red line of humour. The ladies Hanbury (Lady Blessington), Lily Brayton (her mother), all look very well in their Early Victorian costumes. Edmund Maurice, Warner, and Mr. L. are good in rattle

A. B.



The naming of streets is a matter to be discussed in the and for those who h It is worth noting th of Berlin It is prop two new streets Sna and Hauptmannstru tainly testifies to a elation of purely

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MRS. CHARLES BAGOT'S REMINISCENCES.

LINKS WITH THE PAST. By Mrs. C. BAGOT. (Arnold. 16s.).

This is, as we have already intimated, a "book to read." It contains nothing of great importance, but Mrs. Bagot writes so agreeably that her recollections of the whole Victorian period have a distinct value of their own. She kept diaries in early life, but destroyed them when she married, her husband being of the prudent opinion that dissensions and unhappiness have sometimes been caused by such writings. Fortunately, her good memory has enabled her to produce an amusing book which, we should think, cannot possibly give pain to any human being. In fact, so much delicacy is shown that when we are told that the "present possessor" of an estate is "on some points quite deranged," a foot-note adds that these words were written—of course, not by Mrs. Bagot—in 1817. We have no scandal of any sort in these pages, but only the kindly record of a long and pleasant life. Mrs. Bagot's father was Vice-Admiral the Hon. Josceline Percy, and her marriage with Colonel Charles Bagot, of the Grenadier Guards, connected her with Staffordshire as well as Northumberland. As a child, she saw William IV. and Talleyrand in his company; as a lady of seventy-five, she walked out to see the illuminations at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. These Links, however, stretch back to a time long before the writer's birth, for Mrs. Bagot's own recollections are freely supplemented by those of some of her older relations, and, in particular, by copious extracts from the journals of Colonel Bagot's aunt, Miss Mary Bagot, describing Staffordshire and its worthies of a hundred years ago.

All this varied and inconsecutive matter hardly admits of criticism; nor, indeed, should we wish to criticize anything so entertaining. We may suggest, perhaps, that Mrs. Bagot, seeing life always through Tory spectacles of the best quality, seems a little unconscious of the great events of her time, and of the prodigious social changes, to say nothing of others, that she has herself seen. But this is the severest remark that we care to make of a lady to whom we owe an eminently readable book. A few quotations will do justice to it better than any criticism. Of herself, Mrs. Bagot writes:—

I stayed with my aunt, Lady Ashburnham, in Eaton-square, for my first and only London season, as an unmarried girl. She was one of the finest of the fine ladies in the London world of that day, together with Lady Jersey and Lady Palmerston. I remember dancing with old Lord Huntly, who made a point of dancing with every *débutante* because he had danced at the Tuileries with Marie Antoinette. He used to be much at the old French Court before the Revolution of 1789. I imagine that there are not very many left alive in the world who have danced with a partner of Marie Antoinette's.

After a charming sketch of a lady of the generation preceding her own, Mrs. Bagot adds:—

As an instance of the quaint formality of the times, Mrs. Greville Howard told me that after playing all day with her cousins, Lord Bagot's daughters, in London, a maid came to fetch her back to her aunt, Lady Suffolk's house. She had to make a low curtsy to her cousins, and to say, "Ladies I

had asked whether he and his men might not pull English border town down, to revenge an insult to the Scots! I cannot recollect what year it was, the name of the small town. The old border spirit is dying out; indeed it has not entirely died out yet.

And here a recollection of the Great Duke:—

I remember interesting dinners at Sir Robert and Lady Jersey's evening parties dwell in my memory as by far the most agreeable of any, for they were crowded. No one better knew how to *tenir salon* than Lady Jersey. One dinner at Lady Westmorland's remains in my memory; it was an early dinner, and we were to go to opera after it. The Duke of Wellington came into Lady Westmorland's box, and then she reminded him that I had been his great niece. He took my hand and kept it through the Act. My husband said to me afterwards "Why do you speak to the Duke?" I had been brought up with intense admiration of him by my father and uncles, and I was struck dumb. I simply felt that I was sitting hand in glove with the saviour of England and Europe!

Miss Mary Bagot's journals, dated 1824, are as agreeable as those of her niece, and she in turn quotes what her niece, lately dead, had to say of

Sir Walter and Lady Barbara Bagot, who used to go in three days every alternate year from Blithfield to London, whose sons rode post to Westminster school precise servant with a horn, before the invention of stage-coaches, these sons who were, as young men, sometimes reproached their father for being late when they assembled at seven o'clock in the morning to hunt in Cannock Wood, and whose same period no carpet was ever spread in the "Library" or the old drawing room, except on state occasions, and was considered a treat, and rarely allowed to the daughters of the house. Sir Walter Bagot represented the county of Stafford for years, and entered the town of Stafford for his election with a head of 1,500 freeholders on horseback. He was of the Tory faction, and perhaps Lord Denbigh without some reason for the alarm he felt on hearing the beat (which was, in fact, only a signal for dinner) halted at Blithfield with his troops on his way to the '45.

But we might quote almost endlessly; we can only say that we have read and recommend the book, and hope that an Index of names will be added to the second edition.

SOME RECENT THEOLOGY.

Roads to Rome.

ROADS TO ROME, being Personal Records of some more recent Converts to Roman Catholicism, with an Introduction by Cardinal Vaughan (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), which is compiled by the author of "Ten Years in Anglicanism," consists of sixty-five essays by various persons who have converted to Roman Catholicism—that is to say, of nearly as many apostates from the Papal claim. Some are argumentative, some are some extremely personal, some are written in the best style, while others are in questionable taste. Among the writers are Lord Brampton (who is very brief), Mr. Edward Berke, Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Kegan Paul, Monsignor Croke, Robins-

cause of their secession—that and the attraction on the other side of an authority professing infallibility. They are earnest, sincere, convinced; but this book reveals the fact that the men who “go over to Rome” are men of one cast of thought. Those who long to be told exactly what they are to think and do, those who are shaken to the depths by the freedom of thought and utterance which is allowed outside the Roman fold will naturally be attracted by a Church which says, as Monsignor Robinson joyfully proclaims, “I, and I only, am the one, true religion. All others are false, and not to be accounted religious at all.” But, one asks sorrowfully, will either truth or unity be brought to mankind by such a method? The obvious reply to be given to Monsignor Robinson and the other Roman converts who have given us their experiences is, “This may be very well for you, but what good can it do to the rest of Christendom?” The unity achieved seems to be, as represented in this book, so limited, so far from that which is needed to draw Easterns, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Romans themselves into a united Christendom that is really Catholic. The men and women who have written for this book wanted a certain thing, and they have got it; we read with interest how they came to find it, but we do not see much to make us hope that their discovery will be of great value to other Christians.

The Sarum Use.

The Rev. C. Wordsworth, who is one of our most distinguished liturgicalists, has done good service in editing from a fifteenth century MS. SALISBURY PROCESSIONS AND CEREMONIES (Cambridge University Press, 15s. n.d.), with additions from the Cathedral records and westlets from the “Sarum Processionale” of 1502. The “Use of Sarum” for several centuries not only maintained a considerable prestige throughout England and to some extent on the Continent, but the continued interest that it excites is shown by the fact that so many of its service books have of late years been issued for the benefit of ecclesiologists and liturgical students. Amongst others, the “Processionale” of 1508 was printed (a very limited edition) in 1882, but this is the first time that a book has been issued which belonged in any special way to the actual mother Church of Salisbury. In old times, when the Bishop of Salisbury was at the Roman Court, a special place was assigned to him in the Pope’s Chapel and at all great solemnities of Rome, as he was considered the *ex officio* Papal Master of the Ceremonies. Even now, in the Provincial Episcopal College of Canterbury, the Bishop of Salisbury could claim to rule the choir as precentor when the Primate of All England is celebrating Divine service. The MS. here edited is preserved in the Chapter Library of Salisbury and consists of fifty parchment folios; it is in many particulars a different book from that printed by Pynson in 1502 and reprinted by Dr. Henderson in 1882. It supplies directions for certain ceremonies to be performed at the altars of the parochial or monastic churches of the city, and details as to various rites which were peculiar to the Cathedral Church of Salisbury, such as “the publication of the Relicks by which the Cathedral was at once privileged and rendered famous.” The relic list of Sarum, which was once a year read out or proclaimed in the church, was certainly by far the largest in England, and was popularly supposed to be the largest in Christendom. It comprised sixteen relics of our Lord and the Virgin, sixteen of the apostles, ninety-nine of martyrs, eighty-two of confessors, and twenty-seven of virgins. This represents a large majority of the whole of the saints canonized in the Church’s Calendar. Those present at the formal proclamation of these relics, able

ministers. Some of the picture details are splendid. For example, the one for Palm Sunday is sufficient to show that the *rami pro clericis* on the altar were from the East, whilst the *frondes et cetera pro laicis* were willow buds still called “palms” in many of our districts, and worn on Palm Sunday. The use of the palm, now so common throughout the Western Church, is then apparently known. In the 400 pages of this edited and annotated volume there is much that is both valuable and interesting, not only for liturgiologists, but for those interested in the history of the pre-Reformation Church in England.

Religion in the East and West.

We have already briefly noted the nature of Mr. TUG HEARTS OF MEN (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.). A study of it leaves us at once interested and astonished, as one always is in the history of the mental development of a candidly and sincerely recorded, and at the apparently quite unconscious ignorance and displays of Western life and thought. In his “People” he revealed an intimate knowledge of Buddhism, and he has extended his studies widely to Eastern religions. The result upon a mind well versed in religious beliefs in a simple attitude of inquiry and adoption of the theory that religion is a matter of the heart—a term left undefined—and emotion. The result is discouraged by the extreme *unilateral* with which he announces the familiar difficulties of religion as of his own, nor by the portentous announcement on page 10, as a final conclusion, that “Religion is infinite echoed from the hearts of men”; for this is suggestive, much that is true and well put. But Mr. Fielding, however well fitted to explain a single people, is not equally well-equipped to explain the heart of the human race. It is hardly surprising, examining his reasoning to introduce the question of the relation between moral and religious beliefs, natural religion, or the ideas of primitive man, that things are touched by him either superficially or in a comparison made at the outset between the East and the West of religion—he quite ignores the vast indifference of the Oriental—and the West, where religion has a less than the key-note to the inadequacy of the whole. “He says,” he says, “see Englishmen praying in the street never.” Would Mr. Fielding be surprised to find the historical phrase—that it is impossible to take a single town in England without seeing this strange sight you ever hear,” he asks, “of the worship of the Protestant German, in England, in Scotland? Such a worship is impossible.” Western people, for their religion the stimulus of miracle for reason that so many of them are solitary, and in life. After this we are not surprised to find what can only be described as a travesty of Christianity and a caricature of the typical religious Westerner meet with such dogmatic assertions as that Christianity is due to the extended influence without a hint that the exactly opposite statement is equally likely to be true. We need not pursue further through his own pages. The book contains a serious contribution to thought; but it has interested and troubled many of the religious community.

exposition. The introduction is unusually suggestive. Perhaps the most noteworthy point in a brief survey of the present position of the synoptic question is an account of the "general motives" which led to the formation of the Gospel tradition.

The formation of the tradition regarding Jesus was a work of enthusiasm and devotion, carried out by men on whom he had made an overmastering impression and in whom his spirit was living and active. . . . Thus we know on the one hand that the tradition contains historical matter; and on the other that that matter was put in shape under an ideal impulse.

Incidentally, Dr. Menzies argues forcibly against the authenticity of the First Epistle of Peter, but speaking generally the tone of the entire book is constructive. The translation is open to criticism; it is plain and literal even to baldness; and some renderings strike us as really unfortunate (e.g., *ἐκρίθη*, "rated," "Jesus rated him saying, Stop speaking and come out of him"), but the translator has aimed at accuracy and vividness, and has, on the whole, been successful. The expository notes are scholarly and to the point, and have the merit of not being overburdened with references. The only important passage in which the writer's judgment seems to us questionable is VII., 19, where instead of the R.V., "This he said, making all meats clean," Dr. Menzies translates, "It makes all meats clean." The note scarcely makes Dr. Menzies' meaning clear—but in any case he depreciates the idea that the words in question were intended to interpret Christ's words. "To interpret a parable," he observes, "is in general to spoil it." In spite of some defects this commentary may be commended as an independent and stimulating work.

The Apostles' Creed.

Mr. T. B. Saunders has done a useful piece of work in revising and editing Professor Harnack's article on the *Apostolicum* in *THE APOSTLES' CREED*, by A. Harnack, translated from Herzog's *Real Encyclopædie*, ed. 3, by S. Meeks (A. and C. Black). Harnack's view of the symbol is probably well known to scholars. The Apostles' Creed in its present shape appears to have originated in Southern Gaul, and was current in the West at the close of the fifth century. The relationship of the symbol to earlier confessions, Eastern and Western, is here minutely discussed. Professor Harnack points out that the original Roman symbol gradually "made its way into the Western provinces, without raising any claim to have been, in the strictest sense, composed by the Apostles," and to this he attributes the fact that it underwent many different modifications in these provinces. In its present shape the *Apostolicum* first appears in a sermon of Cæsarius of Arles. Among other interesting points is the suggestion (p. 79) that the Gallican symbol, containing the distinctive clause *communio sanctorum*, owed its final form indirectly to the catechetical teaching of Cyril of Jerusalem. The work of English scholars like Usher, Heurtley, Hort, and Swainson is generously recognized. In the note on page 2 "Foulke" should be "Foulkes."

The Coronation Service.

For some years the Coronation service of Queen Victoria, edited by Dr. Wickham Legg, has been published by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. As the time of another Coronation draws near, some more editions are inevitable. *THE CORONATION SERVICE: ACCORDING TO THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND*, with notes and introduction, by the Rev. Joseph H. Pemberton (Skeffington, 2s.), has the

with great exactness, and a good many useful explanations are given; but we do not think Mr. Pemberton supposing that the two golden bowls in the fourteenth Illumination are intended to represent the chalice and

Christian Mysticism.

Mrs. Eleanor C. Gregory's *INTRODUCTION TO MYSTICISM* (Allenson, 1s. 6d. n.) was prepared for read a Society of Ladies. We should doubt whether such a wholly understood it, if for no other reason, because that they know the meaning of the word "Transcendental." The book has an interest, as a presentation of the position of the various mystics in carefully chosen extracts from their writings; but there are three important facts in connection with mysticism which are not brought into sufficiently clear light. The first fact is that all Christianity—even the Christianity of those Christians who have persecuted the mystics—implies a certain measure of mysticism implied in the fact that faith is the evidence of things not seen. The second is that specialized mysticism is, historically, as a rule, against some system of religious jurisprudence; for instance, was in Germany a protest against the Lutheranism, and at Geneva the protest against the barrenness of Calvinism. In the third place Mrs. Gregory to mention that mysticism has been very frequently misunderstood with an unbalanced mind. To be complete, even within the limits of an essay, she should have recognized the not only of such writers as Plotinus, Thomas Aquinas, Emerson, and Maeterlinck, but also of Donatille and whose indiscretions are mentioned in the Regis Council of that city, and of Nicolas Fatio de Du mathematician who abandoned mathematics for attempted to introduce into England the transillumination of the Covenants, and was stoned for his English pillory.

The Apostolic Constitutions.

THE LITURGY OF "THE APOSTOLIC CONSTITUTIONS," Crosswell (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.), contains a translation of a book of the "Apostolic Constitutions," prefaced by an introduction in which the author discusses various points with the authorship and contents of the so-called "Apostolic Liturgy." It would perhaps have been well if the author had brought out more clearly the tripartite division of the book, the peculiar features of each division. His critical edition of the eighth book, the author of which was probably the fifth century, the author of the whole collection, are judicious, although we think the work dates from an earlier period than the middle of the fifth century. It preceded, probably by some years, the Council of Chalcedon. Its interest, as Mr. Crosswell remarks, lies in the presentation of a Liturgy "at least a century older than the present." It is strange that the Constitutions were unknown in the West until the sixteenth century, when Erasmus published an edition of them at Venice. Mr. Crosswell's little book will serve as a useful introduction to the study of which the subject of ancient liturgies is more fully de-

The City of God.

St. Augustine's monumental work, so grandly conceived and so nobly executed, notwithstanding the weaknesses and blemishes caused by his ignorance of Greek and Hebrew, and his very limited knowledge of Biblical criticism, has been translated several times into English. The first translation of the whole was that by Healy in 1610, based on Louis Vivanti's

observing whatever there was to observe. The value of his book lies mainly in the fact that he has recorded his observations frankly, not suppressing things because they were horrible. Chinese and European atrocities are impartially recorded by him, and his candid admissions on the latter head invite confidence in his prediction that there will before very long be a recrudescence of the trouble. His comparison of the troops of the various nationalities is the more interesting because he had been in South Africa shortly before his trip to China. He thought the French contingent "absolutely beneath contempt," found the Germans admirable on the parade-ground but otherwise "heavy and slow in their movements," and the Americans too little disciplined, and he sums up thus:—

From what I have seen in South Africa and China, I feel and know it—luminously know it in the marrow of my intelligence—that for that South African job, if it were to be done over again, I would select the British. They have done not only as well but better than any other nation would have done. Many things might have been done better, but when I saw the others there were everywhere signs of their probable failures being infinitely more numerous.

There are only two armies that, granted the possibility of their being landed in South Africa, could have conceivably tackled the job. These are the Japanese and the Germans.

The book is quite interesting though only moderately literary.

The anonymous *LETTERS FROM JOHN CHINAMAN* (Brinley Johnson, ls. 6d.) purport to be the work of a citizen of the Celestial Empire who has lived for many years in London. The lucidity and idiomatic accuracy of their style savours rather of the London journalist who knows China. Their object is to explain and justify Chinese points of view. They do certainly make the Chinese objection to missionaries intelligible, though the Chinese would be better people if they took some of the advice that the missionaries give them. Whatever may be the merits of Confucianism it has not prevented corruption, cruelty, and inefficiency in public affairs.

Before the Deluge.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY, by Sophia H. MacLehose (MacLehose, 6s.), is a clear and simple sketch of the events preceding the French Revolution, and of the chief persons who took part in these, which should make the book a useful introduction for young people to the more important histories. It shows evidence of much reading, and the list of authorities given is an imposing one. There is a good index, and many interesting illustrations, such as that of the King's *net*, a precious and almost sacred vessel of gold, shaped like the ship, in the arms of the city of Paris, and holding the supply of clean table napkins to be used by the King during dinner. At each course a fresh napkin was taken out, and given to his Majesty, by which we see that an unlimited supply of table linen is the sign of true nobility, just as an unconquerable attachment to table napkin rings is the infallible sign of the middle classes, by which you shall know them. For its purpose we can thoroughly recommend Mrs. MacLehose's book.

The Germ.

Mr. Eliot Stock's reprint of *THE GERM* places within the reach of seven-hundred subscribers of the modest sum of half-a-guinea a close *facsimile* of a famous publication. The original four parts, published in January, February, March, and April, 1850, are sufficiently rare to command a high price. They are rare because people would not buy "The Germ" and would scarcely consent to know of its existence; and they are interest-

a literary organ of the Brotherhood of which Holman Millais, D. G. Rossetti, Woolner, James Collinson, F. G. Stott, and W. M. Rossetti were the members. We further learned that 200 copies of the 700 printed were sold of No. 1, and the issue of No. 2 was reduced to 500 copies. "It sold better than No. 1," says Mr. Rossetti tersely, and he is still regarded to the fortunes of Nos. 3 and 4. The present reprint has for its *facsimile* of "The Germ," says the press, and the four illustrations which appeared in the work by Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, James Collinson, and W. Deverell, "are faithfully reproduced by a photographic process which renders the originals exactly," says the same authority. We wish we could agree. The photographic process employed is a very poor apology indeed for the copper plate originally used. One has only to compare the frontispiece to No. 2, how black and "rotten" the reproductions be. In fact the process of "thickening up" goes through all the process employed, whether for pictures or type pages. It is not the fault of the publisher, who has done art lovers a real service, reluctant, but of indifferent "process work." It was interesting to know why No. 4 has "May" 1850 printed on it? Was not the "May" subsequently cut out and the "April" substituted? Mr. Rossetti also refers vaguely to two fly-sheets which—when the third number of the magazine was about to appear with a change of title from "The Germ" to "Art and Poetry" ("more, I think, Messrs. Tupper, the printing firm than by myself," says Rossetti)—were inserted, and presents the two of them in *facsimile*. We do not think that these fly-sheets formed part of the magazine. The one issued with No. 3 had the new title and "Poetry: Being Thoughts towards Nature, Composed principally by Artists" printed twice upon an unbacked sheet and the following note added:—"The first two numbers of the publication appeared under the name 'The Germ,' but in consequence of some misapprehension of its intended arbitrary title has been discontinued. This change will be productive of any ill consequence, as the title appeared on a wrapper only, over which the above labels may be pasted. This fly-sheet might well have been included in the reprint, and would have been a most tasteful and welcome reprint.

Belgium.

Mr. Cyril Sendamore's BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS (Wood, 6s.) is a book that one is tempted to compare with Meldrum's "Holland and the Hollanders," reviewed in these columns when it appeared; and the comparison is to the advantage of the volume now before us. Mr. Meldrum was evidently inspired by intimate first-hand knowledge of the country and people of which it treated. Mr. Sendamore smells of the lamp, and more research than experience, so have gone to the making of it. It is full of facts and taken from various sources—from guide-books, from handbooks, and from official publications. We learn from it what is worth seeing in some of the principal cities (though some of the most interesting of them, Ypres, for example, are not mentioned), and we also get many interesting particulars about the Antwerp Docks, the administration of the Congo Free State, the Belgian Army, the Belgian Universities, the Belgian Office; but, on the whole, the reader is likely to find more instructed than entertained. Moreover, one omission must be remarked. The language question receives the most casual mention. But the history of the question—the failure of the attempt of the French government to suppress the Flemish tongue—has a particular

THE TRANSLATIONS OF A PRINCESS (Harper, 7s. 6d.) is the autobiography of the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Those who go to it for revelations of Court life will be disappointed. The identity of the persons who pass through its pages is so carefully veiled that the whole thing reads like a fabrication, and as a fabrication it is devoid of interest. The tone is the tone of the penny novelette, the narrations offend occasionally against good taste, and the French phrases with which the book is plentifully besprinkled are principally useful as evidence of the author's ignorance of the language. One of them is our old friend *tout ensemble*, and another is *mon petit ange*.

FICTION.

Mr. F. T. Bullen.

Mr. Bullen certainly has the gift of speech and has achieved much deserved popularity. But the sketches in *DEER SEA PLUMAGINES* (Smith, Elder, 6s.) are for the most part rather studies for stories than stories themselves. Nearly all of them would have borne rewriting, and all of them would have been better for compression. It sometimes seems to us that Mr. Bullen falls just short of complete success as a writer even in his chosen genre, because of his aptness to confuse two kinds of conviction. Difficult as it may be to define the difference, there is a method of conveying an air of reality in pure fiction which is certainly alien from that employed by a writer in relating his own experiences. Mr. Bullen mixes both methods, with the result of making reality look as if it were partly invented and invention look as if its author did not quite believe in it. The book, however, contains excellent material. Mr. Bullen would probably be the last to deny his obligations to that great sea writer Herman Melville.

An Idealist.

We were attracted last year by a first novel from the pen of Miss May Bateman, and she now follows it with a second, *THE GLOWWORM* (Heinemann, 6s.), which has some of the qualities of the former book, and, so far as literary style goes, certainly reveals greater maturity. It is rather a slighter story than "The Altar of Life," but there is one feature about both books which gives them distinction. Miss Bateman deals in pathos and in tragedy; but she is not content simply to put in the requisite materials according to recipe, stir gently, and serve the result as a piquant dish of sensational romance. She has that essential for a work of art—a central idea, a conception that gives unity to the whole. This book gives us in its heroine the idealist, stumbling impulsively through the dark after the glimmering "intellectual fire." Asenath, the child of strange families, looks on to Asenath with her girlish and mistaken passion for a pretty widow who has had a past, and to Asenath the woman who dedicates herself to an unsatisfactory husband under the glamour of his heroic deeds in the Sudan. The child who is the talent of her family and is "adored by the villagers" and the grown-up is, one must confess, a little outworn; but the rest of the story is well knit together, and there is the true dramatic interest in its tragic close amidst the hut-tax troubles in the West African bush. Miss Bateman has the merit—not too common a one—that she always writes in good taste of military and civil life. Her new story is a good one, which would have borne a little more elaboration. But she writes with a real

remainder of the volume rather disappointed. Couch has hardly fulfilled the promise of his and remains a pretty writer enough and can seldom be dull, but the humorous fancy which used to work seems rather to have evaporated. The might have been the work of any capable hand.

Miss F. F. Montrésor.

Miss Montrésor's women are excellent; good. There are in *THE ALIEN* (Methuen, considerable tenderness and strength. It is, of course, written, but it does not quite touch the reader. Mordaunt and Cousin Becky are drawn with many touches of fine workmanship, but the Major Iredale is the customary woman's plot straightforward soldier whose watchword is perpetually irritating more sensitive people. So, too, Cesare Vivario is the customary villain half-bred, cringing, blackmailing scoundrel, author has obviously taken a great deal of trouble none of them really sympathetic. *Per contra* ingenious and strong; there is pathos in Jas his cousin; and there is much proudfing. "The Alien" is better and more serious than but it is not quite so good as we have a right to expect of "At the Cross Roads."

"The Secret Orchard."

THE SECRET ORCHARD, by Agnes and Eg millan, 6s.), is a clever, lurid, interesting novel and still more often merely theatrical; but it is a pleasant book. The plot is strong—the invitation into the household of an adored wife of whom the husband has sinned. He has long since his silence while the intolerable situation penance. The end is perhaps inevitable—a one. The characters of the beautiful wife and old adorer are drawn with considerable tenderness, soften the book. Without them the bald facts v

If a stirring story of adventure and hair sought it will be found in William Westall's *THE ARTHUR PEARSON*, 6s.). In point of fact, the hero intimates excepted, the characters in this are mostly devils. Truly they "banged those d children of the devil" pretty severely, but to choose between General Morillo, the General Bolivar, the Venezuelan patriot for cruelty, for neither of them was used to story is an unhalting record of battle, murder over which assuredly no reader need fall asleep.

THE CRIME OF THE CRYSTAL (Digby, Long ties of all Mr. Fergus Hume's other novels—the the feelings and no wit to move the intellect usual clever unravelling of a mystery, the usual too unpleasing people, and it is written in good not reveal more of the plot than is told in the improbabilities in the story of course, perhaps than usual, but, after all, what do they matter for the careful hand of the artist when we Hume; we only want to go smoothly along to did the murder—and that is one of the legacies of modern days.

CANON CARTER OF CLEWER.

The memory of Canon Carter, of Clewer, who passed away this week at the age of ninety-two, is one of an exceptionally devoted life. But it is well worthy of recognition also for the fact that he has been for half a century one of the most voluminous religious writers of the advanced school of the Church of England. It was in 1844, just after the closing of the first chapter of the Tractarian movement which he supported from the first, that Carter was presented to the Rectory of Clewer, after a distinguished career at Eton and Christ Church (where he was a contemporary of Gladstone, Keble, and Bishop Wilberforce) and twelve years of clerical work in Bucks and Dorsetshire. His first publication was "Three Sermons connected with the National Fast Day, March 24th, 1847," with an appendix on the Days of Fasting or Abstinence as enjoined by the Church of England. It was the time of the Irish potato famine. "Can we stop," said the preacher, "and discuss the political bearings of nice questions, when the unshrouded and unclothed dead are hurrying past thick and wan as the leaves of autumn?" The same feeling of humanity showed itself in his work at home. As a faithful priest and assiduous visitor, Carter was shocked at the overcrowding of the poor of Windsor, who were then housed in ill-ventilated and ill-drained courts. He met with many a rebuff in the work of reform; but he succeeded in interesting the Prince Consort in the question. In 1850 he printed, for private circulation, "Some Remarks on the Physical and Social Condition of the Labouring Classes of Windsor," setting forth a general scheme for the benefit of the town under the immediate patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert. This strenuous pamphlet was mainly directed against overcrowding, and if others of influence had been as energetic in this direction as was the rector of Clewer for over forty years, the housing problem would not now be so insistent as it is. "There is a call," said he, "now, that we should endeavour to raise up and cherish among our cottagers the honourable and independent character which has been wont to distinguish the English labourer; and to mark the reign of our present gracious Sovereign, not by extended conquests, but by the increased health, decency, and comfort of the honest poor man's home." A striking feature of Church revival during the past fifty years is the growth of sisterhoods. It owes more to the devotion of Canon Carter than to any other half dozen of its earlier supporters. From 1849 to his death he was Warden of the House of Mercy, Clewer, of which the Hon. Mrs. Monsell was the first superior. In 1855 he published "The First Five Years of the House of Mercy, Clewer," and in 1861 an enlarged edition under the title "The First Ten Years of the House of Mercy." The most successful and pleasantly written of his books, outside pure theology, was the "Memoir of Harriett Monsell" (1884), of which the last edition appeared in 1890. A more recent memoir (1895) was "A Record of the Life and Work of Richard Temple West" (vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington). Biography had a special attraction for Canon Carter, and he edited and wrote prefaces for many lives; such as "James Skinner, Vicar of Newland," 1883; "Nicholas Ferrar," 1892; and "John Kettlewell," 1895. But his writings were mainly theological and devotional. The British Museum Catalogue, exclusive of new editions, enumerates upwards of 150 separate works from his pen, many of them, however, single sermons, or brief essays. His five volumes of "Spiritual Instructions" issued between 1870 and 1891, have been the

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZIN

The most distinguished contributor to the magazine month is probably Mr. Robert Burns. A hitherto unknown poem by the poet is unearthed in Macmillan's. Burns MS. has not been found, but a copy of the verses was found among some papers belonging to the late Mrs. Barr Monmouthshire, who died in 1885. Apparently the author of the poem rests only on the fact that the late Mrs. Barr's copy has an endorsement to the effect that the verses were addressed to a Mrs. Currie by Burns. Mrs. Currie, daughter of John Bushby, of Tilwald Downs in Dorset. Thus we are introduced to yet another Burns heroine, a new lyric. The poet actually compares her to his Nelly, a girl that inspired "Had we never loved so kindly," &c.

Just such was the glance of my bonnie lost Nancy,
Just such was the glance that once brightened her eye;
But lost is the smile we impressed on my fancy,
And could is the heart that she dear was to me.

Ilka wee flow'ret we grieve to see blighted,
Cow'ring and with'ring in frost nipper plain;
The naist turn o' spring shall awaken their beauty,
But ne'er can spring waken my Nancy again.

In the same magazine an admirably-written paper on the humour of present-day novelists unfavourably with His humorous sayings and incidents belong essentially to characters to which he attaches them. Quote a remark on novels and the character that uttered it rises up vivid in the eyes. This, the writer maintains, is what makes so vastly superior to humourists like Mark Twain and who fasten their humour on to their characters indiscriminately.

The *Quarterly* deals less extensively than the *Edinburgh* literature, though there is one notable literary article, the subject is the work of the late Charlotte Yonge. The daring, the reviewer compares her to Miss Austen, who, much inferior to Miss Yonge in pathos as she excels in satire. "But surely to write like this is to compare with great. We think, too, that the reviewer exaggerates the importance of Miss Yonge's contributions to history are not on a much higher level than Mrs. Markham's. However, the writer's attitude towards the "problem" which he contrasts with the novels of Miss Yonge:—

We hear in these days a good deal about the "problem" novel. In most compositions of this class the problem stated in its simplest terms, comes to this—how to pass on or self-indulgence urges in one direction accepted laws of good behaviour point in the other. So an *Übermensch* of the earlier world, solved it in "Libito fe' licito in sua legge." Another way is indicated by a worthy French dragoon officer, when at some point of conduct with a relative of the present "Je trouve ça tout simple; c'était son devoir." This latter solution does not, as a rule, recommend the heroes and heroines of much, and that perhaps popular, modern fiction. Goethe's "Entbehren" and "solst entbehren" is wholly out of date.

In other respects the review is strong. "The Cisleithania Austria-Hungary" is a most lucid presentation of the most urgent problems of modern politics. A footnote indicates that the writer is of Austrian nationality. His anti-Austrianism is very gloomy. The long article on "The Plague in India" is exhaustive and alarming, though the writer's alarm is more for India than for England. The article on the Empress Dowager does not seem to be based on the same intimate personal knowledge as the recent article on Queen Victoria; but it is an interesting appreciation. Other subjects treated are "Revolt against Orthodox Economics," "Antique Gems," "South Pole," and "Duelling in the Time of Brantôme."

The most notable literary article in the *Edinburgh* is on "The Novelists." The subject is treated without

who left out of her books the things which she thought children ought not to know. "Whether," he writes, "psychological fiction and problem dramas, whether, that is, novel-reading and play-going, two of girlhood's most exciting amusements, are the fittest medium through which suggestions should be conveyed through which she should arrive at her first apprehension of the most intimate relationships, consecrated or desecrated, of womanhood and manhood, is an inquiry with which at the present day men, no less than women, will do well to concern themselves." "The Scandinavian Novel" is a third literary article. Comparing Scandinavian with English fiction the reviewer maintains that "the Scandinavian novel has something of the charm that a child has side by side with an affected man or woman of the world," and also that "with all its defects the fiction of these lands holds for the novice a more important place than does our own." The other articles are on "The French Expedition to Egypt in 1798," "Industrial Progress and Native Life in South Africa," "Life in Poetry and Law in Taste," "Magic and Religion," "Recent Russian Music in England," "The Macedonian Problem and Its Factors," "The Fight against Consumption," "The Glasgow School of Painting," and "Party Politics and the War."

The articles in the *English Historical Review* are—"The Dedication of Kings in the Greek Cities" by Edwyn Robert Bevan, "The Dutch in Western Guinea" by the Rev. George Edmundson, "England and Sweden in the time of William III. and Anne" by J. F. Chance, and "A British Agent in Tilsit" by J. Holland Moss. Mr. Moss faces the question "How did Canning come to know of the plot matured on the Tilsit raft which he anticipated by the Copenhagen expedition?" The old story of the spy concealed on the raft is shown to be incredible. According to Mr. Moss, Canning's information was really incomplete; but, such as it was, he got it from one Mackenzie, who, in his turn, got it from General Benningsen, who betrayed as much of his master's designs as he was made acquainted with. This intimation, supplemented by Garlike's report from Copenhagen, was enough for the British Government to act upon.

The *English Illustrated* improves. The contributors to the new number include Mr. A. G. Hales, who writes an African love story, and Dr. Barry, and Mr. H. G. Wells, who supply a grave and a facetious essay respectively, the former on Anarchism, the latter mainly on what literary men should eat and drink.

Messrs. George Philip and Son send us a new magazine, the *Geographical Teacher*, which is to be the organ of the Geographic Association. Its object, as defined in an introduction written by Mr. D. W. Freshfield, is "to answer in the affirmative the question—Can you teach geography so as to make people think?"—that is to say, can the scientific teaching of geography be anything but the elaborate demonstration of the obvious. In this undertaking we wish the new magazine every success.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The Fine Art Society has opened the autumn season in Bond-street with its usual enterprise. In one of the rooms there is a collection of water-colour drawings entitled "The Cities of Central Italy," by Alberto Pisa, and in another a collection of pen and ink drawings and a few sketches by Laurence Housman. The characteristic of Signor Pisa's work is that it is so unlike the drawings of Italy that we are accustomed to that it would seem as if the artist purposely saw sunny Italy on its few rainy days, and painted the South with all the sadness of the French romanticist or the sobriety of the typical Dutch painter.

Of Mr. Laurence Housman's work as an illustrator we have previously had opportunities to judge, more frequently through the medium of the reproduction than from the original

"The Arabian Nights." Dominated as he is, however, Mr. Housman has a quality of fine technique which is admirable. It is more Houghton of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," a bolstersome draughtsman of such illustrations as the History of the Third Calendar; closer in beautiful Princess Parizade than to the p "The Kite Darts upon the Meat" in The Histo Mr. Laurence Housman, dexterous as he is, moreover, the saving grace of humour which attach us to Arthur Houghton; but, whatever comparison with his great prototype, his dra at the Fine Art Society show rare imagination this quality is so generally absent from illustrators, and for this we are more than gra

True art lovers will turn their gaze fr dealers of the West-end to the galleries of th the heart of the City. Once again Mr. Temp than is expected of him to maintain interest Gallery, and the latest exhibition is among th of a noteworthy series. It is some time exhibited in Conduit-street the first five of hi tions for the Boston Public Library in ill Quest of the Holy Grail," and the remaining now to be seen at the Guildhall. They displa solid draughtsmanship, his bold and voluptu rare gift of invention. We envy Boston their should be seen by all who take an intel decorative art before they leave this country.

The great vogue that old coloured engrav late has induced Messrs. Graves to arrange h of "Ladies' Portraits" after early English n for the most part, interesting efforts to revive art of printing copper plates in colours—no worthless substitute of hand-colouring monoel are sometimes printed from the old plat from plates recently engraved in the sty stipple. Many are successful, and all especially as most of the coloured prints been produced in England. It has long l artistic reproaches that this class of wor only be obtained in Paris.

The Society of Medallists is holding its van Wisselingh's small galleries in Brook-stre have an autumn exhibition of the usual c Marchant celebrates his proprietorship of th Goupil Galleries with an exhibition of works Dutch Romanticists which he understands so

LIBRARY NOTE

The Earl of Derby recently opened i Art Gallery and Library which is the town Diamond Jubilee. The library contains 12,00 art gallery is enriched by the valuable W pictures.

The *Library World* takes exception to column. We remarked that the proceedings meeting of the Library Association were no in some former years. But the *Library World* meetings in the past were rather bibliograp tual. The distinction seems to be somewhat not bibliography an intellectual pursuit? I the technical side of library work the papers by Ernest Thomas, John Winter Jones, and were scarcely rivalled at the last meeting. I that the popular mind should be made to un of the more prosaic duties of librarians.

The local collection at the Newington Public Library has been enriched by an engraved portrait of John Revoilt, who was Master of the Walworth Academy for several years, the gift of Mr. T. A. Tibbert.

The second number of the *Library Record of Australasia* contains a good article on Sir Redmond Barry, founder of the Public Library and Museum of Victoria, with an excellent portrait. We learn from "Some Magazines of early Victoria" that the first attempts were mainly distinguished by an early death, and their successors by "flagrant, calm, unabashed piracy." A series of hints for small libraries is also valuable, but we hope the printer is responsible for "Westcott" and "Cas Koden" as the names of two American novelists.

The Irish Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction make a good departure in offering to village and working-men's libraries gifts of books to the value of £3 on economic, industrial, and allied subjects.

The committee of the Bethnal-green Free Library are in want of funds to wipe out a debt that cripples the extension of their work. Contributions will be gratefully received by the treasurer, Mr. F. A. Heyan, at Messrs. Barclay and Co.'s, 51, Lombard-street, E.C.; or by the secretary and librarian, Mr. G. F. Hileken, at the Bethnal-green Free Library, London, N.E.

Correspondence.

THE CASKET LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, At page 219 of his "Mystery of Mary Stuart" Mr. Lang refers to certain suggestions of mine in explanation of the close agreement of Moray's erroneous description of a Casket Letter with a *précis* in the Lennox MSS. I do not admit the correctness of Mr. Lang's summary; and, moreover, my suggestions were, as I told Mr. Lang, made extempore, and without examination of authorities. They were not intended for publication, and it will be evident to any one who reads the paragraph that Mr. Lang has made an unwarrantable use of my communication. I do not doubt, however, that he has done so from mere inadvertence—an inadvertence due to the openmindedness which is one of the most striking features of his volume.

On the question of the Casket Letters his openmindedness has, indeed, been almost Quixotic. Some ten years ago he expressed his strong conviction that the letters were "doctored"; after more minute inquiry he began a paper in *Blackwood* about a year ago "strong in the faith that they were 'genuine'"; he ended that paper in doubt; and now he is almost convinced of a doctoring process so homoeopathically small as almost in no degree to affect the main question. But since Mr. Lang has referred to certain suggestions of mine, may I be permitted, being no longer partially in the dark as to the nature of his discoveries, to touch briefly on four cardinal points—the more especially as on those points Mr. Lang has either, as it seems to me, neglected or curiously misinterpreted evidence that was in his possession.

1. The main *raison d'être* of his present volume is, I take it, his discovery of the Lennox *précis*. It has shattered his strong faith in the genuineness of the letters by suggesting the probable existence—surely most improbable on many other grounds—of a forged letter afterwards dropped. This remarkable theory is based on the supposition that the *précis* was not founded on information supplied to Lennox by Moray, or the informant of Moray, or one whom Moray informed. Any of those suppositions Mr. Lang deems highly improbable, and in reply to the supposition

the same account of the letter as he gave to De Silva, or not, probably De Silva did. On either supposition, we do not search further for the source of the Lennox *précis*, and the main ground of Mr. Lang's doubt disappears.

2. Mr. Lang recognizes that if Du Croc obtained Scottish authorities copies of the letters, the Frenchment might have discovered the substitution of a new one, but he accounts for its silence on the ground that Elizabeth by criticism of two sets of copies of letters certainly not then the obvious policy of France. This may not be true, but Mr. Lang has neglected to the risk which the Scottish Lords would elect to run by the letters after officially supplying a copy to the Ambassador.

3. Mr. Lang thinks that Maitland may have forged a suppressed letter and put it in the casket before it reached Morton on the 19th; but he had hardly more day to conceive and perfect the scheme, and could do so the supposition that the key was not in the possession of Bothwell. That he did it afterwards is still more probable, that he so bungled it as to require to suppress it on the improbability, and that it was not suppressed immediately before the Westminster conference is so incredible. Nor do I think that Elizabeth meant to hint to De Silva that Maitland had forged the letters. She could hardly have "acted badly" in joining the opponents of the Queen Robert Melville being the informant of Elizabeth, this is one of Mr. Lang's, to which he over and over again refers, an extraordinary mistake. "Leaving Edinburgh," says Mr. Lang, "on June 21, the day of the discovery, Melville left London on June 23 or 24." Now it is certain that Melville left London about the date Mr. Lang supposes; but other than Lang's chronology is sheerly impossible. Riding as fast as for a wager, night and day, and with a constant shower of swift horses, Maitland could hardly, in those days, have made a journey within the time supposed. Nor was such haste necessary. But the simple fact is that Maitland wrote "the bearer, Mr. Melville," but "the bearer of the letters" (who was already in London as the representative of the Lords). Nor is either Mr. Lang's paleography or his copyist at fault, for he professes to quote the *précis* already printed in Skelton's "Maitland." Similarly a supposition on Maitland's truthfulness is founded on a misreading of a letter of Drury. Maitland is represented as stating that the Queen had threatened to cause "Bothwell to forfeit his goods, and life." "Could the Queen who said that," says Mr. Lang, "be in love with Bothwell"—quite unaware that the reference is to Huntly. Indeed, most of Mr. Lang's statements against Maitland seem to have been created by a minor misapprehensions.

4. As to the cardinal matter of Crawford's Declaration, not Mr. Lang unconsciously supplied proof that the Declaration has been corrected by the letter—not the letter part of the Declaration? Quite innocently (p. 390) Mr. Lang states that there is "a corrected draft" in the Lennox MSS. proving "that the Anglieliser of Crawford's Scots occurred altered it into harmony with the English version of the Declaration." One can hardly credit that, after being used to assist in the letter, it was corrected by a translation of the forged letter. Lang's incidental remark seems to turn the balance of proof against his own theory, but why did it never occur to him to print the draft?

Yours faithfully,

for to me at least they seem remarkably strong. I have shown that the news of Amy Robsart's death startled Elizabeth and made Dudley very uncomfortable; that the jury, who were no friends of Dudley's, found it a case of accidental death; that Cecil, who had been previously jealous of Lord Robert's influence and had expressed the worst opinion of his conduct just before, befriended him after the event; and that Amy's wretched half-brother Appleyard, whose evidence as to the murder Proude thought convincing, not only made no such imputation at the time, but when he did so, years afterwards, first, revealed his own baseness by saying that "for Dudley's sake he had covered the murder of his sister," and then was obliged to retract the imputation, which he was offered every facility to substantiate, and made a most abject apology, confessing even that he had accused Leicester out of malice.

All this Mr. Sidney has read, but he considers the question still is simply, "Who killed Amy Robsart?" And why does he think so? He has "only to allude to a conversation which occurred, about a month after Amy's death, between Elizabeth and a messenger from the English Ambassador at Paris," in the course of which the Queen remarked that "none of his (Dudley's) men were at the attempt at Cunnor." And Mr. Sidney concludes, "If Amy's death were accidental, why did Queen Elizabeth make use of such an expression as 'the attempt'?"

Well, I think I would put exactly the opposite question. If Amy's death were not accidental, why did Queen Elizabeth use such an expression as "the attempt"? All the world had known, and, not merely for "about a month," as Mr. Sidney makes it, but for two months and more, that Amy Robsart was dead—had been killed, in fact, whether by accident or design; and it is the strangest way of palliating a murder which was actually accomplished to call it an attempt. Elizabeth surely did not refer to an attempt which had succeeded. She referred to one which had not succeeded. And in fact, this expression, "the attempt," is the very thing which, as I showed some years ago in the *Athenæum*, makes the story of Amy's death complete. She had insisted, in spite of remonstrances, on dismissing her servants that day that they might go to what was called "the fair" at Abingdon—the pastimes on the Nativity of Our Lady, 8th September; and some had characters took advantage of the house being almost entirely deserted (only Amy herself and apparently two other ladies being there) to make an "attempt"—simply, I presume, at burglary. This, no doubt, was what caused the alarm that made Amy fall down the awkward corkscrew staircase, and so caused her death. Read in this light, I see no mystery in the case at all.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES GARDNER.

West View, Pinner, October 26, 1901.

HAWTHORNE AND "THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—In Mr. Hannigan's excellent Personal View of Nathaniel Hawthorne, I think he does less than justice to that remarkable book "The Blithedale Romance." Mr. Hannigan does, indeed, recognize the excellence displayed in the portrait of Zenobia, but I would submit that a careful study of the book will discover something more than this single triumph. It is indeed a most beautiful and original work, and its

portrayed. Take the scene between Zenobia and Hollingsworth:—

"With what, then, do you charge me? Worth, aghast and greatly disturbed by the me one selfish end, in all I ever aimed at, it out of my bosom with a knife!"

"It is all self!" answered Zenobia, with bitterness. "Nothing else; nothing but self, I doubt not, has made his choicest marriage seven years past, and especially in the mad have spent together. I see it now! I am awed and disenthralled! Self, self, self! You have been in a project. You are a better masquerader and gipsies yonder; for your disguise is First, you aimed a deathblow, and a trench scheme of a purer and higher life, which so I had wrought out. Then because Coverdale quite your slave, you threw him ruthlessly took me, too, into your plan, as long as the being available, and now fling me aside again. But, foremost and blackest of your sins, your utmost consciousness! You did a deadly own heart!"

Or, again, take the parting words between Zenobia and Hollingsworth:—

"Up to this moment," I inquired, "how have you reformed?"

"Not one," said Hollingsworth, with a look on the ground. "Ever since we parted, with a single murderer."

This well illustrates the power of reflection in Hawthorne. Taking it all in all, I believe "The Blithedale Romance" deserves a higher measure of praise than has been awarded it by the leading critics.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MAJOR GRIFFITHS.

243, Hackney-road, N.E., October 25.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

An English Reclam.

Mr. Laird Clowes, in the July *Fortnightly*, has written an English Reclam, who would do for English reprints with his encyclopedic reprints has done in this country. It is significant that it is an American who makes the call. But Mr. Howard Bell is not content with his achievements in the way of cheap reprints. His "Library" is to "go one better" and be the most complete in the world. Mr. Bell's ideas are immense, but it must be remembered that they have proved remarkably successful in Germany. He started his "Universal Bibliothek" at Leipzig, and it has been steadily growing ever since, to its 4,000th unit. Reclam's unit generally costs which he sells for 24d., but the number of pages in Bell's unit will be strictly limited to 25 pages, sold to the public for a halfpenny, so that the author may be, will sell at the rate of 10 pages, with extra charges for the covers and binding. The average volume taking 250

a full account of the formation of the force and its services during the present campaign, with details of the subscription list and expenditure and of the names of the men. A second series of "Last Essays," by the late Professor Max Müller (Longmans), will very shortly be forthcoming, dealing with the science of religion. The last two papers are entitled "Why I am not an Agnostic" and "Is Man Immortal?"

The life of the late Sir Henry Acland will be written by Mr. J. H. Atlay.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written a work on "Heroines in Fiction" as a companion volume to his "Literary Friends and Acquaintances."

The following works are announced by Messrs. Longmans:—"A History of Architecture in Italy from the Time of Constantine to the Dawn of the Renaissance," by Charles A. Cummings, member of the Boston Society of Architects, in two volumes (elaborately illustrated); and "Notes for Hunting Men," by Captain Cortlandt Gordon Mackenzie.

Mr. B. T. Batford will issue early this month a revised and enlarged edition of "A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," by the late Professor Banister Fletcher and Mr. Banister F. Fletcher.

The fine art business of Raphael Tuck is being turned into a limited liability company with a capital of £500,000. Dr. Conan Doyle is one of the directors.

Messrs. Longmans inform us that Mr. Rider Haggard's letters to the *Daily Express*, which appeared under the title "Back to the Land," will not be re-issued in their present form. Mr. Haggard, however, hopes next year to publish, under the title of "Rural England," a work dealing fully with the agricultural and social conditions of the majority of the English counties, and incorporating the substance of the letters.

Some new matter for anthropologists is said to be contained in "Savage Island: An Account of a Mission to Niue and Tonga in the Pacific Island," a book by Mr. Basil Thomson to come from Mr. Murray. It is, to some extent, a sequel to Mr. Thomson's "Divisions of a Prime Minister."

Messrs. Otto Schulze, of Edinburgh, announce a monograph on the historical Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence by the Rev. J. Wood Brown, of Florence.

A second edition of the Poems of Richard D'Alton Williams ("Shamrock," of the *Nation*), edited by Mr. P. A. Sillard, will be published by Messrs. James Duffy, of Dublin.

Mr. Patchett Martin, who has long been very ill at Shanklin, has been allowed to undertake the voyage to Teneriffe, where he proposes to winter.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Great Boer War." By Dr. Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.
[New edition (thirteenth), with seven fresh chapters and a new map bringing the history to date.]

"Antipathies." By H. G. Wells. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
[A forecast of the reaction of mechanical and scientific progress upon human life and thought.]

"The War of the Polish Succession." By the Crown Prince of Siam. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
[A volume of essays.]

"Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill. Lane. 2ls. net. Illustrated.

"Harry Sullivan and His Contemporaries." By R. Sillard. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. Illustrated.

"County and Town in England." By the late Grant Allen. Grant Richards.

[A volume of historical and descriptive sketches of various counties and towns. With an introduction by Professor York Powell.]

"In an Unknown Prison Land." By George Griffith. Hutchinson. 12s. net.
[An illustrated account of the author's experiences and observations in New Caledonia.]

"Prometheus in British India." By Wm. Digby, C.I.E. Fisher Unwin.
[With diagrams.]

"The Earth's Beginning." By Sir Robert Ball. Camell. 7s. 6d.
[Based on Royal Institution lectures, Christmas Course, 1900. Illustrated.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND R

With notes where required to guide the reader to the contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude

BIOGRAPHY.

LETTERS OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Ed. 9x5½, 311 pp. Macmillan. 15s. n.

[This is practically a biography, told partly words, partly by the editor from information supplied by Mrs. Green, and from other sources. Three port

NOTABLE MASTERS OF MEN. By EDWIN A. P. Melrose. 3s. 6d.

[Modern Examples of Successful Lives Williams, Carnegie, James Tyson, &c.]

THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS AND OTHER FI By S. G. Tallentyre. 9x5½, 235 pp. Longmans [Essays reprinted from *Longmans*.]

MUHAMMAD AND HIS POWER. By P. D. ORIGIN AND GREEK PATRISTIC THEO W. FAIRWEATHER. The World's Epoch Makers T. and T. Clark. 3s. each.

[The 10th and 11th volumes in this useful series by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton.]

DISRAELI (MINISTRES ET HOMMES D'ÉTAT). COURCELLE. 4½x7¼, 181 pp. Paris, 1901. Alce

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

TWO OF A TRADE. By the Author of "Val." 7 1s. 6d.

[A story of two sempstresses and of village

THE STORY OF ALFRED AND HIS TIMES. By 167 pp. Nelson. 1s. 6d.

[A popular life of Alfred for the young chapters on Saxon history before Alfred. Illust

GREAT EXPLORERS. 7½x5, 224 pp. Nelson. 2s. [Marco Polo, Magellan, Mungo Park, Columbus, &c. Short and popular accounts copiously illustrated.]

IN FAIR GRANADA. (Tales of History). By 8x5½, 439 pp. Nelson. 5s.

[The struggles between the Moors and the of Philip II.]

THE BARN BOOKS.—THE FARM BOOK, by W. OF DAYS, by CLARE BRIDGMAN. 5x3½, 2s. 6d. each.

[These are booklets, copiously and well illustrated.]

LITTLE CITIZENS. By EDITH FARMILK. 7½x5½ [A study of London children of the poor.]

YOUNG BARBARIANS. By IAN MACLAREN. S. and Stoughton. 6s.

[Stories of life at "Muirtown Seminary" of

CLEARED FOR ACTION. By W. BOYD-ALLEN. Shaw. 5s.

[A story of the Spanish-American war, with the engagements.]

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES. By CHAS Prof. W. P. Trent. 7½x4½, 120 pp. S.P.C.K.

[Cheap and attractive reprint. Fourteen illustrations by Plaxman. Red paper cover.]

THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS. By SAMUEL E. K. Hale. 7½x4½, 90 pp. S.P.C.K. 6d.

[Uniform with "The Adventures of Ulysses" by C. M. Howard.]

IN SHIPS OF STEEL. By GORDON STABLES. 8 [A tale of naval life to-day. Illustrated.]

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS. From the Ing E. M. JESSON. 10x7½, 19 pp. Eyre and Spott

[This "decoration" of "The Jackdaw of Rheims" of print for some ten years. Its interesting illustrations in red and black gave it a great success when pictures have been redrawn.]

ACTON'S FEUD. A Public School Story. By F. S. 7½x5, 250 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d.

A REAL QUEEN'S FAIRY BOOK. By CARMEN S. Newnes. 6s.

[These fairy tales by the Queen of Run illustrated by Mr. H. Nelson and Mr. A. Garth

IN THE DICTATOR'S GRIP. A story of Adventure in the Pampas and Paraguay. By J. SAMSON. 7½x5, 298 pp. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

[A story of English emigrants, Spaniards, Indians, and the South American fighting for independence at the beginning of the 19th cent.]
GOODY TWO SHOES PICTURE BOOK. Walter Crane's Picture Books. Large series. 11x9½. Lane. 4s. 6d.

[“Goody Two Shoes,” “Aladdin,” “The Yellow Dwarf.” In big print and big coloured pictures.]

NORMAN'S SUGGET. M. OXLEY. 7½x5, 297 pp. Partridge. 2s.
[A search for gold in British Columbia in the middle of the last century—fights with Indians, &c.]

UNDER THE SHIP'S FLAG. By W. JOHNSTON. 7½x5, 316 pp. Partridge. 2s. 6d.

[School life followed by fighting at Atbara and Omdurman.]

IN THE DAYS OF THE DRAGONS. By the REV. E. C. DAWSON. 7½x5, 110 pp. Seeley. 1s. 6d.

[These are sound practical “talks” with boys on matters of conduct.]

HOLIDAYS AND HAPPY DAYS. By H. HESTBY. (The Larger Dumpy Books for Children.) 6½x4½, 120 pp. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.

[Papers for children on notable days in the year. Coloured Illust.]

EDUCATIONAL.

ALGERIA, Part I. By E. M. LANGLEY and S. R. N. BRADLEY. (Home and School Library.) 7x4½, 192 pp. Murray. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

MARIETTA. A Maid of Venice. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. 7½x5½, 450 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[Medieval Venice. Founded on the story of Zorai and the secrets of the art of glassblowing.]

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE. By NEIL MUNRO. 8x5, 403 pp. Isbister. 6s.
[A romance of adventure in Scotland and on the Continent in the time of Charles Edward.]

THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY SQUARE. By R. HICHENS. 7½x5½, 334 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[The amusing complications which surrounded a star-consulting resident in the square.]

COUNT HANNIBAL. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. 7½x5½, 368 pp. Smith Elder. 6s.

[France in the days of Charles IX., beginning with the massacre of St. Bartholomew.]

THE ROAD TO FRONTENAC. By S. MERWIN. 8x5½, 383 pp. Murray. 6s.

[The French in Canada in the seventeenth century.]

ARROWSMITH'S ANNUAL. PATRICIA AT THE INN. By J. C. SNAPE. 7x4½.

[A story of the wanderings of King Charles II. after the battle of Worcester.]

THREE MEN OF MARK. By SARAH TYTLER. 7½x5, 831 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[A story of Scottish laird society at the time of the Napoleonic wars.]

KITTY FAIRHALL. By the Author of “Idlehurst.” 7½x5½, 311 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[A story of peasant life and romance.]

A SOCIAL PRETENDER. By WINIFRED GRAHAM. 7½x5½, 314 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[The heroine is the orphaned daughter of a baronet who is persuaded to live with a wealthy guardian under false pretences.]

CYNTHIA'S DAMAGES. By R. TURNER. 7½x5, 311 pp. Greening. 6s.

[A story of theatrical life.]

A LATE REPENTANCE. By T. W. SPEIGHT. 7½x5, 328 pp. Digby Long. 6s.

[A “Tichborne claimant” story.]

THE STORY OF SARAH. By M. LOUISE FROSLUND. 7½x5½, 433 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[A story of Dutch life in America.]

WIDOW WILEY AND SOME OTHER OLD FOLK. By BROWN LISSET. 7½x5½, 307 pp. Seeley. 3s.

[Short stories of village life. With full-page photos from life.]

IRISH PASTORALS. By SHAN F. BULLOCK. 8x5½, 309 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[Short stories.]

THE WORLD AND WINSTON. By EDITH H. FOWLER. 7½x5½, 369 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[In a country town and in London society, to which a draper's son gains admission through the Civil Service.]

LAW.

AN EPIHOME OF THE LAW AFFECTING MARINE INSURANCE. By J. DICKINSON. 7½x5, 128 pp. J. Long. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HISTORY OF POLICE IN ENGLAND. By CAPT. W. L. LEE. 7½x5, 416 pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

[From Anglo-Saxon times down to to-day. English Wales.]

THE BETTERWORTH BOOK. Talks with a Surrey Peasant. By R. B. BOURNE. 7½x5½, 325 pp. Lamley. 2s. n.

DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS. By H. G. HUTCHINGS. 320 pp. Longmans. 6s. 6d. n.

[From the point of view of science and experience data supplied by correspondents, and two chapters on telic premonitory dreams from the Journal of the Psychical Research Society.]

AN IDLER'S CALENDAR. By G. L. APPERWICH. 7x4½, 213 pp. 3s. 6d. n.

[Open-air sketches, mostly reprinted from the *Globe*.]

THE TEMPLE RECITER. Part I., Verse. Ed. by E. E. 7½x5, 115 pp. H. Marshall. 1s. n.

[54 well-selected pieces, serious and humorous.]

THE THEATRE. The Development in France and England, and of the Greek and Latin Origins. By C. HASTINGS. Translated by W. E. 8½x5½, 368 pp. Duckworth. 8s. n.

[This book was fully reviewed in our columns when first in French (*Literature*, February 9, 1901), by Mr. Walker, conscientious and well-written history, closely packed with facts from the sixth century B.C. down to M. Maurice Donnay.]

LETTERS ON LIFE. By CLAUDIUS CLERK. 8½x5½, 277 pp. and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

ESSAYS IN PARADOX. By the Author of “Exploded Ideas.” 200 pp. Longmans. 5s.

[Short essays on various subjects, written in a personal and original style.]

HOME WORDS, Vol. for 1901. Home Words Office. 2s.

RAISON, FOI, PRIÈRE. Trois Lettres par Cte. LEON TOLSTOÏ. 4½x7½, 32 pp. Paris: Sirey.

THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER. Parts V. and VI. By W. H. ST. JOHN HORR. 12s. 6d. net each.

SOME FEUDAL COATS OF ARMS. By J. FOSTER. 13x9, Oxford: Parker.

[A very sumptuous work which has grown out of the sale of the book “Armorial Families.” There are 2,000 arms from the Bayeux tapestry, heraldic rolls, &c., a catalogue of coats of arms, heraldic introduction, &c.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BOOK OF OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS. Handbook of Gardening, Vol. IV. By H. ROBERTS. 7½x5½, 111 pp. Lane. 6s.

[Hints for inexperienced gardeners on the growth of flowers, with half-tone illustrations.]

FROM A MIDDLESEX GARDEN. By A. H. HYATT. 8½x5½, 12s. 6d. n.

[Notes of a literary and reflective kind on each month in the garden. With a preface by “E. V. B.” (the Hon. Mrs. Boyle).]

NAVAL.

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS. The Achievements of Our Sea Armies. Honours of Our Ships. Ed. by COMMANDER C. N. ROBERTS. 10½x14½, 36 pp. Newnes. 10s. 6d. n.

[This is a large-sized thinnish volume rather of the picture book, dealing with famous ships at every period of history. The illustrations are copious and the edition supplied with letterpress written up to them. The great feature is splendid water-colour drawings of ships and fights by J. Dixon, which are far more artistic than any we have seen.]

ORIENTAL.

A CATALOGUE OF SYRIAC MANUSCRIPTS. Preserved in the Library of the University of Cambridge. By the late W. WRIGHT. 11 vols. 9x5½, 1,290 pp. Cambridge University Press. 60s.

[Mr. S. A. Cook writes an introduction describing the contents of the collection.]

PHILOSOPHY.

THE ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY OF SIDGWICK. By F. H. C. 7½x5, 275 pp. Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.

[Hint for the study and a critical exposition of the “Methods of Ethics.” Accepted by Cambridge University in 1901 as an “original contribution to learning.”]

INTUITIVE SUGGESTION. A New Theory of the Evolution of the Mind. By J. W. THOMAS, F.R.C.S. 8x5½, 160 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[Founded on the theory that the “intuitive faculties” are the basis of all knowledge.]

Published by The Times.

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The subject of the *Literature Portrait* next week will be
 Mr. H. W. LUCY.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Books to read just published :—

- "Diaries of the Emperor Frederick." (Chapman and Hall.)
 "Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick." By Charlotte Fell Smith.
 (Longmans.)
 "Country and Town in England." By Grant Allen. (Grant
 Richards.)
 "Then and Now." By Dean Hole. (Hutchinson.)
 "Angel." By Mrs. Croker. (Methuen.)
 "King's End." By Alice Brown. (Constable.)
 "The Ambassador's Adventure." By Allen Upward. (Cassell.)

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

We hope next week to reproduce the cover design of a flue

An important Dickens announcement comes from We gave a list the other day of new editions now being issued in England. The novelist is now equally popular in America. A New York Mr. G. D. Sprout, well known through the sumptuous famous authors which he has launched, proposes to Dickens (called the St. Dunstan Edition) which will number of distinguishing features. Each story will be by a critical essay by one of the most prominent writers of the day, and the following authors have already agreed to such introductions:—Algernon C. Swinburne, Edna Austin Dobson, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Sidney Harte, Professor Saintsbury, George Gissing, Mrs. Meynell, Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), Charles Fitzgerald, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Clement Scott, Pollock, &c. Among the artists engaged to furnish illustrations are Harry Furniss, Gordon Browne (son of Dickens' artist-in-chief), H. M. Brock, and Hugh Thompson. The preparation of the edition will be superintended by John G. Kitton, who will supply notes (both bibliographical and topographical) for each story. The St. Dunstan Edition is divided into three sections, the illuminated edition, the bibliophiles' edition, and the autograph edition. The autograph edition, named, printed on special hand-made paper and comprising ten volumes, will contain the autograph signatures of the authors. The bibliophiles' edition (also in fifty volumes) will have tinted borders on every page. The illuminated edition is very ornate, appealing to the wealthy collector of choice. The text will be in a hundred volumes, printed on only of selected skins of Italian parchment; the text is illuminated by hand, and the title-pages, chapter-heads, and tailpieces elaborately decorated. This illuminated edition (in addition to the hundred volumes of letterpress) will consist of at least fifteen volumes of illustrations, chief impressions of all the plates and wood-cuts that have been produced to illustrate the writings of "Boz." A very large number of sets of the St. Dunstan Edition will be put into the English market. The issue, at the rate of one volume a week, will begin in January next.

A characteristic figure of the old Oxford gone passed away in Dr. Charles Lempriere, D.C.L., Secretary of Saint John's College. He was eighty-three at the death, and the lives of himself and his father, the Lempriere of the "Classical Dictionary," covered (1765-1901). He was on the foundation of his college came, of course, from Merchant Taylors (for more five years. He would probably have repudiated the

Journalists in the United States and in England, Dr. Lempriere will be remembered rather as a typical representative of the lay fellows of the unreformed University. He had travelled widely and he had a remarkable collection of stories, legal, political, social, and adventures, which generation after generation of Oxford men heard with delight. In Oxford he has certainly not left his equal as a raconteur; and in his own college, to which he was devotedly attached, he must be keenly missed. The new system does not supply men like him; and with his death the change that has long been going on in academic and literary Oxford receives a further emphasis.

Now that the lady publisher has arrived we shall probably have to discuss the possibilities of the book trade in general from the woman's point of view. Women booksellers, of course, have long existed in London, but mostly as dealers in second-hand books. There are two well-known lady booksellers in Kensington, however, who opened a regular shop as an experiment about eighteen months ago, and who have made a great success of it. Bookselling, they declare, is a delightful business for a woman, and one in which she has every opportunity of excelling. Publishing, of course, is a more serious matter and needs experience as well as capital to start with. "Florence White," the new publisher, begins appropriately with a "Home Series" which she edited for Mr. Grant Richards, and which she has taken over from him. We have also seen her imprint on a new handbook on "Smallpox."

It is nearly two hundred years since Elkanah Settle, the last of the City laureates, contributed to the glories of the Lord Mayor's Show. The poet made a popular organizer-in-chief of the yearly pageants, for he knew what his public wanted, though his attempts to flatter the Companies to which the new Chief Magistrates belonged were apt to be incongruous. On one occasion, for instance, when a Grocer happened to be elected, he introduced Diogenes into the pageant sitting in a currant-butt. It was characteristic of the ingenious Settle—years after he had measured his mediocre muse against the genius of Dryden—that he finally took to roaring in the body of a painted dragon for one of the shows of Bartholomew Fair. Hence the couplet which Pope puts into his mouth in the "Dunciad":—

Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.

There were dramatic representations, with songs, and orations in verse, when these "Triumphs"—or "London Pageants" as they were more commonly called—were in their prime; and they received the added dignity of being described in a separate official publication. "My Lord Mayor" in those days must sometimes have felt extremely uncomfortable amid all the poetic praise which was showered upon him:—

You have done all things fair, no action foul;
Your shewvelvy gave relish of good rule,
Nor need they doubt your mayoralty, therefore,
Begging your pardon, I shall say no more.

This was in 1660, and followed after forty other lines in similar strain. One, "apparelled like a Moor," reminded the Lord Mayor of 1585 more sensibly of his duties to London:—

This now remains, right honourable lord,
That carefully you do attend and keep,
This lovely lady, rich and beautiful,
The jewel wherewithal your sovereign queen

Mr. Thomas Hardy denies the statement of that he has given up writing novels.

Mr. Shorthouse, we are glad to hear, is better.

Sir Theodore Martin, who has nearly recovered from recent illness, has left Llangollen for the South.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is leaving England for Brussels. He has completed his first long serial which will appear in serial form first, and subsequently by Messrs. Hutchinson. His new play will be produced by Miss Annie Hughes.

Among the literary birthdays of next week are M. Louis Fréchet, the Canadian poet (November 10, 1842), Mr. Joaquin Miller, "The Poet of the Sierras" (November 10, 1871), Mr. Julian Corbett, romance writer (November 12, 1854), Sir William Anson, the diplomat and Warden of All Souls (November 14, 1804), and Mr. Aldrich, the American writer (November 11, 1859).

Emeritus Professor Masson has been obliged to resign his seat on the Committee of Public Library Commissioners.

Mr. Owen Seaman has been elected a member of the Committee of Management of the Society of Antiquaries.

The Rev. John Julian, LL.D., compiler of the "Hymnology," has been presented to a canonry at Exeter.

Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, was entertained by the Authors' Club on Monday last, and made a speech on the growing keenness of international competition.

A letter written by the late Queen Victoria has been sold at Sotheby's auction rooms for £5.

In a book sale in Wellington-street a copy of Bacon's "Essays or Counsels" was sold for £10. The 1631 folio Shakespeare fetched £70, and "The City," first edition, inscribed "Charles D. Macready, December, 1859," £25 10s.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's novel, "Count Hamlyn," dramatised by the Rev. Freeman Wills and the Langbridge.

Next Friday Mr. Bernard Shaw will lecture on the subject of the Northern Hebrides Society on "Literature on a Little Oatmeal."

The latest addition to the Tauchnitz series of selections from Swinburne, by Mr. William Sharpe.

M. Rostand has announced his intention to deliver an inaugural speech at the French Academy in verse.

The death is announced of Dr. Bruno Schönlank, known German Socialist and Editor of the "Leipziger Volkszeitung."

The King of Italy is busily engaged upon his "Nummorum Italicorum," which is to be a literary history of the coinages of the 250 different mint

Since we discoursed, in this column, upon literary agents, we have received letters on the subject from various correspondents, and have read a good many other *Publishers'*, letters on the same subject, addressed to the *Authors*. *Authors'* agents have unquestionably, as *and Agents*, the Americans put it, "come to stay"; and the reason is that they save trouble. One of the ways in which agents save trouble is pointed out in the communication which Mr. Arnold Haultain sends to us from Canada. To the colonial author who wishes to do business with a London publisher their existence is, as Mr. Haultain points out, an immense convenience, if not an absolute necessity. They place at his disposal information which it would be almost impossible for him to acquire in the colonies as to the *status* and the kind of business done by the different publishing houses, and, by providing a central depot for manuscripts, save those manuscripts many superfluous journeys to and fro across the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans. To authors living in remote country places, or wintering abroad, or travelling for business or pleasure, they render a service less in degree but similar in kind; and in fact most of the authors who have taken part in the discussion pay the publishers the compliment of insisting upon the trouble which the agents save them rather than on the protection which they afford them against the possibility that an occasional publisher may, in his dealings with them, take advantage of his own greater knowledge and wider experience of the value of the literary property offered for sale or exploitation. Owing, indeed, to the desire of authors to save themselves trouble and to economize time which they could, or fancied they could, employ more profitably in writing, or studying, or meditating, or seeing life, literary agency was a flourishing business long before the literary agent was heard of. The publishers themselves did the whole of it in those days, and even now they still do a good deal of it. But, as it was not their main business, and as their main organization was directed to quite other ends, they naturally could not afford to act as agents for the marketing of serial, Continental, or American rights on such favourable terms as the men who were agents first and last and all the time. What an agent did for a ten per cent. commission, a publisher often felt himself obliged to charge as much as fifty per cent. for doing. Naturally, therefore, with the rapid and wide extension of American and serial markets, literary agency gradually passed into the hands of a particular set of men—several of whom, as a matter of fact, had retired from publishing in order to attend to it. The publishers themselves very constantly delegate to them any agency work with which they happen to have been entrusted. That fact alone would suffice to demonstrate their possibilities of usefulness to authors. Other reasons for looking favourably upon them are given by the *Author's* debaters. The agent, says Mr. E. F. Benson, "will be far more likely to know that magazine which will be suitable for his author's works, and, in the case of serialization, what magazines have openings, than the author himself." Mr. Eustace Miles says much the same in other words. Other authors frankly confess that their agents make better bargains for them than they were ever able to make for themselves. The array of argument is certainly weighty and the consensus of opinion is striking. But we are not prevented from thinking that the literary agency business, though good in itself, is a little over-done, and that some young authors are in too great a hurry to put their literary consciences into an agent's keeping. In literary, as in other matters, there are advantages to be gained by fighting the battle of life on your own account, instead of paying some one else to fight it for you.

Literature Portraits.—XXV

MR. SIDNEY LEE.

Mr. Sidney Lee, regarded in the aspect with which we are chiefly familiar, may be compendiously described as a biographer. He is also much else, and perhaps might be characterized as an expert in early English, Elizabethan, literature. When, however, a man has thoroughly identified with a great undertaking as has Mr. Lee with the "Dictionary of National Biography," it is no surprise if he bears his achievement about with him, and if the public almost resents his appearance in a disconnected way. It is interesting to trace the evolution of the scholar and literary critic into the biographer—which, taking the term in its widest acceptance, we prepared to maintain. The progress of development from scholar into editor and from editor into biographer is a literary promise and University distinction gained at College make Mr. Lee sub-editor of the dictionary commencement in 1883. After little more than a year during which twenty-one volumes have appeared, the progress of his unwearied services is felt to demand his association with Mr. Leslie Stephen as joint-editor. After little more than a year during which time six more volumes make their appearance, the temporary failure of Mr. Leslie Stephen's health necessitates Mr. Lee's appointment as the one man competent to carry on the office, Mr. Stephen, upon his recovery, resuming his position as foremost literary contributor. Mr. Lee carries on the dictionary to its conclusion, in 1901, with Vol. 63, and adds volumes of supplement recently published, leaving no business faculty, literary knowledge, tact, consideration, or urbanity never to be effaced from the recollection of those who had the good fortune to co-operate with him. Mr. Lee's regressive movement has been observable, the evolution of his way back to authorship by the production of a bound to develop into books. Mr. Lee had already made a valuable contribution to Shakespearean literature in "Stratford-on-Avon, from the earliest times to the Shakespeare" (1885), and his acquaintance with Shakespearean detail was so complete that his dictionary, though most comprehensive, was evidently the ground-work of the book he was to write. It accordingly (1898) into the independent work which has given Mr. Lee an assured place among eminent biographers. Shortly after the necessity was imposed upon him of writing the life of Queen Victoria, and this obligation has produced a more accurate, and impartial, so pervaded by a statesman and crowded with severely compressed facts, as to no expansion which the biography of Shakespeare has to become in a certain measure the standard work on the subject. There are respects, of course, in which no condensation can aspire to so proud a place. The life of the Queen is fully exhibited without access to a vast mass of detail, evidence, so much of which must be incorporated in the narrative as to render this a work of great extent. It is long before these materials become accessible, this is the case, although the ends of biography may be subserved by their publication, it may be otherwise ends of Literature.

The contrast between the methods of biography as a literature itself, and biographer working under the

times rightly, but more frequently without ground. If he has fatigued us with the merely trivial and irrelevant he is indeed open to reproof, but most commonly this is not the case. Everything that he has given us is in general really valuable, and it is rather his merit than his fault to have collected so much. His fault, if he has one, is to have claimed the standing of a biographer while he is in fact merely the purveyor of biographical material. Take one of the most notorious recent instances of a ponderous and inartistic biography—the official biography of Lord Tennyson—how much of it could we really spare? When it comes to be finally appraised by posterity the complaint will not be of the things inserted but of the things omitted. Or take what really does seem at the first view a brilliant example of thoroughly artistic treatment and a happy balance between narrative and document. This will be found for serious purposes a less satisfactory work than the *Life of Tennyson*. Froude's *Life of Carlyle* appears an almost perfect biography until the reader does what Froude never did—lift his eyes from the materials immediately before him and cast them upon the rich stores lying neglected around. If Froude had been a conscientious biographer, if he had not, like the monk in "The Misfortunes of Elphin," limited himself to "a single and simple draught of whatever happened to be before him," he, too, might well have sunk under the accumulation. As it is, the accident of material of the first importance as far as it went—though only a portion of a vast store—falling into the hands of an accomplished literary artist competent to shape it but too indolent to enrich it, has adorned our literature with a truly classical and very inadequate biography.

We conclude, then, that the official biographer, he who undertakes a task imposed upon him by a sense of duty or by his special relation to the deceased, will in general be obliged to resign himself to act as intermediary between the crude material on which he operates on the one hand, and on the other the artist of the future who will recognise that much which now cannot be overlooked will have proved itself of merely transient interest. Our literature does, indeed, possess something of the kind in the abridged biographies, which have of late years been so numerous; but the need for cheapness has constrained the writers to err as far on one side as the official biographer has been constrained to err on the other. Nothing, for example, can be more masterly in their way than Mr. Morley's miniature *Lives of Burke and Walpole*, but Mr. Morley would be the last to deem that the final words of biography upon such men could be uttered with such brevity. Lord Roschery has almost shown how a bulky and unreadable *Life of Pitt* may be superseded; had his scale been about twice as large, Bishop Temline might have passed from the library to the lumber room, whither it is hardly safe to remove him at present. In his *Lives of Shakespeare and Queen Victoria* Mr. Lee has come nearer than any one to affording a model for the condensed, but not shrunken, biography of the future, and his success is due in great measure to his association with the "Dictionary of National Biography" so long directed by him.

The superintendence of an undertaking like the "Dictionary of National Biography" must indeed be a rare qualification for the work of a biographer. It involves acquaintance with every kind of character, the man of action, the man of thought, the man of art, nor less those phases of human life which attract mainly by eccentricity or piqueness. It implies endowment with that quality above all essential to a biographer, a just sense of proportion, and moreover that extensive knowledge without which a sense of proportion will find no room for

never been necessary to plead any. Equally combination of a high tone of general impartial openness in the expression of opinion, with abstinence from anecdotes that might give offence, and that might give offence. When the great factors is considered, it is evident that this discipline is largely due to the judicious supervision of Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee, indeed, has had but little exercise of this wise moderation in his own chiefly relate to the literary figures of his numerous are they, however, that had he not editorial office, he would still have been on the persons in the history of the Dictionary of articles contributed by him, not including the Supplement, is 820, comprising 1,370 pages, have been furnished by the next most copious. The collective extent of these is almost exactly three volumes, or nearly one-twentieth part of the large proportion are short memoirs of individuals known to be readily undertaken by ordinary therefore involving more troublesome researches, many are upon personages of the first class; a great article on Shakespeare may be placed among the biographies who most nearly approach Shakespeare in awakening interest, and whose place in literature was more nearly approached his but for their period. Sidney and Marlowe, Sterne, a less sympathetic afforded matter for a memoir which, from its own even more of a biographical landmark. Among important biographies may be named those of Fagot, Gower, Howard, Earl of Surrey, Nash, Lord Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

Few modern books have from the first taken a position as the standard works on their respective subjects. Mr. Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*. Two causes may be assigned for this, and foremost Mr. Lee's great though simple dispassionate from critical disquisition, Shakespeare's life could not be. The scantiness of our information about Shakespeare, compared with his stupendous position in literature, such a commonplace that it had been almost forgotten that information actually did exist, and readers waited for the reappearance of a personality deemed almost dead, the emergence of a faded picture under the hand of the restorer. By the dexterous use of every trait to depict the world in which Shakespeare lived, Mr. Lee made Shakespeare himself, if not an altogether perfectly visible figure. Such a feat could only be done by one thoroughly steeped in the atmosphere of the period, and Mr. Lee's previous literary career may not have been a long unconscious training for it. The special practice obtained by work on the Dictionary is perceptible in the *Life of Shakespeare*, its pragmatic character, its lucid precision, its superfluities. Among these must be reckoned the case may worthily employ the highest tact indulged without restraint, might easily submerge Mr. Lee has been wisely content to indicate mentally demonstrating his competence for the subject. Once, indeed, treating the vexatious "only begotten" of the Sonnets, he offers a striking originality with which I, for my part, am not. But the question is not aesthetic, but of the

November 9, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

Queen's life and reign shall be written from official sources, and to resume this position when the more ambitious work, remanded to the library of the historical student, shall have ceased volitare per ora virum. The only unfavourable criticism which I have seen passed upon this admirable memoir, objecting a certain austerity of tone, seems to me to indicate defective appreciation of the correct attitude of a dictionary of biography. The articles in such a work have something of a monumental character; they are to serve as authorities for a long series of generations, and it is necessary to consider how they will be regarded by posterity. Hence the enthusiasm which may be legitimate in dealing with personages whose place in history has long been settled must be restrained in the case of contemporaries; the reader of the twenty-first century must not be able to criticize the writer of the twentieth as carried off his balance by the emotions of his day. Should Mr. Lee's article become a book, we doubt not that it will be found to throb with the pulse of the time.

While Mr. Lee's special task might seem to be the development of that form of biography which the age especially demands, something intermediate between the storehouse of detail and the mere compendium, this is far from the only form in which trained intelligence and vast experience could be rendered useful to biography. The great Dictionary, one of the most remarkable instances of the application of the co-operative principle to literature, may be the prelude of more extensive manifestations of this universal tendency. Its publication, and that of the excellent German biographical dictionary of the Munich Academy, have brought the universal dictionary appreciably nearer; it would even now be perfectly possible to compile one for the Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian races. Again, our national archives and collections of manuscripts in private hands abound with unused biographical detail, only needing to be extracted and published on some systematic plan. Whether in any of these or in some other manner, we trust that Mr. Lee's proved ability and unparalleled experience will be made available on his return from the change of scene which, one regrets to hear, he has been compelled to seek as a consequence of the excessive strain imposed by the Supplement to the Dictionary.

R. GARNETT.

Mr. Sidney Lee's earliest published writings, which appeared while he was still an undergraduate at Balliol, consist of two articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—"The Original of Shylock" (February, 1880) and "A New Study of *Love's Labour's Lost*" (October, 1880). They attracted the favourable notice of Shakespearean scholars and critics, and thus was laid the first stone of the edifice of Mr. Lee's contributions to Elizabethan history and literature. The Shylock article formed the nucleus, so to speak, of the memoir of Roderigo Lopez in the thirty-fourth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (1893), and that on *Love's Labour's Lost* was expanded in 1886 into a paper read at a meeting of the New Shakespeare Society, entitled "The Topical Side of the Elizabethan Drama." It was afterwards printed in the society's transactions and also in pamphlet form. In 1882 Mr. Lee edited, for the Early English Text Society, a reprint of Lord Berners' early sixteenth-century translation of the French medieval romance, "*Huon of Burdeaux*." Mr. Lee's first original work was "*Stratford-on-Avon from the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare*." It was published in 1885, and formed a handsome folio volume, with illustrations by Edward Hull. A new edition (octavo), with Hull's illustrations, appeared in 1890. In 1886 Mr. Lee edited, with many valuable additions, the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

The rest of Mr. Lee's published writings group themselves under three heads—(1) the work done by him in connexion with

More, Jane Seymour, Edmund Spenser, and Whitgift. The list is not confined to the Elizabethan period. Of memoirs of persons belonging to other most considerable are, perhaps, those of William Herbert of Cherbury, and Laurence Sterne. The art of Victoria and Mr. George Smith (the originator of the Dictionary) form Mr. Lee's most important contributions to the supplementary volumes of the Dictionary; and that might be mentioned are the lives of James Dyke and G. W. Steevens. On January 31, 1893, Mr. Lee gave a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, on "Biography," which was printed in the *Cornhill Magazine* of that year. By the wish of the late Mr. G. it was also printed in pamphlet form and was contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography." Twenty-five copies were privately issued and by the author, with the concurrence of Mr. George Smith, for presentation to a few friends and colleagues. It is prefaced by a dedicatory letter from the Mr. Leslie Stephen. The lecture was once again for distribution among the members of the International Congress at the Guildhall, London, July 13, 1897.

The first edition of the "Life of Shakespeare" (in the "Dictionary of National Biography") was published in June, 1897, in the fifty-first volume. A second was called for on December 22, 1898; a second was called for on December 22, 1898; a second was called for on December 22, 1898. The fourth edition was published in March, 1899. A library edition, illustrated with portraits, facsimiles, and typographical views, was published in December, 1899, and a Students' edition, entitled "Shakespeare: Life and Work: Being an abridgment chiefly for students" was put forth in November, 1900, at the half-a-crown. A German translation of the original, edited by a highly appreciative preface from the Richard Wulker, appeared at the end of 1900. "Shakespeare: Hand-writing," a pamphlet with facsimiles of the signatures of the poet (extracted from the "Life of Shakespeare") was published in 1899.

Besides the lecture on "National Biography" mentioned, Mr. Lee has contributed the following to the *Cornhill Magazine*—"The Death of Queen Elizabeth: An Anniversary Study" (March, 1897); "Shakespeare: Earl of Southampton" (April, 1898); "The Shakespeare Folio: some Notes and a Discovery" (April, 1899); "Shakespearean Drama" (May, 1900); and "Shakespeare and Patriotism" (May, 1901). To the *Nineteenth Century* he has contributed "Shakespeare in France" (June, 1897); "On Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" (January, 1898); "Shakespeare and the Earl of Southampton" (February, 1898). An article on "The Admirable Crichton" appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (March, 1888). In the *Bibliographica* he contributed a paper entitled "Shakespearean Bookseller" (cf. Vol. I., Part 4, 1895).

Among the most interesting of the pamphlets Mr. Lee from time to time are "The Study of English Literature, an address delivered at the inaugural meeting of the Literary Association, at Toynbee Hall, Tuesday, January 18, 1893," which was printed for private circulation at the request of the Committee of the Association; "Shakespeare: Henry the Fifth," written on the occasion of the production of the play by Messrs. Lewis Waller and William Mollison at the Lyceum Theatre, Christmas, 1900; and "Shakespeare: Elizabethan Playgoer," a lecture delivered at Queen's Hall, Harley-street, London, on March 20, 1900, then published in "An English Miscellany," a volume presented to Dr. Lee in honour of his seventy-fifth birthday. February 4, 1901, afterwards reprinted as a pamphlet.

A book has just been completed under the auspices of the United States Government which, apart from its subject, will give a fruitful field to those curious in literature who amuse themselves by computing

more convincing in its way, especially if it be compounded of savage indignation and wit. And yet no one sharpens his pen for the purpose. It may be, of course, that satirists exist, but will not declare themselves. Perhaps no one really does feel indignant at anything—not even a Liberal at Mr. Chamberlain or at the policy of concentration camps. Perhaps we all feel that we are all sinners together, and that even a Liberal Government would not immediately accomplish the millennium. Or, in other moods, that we are all flying so high that any attempt to call attention to the faulty wings of our meteoric neighbour will only result in fixing the popular gaze on our own absurdities. But what I venture to think is the chief reason for the dearth of satirists is this: that we are all in love with popularity. The twentieth century has made popularity into a virtue, whereas it is a vice of the worst description unless it occurs a hundred years after a man is dead. Popularity was not so desired by previous generations—possibly, of course, because they were not so bent on virtue. They liked to let loose their moral indignation at times, even though it provoked a counter storm. So satire flourished. It will flourish again when satirists are ready to run the risk—the almost certain peril—of not pleasing everybody.

R. E. V.

FOREIGN LETTER.

FRANCE.

THE SUMMER OUTPUT OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

If Shakespeare had been a modern Frenchman he would have answered to the question "Who stays Time still withal"? by the instance not only of the lawyer in the Long Vocation, but of the Parisian publisher between the middle of June and the middle of October. During this period criticism chiefly consists in spasmodic indications as to the merits of some novel fitted for railway travel or the seaside. Nevertheless, before mentioning the score, more or less, of volumes which have had their place in the satchels of French tourists during the last three months, there are a few literary events of interest to record:—The erection of yet another monument to one of those *poètes mineurs*, this time Gabriel Vieaire, of whom some months ago I spoke in these columns, the arrival at the National Library of the precious little package of the Goncourt archives, and the resuscitation of the long-forgotten Paul de Kock.

A posthumous volume by Vieaire, "*Au Pays des Ajones: Avant le Soir*," has just appeared, which may be commended to those whose acquaintance with the French poets is confined to the classics and the Parnassians. *Le pays des ajones* is Brittany, the Brittany of saints and fairies, of haunting superstitions, and the environing sea, a world that had become a second *patrie* for Vieaire. In the poems collected under the second title, "*Avant le Soir*," there are verses that have a wonderful, a Lamartinian, charm:—

Parfois, nous semble-t-il, un reflet de l'aurore

Illumine la lande où nous allons rêver.

Mais ce jour incertain, qu'il est timide encore!

Que l'ombre de nos cœurs est lente à se lever!

seem little concerned with these matters of fiction, being writers whose books sell admirably. The production of a Goncourt Academician, the "*Plon*" of the brothers Margueritte (although I chosen by Goncourt) was a few weeks ago in its edition. The volumes of Éléonore Bourges, too, one new Academician—the other two being M. Lucien M. Léon Daudet—are commanding in first editions which the contemplated reprint by M. Stock has already "*Le Crémuscul des Dieux*" will naturally diminish. M. Descaves and the Marguerittes both army, but in a very different spirit. The former, in "*Stock*," records the significant episode of the Commune Vendôme column came crashing to the ground, and the *groggnards* of the Hôtel des Invalides is not sons of General Margueritte would have signed. Victor Margueritte have the same painstaking pathing with the war of 1870 as M. Descaves or M. Zola cannot forget that they are the heirs of a glorious name, and they do not let the cult of the *Goncourt* of fact absorb them to the exclusion of poetic truth bears as its title the famous exclamation of the William when he beheld the sublime *cheminée* Sedan, and forms a stirring epic of the events of the banks of the Moselle and the Loire.

With the best goal will in the world, it would within the limits of the period taken for this many more than twenty new books which should and not simply borrowed for an hour from a library. Let us begin with the French novel. One curious literary phenomena of the moment is the sudden dead Jean Lombard's "*Byzance*" (Ollendorff) years of almost complete oblivion, this new edition with the tables of the *Paris salons* by M. Paul Margueritte unique performance in literary mosaic, full of Byzantine in its play of barbaric splendours, but then unreadable book, as well as the most un-French, was sold to the extent of 50,000 copies within a month "*Quo Vadis*" in the hands of the French public its archæologic erudition to dwell on its meretriciousness. It is impossible for the faithful historian to read it; it is no less impossible to assert its pleasure-giving for readers of taste and intelligence. The same may be said of the other reprint of a work by the same author, (Ollendorff), although it is presented to the public. Mirbeau, who is, at all events, a man of intelligence, the preface is the best thing in the book.

Hardly less widely-read, and not less frankly, but a finer product, is the "*Aventures du Roi M. Pierre Louys* (Fasquelle), a new departure in manner on the part of the writer, but, despite much that an English taste, no less noticeable than his other excellence of style. There is much intellectual to be got out of M. Tristan Bernard's "*Mari Pacifique* (Blanche). The pacific husband, whose sensation here depicts with quiet humour, is merely any married man in France, and it is of his every-day life, his wife, his wife's family, and the little conventional world in which he moves that M. Bernard has written. No one could have written the book without the appearance of the Monsieur Bergeret series. Nothing more than the texture, but it is of the very same

reveals rich sensibility in noting the more refined "states of soul" of the well-bred *jeune fille* as she evolves amidst the conventions of refined French life. The book has too little form of the sort which delights in the two novels just mentioned, but it has a tenderness and a charm of verisimilitude which distinguish it from most modern fiction. One is struck more and more by the documentary value of French fiction. A story like "Petite Ville," by Claude Anet (*Revue Blanche*), is, in its kind, as good as a chapter of Taine for the comprehension of French provincial life. And of the same kind of worth, but prodigiously unwholesome, offering the documentation, happily, of a very narrow world, are the "Monsieur de Phocas" of Jean Lorrain (*Ollendorff*), M. Alfred Jarry's "Messaline" (*Revue Blanche*), and "La Mort Irritée," by M. François de Nion (*Revue Blanche*), works which no doubt would be better in the hands of the modern psychologist than in those of the French *jeune fille* who has been looking at them askance. The latter story shows unmistakably the influence of such men as Professor Pierre Janet, or Dr. Paul Hartenberg, or Dr. Maurice de Fleury, on *belles-lettres* in France. The second of these specialists has even become himself a novelist, and, after having produced one of the most curious of monographs on that too-common type, the person suffering from an extravagant self-consciousness, in "Les Timides et la Timidité" (Alean), he has attempted to illustrate his thesis in a story entitled "L'Attente" (*Ollendorff*). The novel demonstrates the correctness of his analysis of the timid type, synthesizing results at which he had arrived in his treatise. The two books should be read together, as an interesting example of a trained psychologist invading the field of pure letters for the instruction of outsiders. And it is to be regretted that M. Huysmans has not availed himself of the uncontested scientific explanations of the trances and flagellations which abound in the lives of Saints, and notably in the life of that Saint Lydwine of Schiedam to which he has devoted a characteristic but incomplete book (Stock).

We must not quit the world of fiction without offering to M. Jona de Mitty our congratulations on his discovery and preparation for the Press of an unpublished novel by Stendhal which, written in Italy between 1831 and 1836, has been sleeping in the portfolio of the Grenoble Library ever since, "Lucien Lenwen," (*Revue Blanche*). No one who has not grubbed among these manuscripts can realize the amount of patient labour required for such a task. But M. de Mitty is a pious Baylist, and among Stendhal's pages those which he has here saved from oblivion are well worthy to take their place; they are a psychological study of society in the time of Louis Philippe, meriting, like Dr. Hartenberg's book, an essay by themselves.

So much, then, for recent fiction. I turn to quite another class of production and note the appearance of a new, greatly enlarged, edition of Professor Langlois' "Manuel de Bibliographie Historique" (Hachette), a book known already in its earlier form in every University in the world, and of the fourth volume of the "Année Sociologique" (Alean), published under the direction of Professor Durkheim, in which we have, besides the internal contents, some 500 pages of analyses of all the sociologic literature of the world between July 1899 and 1900. The utility of this publication needs no commendation. Sociological studies in France have highly developed in late years: the monographs of French students vieing in number and in interest with the series of the Johns Hopkins University. Among the most striking of these volumes is the study, just published by Alean, on labour and land questions in Australia and New Zealand, in a book

seaweed. M. Seignobos, with a soul undaunted as an archer to the strand, and, unlike Canute, defied the waves. His method is not a new one, but for *organon* it certainly is. He explains how to test this mass of uncoordinated matter, and his book is the companion volume, worthy of its predecessor, now famous "Introduction" already named. Of the more when one reads a book like "L'Ophion" by M. Tarde, or "L'Évolution du Socialisme Bourgeois" (Alean), where the atmosphere is at times journalistic rather than scientific, though the suggestiveness, the real brilliancy, of both of essays.

That the essay form, however, has compensation impossible in the soberer prose dominated by method, is certain; and we find this proved by Chevrillon's "Études Anglaises" (Hachette), and in Mme. Théodore Bentzon's "Questions Américaines." These two volumes can be grouped together not the similarity of their theme—both deal with characteristics under different social milieux—but they supplement each other as a report of the of English and American life. Mme. Bentzon, one of the "Anglo-Saxon" clans, that of N. incomparable. No one is so well fitted as interpreter of the social aspects of life on the A communities to the readers of the Old World. has a prose style poetic and rich in literary allusion, random, and fall upon his reflections on the type gentleman as portrayed by Millais, Watts, Wells.

Belles et braves âmes que celles de ces au regard si cordial et si droit, dont l'œil a frais de l'enfance, et la joue le premier incarn'a fait que se faner doucement. On aime h on se sent devenir meilleur et plus fort devant tout ce qui est harmonieux, juste et dans l'ordre. Ils nous disent la vie saine de s'encadrant dès l'enfance dans son groupe n dans un milieu de calme et de beauté, à l'abri des vilenies, enveloppé et protégé par l'instincts héréditaires et les préjugés qui sentent il aide à former la substance, lié à elle, et pour elle, achève à se développer, et reste les êtres qui vivent en équilibre avec eux-mêmes leur milieu.

A portrait like this is as fine as any of t evoked it, and it is a fair sample of the quality of book. This is literature, literature without a trace such as a James Russell Lowell or a Charles Lan finer than issued often from the uncertain quill. But there is much that is noticeable on a utterance. There lies before me a book informed, in which one of the younger French Charles Legras of the *Dilets*, introduces to his English novelists from Mr. George Meredith an Misa Marie Corelli and Mr. Hamilton Aidé catholic—and the English poets, the critics and eighteen little essays under the title "Chez No d'Angleterre" (*Ollendorff*). There has appeared a little volume of great talent by one of the French biologists, "Le Conflit" (Colin), by Dumas. He also is a den for historians the

along the Dalmatian coast at Spalato and Salone, at Delphi, at Athos, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, and we shall have given a fair report of the best that has been thought and said in France during this last summer. As one looks back across the period two volumes conspicuously claim our attention; that of M. Selignobos and the "Études Anglaises" of M. Chevrillon. They prove once again the sanity and soberness of the French intellect, its interpretative power, and its superiority in artistic expression.

W. M. FULLERTON.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SENTIMENTALIST," "THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT," "SHEERLUCK JONES."

In appreciating the talent of Mr. H. V. Esmond in the last issue of this review Mr. Hamilton Pyfe confessed himself puzzled to find "the real Esmond." May I suggest that the real Esmond you cannot see because, like the Spanish Fleet, the real Esmond is not yet in sight? That the real Esmond is still in the making? That Mr. Esmond has not yet "found himself"? In other words, that he is not yet an intellectual adult? I put this point interrogatively, because I, too, am puzzled, with the rest of Mr. Esmond's admirers. "Quel est donc ce mystère?" as the man says in Racine's play. It is better to assume immaturity as the solution, because that leaves room for hope. Further one may justify the solution by pointing to the fact that Mr. Esmond's work is still in the imitative stage. Imitations and reminiscences—probably unconscious (and the more unconscious, the better evidence in support of my point)—abound in *The Sentimentalist*. The hill-top and its symbolism and even the dialogue between poet and sweetheart which is uttered there have traces of Ibsen and particularly of *When We Dead Awaken*—Ibsen banalized, unfortunately, and brought down from philosophic poetry to what Victor Hugo called "guitares"—that is to say, tra-la-la sentiment about the dawn and the storm, birds and flowers, the pure ether and "the great world down there," the marriage of true minds and a loveless union with a wealthy baronet. That is the worst of Ibsen; he won't mix with barley-sugar; nor is he to be given away with a pound of tea. Then Mr. Esmond gives us a hero who, after loving a lady, falls in love with the lady's daughter when she grows up to be the very image of her mother. See Maupassant's "Fort Comme la Mort," or an early Pinero called *The Weaker Sex*. That was never a pretty theme, with whatever tact it might be treated; but when Mr. Esmond brings in the mother grown ludicrously fat, and bewailing her thirteen stone, he makes the theme positively ugly, and so only fit for farce. In the three-and-twenty years which pass between the sentimentalist's passion for the mother and his passion for the daughter he lives a life of reckless debauchery. Why? Not because Mr. Esmond looking at life for himself has seen any sentimentalists behaving like that; but because he has seen plays or remembered novels wherein they behave like that. We all know that debauchees in fiction. "Ah, I, too, believed in pure love once; but a woman jilted me, and I swore to be revenged on the whole sex; and now I am what you see!" And, with Mr. Burchell, we whisper "Fudge!" That is a monosyllable I earnestly commend to Mr. Esmond. When these stage conventions beckon to him, let him whisper Fudge! to himself

man, a Duke, and, of course, a cynic and a blackguard. Youth and beauty with diamond tiaras, we know Esmond got him. He comes from that very France which he accuses the sentimentalist of reading—the I am myself the dupe of a convention when I ascribe to the *Family Herald*, which is, nowadays, very austere scientific organ. It is safer, then, to say the wicked Duke belongs to the literature of the kitchen; he does the murder of the Duke by means of a poison (or whatever the lethal weapon is). It is an excellent melodrama, this murder, just as the thirteen-stone excellent idea for farce, and just as the scene which hesitates between the confessing suitors A and suitor C because he holds his tongue is an excellent comedy. But to serve up these various ideas of cost and melodrama in one and the same play is a will and the most indulgent view one can take of it is to be a boyish "lark." And yet the players—Mr. Esmond (sentimentalist), Miss Miriam Clements (sweetheart), and Somerset (duke)—are quite serious over it. That is enough; for it is the business of actors to get—"I reason why." It is the playwright's business, I reason why; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Esmond, having fancy, stage-craft, vitality, and all sorts of qualities, will by-and-by see his way to making reasonable.

It is easy to be wise after the event, and I must not say that *The Likeness of the Night*, Clifford's play which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal brought over from Fulham and have now revived at the St. James's, obviously the work of a novelist. Nevertheless unmistakably illustrate M. Brunetière's favourite principle: it is proper to dramatic characters to act, to exert, whereas the characters in a novel are acted upon. In this play, on discovering the "second household" by her husband, does not show flight; she simply fate and drifts into suicide. So the mistress, now second wife, when she discovers that the first wife's suicide, makes no attempt "to see the thing through" also bewails her fate, and shrinks from the husband, the corpse floating between them. And there are scenes the various parties argue out the case of love and duty, but no scenes wherein "passion and duty come to the grapple" in definite action. Everybody there is nobody an agent. But "novelistic" though it is, instead of dramatic, the play certainly ought to interest the playgoer by the clearness with which its theme has been set out and the distinction with which it is presented. There is the superb *cri du cœur* of Mrs. Kendal in the third act and the hysterical passion of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree in the fourth. I please the lovers of "emotional" acting—whose pleasure will be a little tempered by a vague surprise that the women as are here presented should sacrifice one her other her honour for so weak and colourless a husband, poor Mr. Kendal, is compelled to play. Mr. Esmond has not, I submit, been at sufficient pains to explain to us; he is really little more than a *jeune fille*. Is he a collector of domestic specimens? Or a "mere man?" The last, I fancy; for he is not a consistent character; a man who cannot say *boh!* to a pool! to a hysterical woman would never have the power to establish two establishments.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

LETTERS OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN.
(Macmillan, 15s.)

It is difficult to realize that John Richard Green's laborious and fruitful life lasted for little more than forty-five years. He gave Trevelyan the impression of being "as vivid as lightning," and vivid no doubt he was; but it would be truer to say of him that his genius, his energy, and the brightness of his nature were continual, but constant, in their quality. Let us call it rather vitality than vividness. It is clear from these letters that few men have had a greater power of learning and of enjoying the best things that life has to offer. Even at forty-five he had accomplished a great deal. When we consider what he had done, and what he intended to do, we shall see how great a blessing it was to us when he died.

For all practical purposes this volume of letters is as good as a biography. In some respects, indeed, it is much better, for it includes none of the trivial details which formal biographies too often contain. The letters, a continuous series from early manhood, cover nearly the whole ground, and speak for themselves. Whatever else is necessary in the way of narrative, and now and then of criticism, is supplied—we need not say, admirably—by the editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen, who has had the assistance throughout of Mrs. Green. From the first it is evident that Green's vocation in life was not Churchmanship but literature. For the practical duties of an East London clergyman—and almost all his active clerical life was spent in the East-end—his unselfishness and his natural kindness well fitted him; but his leisure, such as it was, was devoted to historical reading, and to a long series of articles for the *Saturday Review*, most of which may rank as literature. This was in the three or four years from 1867, a period during which he worked far beyond his strength. His health gave him a more than sufficient reason for abandoning an active clerical career, though another not less imperative reason lay in the fact that, a Liberal in politics, he became, or thought he had become, too Liberal in theology. Consequently, without any abatement of his faith in Christianity, he turned to those historical pursuits which had long been a passion and almost an instinct with him. But for the details of these biographical facts we must refer the reader especially to Green's own letters to Professor Boyd Dawkins and the historian Freeman, to whom the greater part of the correspondence is addressed. The letters are mostly of an old-fashioned length and substance; but, whether serious or playful, they all possess the charm of humour and sincerity. They would have deserved to be published, even if Green had written nothing else.

Yet, if we were to draw up a list of the six most important English books of the last thirty years, it would be difficult to leave out Green's "Short History of the English People." It is not his only work, nor his longest, nor his most mature; but it is the book by which he will be remembered. It has gone through many editions, both here and in America, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Russian. A Nanking translator, who has not yet finished his task, declares that "it must be magnificent in English," and hopes to make it equally good in Chinese. Magnificent it is not, for the author was not misled into anything like magnificent writing. Its most

cherish the novel design of interesting as well as his readers. It had faults, of course. The finished many inaccuracies now revised away. It was more unfortunate, the prescribed limits of the book, the author to treat the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries with surprising inadequacy. But it was a book which it was recognized as "real and original work," Stubbs' phrase, and met with little hostile criticism. "Short History" practically superseded all other almost as soon as it was published. It had occupied time from 1869 to 1874, and was the work of a man that the state of his lungs rendered his life precarious. He said to himself (after a visit to Sir Andrew Clark, *omnis moriar*). His letters have much to say of History—"Little Book," or "Shorts," as he called it. In October, 1872, he wrote to Mr. Freeman from

I daresay you would stare to see seven parts of the Wars of the Roses, and fifteen or sixteen of Erasmus, and Tommy More—"Great Tom," as he be called—however, so it is. I think this section of the New Learning, with the previous ones, the Revolt, which was really an account of the whole of agriculture and landed tenure from the Conquest and on the "Towns," by far the best things I

This section on "the New Learning," by the way, those sixteenth-century chapters which Mr. Freeman called the weakest part of the book. Green wrote in 1878 with Mr. Freeman, and had done his best to "write" the period for his longer work. A year or two later he replies to some remarks by Mr. Freeman, and, at least, of the objections subsequently urged against the History:—

In the same way, the "putting things out of the means, I suppose, putting things out of the hitherto occupied in common histories. But in many ways different from that of common history (whether rightly or wrongly don't matter here) a wholly new epoch—which I choose (again right to call the "Reformation"—begin towards the reign of VIII. with the Law of the Six Articles. I hold that at that time a certain form of religious thought, calling itself Protestantism, which had been confined to a small section of the nation, began to get hold of the nation at large, and produced that followed very weighty results on its history. I make the origin of this mode of thought date back some way into the former period, and the appearance of overlapping and confusion and out of their places. But if my plan be right, it places; and if my plan is wrong, then the book is beginning to end. I have always said to myself possible the book may utterly fail, and then I grumble if it does. I give English history in which it is intelligible or interesting to me, follow that others will find my rendering of it intelligible.

After the publication of the book, writing to me in January, 1875, he refers to a somewhat obvious

As to the general feeling of all the reviews I haven't carried out my plan after 1690, it is better had I frankly owned in the preface how I

ashes to me; nevertheless for truth's sake I did violence to the natural man and turned away from Sir Roger de Coverley and the "Rape of the Lock" to cotton-spinning and Pitt's finance. It cost me a lot of trouble, and I knew the book wouldn't be as bright and pretty, but still I think I did rightly. However, Belinda and Sir Roger will brighten the pages of the bigger book, and indeed my fingers itch to be at them.

But the letters treat of many subjects besides the "Little Book." Many of them, perhaps the best, describe visits to Italy and the South of France; for during the later years of his life Green was compelled to winter abroad. They show an extraordinary capacity for seeing at a glance the main physical features of places, a quality which constantly appears in his historical work, and an exuberant enjoyment of all that he saw. But his health failed more and more, and he died in March, 1883, working, with his wife's help, steadily to the last. The "Conquest of England," not in a fully revised form, was his last book. As Mrs. Green truly says in her preface to that work, "It was impossible for him not to know that his powers were only now coming to their full strength, and that his real work lay yet before him. 'I have work to do that I know is good,' he said, when he heard that he had only a few days to live." There would have been no arrogance in *qualis artifex pereo*.

A UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY: a Survey of Man's Record. Edited by Dr. H. F. HELMOLT. With an Introductory Essay by the Right Hon. James Bryce. Vol. I.—Pre-history—America and the Pacific Ocean. (Heinemann. 15s. n.)

This is the first instalment of an English "adaptation" of a "Weltgeschichte" in eight large volumes written by various contributors under the general editorship of Dr. Hans Helmolt. Several volumes of the original work have by this time been issued, and it must be on the verge of completion, if not actually completed. The special feature of the undertaking is that chronology is subordinated to geography—in other words, no attempt is made to present the story of man on the planet as a continuous whole, and the work proceeds on the principle of geographical distribution, each successive section dealing with a certain section of the earth's surface. Thus, the present volume, after a good deal of introductory matter, includes the entire history of America. The second volume deals with the populous nations of Eastern Asia and the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans; the third with the rest of Asia and the whole of Africa; the fourth with the nations on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; the fifth with the nations of South-Eastern Europe, including the Slavonic peoples generally; the sixth with the Teutonic nation and the Roman Empire; the two final ones with Western Europe, the seventh bringing their history to the year 1800, and the eighth treating of the nineteenth century. There is much to be said both for and against a scheme of this kind; but it has one obvious advantage. The reader knows beforehand which volume to consult for any desired information; and as the volume before us has an excellent index little time is wasted in the process of looking things up.

From the publisher's prefatory note we gather that in preparing the English "adaptation" he has acted on the advice of experts in "the rejection here and there of sections which did not seem quite adequate from the point of view of its new circle

willing to undertake it. In a few extremely lucid and written pages Mr. Bryce gives us his idea of what the World ought to be. He points out that during the century there has been an immense increase in the constructing it, that the progress of geography and all to say nothing of other sciences, has done much to the task, and that it may therefore be attempted with a aspect of success than formerly. On the other hand, that it is beset, for the same reasons, with increased and that it is easy to fall into the mistake of too one point of view to the exclusion of another. At the he approves, on the whole, of the plan adopted in work, and compliments the contributors—a compliment well deserved—on being thoroughly penetrated with in which it is conceived.

From Mr. Bryce's introduction we pass on to Dr. own pages, here entitled "The Idea, Universal which formed the original introduction to the work. entitled this interesting chapter "Object and Aim history," and the change is not conspicuously for Dr. Helmolt evidently possesses a considerable knowledge of modern literature, and he here picks out, as pleases the reader, the more or less smart sayings of many authors and short comments of his own. The best of these is, of course, —for the translator, distrusting either his own ability to do it into English, or the capacity of the English reader to understand the humour of it, has cruelly cut it out—an extract from Hans von Held:—

Sitzt das kleine Menschenkind
An dem Ozean der Zeiten,
Schöpft mit seiner kleinen Hand
Tropfen aus den Ewigkeiten.

Sitzt das kleine Menschenkind,
Sammelt flüsternde Geräusche,
Trägt sie in ein kleines Buch,
Schreibt darüber "Weltgeschichte."

This is really excellent; and some couplets quoted from Helmolt from the poet Zitelmann are almost as good. The whole which runs thus:—

Der Pendel schwingt, doch treiben ihn Gewichte,
Und uns bedingt Gesellschaft und Geschichte.

These lines, too, are omitted in the English translation, but are worth remembering, no less for the cleverness of the poet than for the justice of the reflection embodied in them. It is easy to select from Dr. Helmolt's own contribution to the work any extract which shall fairly represent his attitude towards the subject; but we take, almost at haphazard, a passage in which he comments apologetically on the circumstance that the history of the United States takes precedence of other continents in the arrangement of the work:—

Although we may begin with America and Europe, we will not say that the origin of a new development is to be sought for in the former, and that it has proceeded out from thence toward the west—the "east" of Europe. The historian does not feel called upon to do this, respecting priority of birth. America's being first will neither support the opinion of certain ethnologists as to the great antiquity of American history, nor does it question whether the United States will some day play a part once played by Rome in the world's development.

Dr. Helmolt, like the immortal Stender, is inspired by the best of intentions, though we fail to apprehend his meaning in all its fulness, and pass on to the next chapter, in which Professor J. Kohler discourses at length on the "First Principles of a History of the Development of Mankind."

Professor Kohler's chapter is also of an introductory character. He traces, on familiar lines, the progress of man from a state of nature to a state of civilization, culminating in Spiritual Culture, the Overcoming of Instinct through Liberty, and Social and Political Institutions. "Development," he observes, "fulfils itself in communities of men. Except in a human aggregate it cannot come to pass; for the germs of the development which are brought forth by the potentiated activity of the many may exist only in a society of individuals." Of this and the like of it the reader will probably say that it may be true, but that it does not after all carry us very far. Passing over Professor Kohler we come, in Chapter III., to "Man as a Life-Phenomenon on the Earth," by the eminent ethnologist, Professor F. Ratzel, who devotes more than forty exceedingly instructive and interesting pages to a discussion of the influence exercised over history by geographical facts and conditions. Dr. Ratzel writes well, though he is too fond of laying down general laws. We are not sure that "through the entire course of history an ever-increasing value attached to land may be traced," that "similar locations give rise to similar political models," or that "political growth is necessarily preceded by commercial development." But the whole chapter will be read with interest, and here and there the reader comes on a pregnant saying such as "Originally the coast was the threshold of the sea; but as soon as maritime races developed it became the threshold of the land." The contrast between ancient and modern times in the aspect presented by the ocean could not be better expressed.

The best piece of work in the volume, to our thinking, is the fourth chapter, in which Dr. Johannes Ranke, well known through his exhaustive treatise entitled "Der Mensch," describes human life in "Prehistoric Times." Dr. Ranke, who does not admit any evidence of man's existence earlier than the Drift period, skillfully traces the story of palæolithic man, his food, habitation, ornaments, implements, and habits of life—giving, amongst other things, a full account of the discoveries of the geologist Oscar Fraas near the source of the Schussen, which are less known in this country than they ought to be, considering their intrinsic importance and the thoroughness with which they have been investigated. The earlier neolithic period—that of the Danish shell-mounds—forms the transition to the fully-developed neolithic life in which man practised agriculture and pottery and possessed domesticated animals. The Swiss lake-dwellings and the remains found in a cemetery on Lake Hallstatt, in the Salzkammergut, best represent in Europe the change from the Stone Age to the Age of Metals; and a special interest attaches to the latter as being relics of the very race which, according to Professor Ridgway, appears in Greece as the Achæan, and thus constitutes a veritable link between prehistoric and historic times. Dr. Ranke's chapter concludes with an admirable descriptive summary of the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann on the site of Troy.

The chapter which follows, contributed by Dr. Häbler, is the longest in the volume. It purports to give the history of America from the earliest times to the present day. A disproportionately long space is occupied in describing the aborigines in the period antecedent to the discovery of the new continent; and of this part it must be said that although Dr. Häbler has comparatively crowded with a vast mass of untractable material

Dr. Häbler is unacquainted with Mr. Payne's "New World," or he would scarcely have repeated amongst other things the fable that the Mexicans more accurate system of chronology than conquerors. The history of the European and South America is allotted a comparatively occupying, as it does, less than half the volume, unfortunately, as Dr. Häbler's strong point is the authorities, and some important aspects of it necessarily been passed over altogether. The first volume are occupied by a chapter on the "History of the Pacific Ocean," written by the late Count and revised by Professor Charles Weale. The volume contains interesting illustrations. It is handsomely and elegantly bound, and should certainly commend itself to the English enterprising attempt to handle a large subject, recognized authorities, in an instructive way.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Windsor Shakespeare.

So far as the contents are concerned the SHAKESPEARE (Jack, 2s. n. each volume), of eight volumes have reached us—*Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *As You Like It*, *The Merchant of Venice*, identical with the Harvard edition, the work of published in America in 1881. The only differences are now numbered—a great convenience frontispieces are added to each volume. But these slim volumes, bound in red and gold cover, hand yet large enough to look imposing in a library, are an immense improvement on the Harvard.

Mr. Hudson aims at satisfying the Shakespearean reader without burdening the general reader, by putting notes at the foot of the page to help the reader on, and holding over the more elaborate commentary of each play. The notes that accompany the text are helpful so long as they are merely explanatory. Mr. Hudson is not so successful when he criticizes Shakespeare to the visible appearance of Banquo's ghost on ground that the ghost is only visible to Macbeth. It is logical, and raises up again that old bogey of the "subjective ghost." But, to make the scene more dramatic as Shakespeare planned, somewhat rash attack is made upon Polonius' counsel.

To thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any.

This [says Mr. Hudson] is regarded by the highest strain of morality. I cannot see it so. Indeed true that we have duties, indispensable to ourselves; that a man ought to be wise for himself; that the being wise for one's self is the first and the last. I do not believe. And the man who makes the principle of morality never will and never can be wise for himself.

This is too literal a reading of the passage. To say "wise for one's self" may surely signify more than Mr. Hudson implies by "wise for one's self." It implies being true to one's own nature, and completing one's being in fact, and

adopts emendations on the old text without saying so, and interesting facts with regard to Shakespeare's relations to his contemporaries—such as his indebtedness to Lyly for Polonius' advice or the reference to Spenser's *Tears of the Muses* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—might also have been mentioned in the notes intended for students. But Mr. Hudson's comments, if not always as full as they might be, have the advantage of being useful and to the point.

Dr. Furnivall and Lamb's Tales.

Nothing is more fascinating in biography than the glimpses we occasionally get of authors at work on the masterpieces which we have treasured from childhood. Such a glimpse is given us in the correspondence of the Lambs quoted by Dr. Furnivall in his new edition in two volumes of *LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE* (Raphael Tuck, 31s. 6d.) now before us:—

You would like to see us (writes Mary Lamb) as we often sit writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermione and Helena in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff and he groaning all the while. . . .

In a letter to Wordsworth Charles writes "Mary is stuck fast in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

She complains of having to set forth so many female characters in boys' clothes. She begins to think Shakespeare must have wanted imagination! I, to encourage her (for she often faints in the prosecution of her great work), flatter her by telling her how well such a play and such a play is done. But she is stuck fast, and I have been obliged to promise to assist her.

Once more Mary sticks fast, this time in the preface, and Charles' portion of it begins at a problematic "which" where poor Mary had drawn up in despair. But, notwithstanding the groans, the snuff, and the fierce smoking of tobacco entailed, the work came to them as a welcome relief at a time when they were very poor and in low spirits. Charles had compared their companionship to that of "toothache and his friend gunboil, which, though a kind of ease, is but an uneasy kind of ease." This odd couple, toiling away to order, to keep the wolf away from the door, in their dingy lodgings in Mitre-court, would have laughed if any one had told them that a hundred years hence so distinguished an English scholar as Dr. Furnivall would devote so much loving care to their work.

But their tales can scarcely be praised too highly. To turn a play into a novel is always a perilous task; and Shakespeare presents especial difficulties. His works are not only an *embarras de richesses* to the story-teller; they are often rambling and discursive. The vast mosaic of the dramatist can only be conjured into the simple pattern necessary to the story-teller by the most careful exercise of the art of selection. And here, we think, Dr. Furnivall a little misjudges the achievement of the Lambs:—

The odd thing is [he says] that two such humorous folk as Mary and Charles Lamb were, two who so enjoyed Shakespeare's fun, made up their minds to keep all that fun (or almost all) out of his plays when they told the stories of them to boys and girls who so like fun too.

Where, however, the fun is intimately connected with the plots, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have plenty of it in the tales, and the Lambs, no doubt, say that in telling the story of the Shrew, the

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Antony and Cleopatra*. This completes the tragedies and comedies. "For the Historical Plays," writes Dr. Furnivall, ignoring Conch, readers must turn to Shakespeare's works.

Dr. Furnivall sets about his task in a very different way to the Lambs. Far from attempting a separate art, the Lambs may be said to have done, his whole end is to interpret Shakespeare as closely as possible to children. The result is descriptive accounts of the plays in all their aspects, rather than "tales." Dr. Furnivall himself calls them sketches. He constantly refers to the stage. The Lambs were careful not to allude to the dramatic, which the tales were derived. Moreover, each sketch is with some note of the date of the play dealt with among the rest. Dr. Furnivall is able to be much more than the Lambs because he has really chosen quite a different method. He describes all the underplots, and is careful not to let any amusing character or situation go by. His *Coriolanus* is with a vivid impression of the great scene when Coriolanus saves Rome from her son's wrath, and with the great speech of the play—"Think'st thou it honourable in a noble man to remember wrongs"—ringing in our ears. His *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Troilus and Cressida* are not so good, but the humour of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Love's Labour's Lost* is brought out with much more than the Lambs. His erudite introduction to the second volume Dr. Furnivall discusses briefly the printing and publishing of the plays in the theatres in which they were acted, and puts before us to-day an amusing sketch of a boy's life in Shakespeare's time taken from Francis Senger's "Schoole of Vertue and good Nourture for chyldren" (1557). It is perhaps to be hoped that his introductions to the twenty plays told by the Lambs will be deeply studied by children. But they should be useful to all pastors and masters who are coaxing the perusal of Shakespeare. The tales are now arranged in a logical order, so that the editor, besides bringing out the salient points of each play, can trace the evolution of Shakespeare's art. We are surprised that he should call the "babble of the fool" as one of the drawbacks of *King Lear*, that same fool whose jests seemed to Leigh Hunt signs of knowledge.

Mr. Harold Copping's copious illustrations are excellent examples of draughtsmanship. In many instances, particularly in the full-page illustrations—he has a poetic spirit of the plays. He adopts Mr. Forbes' reading of the thoughtful and melancholy Hamlet—but trace, if any, of madness. His work and that of the publisher, the binder of these handsome quarto volumes, bound in green and gold, help to make Dr. Furnivall's edition a book for children and adults alike.





PORTIA AND NERISSA.

Drawing by Mr. Harold Copping to illustrate Dr. Furnivall's Edition of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare."

[By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons.]

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Sir James Paget.

Mr. Stephen Paget has shown both literary skill and editorial judgment in the *MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF SIR JAMES PAGET* (Longmans, 12s. 6d. n.). The autobiography which forms the first part of the book was written by Sir James when he was at the height of his fame as a consulting surgeon (1880-1885), and gives an excellent idea of the qualities of mind and character that led to his success. He had a positively Teutonic power of application, thinking nothing of sixteen hours of hard work a day for months at a time; he had a genius not only for seeing the outward signs of health or disease in his patients, but for estimating their mental or moral fibre as well; and he never for a moment lost sight of the high responsibilities of his profession. The autobiography is annotated by Mr. Stephen Paget with the help of the Bishop of Oxford and others. Paget was the son of a successful man of business at Yarmouth, who, however, had suffered severe losses when it became necessary to educate his younger son. Like many another boy of sixteen, James was fired with an ambition to enter the Navy in his youth; but after much deliberation this scheme fell through and it was decided that he should learn to be a surgeon. After a period of "apprenticeship" at Yarmouth he entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital, helped by his elder brother (afterwards Sir George). When qualified, he had a long period of "waiting," occupied by hard unremunerative work of every kind, laborious days spent with no apparent reward. He had been a surgeon for sixteen years, he writes, before his income from practice amounted to £100. His reputation at the hospital earned him appointments which enabled him in 1844 to marry Miss Lydia North, and in 1851 he began private practice in Henrietta-street. Once fairly started he made rapid progress; he had always had the reputation of a man who was bound to "come on," and in a comparatively few

his reputation as one of the best after-dinner speakers. In the latter part of his life he came naturally most of the distinguished persons and men of science, and he corresponded with not a few of them. Several of Paget are given in the book; perhaps the best notion of his picture by Millais, made in 1872, eight years of age. We have nothing but praise. It presents an almost ideal picture of a great man who has the merit, too rare in such volumes, of not a flimsy page.

Living London.

Messrs. Cassell's *LIVING LONDON* is bound in two parts (7d. each), and, judging from the first part, to be a very well-conceived and very attractive volume. It has two main features. First, chapters on different parts of London are written by different authors, and secondly, of writers in this first part, for a popular book would be difficult to improve—Mr. G. R. Sims, Major Arthur Griffiths ("In London Barracks"), Lowndes ("Marrying London"), and Countess of East London. The other main feature is that the material is from life of London types, incidents and individuals, vivacious and admirably selected. We shall find further instalments with interest.

"What's What."

We have anticipated with considerable interest the advent of a new encyclopædic book of the kind, such as was announced to come from Mr. Cassell. It is an attack, necessarily demanding enormous preparation, upon a field already occupied by many other publications. *WHAT'S WHAT* (Sonnenstern stout volume, agreeably turned out, a word of candour of its confession that it is only at present and its friendly invitation to its readers to write if they approve or disapprove, rather disarm criticism containing such an enormous amount of original material can only gasp with astonishment on learning that the book was first conceived "at Mullion, in Cornwall, 2nd of September, 1900," and that "the final manuscript sent to press on Thursday, October 10, 1901." A most superficial glance at the book will show that it has struck out a line of its own. He may even have discovered a "want." The book is not the kind of compendious works of reference to which we are accustomed; it is a book to be read rather than referred to; it is statistics miscellaneous information; it is impetuous rather than realistic; it is for the drawing-room or office. It consists, in fact, of an enormous number of written magazine articles on every conceivable subject, are nine pages of statistical matter on the world; but, on the whole, we imagine that it is consulted not so much for exact facts and figures as for general knowledge, topics of conversation, and reading. And inseparable from this method is the personal note. The book gives a conspicuous place to a capable journalist with much experience and wide interests in many things. A certain inevitable result, and one may illustrate it by the notice of Mrs. Humphry Ward among the children of the day, and of any account of the solicitor's profession; and the personal factor is, we

Lords), but we have looked in vain for any full information about modern political life. Now we commend this suggestion to Mr. Quilter. If, as we suppose, he wishes to help the average well-informed man, let him remember that nothing is so difficult to keep in the mind as recent political history. Will he include in his next edition a brightly written sketch of the course of English politics, say, since 1873? Nothing could, in our opinion, be more useful. The lists of books in one or two different departments at the end of the book are useful and might be further developed. As we have shown, it would be easy to offer criticisms on what is omitted or included. But as a book to some extent experimental, we give it a cordial welcome. It is an undertaking of a new kind carried out with a great deal of skill and imagination, and likely to be read with both pleasure and profit.

Dean Hole on Social Changes.

It is perhaps superfluous to enter into any detailed and serious consideration of the views as to social changes expounded by Dean Hole in *THEN AND NOW* (Hutchinson, 10s. n.). Their value lies in the fact that they express a personality, and that they express it in a charming literary form. The Dean is a well-known anecdotist, who brings out of his stores things both new and old; and as an octogenarian, who has followed all the changes of the Victorian era, he has much to say on education, sports, home life, cycling, parties, and many other subjects. To our mind, the charm of the Dean's view of life is its extraordinary freshness. His optimism and benevolence is indeed old-fashioned; it recalls the days of Dickens and of his friend John Leech, but is none the worse for that; and few octogenarians are so entirely free from any of those prejudices against social innovations which have no basis except a dislike of novelty. The Dean does not cling to the very dangerous maxim, "The old is better." Another feature of his comparison of the present and the past is that, while strict enough on "the things that matter," he is extraordinarily tolerant about things which do not essentially matter very much; and we especially commend his manly advice on the relations between the clergy and laity. And a third note of the book is the Dean's wholesome and humorous contempt for pretentiousness. He is also a wide reader, and has much that is sensible to say on the modern novel and on the improvement in journalism. On the whole we like this book—the ripe experience of a religious man of the world—better than the "Memories," and we may warmly commend it as a "book to read."

Dreams.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson is a man of a good many interests, and it occurred to him one day to write an article on the different kinds of dreams which are familiar or common to nearly every one. It appeared in *Longmans*, and it brought Mr. Hutchinson a great many letters. The result is *DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS* (Longmans, 9s. 6d. n.). It is a magazine article very much extended in width and length, but not in depth. Mr. Hutchinson chats agreeably about what certain men of science whom he has read for the purpose of his book have to say about dreams and about the different classes of dream—the falling dream, the flying dream, the unclothed dream, and so on—which his correspondents write about. And he adds a good many of the well-authenticated instances of the premonitory and the telepathic dream such as the *Psychical Research Society* have accustomed us to. But the subject does not receive any new light; and one cannot honestly say more than that the book may be skimmed through with a certain amount of entertainment.

found impression upon her fellow-prisoners in the Conciliar, including even those whose political opinions differed widely from her own. But when she has a pen in her hand the charm evaporates and the impression ceases to be favourable. Madame Roland is then very self-consciously aware of her own merits, and as if she were attending her own funeral and preaching her funeral sermon. On the other hand, the historical value of her writings is not great, and their literary merit is moderate; while they undeniably illustrate the side of her character, and in particular her loneliness of persons born to more exalted station than herself. Richards, however, has turned the book out very neat, and several excellent illustrations taken from old paintings, and views. Goupil's and Helmsius' portraits of Madame Roland are included among them. The short notice by Mr. Edward Gilpin Johnson is very good.

Women's Work.

Mrs. Arthur Lyttelton's little book on *WOMEN'S WORK* (Methuen, 2s. 6d.) contains sensible chapters on subjects as the family, the household, philanthropic work, professions, and friendship. Her sentiments are cultivated women in general, and there is scarcely a sentence in the book that we should wish to criticize. It is not the extreme difficulty of putting all this good into practice. As things are, there is certainly a grossly ineffective philanthropy on the part of the rich, and a petulant and ill-paid work on the part of the poor. Mrs. Lyttelton is quite right in deploring the underselling that goes on among working women, and in recommending them to organize themselves—of which she is fully conscious—is to bring about a better state of things. And so with most of the other things that perplex women, both rich and poor. The aim of the rich or well-to-do young women who remain single is much more enviable than the battle for existence which poverty would subject them. Yet, when those who work wish to occupy themselves profitably, it is far from finding a rational outlet for their energies. If their object is benevolence, we cordially agree with Mrs. Lyttelton that nothing can be done to any good purpose without a knowledge of social problems. Probably there are too many in this particular field.

Laity in Council.

Books like *LAITY IN COUNCIL: Essays on Ecclesiastical and Social Problems*, by Lay Members of the Anglican Union (Wells, Gardner, 10s. 6d.), are not wholly satisfactory. They are, in fact, books that are not books, but rather essays which ought to have appeared in the magazines and remained. Every now and then an exception occurs; a brilliant man arises, united by the constant intercourse of University life and by the stronger tie of a "movement" the result is "Tracts for the Times," "Essays and Sermons," or "Lux Mundi." But how exceptional are the circumstances that can make many men write as one! "Laity in Council" will not disturb society; people, no doubt, will dip into it and pronounce one or two of the essays to be good. We (except, of course, reviewers) read each essay right through. The book embodies the progressive High Church spirit, one of the most interesting features of the Church to-day. It has therefore a value for those who wish to understand the present position of religion; furthermore, it is by laymen, and it is written by men who are not only laymen but also

Maritime Law.

Mr. A. Saunders' new treatise on MARITIME LAW (Edinburgh Wilson), in spite of its painfully significant sub-title and singular literary form, will probably soon come to be appreciated as a work of sterling value, both as a text-book and a book of reference. The sub-title runs thus:—"Illustrated by the History of a Ship from and including the agreement to build her until she becomes a total loss." Surely this is a quaint sentence to appear as part of the title-page of a solemn treatise on law. When we reach the text we find the author's style equally quaint. It is in narrative form and begins with the determination of a shipping-owner to enter into a contract with a ship-builder to build a new steamer by way of an addition to his fleet; and the last chapter tells us how on her ninth voyage the new steamer comes into collision with a French steamer off Ushant and goes to the bottom, the company owning the unfortunate vessel being eventually wound up. Between the beginning and the end of her career the steamer is supposed to have made nine voyages, the imaginary details of which are given in sixteen chapters. By way of showing that the book is well up to date we may take the fifth voyage to which three chapters are devoted. Here we find stated the rights, duties, and liabilities of the author's ideal ship (which he names the *Malabar*) as a neutral ship in time of war. The *Malabar* has been chartered on behalf of a Spanish subject residing at Havana to proceed there with a cargo of rice. After discharging this it has to go to Liverpool with a cargo of tobacco, and from Liverpool to return to Havana with a cargo of merchandise. Meanwhile war has been declared by Spain against the United States, and on her return voyage to Havana the *Malabar* is overhauled by an American cruiser, and eventually is found to be conveying munitions of war for the Spanish Government. The numerous points of law which might be expected to arise in connexion with such an apparently simple episode are sketched out by Mr. Saunders in a graphic and readable style. The lay mind can readily follow it and the legal mind may profitably consult it, since abundant references are given to reported cases and to the judgments of the Courts. We find such questions discussed as the right of a captain to vary the route prescribed by a charter; his duty on the approach of a belligerent cruiser; his duty as to producing ship's papers and submitting to the inquiries of the officers of a cruiser; his liability and that of the shipowner when, unknown to either, his ship is carrying contraband of war fraudulently concealed and otherwise designated in the bills of lading—and so on, to dozens of petty details of practical importance in the routine of the merchant service. This analysis of one group of chapters will serve to furnish a clue to the construction and character of the book. We think highly of it as a text-book from a lawyer's point of view, and it is so well put together in regard to its array of facts that it will prove of the greatest usefulness to commanders of ocean-going steamers and sailing vessels alike. Indeed, every owner of large merchant vessels plying to foreign ports would do well to provide a copy for the use of every captain in his employ.

We note a few points which the author might remember with advantage when a second edition is called for. It would be useful to have dates attached to the cases cited; and all the ~~common~~ should be struck out after the volume-numbers of the various Law Reports which are cited. A chapter, or a few pages, devoted to flags and signals, their use and abuse, would be valuable, as also would a chapter specifically dealing with the rights and duties of the owners and captains of private pleasure yachts. Important questions of law arose as to the action of Mr. Lancaster in his yacht the *Deerhound* after the collision with the *Albatross* and *Esmeralda* in 1887, and as to

FICTION.

Zack.

Zack's West Country Stories are the record of DUNSTABLE WHEAT (Methuen, 6s.), as in all does not merely write as the Devonshire editor she writes as they think. She is not to be called her accurate observation because she has only to observe. She has the sure touch of the writer with intimate, instinctive knowledge. We read such West Country writers as Mr. Baring Gould, Mr. Cough, and Mr. Eden Phillpotts, but we are not so much the one writer of the day worthy to write as Richard Doldridge Blackmore. One never reads her work, that she has fabricated a knowledge of dialect and local colour. There is no construction, no ingenious machinery, or stage stories seem to flow from her pen as natural as a fountain. The notes of humour and pathos are unforced. The most unusual of the incidents are improbable, and the most grotesque characters are "Zack" has so far worked only on a small scale. Her highest flights may possibly be beyond her. We can tell until she attempts them. But so much comparison with any writer who is working on the same scale. Whether her Devonshire is quite equal to Maupassant's Normandy she will decide on a first reading. We must wait to see whether they wear as well. But, whether "Zack" of Maupassant or not, she is unquestionably in with him, and is one of the few of the younger generation of fiction from whom we confidently anticipate

In Donegal.

THE OLD KNOWLEDGE (Macmillan, 6s.) is Gwynn's first novel, and it shows an author's "Repentance of a Private Secretary." It is a novel, in these days of hasty writing and shallow criticism, written throughout in such easy and fulfilling so admirably all that it sets out to do. It knows his country—it is Donegal, and he has written before—and he brings it before us here as a set himself some time ago to describe its "highland." We could not wish for a better picture of the life of the people than he gives us in the Lishes, nor better of the peasantry than we get in Margaret Coyle and the rest. It is an excellent little love-story and the opening scene on the river, where the hero for the first time, is excellent. But it is not the book something different from the usual type. It is Courvoys who gives Mr. Gwynn his title. He is out of the common, and he is drawn with extraordinary mystic, a poet, a dreamer, full of the "Old Knowledge." With the inalienable sadness of the Celt, Frank and Millicent make a very charming book ends pleasantly, in the orthodox fashion. A woman says, in one of her delightful proverbs, "the sea-gull follow the plough together, but the mate?" This is a book to read, and it will be read more than once.

Mr. Irving Bacheller.

unhappy Britisher. Darius Olin (the "D'ri" of the title page) is the kind of figure your American novelist cannot well do without—the quaint, rugged, pure-bred woodsman, with shrews of steel and unfailing resource in time of need. They have the liveliest of adventures, these two, fighting on the Canadian frontier, capturing and being captured, and the love-interest is prettily worked out. These Britishers are a low-down set, naturally, but Mr. Bacheller is perhaps not quite so hard on them as some of his compatriots have been recently, and Lord Ronley has even some tincture of fine feeling. The episode of the adventure in the Temple of the Avengers, chapter XIV., is exciting enough for anybody. We enjoyed "D'ri and I"—it is pleasantly written and very full of incident.

A Novel of Journalism.

A DOUBLE CHOICE, by James Baker (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is the story of a young man with artistic perceptions and a great capacity for taking pains, who begins as assistant in an art dealer's shop in a provincial town and ends as Berlin correspondent of a great London journal. In tracing his career Mr. Baker manages to give a rapid and clever impression of the multitudinous interests of a capable "special's" life, and he knows his journalism well. It is difficult for a reviewer to be quite just in writing of books that deal with literary and journalistic "shop," partly, perhaps, because he is obsessed with his own ideas upon the subject and apt to be intolerant of anything that does not absolutely square therewith. Mr. Baker is terribly in earnest. We yield to none in our appreciation of journalism as a high vocation, but equally we believe in the saving grace of humour. In this grace Mr. Baker is deficient. His hero is not a prig, but he is a little dull. But if the book is liable to criticism from the point of view of literary art, it is nevertheless one which will please a great many readers.

Mr. M. P. Shiel.

Weird and uncanny are the epithets that do most justice to Mr. M. P. Shiel's latest romance. THE PRIMA: CLOTH (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), like its predecessor, "The Lord of the Sea," professes to record the ravings of a patient under hypnotic influence. These take the curious form of a young doctor's experiences in an imaginary Arctic expedition. Alone of the party he succeeds in reaching the North Pole, but the punishment which his arrogance entails follows swiftly. The luckless discoverer fights his way back to civilization only to find the whole earth a charnel-house, and its entire population destroyed by an all-pervading poisonous vapour. After twenty years of restless wanderings, kaleidoscopic in their variety, he makes a second discovery, which we leave the reader to share with him. The story is as bewildering as a nightmare and defies serious criticism. Mr. Shiel's imagination carries all before it. "L'audace, encore l'audace, et toujours l'audace" must surely be his motto. One can only hope that some day he will make a saner use of his remarkable gifts.

A Detective Story.

Mr. Louis Tracy has fallen into line with the rest, and written his detective story. THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF LADY DELIA is its name (Pearson, 6s.); it has a startling but rather attractive cover in black and yellow; and it contains a stolid Scotland-yard inspector of the approved type, and a subtle young barrister with plenty of money and a fixed habit of meddling with other people's business. It is quite a reasonable story of its kind, and preserves its mystery up to within a few yards of the finish, although the experienced reader

the river . . . stranded there . . . on the banks of King Keremanz and forgotten by the march of Progress. It is an interest. So does the beauty and passion of the and the strange ambition of her father, who sacrifices to his yearning for Vienna, the great town that he seen, but whose every street he knows by heart. Mr. should be above using the age-old device of the letter wrong envelopes, though we must admit that in this more convincing than usual.

A New England Village.

The present craze for historical romance in America altogether to our taste, and it is a pleasant change to a so simple a transcript from plain country life as KING (Constable, 6s.) by a lady who signs herself Alice I. charming story, instinct with humanity, well written characterization far above the average, it carries on traditions of that New England literature to which tales of Miss Mary Wilkins. It is unobtrusive in appearance. It has no startling cover and no announcement enclosing publisher of "phenomenal success" on the other side of the Atlantic. Perhaps it will be passed over in the press announcements. But it is well worth reading—much more than many books that receive their daily half-column of advertisement. There is more thought and originality and ten times the back of this little volume than in a round dozen of published stories of the Revolution or of the Civil War. It may sell as it deserves—but we doubt it. Unobtrusive no doubt a good quality in itself, but the publishers have not given the public a chance by binding "King's End" more attractively.

La Vie de Bohème.

THE BOURGEOIS (Unwin, 6s.), by Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, is an unconventional book about as strange a set of Bohemians as it is possible to imagine. The oddities of an ex-medical playwright, and hypochondriac, a pessimistic clown, a mathematician, an advanced abstemious drinker, and a person who lives on his friends are set into relief by the philistine and bourgeois of the deepest dye. There is a good deal of racy humour and picturesque incident, though Mr. Stacpoole is straining every nerve to be amusing, does not always succeed, and is at times decidedly coarse in his allusion. There is little or no love interest in the book, the leading lady is out to be a shop thief, and Mr. Stacpoole commits the mistake of ending a comedy, bordering on farce, with tragedy. Nevertheless, "The Bourgeois" is a clever book, somewhat out of the ordinary run of novels.

Sporting Stories.

Messrs. Treherne's series of Shilling Sporting Stories well with Lady Florence Dixie's pretty little tale, "The Huntress," and is now continued with a book of different type, but means without merit, called REMINISCENCES OF A GENTLEMAN HORSEDEALER, by Harold Tremayne. It is a series of stories of incidents of hunting and horse-dealing, showing gentlemen who deal in horseflesh, though not immaculate, certainly be much less black than they are generally. They make bright and clever chapters likely to interest the sportsman. From the same author and the same publisher. Dross. The story of a clergyman's infatuation for, and with, an adventuress with its tragic end is a subject that to us to want more detailed and careful treatment than this. It is a pity that the author is lost here, too, in his desire to be amusing.

eyes, staring at us from the cover, seem larger than ever—and he is not yet safely dead; he is merely "a yellow-robed mysterious figure"—in short, a Buddhist priest. We take note, too, on p. 88, of these disturbing words, from the doctor's own mouth:—"The whole story I cannot tell you at present. Some day it will come in its proper place and you will know everything." These latest adventures of the Doctor are, we must confess, rather dull.

The Rock.

"Alix Orient"—we will assume it to be a pseudonym—who has written *TANGLES* (Digby, Long, 6s.), evidently knows Gibraltar pretty well, and brings the daily life on "the Rock" before us clearly enough from the civilian's point of view. This in itself is a merit, and the book is also pleasantly written and betrays tact, but there is no story, or at the best a very inconclusive story, and the mannerism of dubbing two characters "The Modern Maid" and "The Remarkable Boy," and generally referring to them by these cumbersome titles, is more irritating than amusing. It seems probable that the author—we must assume her sex—depicts herself under the former of these names. She has read more than most young ladies, and she has a modicum of original thought, but "Tangles" is not an attractive novel. It suffers from too much dialogue—cleverly done in places—but too flippant to be serious and too serious to be flippant. On the whole the general effect is dull.

"Death the Showman."

Those who have patience enough to push through the first fifty or hundred pages of John Fraser's *DEATH THE SHOWMAN* (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) will be rewarded by a really strong story. The writer has, however, seen fit to indulge in such a wealth of obscurity at the outset that we fear few will reach the desired haven. It takes some perseverance to acquire the drift of things at the Villa Glück, but once this has been done the members of the astonishing house-party there assembled become extremely entertaining. The whole story centres round a prolonged intellectual and emotional duel between Dolores Alva and Mrs. Jack Cade, and both characters are drawn with firmness and perception. One is struck with the author's strength in description; there are imagination and virility rather than delicacy, and if only certain tendencies towards slang and deliberate obscurity were corrected the style would be admirable. Such words as "niff," "chuck," "fuggy," and a dozen others are too low in tone for a book that is not low-pitched. Sometimes, too, taste is offended by a metaphor, vulgar, if apt. "The sun had gone down in a pewter sky" grates a little, as certainly does "the sky was like a grape-skin that had been sucked and spat out." We must give up trying to discover what lies behind the baffling phrase "tearfully empirical." Yet there are symptoms of power, and we recommend the writer to subject his art to rigid discipline.

Mr. Thomas Cobb.

SEVERANCE (Lane 6s.) is an admirable, pleasant novel, of the type which Mr. Thomas Cobb, the author of "Mr. Passingham" and "Carpet Courtship" &c., finds little difficulty in presenting to the reading public. At least the clever character sketches, the commonplace but telling incidents, are effective, mainly, on account of a certain graceful facility. The story of the various severances of man and wife and lovers is not of great importance; the play of humour is the thing. The pleasant sequence of events is such as may befall any of us. Although Mr. Cobb hardly attains to his highest in "Severance" his book is

Scottish history and a method that at least. His personages here are not very lively, and does not make matters much gayer by his narration. As for the historical details are well enough; Queen Mary, of the Red Moray, Darnley, and the rest play their parts with grace and skill. Mary Hamilton does not fight with hooks of steel as she does her "something." The general effect is sometimes a little such as the theatre when all the characters on the stage are laughing or bathed in tears and the audience.

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY, by Margaret (Harpers, 6s.), treats once more that rather hackneyed and picturesque subject, the reign of Louis XV. The competition at Court for the post of favorite and the tragic death of beautiful Marie Leszczyńska, Duchesse de Châteauroux, is very well pictured, and whose dramatic sense is true, and her dialogue is interesting. The book is beautifully illustrated.

The re-issue of the Lancashire romance *SENTRY*, by Allen Clarke (Henderson, 6s.), is attributed to local interest. As a story it is not good, the author has no grasp on the wider issue of the Civil War. Allen Clarke has a good picture of the sack of Bolton from obviously personal experience, while he is so careless in his more general handling of Lord Falkland among Puritan leaders. But even a quaint charm, about the homely life of the town. There is nothing very convincing in the love story of Dick or the character of the foundling, John. But some of the elder townsfolk of Bolton are well depicted, especially the Fat-tailan landlord Seythe.

HENRY BOURLAND: THE PASSING OF THE E. Hancock (Macmillan, 6s.), is yet another book about the American Civil War which are at present produced and as tirelessly consumed in the United States. Hancock is a Northerner who has made a profound study of the war and its results from a Southerner's point of view. He has produced a sympathetic picture of the inevitable downfall of the Southern planters. Henry Bourland, his sister, and his friends are fine characters, but the account of their lives is and painfully devoid of style. In fact, the book is given an admirably conscientious study of the conditions, the dash, romance, and poetry of the war, confined to its suggestive sub-title.

GYDA THE GOTI (Burling, 3s. 6d.) aims at a character and life at the Court of Constantinople the year 1066; but Mr. Ernest Western's indifferent success. Gyda, into whose mouth the author has put his one outstanding virtue. She personifies a true feminine representation of the Norse character. Where the author fails is in the general story. In spite of its references to Norse history, Western gives us some stirring scenes which are not of the Constantinople; but we cannot accept a king of the eleventh century, who is named Makartee; and we have been the name of a gossip a thousand years ago.

The French Revolution, with its revolutionary

IN *A DEAL WITH THE KING* (Digby, Long, 6s.), a stirring romance of love and war, Mr. J. T. Fladlay takes us back to the ill-starred Jacobite rising of 1715. The character of the Old Pretender has long since been torn to tatters, and the author has wisely made an adventurous young laird the hero of his story. Now the latter, who bears the euphonious name of Pittendrigh of Auchmunziel, punishes his Prince's treachery and deserts his flag is told with much liveliness and variety of incident. The book is none the worse because it does not distort the facts of history.

THE LION'S BROOD (Heinemann, 6s.) is a thorough and, on the whole, a successful picture of the days of Lake Trasimene and Cannæ. Mr. Duffield Osborne has spared no pains in his attempt to reproduce the Rome of that time, and he has contrived an ingenious story with many surprises and with several stirring scenes. Over most novels of this kind there is apt to hang the shadow of the "Dictionary of Antiquities," but Mr. Osborne's careful particularity of description does not unduly obscure the human element. He draws for us Fabius, the Dictator (and has the courage to refrain from quoting the line of Ennius), Minucius, his *magister equitum*, Varro, the butcher-consul, as well as Hannibal, and Mago, and Maharbal, and some of the chief men of Capua. Marcia, daughter of Titus Manlius Torquatus, is the heroine; Lucius Sergius Fidenas the hero, and both hero and heroine prove themselves worthy descendants of old Rome. A good book of its kind, displaying some scholarship as well as ingenuity of construction.

THE LITTLE SAINT OF GOD, by Lady Fairlie Cuninghame (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), is a spirited tale of the Chouan rising in Brittany. The author has kept conscientiously close to history without making her story tedious. Thérèse de Moellien, the heroine, is not the kind of "ministering child" suggested by the title and by her nickname among the peasantry, but a mixture of Joan of Arc and Flora Macdonald—a gloriously intrepid and beautiful creature. The Marquis de la Roncière, the great Chouan leader, is the principal character. In his social capacity Lady Fairlie Cuninghame has made something of a coxcomb of him. But the adventurous part of the tale is capital.

Accurate knowledge of a period and facility in writing may enable one to produce a faithful historical study, but they are not sufficient if one would produce a live story. Miss Gertrude Hollis has chosen the years 1091-1100 as the period for her book *IN THE DAYS OF ST. ANSELM* (London, S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), and her story centres round the appointment of the Abbot of Bee to the Primacy of All England. She knows her facts and she writes well—many of the descriptive passages are charming—but she is weaker on the dramatic side of life in that rude period; she lacks just that touch of genius which breathes life into the dry bones of the past. The book is well produced, and should be useful to teachers who want to convey to their pupils an idea of the social life of England under the feudal system.

In spite of its curious staccato style there is a fascination about *THE KING'S RING* (Jarrold, 6s.) which is difficult of explanation. A translation from the Swedish of Zacharias Topelius, it seems to voice the Swedish hero-worship of Gustavus Adolphus in whose personality and exploits during the Thirty Years' War the romance is centred. It possesses vivid colouring, some humour, and a certain nervous force reminding one in a measure of the delightful stories of another period by MM. Erckmann-Chatelain. The actual translation

place soon after that of his namesake the "Confessor," as Miss Davidson suggests, he may have been poisonously unscrupulous partisan who wished to secure the son of Harold. The book is praiseworthy and industrious, an immense amount of ground; we go with the eye most of the European kingdoms of the eleventh century the curious may pick up much varied information. The book is dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York, who can, by the way, trace her. It is said, from Edward the Exile through Margaret.

To suggest that a story in its event is not true only to court the rejoinder that the events as described happened in real life; one hesitates, therefore, to *GILLETTE'S MARRIAGE* (Heinemann, 6s.) would not have been as Mamie Bowles declares, but it certainly taxes her abilities, Gillette being the woman that she was. It is extremely unpleasant, and not one which can be read to any one who wishes to preserve a healthy taste appropriate to fiction. But it is amazingly clever in its analysis of a rare character and in its revelation of the working of a woman's mind in supreme moments. For Miss Bowles has focussed all her powers, and the searching study of a woman by a woman, written with force and free from the weaknesses of phrase-making, a suggestion of reserved force that holds out great promise for the future. There is much that we dislike in the book, are errors in taste. But it makes us expect a good deal from Miss Bowles in the future, if she can find some theme more than a husband's persistent unfaithfulness.

As a picture of manners in a small and decaying town *INTERLOPER* (Griffiths, 3s. 6d.) may have interest; as it is devoid alike of plot and incident. Miss S. Elizabeth is responsible for this history of Landwich and of its families, seems to have set about her task with no plan. Possibly she expected that the story would grow in writing, but if so we fear that she was disappointed. It left doubting until the very last chapter whether Stoddart or Richard Upcher is to have our sympathy. Apparently the author found herself afflicted with uncertainty, and decided to bring a very invertebrate an unsatisfactory conclusion by killing Miss Loraine, balking both her suitors. But for the evidence of page we should have put these errors down to inexperience. Miss Hall appears to have written at least one other novel.

HIS LAWFUL WIFE, by Jean Middlemass (Digby, 6s.) concerns the daughter of an East-end shopman. Her name is Kitty; and it suits her, for she is the unmeaning misfit in the life of herself and her parents. After running home in a passion, somewhat justified by the words of her overdry and pious father, she returns a suppliant. The first third of the story drags a little, then Miss M. plunges into her plot in a manner that gives the reader rest until the happy conclusion is reached. *JESSE, THE MARLOWE* (Digby, Long, 6s.), is termed "a realistic tale." At the outset, Jesse, a "little boy," is made drunk with rum by his father; but where the "fairy" portion comes in is not said. The chapters headed "His Metamorphosis," "His Ness," "His Exceeding Foolishness," "His Asinine-ness," and a dozen more of "His" doings do not, alas! to the humour they suggest. Yet if this record of

BOOKS AT AUCTION.

THE ELLIS SALE.

The Ellis collection sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Monday last was composed for the most part of examples from the Kelmscott Press. The 133 lots included in the sale brought an aggregate of £5,588, but eliminating from this the amounts paid for the pen-and-ink drawings, &c., the result shows that the books fetched the very high average of over £36 per lot. The following were among the principal books sold:—

KELMSCOTT BOOKS, PRESENTATION COPIES FROM
WILLIAM MORRIS.

"The Glittering Plain," printed on vellum, 1891	£114 0
"Poems by the Way"	60 0
"News from Nowhere"	30 0
"Reynard the Foxe"	44 0
"Poems" of Shakespeare	91 0
"Order of Chivalry"	41 0
"King Florio"	38 0
"The Glittering Plain"	75 0
"The Life and Death of Jason"	20 0

ORDINARY COPIES PRINTED ON VELLUM.

"The Defence of Guinevere"	£12 0
"The Histories of Troye"	61 0
"The Life of Wolsey"	41 0
"Godfrey of Bolayne"	56 0
"Utopia"	51 0
"Solomon the Sorcerer"	48 0
"Gothic Architecture"	9 10
"Poems" of Keats	71 0
"Psalms Psalteriales"	27 0
"Satanstoele"	27 0
"Poems" of Shelley	89 0
"Sir Percyvelle"	22 0
"Poems" of Herrick	50 0
"Poems" of Coleridge	37 0
"Sire Degravantal"	19 0
"Floure and the Leaf"	20 10
"The Shepherdes Calendar"	50 0
"Sir Isumbrake"	20 0
"Works" of Chaucer	510 0

ORDINARY COPIES.

"The Glittering Plain," 1891	£22 0
"Poems" of Keats	25 10
"Poems" of Shelley	23 0
"Life and Death of Jason"	16 0
"Poems" of Herrick	19 0
"The Earthly Paradise"	23 0
"Sagard the Volsung"	26 0
"Works" of Chaucer (one of 20 copies bound at the Domesday at a cost of £13 each)	112 0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Croft. "Cradles," 1611	£60 0
"Dictionary of National Biography," 63 vols.	34 10
Lamb. "Elia," presentation copy from the author	77 0
Morris. "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," 1856	11 10
Morris. "The Pilgrimes," 5 vols., 1625-6	53 0
Whitman. "Leaves of Grass," 1871, with letter from the author	35 0
"Hans" Kervier's print of 1501, a perfect and almost new copy	140 0
M.H. "Principles of Political Economy," Ruskin's copy, with many of his MS. notes	23 0
Ruskin. "The House of the Ancients and Songs of Experience," in 4 ll., illustrated by the author	700 0
Marbach. "The Works of Common Prayer Notes," Grafton's rare print of 1559, fine copy	202 0
The Original Ink Drawings of the 57 designs of Burne- Jones for the Kelmscott "Chaucer"	800 0
Four illustrations by Burne-Jones to illustrate the story of Cupid and Psyche	74 0

BOOKS BOUND BY CARTER-SANDERSON.

Swanwick. "Alabaster in Calydon," 1863	£40 0
Swanwick. "Athena." A gilded reprint of the Pisa edition of 1811	47 0
Morris. "Sagard the Volsung," 1867. Presentation copy	111 0
Morris. "Dances of John Bell." Presentation copy	90 0
Kenn. "Endymion." First edition	131 0
Morris. "Love is Enough." First edition, large paper	177 0

condition, and uncut, was sold for £41. The Ellis fetched the extraordinary price of £131. Other bound by the same artist at an original cost were the "Love is Enough," with water-colour the margins, and the "Sagard the Volsung" copy. The moral of their prices would appear old-fashioned fixed belief in the monetary value untouched margins and "in paper boards as it holds good, provided that the binder is, for the least, a man who is fashionable and has the market.

The old discussions amongst book collectors of Blake are likely to be revived by the copy of the "Songs of Innocence and Experience." The present estimation of Blake made from 1807, when Mr. Swinburne practically poet into fame, but during the last few years for good copies of Blake's works have been. In December, 1900, Blake's own MS. of "An with all the original drawings by the author, £235 at the Lakeland sale in 1891, was sold. Some collectors argued from this that Blake's wane, but the price obtained this week falsified. The Ellis volumes, copies originally given by Calvert, consist of fifty-four leaves, printed on only, and each mounted in a heavy sunken mount catalogue described the plates as being "exquisite" but this is just the question at issue. Many to give Blake all the praise that his work as they are not prepared to regard him as a great is a good deal of weight in the contention, for illustrations in the cumbersome bundle of leaves would have sustained the credit of even a second-century miniaturist.

Messrs. Hodgson's sale last week included interesting lots in addition to the already "Œuvres," which at £665 more than doubled within a year, and compare with £315 paid by Mr. Quaritch in 1896. The first edition "Poems" would have brought more than £900, date, 1851, been erased; eight volumes of Byron, limited to 250 copies, now being in Murray, fetched £7, as against a cost of a single page of the Kelmscott Chaucer £4 12s. 6d., or equal to about £1,300 for whereas the Ellis example brought £510.

The exhibition of the famous Chigi Borghese sets at rest the question as to the picture. The Prince Chigi was tempted to defer for the picture—much renovated we should shown by the "kind permission" of Mrs. G. Discovered by the painter, Morelli, and declared except for the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, Botticelli in Rome, it was sold some two years for £13,000; and it certainly is a very beautiful for the charm of the Madonna, but for the rare escape background, which is as interesting as a painter's most delicate and yet forceful manner. Should the picture ultimately go to America will come to something more than £2,000.

The fourteen examples of Sir Henry Raeburn which Messrs. Forbes and Paterson have added to their gallery in Bond-street, should afford the followers of art in London to become better acquainted with the characteristics and qualities of a painter.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—II.

The editor of the *Nineteenth Century* supports in that Review the militia ballot. "Did Elizabeth Starve and Rob her Seamen?" asks Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge. He answers that her administration of the Navy "compares favourably with that of any of her successors' Governments." Mr. R. B. Marston asks "Can the Sea be Fished Out?" He thinks not. "It seems probable, indeed, that in every second, every minute, and every day, more fish is produced in the sea than all humanity combined could devour in the same time." And he proceeds to argue that "it is a disgrace to our nation, depending so entirely as we do upon the sea for our existence, that we do less than almost any nation to encourage and support our fisheries, both inland and sea." Mr. Wilfrane Hubbard explains the French Associations Law, and opines that "there is no reason why the present exodus (of the monks and nuns) should have more permanent results than the many that have taken place before." There is no article in the number that can legitimately be classed as literary.

In the *Fortnightly* Diplomatics heaps ridicule on the South African policy of the Government in an article styled "A Comedy of Proclamations." The party politician will mark this as a useful article for reference. There are two papers on Afghan probabilities, one by Sir Lepel Griffin and one by Colonel Hanna. "Military Crime and Its Treatment" is the subject of a thoughtful discourse by Major Arthur Griffiths, to whom all classes of criminals are professionally familiar. Mr. J. B. Firth's article on "The Guerilla in History" is opportune, and shows us, among other things, how the Prussians dealt with guerillas in 1870:—

When the railway bridge at Fontenay was blown up by the Chasseurs des Vosges, the Germans burnt down every house in the village and levied a fine of ten million francs, or £400,000, upon the entire population of Lorraine.

This admission, quoted from General von Widdern, is also interesting: "In such circumstances many a reprisal was made, and death was often inflicted upon innocent people." Literature is represented in the number by an article on Madame de Sevigné by the Hon. Mrs. Chapman, and by reviews of "Sir Richard Calmady" by Mrs. Hugh Bell and of *Iris* by Mr. W. L. Courtney. "In a flabby age," says Mr. Courtney, "when we chatter about temperaments, and imagine that they can excuse us for want of will, it is well that we should be reminded, as we are in Mr. Pinero's remorseless treatment, of the inexorable laws of ethics and life." But what does Mr. Courtney mean by the remark that *Iris* was "only weak, not wicked"? Between wickedness and the weakness attributed to her, there is no difference recognizable by the moralist. She only gets sympathy at the theatre because the part is in the hands of an actress who fails to render the wickedness.

In the *Contemporary* the inevitable character-sketch of the new United States President is by Mr. Albert Shaw. Mr. Shaw's prediction is that "his international attitude will be as pacific as that of Mr. McKinley, whose policies will be continued without perceptible change of direction." "Protestantism in France" is the title of an article by Mr. Richard Heath, who takes the responsibility of foreseeing "another movement founded on essentially the same Gospel as that preached by Haldane which will, we trust, see its way to making it plain to cities and villages, churches and families, that they are by nature steeped in sin." Frankly, though we know France pretty well, we see no signs of this. Revivalism like Haldane's is a thing which the French temperament seems constitutionally incapable of comprehending, though it certainly once flourished at Geneva, and inspired a few Frenchmen like Félix Neff. Mr. F. T. Jane writes on "The Seaworthiness of Destroyers." His main point is that, "by the nature of things, accidents must happen to destroyers, and disasters cannot always be avoided if a useful Navy is to be maintained." Moreover, naval officers know the dangers which the fleet is exposed to

or any other known lady novelist—Miss Core (Holmondeley, Miss Annie Swan—and you will find on the task is easy for a man, or not. If, by impossibility, these ladies asked me to be her brownie I should be detected, even by the least expert reader, not to mention, though I think I would succeed best as an imitator, Annie Swan." Perhaps. Yet Dumas found "collaborators" imitated his style successfully enough, though they compete with him in imaginative endowment.

The *Monthly Review* has latterly been taking to novelists for its special province, and has this month Mr. R. Nisbet Bain on Maksim Gorky, whose name of transliteration as Maxim Gorki. It is a remarkable case Mr. Bain relates. Gorky has been a cobblers draughtsman's assistant, a gardener's help, a turn-kitchen of a steamboat, a baker, a railway porter, and so on. He only began to write in 1892, and he already ranks with Tolstoy in the estimation of his countrymen; his notes glorification of vagabondage, and a contempt for respectability and the moral consciousness. No doubt he is the symbol of some deep-seated disease of the Russian organism. No doubt, too, translations of his tales will be among the common objects of our library tables, and meanwhile a translation of one of them, done by M. appears in the magazine we are noticing. An article Sydney Brooks in the same number explains the Tammany Hall, and Signor L. Villari shows us what progress and economic reform are making in Italy; Mr. T. has a paper, equally well written and illustrated, "Modern Thoroughbred," and Mr. E. H. Cooper does "Nurseries of the Twentieth Century," pleading for the profession, the deputy-mother, the guardian with plenty of the mother's help enlarged and glorified into a authority over governess, nurse, and dressmakers, and to refuse the requests of aunts.

Blackwood publishes another article describing the action of war from the pen of the pseudonymous "I. Since the ultimatum was launched no one has done it better than this writer. If his literary gifts are those of G. W. Stevens, he has a greater knowledge of the subject, and he has seen things at closer quarters. His attack—an exploit of Menéndez's Scouts in the Versam—is a theme this time; this picture is admirably graphically reviewed of three recent biographies—those of Sir Gerald Graham, and Sir Robert Murdoch Smith—Musing without Method are devoted partly to General and partly to Count Tolstoy. The writer's admiration for the novelist is coupled with profound disdain for the message to the world.

The *Sunday Magazine* has an authentic account and work of Mr. F. T. Bullen. We gather that the nautical writer began his career as a landsman in the logical Office, and afterwards opened a shop in London where he framed pictures. His first literary work appeared in *Young England* and the *Boy's Own Paper*. Then he rose to the *Spectator*. His first great work was with "The Cruise of the Carthage."

The *Universal and Ludgate* has two good "trick" stories, one on the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard at Gosport, and the other on the Bismarck Museum at Schönhausen. There is also a short story of some merit by the Earl of Iddesleigh.

The number of the *Revue Blanche* for November 1 contains a long article by M. Gustave Kahn on "The Origins of Symbolism," in which this literary movement from 1870 is explained perhaps fully and clearly for the first time. The evolution of symbolism is, of course, not yet ended. But the author rightly thinks that the time is ripe to appreciate the emancipation in French verse of which he himself, not the Mallarmés and Verlaines, has been one of the best. He has therefore drawn up "notes" for the future of the movement. They are personal and autobiographical.

Correspondence.

THE LITERARY AGENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May a writer exiled in the fringes of the Empire say on behalf of the literary agent that the employment of such a personage by such an exile bespeaks not surely a deep-seated distrust of publishers, but only a deplorable distance from them? If Mr. Heinemann would tell Australasian and Canadian writers how they should otherwise offer their wares to London publishers, I am sure they would thank him. To send a manuscript half-a-dozen times back and forth across the Atlantic or the Pacific maketh the heart sick—and uses up a lot of postage stamps.

Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

Toronto, Canada, Oct. 26.

WAS AMY ROBSART KILLED?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your last issue Dr. Gairdner tells us that on the day of Amy Robsart's death at Cumnor that house was "almost entirely deserted (only Amy herself and apparently two other ladies being there)." But is this inference of his correct? Does not the same original information which proves that Amy would not go to Abington state also that "Anthony Forster refused that day to go to the fair"?

Dr. Gairdner proceeds to argue that, in the deserted condition of the house, a "burglary" took place, and that in the ensuing "alarm" Amy fell down "the awkward corkscrew staircase, and so caused her death." Now, I believe that I have read all the original evidence on the subject available, just as Dr. Gairdner has, and I have never found any account whatsoever of this extraordinary "burglary." No reference to these "bad characters" is offered in Blount's letters to Leicester. Moreover, how does Dr. Gairdner know that Amy fell down an "awkward corkscrew staircase"? Cumnor Place was admittedly a low building, and the idea of Amy twisting herself into such a position as to break her neck by falling down a short winding staircase on an alarm caused by the presence of burglars, whose existence is never even mentioned by contemporary writers, is, to my mind, improbable. Finally, although Dr. Gairdner contends that Crell befriended Dudley "after" Amy's death, he seems to forget that Cecil, nevertheless, termed Dudley "infamed by his wife's death."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

November 4.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The Trade and the Season's Novels.

The booksellers are passing through what a prominent member of the trade describes as the critical stage of the autumn season. A month ago everything was going well; now trade is comparatively slack, and the success or failure of the season as a whole depends on the next few weeks. This is not the normal course of events, but we are told that the same thing happened last year, when the book trade, after an alarming drop just before Lord Mayor's Show day, recovered so completely that practically the same results of the season's business was done during

of Lord Ernest Hamilton's new historical romance "Hamilton," the story of the serving-maid of Scots (Methuen). Lord Ernest Hamilton had spurs as a writer of historical fiction, but this is his "hit"; a third edition of "Mary Hamilton" is in the press. So far as fiction is concerned Messrs. reached the end of their programme, though (I judge) one novel is their largest on record for any one year. All these books, we are informed, have been republished successfully being Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard" in its fourth edition, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "The Four Freights," has already gone to a third edition published less than a month ago. "Tristram of Blenheim" went very well, but "The Benefactor" by the authoress of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" has even exceeded expectations, selling better day since its first appearance four or five weeks ago. The other outstanding successes of the season are Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "New Canterbury Tales"; Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way"; Maxwell Gray's "Four-Leaved Clover" (Hill); Carey's "Herbs of Grace" (Macmillan); Starbuck's "Count Hannibal" (Smith, Elder); and Max Pezzoli's "Giant's Gate" (Cassell).

New Annuals.

It is scarcely correct to say that Messrs. completed their programme so far as fiction is concerned, for they have a new publication by Miss Marie Corelli for the market; for Miss Corelli, following the lead of Dickens and Thackeray—and lesser lights of the genre—bringing out a Christmas number. She has written the contents include several short stories, an essay on a matter of current interest, and one quite a crop of new Annuals is springing up this time, the newcomers, as already announced in "The New Annuals," This is to be issued immediately, contributions by Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. T. L. Frank T. Bullen, Mr. Herman Merivale, and Mr.

E. V. Lucas and Charles Lamb.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, who brought together the letters of Lamb's in his volume on "Charles Lamb's Letters" (1898) has discovered a little nursery rhyme, "King and Queen of Hearts," illustrated, with there seems every reason to believe were composed by Lamb before he wrote the "Tales from Shakespeare" sister—the book which has hitherto been regarded as juvenile work. A facsimile of this volume will be published by Messrs. Methuen, for whom Mr. Lucas has a sumptuous reprint of the first editions of "Elia"—illustrated by A. Garth Jones—which was about the 22nd inst.; this is to be followed by the edition of the first and second series of "The Little Library." Next Mr. Lucas begins the new series of "Little Children," which he is editing for the same publisher to get entertaining or exciting stories for children, the moral of which is implied rather than stated. The first two volumes will be "The Air of the Mastermans and Dobson Major" nearly lost their names, and "The Besennot Book," by Jacob

This month Messrs. Macmillan will publish Fiske's last contribution to the literature on evolution and its reconciliation with Christianity, "The Evolution of the Idea of God," "The Destiny of Man," "Through Nature to God," which also appear in editions through Messrs. Macmillan. Fiske was 70 years old when he died some five or six months ago, long exercised a powerful influence over America.

The new novel by Ralph Connor, the author of "The Pilot," which we mentioned some time ago, is to

November 9, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

Books to look out for at once.

- "The Times Life of Queen Victoria." 1 vol. Sampson Low. Two guineas net.
[With about 21 photographic portraits covering the whole period of the life of the Queen.]
- "Poems of the Past and the Present." By Thomas Hardy. Harpers. 6s.
- "The Tale of the Great Mutiny." By W. H. Fitchett. Smith, Elder. 6s.
[With portraits.]
- "The Art of Life." By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Sonnenschein. 6s.
- "Caroline the Illustrious." By W. H. Wilkins. Longmans. 2 vols.
[A study of the life and times of the Queen-Consort of George II. Portraits and other illustrations.]
- "Before I Forget." By Albert Chevalier. Fisher Unwin. 16s.
[Mr. Chevalier's Autobiography. Illustrated.]
- "Words by an Eye-Witness." By "Lineaman." Blackwood. 6s.
[A book on the struggle in Natal, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, with fresh material.]
- "The French People." By Arthur Russell. Heinemann. 6s.
["The Great Peoples" Series.]
- "Stag Hunting with the 'Devon and Somerset.'" By Philip Evered. Chitto and Windus. 16s.
[Illustrated.]
- "The Making of a Marchioness." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Smith, Elder. 6s.
- "The House Divided." By H. B. Macriott Watson. Harpers. 6s.
- "The Marriage of Lydia Malnwarling." By Adeline Sergeant. Hutchinson. 6s.
- "Houses of Ignorance." By Frederick Carrel. John Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART.

ANDREA MANTEGNA. By MAUD CRUTTWELL. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) 8x5, 132 pp. Bell. 5s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS WOLSEY, LEGATE AND REFORMER. By E. L. TAUNTON. 9x6, 230 pp. Lane. 15s. n.

[Deals with Wolsey as a Churchman, and studies the causes which led up to the Reformation. The author is a Roman Catholic priest, and wrote the "History of the Jesuits of England." Excellent illus.]

BARRY SULLIVAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By R. M. SUGARD. Two vols. 9x6, 275+257 pp. Unwin. 21s. n.

[A long and attractively bound life of the great actor by an admirer, with portraits of him at different ages.]

MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK (1625-1678): HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS. By CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH. 9x6, 377 pp. Longmans. 18s. n.

[Shedding some light on the social history of the seventeenth century at Court, in Essex—the home of the Richs—and elsewhere. By the authoress of the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography."]

LORD KITCHENER. By H. G. CROSER. 7x5, 216 pp. Pearson. 2s. 6d.

[A popular account of his career.]

DIARIES OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK. Edited by MARGARETHE VON POSCHINGER. Trans. by Frances A. Welby. 9x6, 369 pp.

[Giving the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71, and the journeys to the East and to Spain.]

HENRY SCHOMBURG KERR, Sailor and Jesuit. By the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL-SCOTT. 8x5, 413 pp. Longmans. 6s. 6d. n.

[Kerr (1838-1895), the grandson of the sixth Marquis of Lothian, was a Jesuit Missionary in India, Zambesi, and elsewhere.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

LITTLE PEOPLE. An Alphabet. (The Dumpy Books for Children, No. XI.) Pictures by Henry Mayer. Verses by T. W. H. CROSLAND. 5x3, 94 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

TRUE STORIES OF GIRL HEROINES. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. 8x5, 574 pp. Hutchinson. 5s.

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL. By J. M. CALLWELL. 7x5, 240 pp. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

THE DRAGON OF PEKIN. By CAPT. F. S. BREKTON. 7x5. Blackie. 3s.

[A story of the Boxer revolt.]

THREE GIRLS ON A RANCH. By ELSIE MARCHANT. 7x5. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

[A story of Mexico.]

THOSE TWINS. By ELLISON D. ADAMS. 7x5, 211 pp. Blackie. 3s.

[The adventures of a mischievous but lovable little couple. Illustrated.]

FOR THE OLD SCHOOL. By FLORENCE COOMBE. 7x5, 300 pp. Blackie. 3s.

[The doings of the boys at a small private school.]

THE CHILD'S BIBLE. Illus. New Ed. 10x8, 610 pp. Cassell. 3s.

[This gives consecutively parts of the Bible adapted to the original edition 150,000 copies were sold. It is now large type, with 89 plates from pictures by modern artists and fine coloured pictures specially designed by W. H. Margate.]

INTO STORMY WATERS. A story for girls. By MRS. H. 7x5, 135 pp. Sunday School Union. 1s. 6d.

[A story of school and home life.]

GAMMON AND SPINACH. Illustrated by Stewart Orr. JOHN BRYNER. 8x11, 102 pp. Blackie. 6s.

[Coloured pictures, chiefly funny animals, with their in verse.]

ROUND THE WORLD TO WYMPLAND. By EVELYN SHANNON. 235 pp. Lane. 5s.

[Eight fairy stories. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward.]

THE ANIMAL BOOK. By F. SMITH. 11x9, 96 pp. Blackie. 3s.

[Account of 32 animals in large print, with full-page pictures.]

A GALLANT GRENADIER. By CAPT. F. S. BREKTON. 7x5. Blackie. 3s.

[A tale of the Crimean war. Illustrated.]

CLASSICAL.

SONIUS MARCELLUS' DICTIONARY OF REPUBLICAN ROMAN HISTORY. By PROF. W. M. LINDSAY. Parker. 4s.

GREEK AND LATIN COMPOSITIONS. By R. SHILLETO. 411 pp. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. n.

[This is a collection of the large number of "compositions" among Mr. Shilleto's old pupils, and attributed to him. It is with a brief preface, by Mr. Shilleto's two sons. The book is printed on one side of the page, the Greek or Latin on the other.]

FICTION.

O'CALLAGHAN, THE SLAVE TRADER. By C. D. LAMPSON. 8x5. Digby Long. 3s. 6d.

[A story of smuggling and robbery in France and a savage and slaving adventures in West Africa. Illustrated.]

THE SHADOW OF THE PURPLE. By W. HEATY. 7x5. Gardner. 3s.

[Short stories of the days of Justinian, Richelieu, Queen Elizabeth, Louis XV., &c.]

O'ER MOOR AND FEN. By J. H. KING. 7x5, 340 pp. and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

[Methodist life in Lancashire.]

A FLOWER OF ASIA. By CYRIL. 7x5, 309 pp. Burns and Oates. 3s.

[A story of India, and its many religions, in the sixties.]

LOVE IN ITS TENDERNESS. By J. R. AITKEN. 8x5. Gardner. 3s.

[Stories of Scotch life, of a pathetic and rather religious nature.]

THE GOLDEN SPUR. By J. S. FLETCHER. 7x5, 329 pp. J. B. Lippincott. 3s.

[The story of a conspiracy to secure the person and German princess staying in a castle in Ireland.]

THE SACRED PERICUNTS OF THE CLOSE. A Tale of a City. By S. WARDLASE. 7x5, 167 pp. Sands. 3s. 6d.

[A brief modern love story of Cathedral life.]

A DRONE AND A DREAMER. (The Dollar Library). By LLOYD. 7x5, 239 pp. Heinemann. 4s.

[Modern life in Pennsylvania. Told by the "Dreamer."]

SALAMMO. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. (French Novels of the nineteenth Century). Translated by J. W. Matthews. 7x5, 311 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.

[The first of this series which we described last week. up book in yellow cover, with an admirable photograph of the author and a good appreciation (7 pp.) by Mr. Arthur Symonds.]

KING FRITZ'S A.D.C. By FRANK HIRD. 7x5, 306 pp. Blackie. 3s.

[The Court of "Ehrenfelberstein" supplies the entire story. Time, to-day.]

AN ORIGINAL GIRL. By ETHEL F. HEDDLE. 7x5, 387 pp. Blackie. 3s.

[The romance of a girl's life begun among poor surroundings.]

THE WINDS OF CORTHUGG. By CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE. 8x5, 200 pp. Ishister. 6s.
[Story of modern life in Cornwall, with illustrations.]

VISITING THE SIN. By EMMA RAYNER. 7½x5½, 448 pp. Putnam. 6s.
[Mountain life in Kentucky and Tennessee, mostly founded on stories told the author by old residents.]

THE ARBITER. By Mrs. H. HELL. 7½x5½, 315 pp. Arnold, 6s.
[A social and political novel of modern life.]

THE FIERY BAWN. By M. E. COLERIDGE. 7½x5½, 300 pp. Arnold, 6s.
[Paris in the first half of the nineteenth century; introduces Victor Hugo, Gautier, and other literary characters, and contains passages borrowed from Hubert de Saint Amand, Louis Blanc, &c.]

HALF MY LIFE. By W. T. HICKMAN. 7½x5½, 303 pp. Arnold, 6s.
[An artist tells the story of his life up to his marriage.]

CYNTHIA'S WAY. By Mrs. A. SIDGWICK. 7½x5½, 322 pp. Arnold, 6s.
[A young English millmilliner in German society.]

GOD SAVE THE KING. By R. MACDONALD. 7½x5, 335 pp. Hutchinson, 6s.
[A tale of Charles II.]

TWO BABES IN THE CITY. By CHRISTINE SETON and ESTRA WILDERMAN. 7½x5, 220 pp. Arnold, 3s. 6d.

[The doings and experiences in society and business of two girls who run a typewriting office.]

ONLY A NIGGER. By R. MITCHELL. 7½x5½, 351 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[The nigger is an admirable and learned Hindoo. The story hinges on an Englishman's implication with an Italian secret society.]

TALES OF A DYING RACE. By A. C. GRACE. 7½x5, 250 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

[Short stories about the Maoris, reprinted from Australian papers.]

OLD BLACKBRIARS. A story of the days of Sir Anthony Van Dyck. By BEATRICE MARSHALL. 7½x5½, 323 pp. Seeley, 5s.

[At the Court of Charles I. Based on Addison's story of Leontine and Endorus in the "Spectator."]

THE HAPPENINGS OF JILL. By "IOTA." 7½x5, 378 pp. Hutchinson, 6s.

[At a landowner's home on an island off Ireland, and mining in Africa.]

GREAT LOWLANDS. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH (Mrs. LEE-HAMILTON). 7½x5½, 375 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[Great Lowlands is a country town. It is a tale of (Independent) chapel life.]

STEPHEN KYRLE. By KATHERINE ANDREWS. 7½x5½, 385 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[An Australian story, beginning at Melbourne in 1852. One of the characters is a felon who is a sculptor.]

A MAN OF IRON. By J. MORGAN-DE-GROOT. 7½x5½, 312 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[Much concerned with a League of Terror for the reformation of society of to-day.]

WITHIN THE RADIUS. By A. KINROSS. 7½x5, 281 pp. Duckworth, 6s.

[Another of Mr. Kinross' books of adventure in London, on the lines of Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."]

ONE LIFE BETWEEN. By ALICE M. MEADOWS. 7½x5, 423 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

[A story of crime and its discovery.]

THE PERIL OF THE PRINCE. By HEADON HULL. 8x5½, 317 pp. Pearson. 6s.

[The Prince is the Prince of Wales. A story of modern Anarchism.]

IN OUR COUNTRY. By MARION HARLAND. 7½x5, 465 pp. Putnam. 6s.

[Stories of Virginia at the time of Mr. Harland's childhood, with illustrations of lake and forest.]

THE TRAITOR'S WAY. By S. LEVETT-YEATS. 7½x5½, 367 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[A novel of French history, introducing Richelieu, Condé, &c.]

HISTORY.

THE WAR OF THE POLISH SUCCESSION. By H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM. 7½x5½, 73 pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d. n.

[A brief sketch for Oxford "History men" and others.]

NOVA LEGENDA ANGLIE. Ed. by CARL HOHNMAN. 2 vols. 9x5½, 268+721 pp. The Clarendon Press.

[Gives the text of Wynkyn de Worde's Edition collated with MS. Cotton Tiberius E. 1. This has been ready some years. The Introduction is very considerable complete, but is issued to avoid delay.]

LITERARY.

DANTE AND GIOVANNI DEL VIRGILIO. By P. H. WICKSTEED and E. G. GANTNER. 9x5½, 340 pp. Constable, 12s.

[An edition of Dante's Latin Elegies and of the poetic remains of his Virgilio, including the latter's poem to Musato. There are

FREDERICK THE GREAT ON KINGCRAFT. By SIR J. W. WHITTALL. 9x5½, 236 pp. Longmans.

[Claims to give the text and translation of "de Prusse, écrites par lui-même, A.D." 1764, from Frederick the Great's own hand, possessed by father. Carlyle denied the authenticity of Reminiscences of the travels and family of President of the British Chamber of Commerce chapter on Turkish stories.]

BOOKBINDING AND THE CARE OF BOOKS. No. 1.) By DOUGLAS COCKERELL. With Drawings. 7½x5, 336 pp. Hogg.

[This is the first of a new series of text-books and artistic craftsmanship. It is well illustrated.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

GALLOWAY GOSSIP EIGHTY YEARS AGO. By TROTTER. 7½x5½, 460 pp. Courier and Herald.

[Sketches told in broad Scotch of the aboriginal Picts of Galloway ("The Stewarts" already published a "Shire" volume) as they existed before they were "crowded out." Mr. S. Preface. They were taken down mainly from Scotch lady, and the author claims that they give of strictly grammatical Scotch.]

THE HIDE'S HOOK. By Mrs. E. T. COOK. 7½x5, 336 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[Chatty papers on matters before and after bound in white vellum, with blue ribbons.]

THE LIQUOR WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. 7½x5, 336 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3d.

[Papers on liquor legislation read at the Congress, 1900, and articles by Miss H. R. Schreiner.]

THE QUEEN VICTORIA BIRTHDAY BOOK. 6½x5, Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.

[For every day of the month some actions and remarks of the Queen with numerous portraits bound in violet and gold.]

HOW SHALL I WORD IT? By One of the Aristocrats. 1s.

[How to write letters with examples of all kinds a publisher to a proposal of marriage.]

THE DAWN OF DAY (1901). 9½x7½, 286 pp. S. A. Versaillies CHRISTMASIDE. By MARY L. 81 pp. Chatto and Windus.

[Humorous account of a Christmas spent in France with character illustrations in line.]

A MEDLEY BOOK. By GEORGE PROST. 7½x5, 8s. 6d. n.

[Stories, sketches, and essays.]

THEN AND NOW. By DEAN HOLE. 8½x6, 333 pp. [See Review p. 415.]

BOOK-PRICES CURRENT, 1901. Vol. XV. 8½x5, [Mr. J. H. Slater's annual volume.]

AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF OLD BOOKS FOR SALE BY PICKERING AND CHATTO. Pickering and Chatto. 6s.

THE MOMENTA OF LIFE. By J. LUSCAY. Stock. 6s.

[Ethical, historical, and religious essays, reprinted.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE COUNTRY MONTH BY MONTH. By J. BOULDER. 8½x6, 481 pp. Duckworth. 6s. n.

[A new edition of this popular book by the author. With additional notes on the first edition by the author.]

ORIENTAL.

BOOKS ON EGYPT AND THE CHALDEA. 7 Vols. I, II, III. By A. E. W. HUDGE. 7½x5, 3s. 6d. n. each vol.

[These form the sixth, seventh, and eighth of short popular "Books on Egypt and Chaldaea" of the Theban Recension of the great funeral compositions copied out by Egyptian scribes, 1600 to B.C. 900. The translations first appeared in "The Chapters of the Coming Forth by Day," 1898. They are now revised, with notes, vignette pictures from papyri.]

POETRY.

JOHNIE COURTEAN AND OTHER POEMS. By J. H. WICKSTEED. 9x5½, 340 pp. Constable, 12s.

[An edition of Johnie's Latin Elegies and of the poetic remains of his Virgilio, including the latter's poem to Musato. There are

POLITICAL.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES. Vol. C. Title, Appendix, and General Index for the whole Session 1901. 9½×6, 782 pp. Wymann. 16s. 1½d.

[Compiled by Miss Nancy Bailey.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE REVISED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF TOLSTOY. Ed. by AYLMER MAUDE. I. Sevastopol and other Military Tales. Trans. by Louise and Aylmer Maude. 8½×5½, 325 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[The first volume of what promises to be a fine edition of Tolstoy's complete works, edited by Mr. Aylmer Maude, who is well known as a disciple and exponent of Tolstoy. He contributes a general preface to the edition and a special explanatory preface to these stories, and a note on transliteration. There are also brief notes on the text. The introductions are well adapted to help an intelligent and appreciative reading of Tolstoy; and Mr. Maude is in close communication with Tolstoy himself, who thinks highly of his translations.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Ed. by P. S. ALLEN. (The Silver Library.) 7½×5½, 361 pp. Longmans. 4s. 6d.

[This extremely well-printed library series of reprints from modern authors is now very extensive. This volume contains historical scenes and portraits, with some more general sketches, taken from the History of England and the Short Studies, and one on "National Independence" from the "English in Ireland."]

THOUGHTS IN THE CLOISTER AND THE CROWD AND COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE. By SIR A. HILLES. (The Cloister Library.) 6½×4½, 271 pp. Dent. 2s. 6d.

[We are glad to see Helps brought before the public again in the series of dainty booklets. "Companions of My Solitude" brings in the characters first introduced into "Friends in Council," and it might, perhaps, be asked why the sequel should here appear as if it were complete in itself.]

THE GREAT NOVELS SERIES:—

Never Too Late to Mend, by C. Rende. The Last Days of Pompeii, by Lord Lytton. Old Mortality, by Sir Walter Scott. Pendennis, by W. M. Thackeray. Charles O'Malley, by Charles Lever. The Three Musketeers, by Alexandre Dumas. 7½×5. Ward, Lock. 1s. 6d. each.

[We gave some account of this series last week. They are attractively bound books, very light in the hand.]

THE PROSE DRAMAS OF HENRIK IBSEN. Ed., with Introductions, by W. ARCHER. An Enemy of the People. Ghosts. 7×5, 211+174 pp. W. Scott. 2s. 6d. each.

[Two of the volumes of the edition of 1890 revised. The translation of "An Enemy of the People" is a revised version of Mrs. E. M. Aveling's; that of "Ghosts" is partly based on one by Miss Lord. The introductions by Mr. W. Archer give the stage histories of the plays with quotations from criticisms.]

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. (The Rochester Edition.) Barnaby Rudge, two vols. Introduction by George Gissing. 7½×5½, 411+405 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[Further volumes in this excellent edition, with introduction by George Gissing, topographical illustrations by Beatrice Allcock, and notes by F. G. Kilton.]

DR. THORNE. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Ed. by Algar Thorold. 6×4, 810 pp. Lane.

[Fine paper edition, bound in black and gold, with introduction.]

THE ROMANCE OF KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA AND HIS FAIRY PALACES. By FRANCES GERARD. 7½×5½, 268 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

[We reviewed this book on December 23, 1899, when it was published at 16s. It ran through three editions, but is now out of print.]

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. KING LEAR. Edited by W. J. CRAIG. 8½×6. 249 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

[Uniform with the "Romeo and Juliet," edited by Professor Dowden, which appeared last year. Handsomely bound in red and gold, with introduction and notes at the foot of each page.]

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. By W. M. THACKERAY. 7½×5½, 850 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

[Second volume in this New Uniform Edition of Thackeray, with author's own illustrations and preface. Bound in green.]

THE WORKS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY. Vol. II. Letters and Memoirs, Vol. II. Edited by his Wife. 9½×6. 250 pp. Macmillan.

[We described this edition on October 5. This volume carries the life from 1851 to 1856 with another portrait.]

MEMOIR OF SIR GEORGE GREY, Bart., G.C.B. By Sir G. With a Preface by Sir E. Grey. 8×5½, 167 pp. Longmans.

[This new edition has a short preface by Sir Edward Grey, M.P., on the late Bishop's intimacy with the family, his writing the memoir, and quoting Lord Northbrook's opinion "perfect as it stands."]

DID MOSES WRITE THE PENTATEUCH AFTER ALL? SEEZGER. 7½×5½, 291 pp. Stock.

[This was first published in 1892. This edition contains a preface in which especially instances are given to show how the Bible is not "treated like any other book" by the critics.]

THE DRAMATIC LYRICS AND ROMANCES AND OTHER OF ROBERT BROWNING. The Oxford Miniature Poets. 813 pp. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

[A wee book printed on India paper text only.]

THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION: EGYPT AND CHALDEA. Prof. MASPERO. 11th Ed. Edited by Professor Sayce. By M. L. McLure. 10½×7½, 800 pp. S.P.C.K. 2s.

[We noticed this erudite and handsome volume on May 1. In this edition Prof. Maspero has brought the book up to date as Egypt is concerned by embodying the latest discoveries in the Valley and rewritten the account of the Early Egyptians, some additions in the history of the people of the Euphrates.]

THEOLOGY.

THE UNIVERSAL OBLIGATION OF TITHES. By A. H. 8×5½, 156 pp. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

[Tithes among Jews and Christians; their equivalents among heathens; the practical bearing of the subject to-day, &c.]

THE CROWN OF THOMAS. A Story of the time of Charlemagne. 7×5. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. n.

[A little slim book, decoratively printed and illustrated briefly the story of Christ and the conversion of Ben Midras. "GOOD THINGS OF GREAT JOY." By C. H. SPENCER. Truths' Series, Vol. I. 7½×5, 152 pp. Passmore and Alabaster.

[Short readings on The Incarnation as the foundation of Christianity.]

VIA CHRISTI. By LOUISE M. HODGKINS. 7×5, 251 pp. The Christian. 2s. n.

[Short history of missions from St. Paul to Carey and being the first of an American series of short books on missions.]

APOSTOLIC OPTIMISM. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A. 8½×5½, Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[Sermons on different subjects, with an address on J. H. Jowett is a Nonconformist minister.]

CHURCH FASTS AND FESTIVALS. By Rev. E. C. M. CARR, MALLANDRINE, F. E. READE, and E. M. GREEN. 9½×7, S.P.C.K. 2s.

[Short papers (illustrated) for young children.]

MEMORANDA PAULINA. Sunday Readings in St. Paul's Epistles. G. JACKSON. 7½×5, 268 pp. Isbister. 3s. 6d.

[These are brief papers reprinted from Good Words.]

THE CHRIST IDEAL. By H. W. DRESSER. 6½×3½, 150 pp. 2s. 6d.

[Another little book by this well-known American religious writer.]

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOL. By J. A. PICTON. 8×5½, 101 pp. V. [The author was one of three who voted against the teaching of the Bible in board schools.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

WITH THE TIBETANS IN TENT AND TEMPLE. By SERIC C. M.D. 8×5½, 406 pp. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 6s.

[An account of four years' (1895-1899) missionary residence in Tibet. Illustrated.]

COUNTRY AND TOWN IN ENGLAND. Together with some Churnside. By GRANT ALLEN. Introduction by Prof. F. Ver 8×5½, 271 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[These historical studies of the counties and representative of England appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette, 1881-82, but prepared by Grant Allen for publication. Part of the book "Chronicles of Churnside" attempts (with a map) to reconstruct the history of a part of Dorset from savage to modern times.]

THE WESSEX OF THOMAS HARDY. By B. C. A. WISE. 323 pp. Lane. 21s. n.

[An account based on personal observation of the place mentioned by Hardy, with quotations from the novels, and illustrations by Mr. E. H. New. Finely printed and bound in gold.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 259 by
O. BRINANDER, Sweden.
BLACK 9 pieces



WHITE 11 pieces
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 259, by Valentin Marin, Madrid.—White (10 pieces)—K at K R sq; Q at Q Kt 2; R at K Kt 2 and K 8; Kts at K Kt 4, Q 6; pawns at K B 5, Q 2, Q B 3, Q Kt 6. Black (8 pieces)—K at K Kt 2; R at Q R 6; Kt at K 8 and Q Kt 8; pawns at K R 5, Q 4, Q 6, Q R 3. Three moves. A masterly production and very characteristic of this noted composer's style.

PROBLEM No. 260, Dr. S. Gold.—White (5 pieces)—K at K R sq; Q at K 5; R at K Kt 2; pawns at K Kt 7, K R 7. Black (5 pieces)—K at K Kt sq; Q at Q Kt 3; R at Q 3; B at K Kt 3; pawn at K R 4. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 261, by the late G. C. Heywood, Newcastle.—White (4 pieces)—K at Q Kt 3; Kts at Q B 7 and K Kt sq; pawn at Q B 6. Black (4 pieces)—K at K B 8; R at Q 6; pawns at K Kt 2, Q Kt 4. White to play and win.

NEWS AND ITEMS.—Several large tournaments are starting at the City of London C.C. (7, Grocers'-hall-court, E.C.). Old and

PROBLEM No. 261 by J. KOHITZ and
C. KUCKELKORN, Cologne.
BLACK 11 pieces



WHITE 8 pieces
White to play and mate in three moves.

new members compete in these. One is for the and club championship, with £15 as first prize. Newnes, M.P., and Mr. F. G. Naumann give the 10. A great number of matches are being played, but chess clubs the system of adjudication leaves much to be desired, and only a few ever hear what has been decided. In the United States besides tremendous correspondence (East v. West, &c.), there is one now beginning in New York and Pennsylvania with at least 230 players. Kent v. Yorkshire, Kent v. Devon, and East Kent, and numerous other large matches are being played. The system is of little use to any one, except for the study.—M. Tschigorin, the Russian champion, much for the game. We give one of several encounters of strong players of Moscow.

GAME No. CVIII.—A splendidly contested game, with varying fortunes, played recently in 1899.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
M. I. Tschigorin.	Allies.	M. I. Tschigorin
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	31. P-K 4
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	32. R-K 6
3. B-K 2	Kt-B 3	33. Kt-K 5
4. Q-K 2	B-B 4	34. Kt-K 6 ch
5. B-K 1	Q-P 4	35. R-K 4
6. Kt-P	Q-Q 5	36. K-Q 2
7. Kt-Q 3	B-K 3	37. K-K sq
8. P-K B 3	B-K 2	38. R-K 2
9. Kt-B 2	Castles K R	39. Kt-K P ch
10. P-Q 3	Q-R-Q sq	40. Kt-R 5 ch
11. Kt-B 3	Kt-R 4	41. P-K 3
12. Kt-Q sq	P-K 4	42. P-K 4
13. B-K 3	Q-K 4	43. R-B 2
14. P-K 3	R-B P	44. K-B sq
15. B-B	Q-Q ch	45. K-K 2
16. K-Q	Kt-R 5 ch	46. R-R
17. K-Q 2	R-P 4	47. R-Q Kt sq
18. Kt-K 3	R-Q R 4	48. P-B 5
19. P-K Kt 3	Kt-Q 4	49. K-B 3
20. Kt-B 4	R (B 4)-B sq	50. R-K Kt sq
21. Q-R-K sq	P-Q Kt 4	51. P-K 5
22. R-B	P-Kt	52. P-K 6 ch
23. P-Q R 3	P-B 6 ch	53. P-P ch
24. P-P	R-P	54. P-K 7 ch
25. Kt-K 4	R-R 4	55. R-Q R sq
26. P-K B 4	Kt-K 3	56. R-R 8
27. R-K 7	R-B 7	57. R-B 6 ch
28. R-Q B sq	Kt-B 5 ch	58. R-K 8
29. K-K 2	Kt-R 6	59. R-K 1
30. K-Q sq	Kt-K 4	60. Kt-B 4 ch and

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A MONTHLY REVIEW.

Vol. III.—No. 11.—NOVEMBER, 1901.

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PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT. By N. W. Sibley.

ONE-CHARACTER PLAYS.

THE GOSSIP OF A BOOKMAN.

"Literature"

With Bibliographies and

The following have already

May 11	Mr W. E. HENLEY
" 18	Mr. ANTHONY HO
" 25	Mr. RIDER HAGG
June 1	Mr. OWEN STAM
" 8	Dr. CONAN DOY
" 15	Mr. EDMUND GO
" 22	Mr. AUGUSTINE
" 29	Mr. ARTHUR SYM
July 6	Mr. THOMAS HAR
" 13	PIERRE LOTI
" 20	Mr. GEORGE GIB
" 27	ROBERT LOUIS
Aug. 3	VICTOR HUGO
" 10	THOS. CARLYLE
" 17	IBSEN
" 24	JOHN RUSKIN
" 31	COUNT TOLESTOY
Sept. 7	WALT WHITMAN
" 14	WILLIAM MORR
" 21	RALPH WALDO
" 28	THE BROTHERS
Oct. 5	ALDERMAN CHA
" 12	H. G. WELLS
" 19	ROBERT B. HICH
" 26	E. V. HENSON
Nov. 2	IL. V. EDMOND
" 9	SIDNEY LEE

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 213. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

In our next week's issue will be published a Special Portrait of
MR. ANDREW LANG.

An article containing a full critical appreciation of Mr. Lang's literary work will be contributed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton; and in the case of so prolific an author special interest will attach to the full bibliography which will, as usual, be appended to the critical article.

The number will also have a Special Supplement dealing with New Books for the Young, copiously illustrated. The subject of Books for the Young will also be dealt with in a special article written by Mr. G. A. Henty, under the heading "A Personal View."

Books to read just published:—

The Royal Warrant for the new Accession Service was at our Court at Sandringham" on Saturday, the King's and made known shortly before noon. Later in the day the editions of the Prayer-book, containing the altered prayers for the Royal Family and the new Accession Service were delivered to the King, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, and graciously accepted. The King and Princess of Wales have since sent, through Sir John Bigge, their sincere thanks to the *employés* of the University Press for their congratulations on the coronation and the ancient title on their Royal Highnesses. We have from the Oxford University Press two of their revised books in small and large size, elegantly bound in leather, similar volumes from the Cambridge University Press containing Hymns Ancient and Modern.

There is an idea that announcements will be too heavily capped by Coronation news during the first half of next year, but much good to the publishers. Booksellers discuss the matter almost for granted that no literature of any kind—say, fiction literature—will be looked at during the height of the festivities; but, on the other hand, there is likely to be an influx of visitors, especially of Americans—always good to London booksellers—that the gains both before and after the great event are likely to make ample amends for the loss.

Meanwhile Messrs. Macmillan have made a start with their announcements. One of the volumes announced by them for the early part of next year is a volume of philosophical essays, edited by Mr. Henry Sturt. Among the contributors are Dr. Stott, Rashdall, and Russell, and Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, whose object is to dispute the standpoint of the most important representatives of Oxford philosophy, and to show that it may be combined with a fuller recognition of the facts of experience. Two art books are also announced for next year by Messrs. Macmillan—a thirty-guinea work by Mr. Frankau on John Raphael Smith, the eighteenth-century engraver (two volumes), and a two-guinea volume of wood engravings by Mr. Timothy Cole after Old Masters, with articles on the artists by Professor Van Dyck.

The album containing the address which is to be presented to Earl Roberts, with the life-sized portrait of the Lieutenant Roberts, V.C., on behalf of eighty-two friends and admirers, is, in a measure, a triumph for the London Council's Arts and Crafts School, the design, inlay, and binding being entirely the work of two old pupils of the school, F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe, except the Arms and the Cross, which are worked by Mr. Harry Ford. The result is a work both to them and to their instructors, and comes as an encouragement that the scheme of the Technical Education Board for the provision of a Central School of Arts and Crafts for London has taken practical shape. Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe

cover bears a similar design, with a Victoria Cross in bronze in the centre, and a raised shamrock at each corner for the album to rest upon. On the inside cover on opening the album is a



COVER DESIGN FOR MEMORIAL TO LORD ROBERTS

Designed by Messrs. F. Pennington and G. Hutchings

vellum panel, bearing a wreath design with the initials of Lieutenant Roberts in the centre and the dates of his birth and death. Then comes another vellum panel, with a miniature of Earl Roberts, painted in ivory by Mrs. Emily Barnard. In the centre of the album is the following written address :—

This album, together with a portrait of Frederick Hugh Sheraton Roberts, who died from wounds received when attempting a deed of splendid gallantry, for which he was at once awarded the Victoria Cross, was presented Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G., &c., by his friends and admirers as a token of sympathy with him in the grievous loss of his son, and in recognition of the unparalleled services rendered by him to his country.

Then comes a written list of the eighty-two subscribers, followed by four vellum sheets containing their signatures. Among the subscribers are the Duke of Conyngham, Lord Salisbury, Lord Halsbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Ashbourne, the Dukes of Devonshire, Norfolk, Marlborough, Portland, Alcester, and Fife, Lord Londonderry, Lord Ripon, Lord Cromer, Lords Milner, Bessary, Kellborne, Twissmonth, and

It is twenty-two years since Miss Kate Green died at the age of fifty-five, produced her first volume, "the Window," to be followed by the "Kate Green Book." But she had already, as an illustrator of children's and Christmas cards, struck an original note with old-fashioned children which charmed the child-artists of yesterday, and which continue their influence. Ruskin lectured upon her at Oxford, and she indeed, to have been better known in France than in England. At the news of her death, M. Ars published nearly a column article on the first *Figaro*; the *Débats* had a leading article, and in general showed that even Pro-Boer people appreciate English traits of another sort. They call her "Kate," and are one so "original" remained, in her person, "mysterious." They have gone to Vapereau, Grande Encyclopédie, even to Meyers' German Lexicon for information. And in the dearth of positive facts, little essays on the literature and art of childhood have the same breath the names of Fénelon and Kate Green.

* * *

By a singular coincidence, on the day of Greenaway's death her publisher, Mr. Frederick Warne, the house of Warne and Co., also passed away. A prominent figure in the publishing world for many years. He was born in 1825 and was only forty when he joined his brother, W. H. Warne, and his brother George Routledge, in the publishing business. For many years under the title of Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. Warne's energy was unbounded. One of the first with which he was associated in early days was "Cabin," his firm issuing the first cheap edition of the Bible in England, an edition which had an enormous sale and was also largely responsible for the publication of "Natural History," another enormously successful work. W. H. Warne died in 1886, but his brother remained to Mr. George Routledge for another nine years, however, Mr. Frederick Warne founded a business in Bedford-street, Strand, where the firm has since. Bedford-street and its neighbourhood has become a famous publishing centre of late years that it is not too much to say that the only other publishers in the district, Messrs. Macmillan, on the opposite side of the street, Warne was joined by Mr. Edward J. Dodd—and a fellow-worker at Routledge's—and Mr. A. L. left Messrs. Dalziel Brothers for the purpose of publishing. The main idea was to popularize good healthy literature. "Chandos Classics" was the forerunner—a small library, which was rather more expensive—of all the series which have since become such a feature of the book trade. "Chandos Classics" Series now embraces nearly a hundred of which nearly 4,000,000 copies have been sold. "The Dictionary" was another lucky venture on Mr. Warne's part. It came at a time when the Spelling Book was all the rage. Altogether it is estimated that considerably over a million copies must have been sold. The dictionary, revised and enlarged, is still one of the best-selling books of its kind. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and all Mrs. Hodgson's works—with the exception of the novel which

Convocation at Oxford has accepted the £1,000 bequeathed by the late Mrs. Matthew Arnold for the purpose of founding a Matthew Arnold Memorial Prize on some subject connected with English Literature.

Canon Gore, the Bishop-designate of Worcester, has been a voluminous author, but to the general public he is probably best known as the editor of "Lux Mundi," to which he contributed the well-known essay on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration." His own works, most of which, like "Lux Mundi" and its appendix, come through Mr. Murray, have also had exceptionally large sales. His series of simple expositions of portions of the New Testament has been especially successful, the first volume, on "The Sermon on the Mount" (1896), being in its fourteenth thousand; the second, on "The Epistle to the Ephesians" (1898), in its tenth thousand; and the third, on "The Epistle to the Romans" (1899), in its sixth thousand. Canon Gore's "Hampton Lectures" for 1891 on "The Incarnation of the Son of God," which are almost as widely known as "Lux Mundi," are now in their tenth thousand. The smaller volume on "The Mission to the Church," which appeared in the same year, has run to 6,000; and his "Dissertations" is in its second edition. Mr. Murray also publishes the volume of "Essays on Church Reform" by various writers, which Canon Gore edited in 1878, as well as his four lectures on "The Mission of the Church," delivered in the Cathedral Church of St. Asaph in 1891, and his last work, an inquiry into the institution and doctrine of the Holy Communion, entitled "The Body of Christ." Although the latter only appeared in the spring a second edition, with a new preface, is already announced. Two of Canon Gore's books are published by Messrs. Longmans—"The Church and the Ministry" (1893); and "Roman Catholic Claims" (1889). Among his other works are "Leo the Great" (1880), "The Creed of the Christian" (1895), and "Good Citizenship" (1899).

The countless readers of "W. V., Her Book" will remember the sad loss suffered by Mr. Winfred Canton last April. The sympathy then shown, and "the suggestion of one who loved her, though he never looked upon her face," has induced Mr. Canton to write a little biography of his daughter, which will shortly be published under the title of "Winifred Vida" by Messrs. Dent. An interesting feature of the book will be a series of recollections of Winifred's schooldays, written a few weeks after her death by her cousin Phyllis, covering the three months they were at school together.

Mr. Perry Robinson, who succeeds Mr. Canton as Messrs. Ishister's manager, is a Westminster and Cambridge scholar who has returned to England from America. He founded in the States several commercial journals which have been extremely successful; and has made a reputation there as a writer of short stories, as the author of a novel which still sells (published by Harpers, in 1895); and as a politician who was one of Mr. McKinley's managers during the Presidential campaign of 1896. As a journalist Mr. Robinson has been a regular contributor to American magazines, especially the *Forum*. It will be gratifying to English publishers to learn that Mr. Robinson returns to London convinced that the methods of the best English houses are the soundest methods that he can adopt, and

London, finding it increasingly hard to thin names for its streets, has at length decided, apparently, to take some of its literary associations and land on account. The other day a Smollett-street was named, and this week the County Council has given the "Little Dorrit's Playground" to the new open space in Southwark, hard by what remains of the old Marshalsea. Two or three years ago it seemed probable that the name of Dickens' Marshalsea, which includes the whole of the debtors' portion—the portion which the novelist immortalized in his personal experiences in the bitter days of his youth, he afterwards immortalized in "Little Dorrit"—would be improved off the face of the earth. That danger, however, and we believe it is still possible to trace footstep as he went over to the Borough—as Forster writing of "Little Dorrit"—"to see what traces were left of the prison, of which his first impression was taken in his childhood, which had played so important a part in his life, and every brick and stone of which he had been able to see in his book by the mere vividness of his marvellous imagination." It is still possible to climb the stairs to the "top one," which in all probability included the very room in which Dickens' father and family; and Little Dorrit's name will be found without any difficulty.

Professor Owen M. Edwards' volume on Wales, with Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" Series (and pictures), is to be published the week after next. Edwards is Lecturer on Modern History at Lincoln College, Oxford.

The story of the revival of Italian art in the Middle Ages would not strike everybody as likely to make a suitable book for children, but Mrs. Albina Wherry, the author of a successful illustrated volume entitled "Stories of the Tuscan Masters," which Messrs. Dent will shortly publish (her "Greek with Story and Song" is also published by Messrs. Dent), thinks otherwise. Her plan is to give a sort of history, relying largely on the illustrations—which in some cases are photogravure plates—to keep the attention of her young audience. Only a limited edition of the work will be issued.

The sixth issue of the Literary Year Book is now in preparation, and the editor, Mr. Herbert Morrah, wishes to hear from all Authors who are not yet represented in the Directory of Authors; all letters to be addressed to Ruskin House, 156, Charing-cross-road, W.C., up to the 1st inst.

Some recent Book Auction American prices following:—

"The Vicar of Wakefield," first edition, two vols., crimson crushed levant morocco extra, gilt backs and edges, by F. Bedford £8.
 "The Traveller," first edition, with the rare half-title, olive crushed levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Rivière 10.
 "Oliver Twist," first edition, original wrappers, uncut 10.
 "The Germ," original issue, bound at the Doves Bindery, presentation copy, with signed MS. poem by W. M. Rossetti at the end 7.
 Shelley's "Alastor and other Poems," first edition, 1816, original binding (back broken), in case, by Rivière 10.

A narrative of the colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, written by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, is being prepared for issue in book form by command of the King.

Next week's literary birthdays include those of Mr. W. S. Gilbert (November 18, 1836), Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, the Russian scholar (November 18, 1864), Miss Ada Cambridge (November 21, 1844), Mr. Quiller Couch (November 21, 1863), Professor Skeat (November 21, 1835), Mr. George Gissing (November 22, 1857), Mr. Justin McCarthy (November 22, 1830), and Mr. Gilbert Parker (November 23, 1862).

We hear that Lord Wolseley is writing his reminiscences.

Mr. G. C. Macanlay has been elected professor of English language and literature at Aberystwith.

The log-books of the "Agamemnon" have been added to the Nelson manuscripts in the British Museum.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has been invited by the Bristol North Liberals to contest their district at the next general election.

Mr. Charles Hamilton Brownly will lecture on the early life and works of Chaucer, at Kent-house, Knightsbridge (Lady Ashburton's), on Tuesday afternoon, November 19.

Dr. Garnett will take the chair at the lecture of the Dante Society, which will be given by Dr. Hodgkin, on November 20, at 45, Harley-street.

Only £201 has been subscribed for the proposed statue to Lord Byron at Aberdeen, and the sculptor's design is to be modified in consequence.

The Christina Rossetti Cross, which disappeared from Christ Church, Woburn-square, was discovered inside the church railings the other morning. The precious stones had been abstracted.

A Victor Hugo Society has been formed in Paris. The members call themselves Hugophiles, which sounds better than the earlier word Hugolâtres.

A new adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* has been produced at the Princess's Theatre under the title of *The Shadow of the Cross*.

Victor Hugo's bust by Dalon, now on view at the sculptor's studio, will be placed in the foyer of the Théâtre Français, beside Hamlet's bust of Voltaire.

The monument to Heine, subscribed for by the Viennese, is to be placed over his grave in the Montmartre cemetery.

A number of letters written by Verdi to the poet Ghislanzoni about the libretto of *Aida* are to be published at Bologna.

M. Jules Verne is shortly to undergo an operation for cataract which the specialists think will restore his sight. He has just finished his ninety-ninth novel.

Mr. C. E. Thompson is engaged on a "History of the Progress of Liberty of Thought during Queen Victoria's Reign." It will be published by the Rationalist Press Association.

A new work on Scotland's Cathedrals, by M. E. Leicester Addis, will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately to

week, writes to say that she did not publish "The Hero." The only book which as yet bears her imprint is entitled "Smallpox; its Prevention, Treatment,

"The Hero" was Mr. W. L. Courtney's su-
Playgoers' Club, and it shall be our subject.

alleged hero of a work of art, be he
Heroes, that he need not, are any particular

impossible as heroes? And if s

These are the questions; but, as both fiction

art are progressive, it seems doubtful wheth

visional and tentative answers are possible,

began by ruling out the saint on the grou

passive creature . . . a dead white";

quite follow the argument. A saint is not born

may also be unmade; and a picture of a saint i

the unmaking, or the resistance of attempts to un

fraught with dramatic possibilities. The tom

Anthony is, perhaps, the typical case; there is

or of movement in that story. Nor is it strictly

to the generally accepted definition, that a sain

passive creature. "Havelock's Saints," for ins

far from being passive creatures. Nor was

passivity that Joan of Arc, that very dramatic

canonized. So far, therefore, we find oursel

with Mr. Courtney. He seems a truer phil

draws attention to the modern tendency to

people of no particular importance. This is,

the great facts in literary and dramatic evolu

only the practice, but the avowed principle,

French dramatists—to go no further back—to

Mr. Courtney put it, "a position great enou

significant person." The heroes of Corneille

statesmen, nobles, Kings. It would have seem

these writers to expect an audience to be conce

fortunes of such a hero as John Gabriel I

husband of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray; wher

would probably seem a hopeless task to Mr. Pi

A. Jones to interest the public in such heroes.

Athalie, or the Cid. To what extent Mr. Cou

the causes of this radical change in the point

easily discover from the summarized report of h

certainly cannot be attributed to any single en

has, no doubt, as Mr. Courtney says, been a fac

Revolution and the kicking over of the traces

things which have enlarged our literary as well

outlook, and caused the average man to take

emotions a great deal more seriously than his p

did. We should imagine that another factor has b

of comedy upon tragedy. At all events com

way and tragedy followed it. If Molière c

common people interesting, the tragedian wou

tempted to break with tradition and try to do

perhaps the most potent factor of all has be

tendency of modern works of fiction, whether n

treat ideas as of more moment than stories. T

who objected to "Paradise Lost," that it

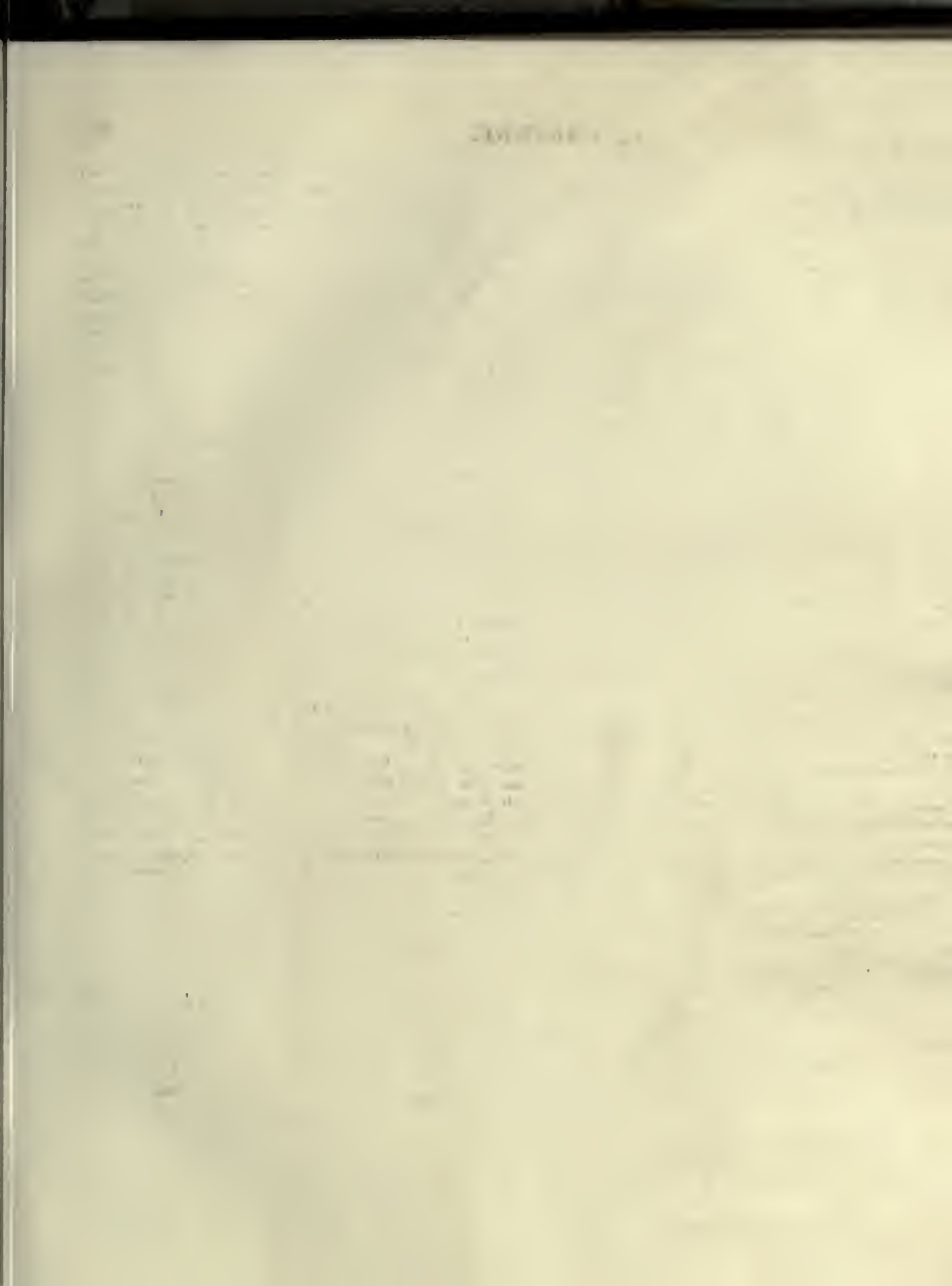
anything," was an anticipator, and more of

knew. The modern novelists and dramatists

may indeed be aware that story-telling is not a

stration; but they also aspire to be something

idle singers of an empty day. They want to re



Supplement,
November 16, 1901.



Literature Portraits.—XXVIII.

MR. H. W. LUCY.

It is as "Toby, M.P.," that the world best knows Mr. H. W. Lucy, and the creation of that silent but sagacious member of the House is undoubtedly his best title to fame. He has spent the greater part of his life in chronicling Parliamentary history, and he has made out of this apparently intractable subject a series of diaries at once instructive and humorous. It is a considerable feat, requiring for its execution a combination of qualities none too common. For the Parliamentary reporter who essays the difficult task of handling that solemn assembly from the humorous point of view must walk delicately along a narrow path. To amuse, he must of necessity be personal; and yet he must contrive to keep his personalities within the bounds of good taste. Even so, it must be impossible to avoid, at times, offending somebody. It says much for Mr. Lucy's tact that he has contrived for so many years to write the most outspoken criticism in so engaging a manner as to reduce the risk of offence being taken to a minimum. For since the early seventies he has been steadily employed in this particularly delicate business, often in two or three periodicals at once, and seldom failing to ridicule when ridicule was in any way deserved. That he should have been able to accomplish this without arousing the deadly enmity of his victims is a pretty sure sign that he possesses the great gift of humour—that humour which renders innocuous the criticism even of personal peculiarities.

Mr. Lucy might fairly be called a caricaturist in print. In fact, he has all the qualities common to the best caricaturists—a keen sense of humour, an unflinching eye for any personal eccentricity, and the power of exaggerating any deformity to a ridiculous degree without impairing the artistic value of the portrait or the excellence of the likeness. He is a Parliamentary portrait-painter, but he does not permit his models to pose themselves decorously in the approved heroic attitudes; he prefers to catch them unawares in the midst of their daily work; he watches them, with an observant eye, from the Press Gallery and remarks their behaviour at opportune moments. All the details, all the little mannerisms, are noted down with a remorseless precision and amplitude. Reading the volumes of republished Parliamentary diaries you may come across many scores of these thumb-nail sketches in which the slightest eccentricity of the speaker is seized with a surprising accuracy. Here, for example, is a passage from the last published of these collections, which gives a fair idea of the writer's manner, and the photographic particularity of his descriptions. Mr. Burdett-Coutts is the subject, and he is "reciting" the peroration of a certain speech:—

There was no rude haste about the movement. Everything was done with orderly precision that betokened long practice before the appreciative cheval-glass. First the left arm, thrown out, grasped the back of the bench. A basis of security being thus obtained—and the highest art cannot ignore these vulgar considerations—the orator, slightly leaning over, rested on his left leg, bringing his right foot round with slow grace till it was poised on tip-toe on the other side of its fellow. Then, always with the impressive absence of haste, he, with long sweep, brought his right arm round till

It is Essence of Parliament, and the unnecessary particles are ruthlessly pruned away. Even on the rare occasions when he has ventured to write on subjects outside the House of Commons the old instinct pursues him, and he has a certain uneasiness when embarked upon a long series of Parliamentary characters are not readily banished from his mind, and they crop up even in his novels. "Gideon Fleyce," for example, which is ostensibly a story (and a rather good one, too), is really valuable chiefly as a gallery of eminent Parliamentarians. It is not a bad way, for the author wisely chose his favourite subject as the chief thread in his plot, and made his rich material count for a borough in the Liberal interest. It is never in quite at home in story-telling. Detached from the book are excellent, especially when the writer turns the action for awhile and turns to verbal description almost hear the sigh of relief with which he takes the unfamiliar vehicle to take care of itself while he gets the mouth of some character a criticism of Gladstone or of his own account a picture of Beaconsfield. The latter is one of the best descriptions Mr. Lucy has done any-

Taken at a back view it would not be thought of as very old man. He was smartly dressed in a coat of the year. In gracious recognition of this spring day having strayed into winter weather, the garment was open at the waist with trousers to match. A blue necktie and blue gloves (over which mittens were drawn, since it was quite spring), completed an attire remarkable only for its originality on this particular day. But the wearer was himself a man. He walked erect, and with a certain swiftness. But his progress was slow, and there was a curious about lifting his feet, which suggested that his shoes were soled with lead. Then his face was very old, lined and with deeply-furrowed lines by the side of the nose, which was adorned by a little patch of hair, sunken black, which just covered the portion of his upper lip immediately under the nostrils, like an "imperial" trademark.

The remarks of Captain O'Brien on Gladstone, some pages before the passage quoted, are equally true to life. "Gideon Fleyce" is a reading even now, for the sake of these and similar sketches. It is at once a novel and a note-book which Mr. Lucy has filled with sketches of his numerous acquaintances. His portraits have the air of being drawn from the life, and I am sure that the author would never feel at his own model. Perhaps this is one reason why he has not done more of this kind of fiction. Three books represent, I believe, his total output in this branch of literature, unless we are to include the notable volume, "The Fate of Fenella," to which he has given a small share in company with twenty-three other writers of more or less distinction. The other two are "East of Eden" and a volume of short stories called "The Miller's Some Distant Connections," which is not, perhaps, his happiest vein. The fact is, fiction is not his métier; it is the by-product of a busy journalistic life; and it is not to criticize these experiments at any great length.

From an early age Mr. Lucy had set himself to be a journalist. In "Faces and Places," a little book of some years ago in the Whitefriars Library, he tells how he set about it, and with what perseverance he went on his way upwards. His parents had apprenticed him to

was there, the young assistant editor of a local daily paper. He gave me some trial work to do, and was so far satisfied that he promised me the first vacancy on the junior staff of reporters."

It is Mr. Lucy's chief praise that he has evolved a sort of personal journalism that is light and bright and without offence, and that has, furthermore, many of the qualities belonging to good literature. He has added his quota to the gaiety of nations; he deserves, with Garrick, his niche in the Temple of Literature.

R. H. LACON WATSON.

Mr. Lucy's bibliography should begin, we believe, with some juvenile poetry which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* while he was trying to serve his apprenticeship in a Liverpool merchant's office. He was only nineteen years old when, on the recommendation of Mr. (now Sir Edward) Russell—whose volume of sermons, by the way, is just appearing through Mr. Fisher Unwin—he was engaged as chief reporter on the staff of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. Five years later he went to Paris to study language and literature, and, returning to London, joined the staff of the morning edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1870, the *P.M.G.* being the first journal represented by him in Parliament. Six years later Mr. Lucy began his connexion with the *Daily News*, and added the *Observer* to his list in 1880. It was in the following year—in January, 1881, to be exact—that "Toby, M.P.," made his *début* in *Punch*. Mr. Bernard had asked Mr. Lucy to write "The Essence of Parliament," which had been contributed in succession by Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor. "My only difficulty," Mr. Lucy once explained to an interviewer, in referring to this period of his career, "was to do something original. The 'Crane Bench' articles which I had been contributing to the *Observer* had attracted a good deal of attention, and having made that success, it was rather difficult to make another in the same line." Then the idea occurred to him to make use of "Mr. Punch's" "idle dog" "Toby" by sending him to Parliament, and "Toby" has been member for "Barkshire" ever since. Mr. Lucy's list of books, chronologically arranged, is as follows:—

- 1874.—"Men and Manners in Parliament," by the Member for the Chiltern Hundreds. Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Tinsley Brothers.
- 1880.—"A Popular Handbook of Parliamentary Procedure." Chatto and Windus. Another edition was published by Routledge in 1886.
- 1882.—"Udson Fleyce." A novel. Three volumes. Chatto and Windus. Now published in one volume.
- 1884.—"East by West." Letters describing Mr. and Mrs. Lucy's tour round the world. Bentley and Son.
- 1885.—"Speeches of the Marquess of Salisbury." "Speeches of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone." "Speeches of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain." "Speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill." Edited by H. W. Lucy. Routledge.
- 1885 and 1890.—"A Diary of Two Parliaments," in two volumes. Vol. I.—The Disraeli Parliament, 1874-80; Vol. II.—The Gladstone Parliament, 1880-85. Reprinted from the *Daily News*, *World*, and *Observer*, and dedicated to the Earl of Rosebery, who suggested the plan of the work. Cassell.
- 1888.—"The Emperor's (Frederick's) Diary of the Austro-German War, 1866, and the Franco-German War, 1870-71," (with Prince Humarok's rejoinder). Edited by H. W. Lucy. Routledge.
- 1892.—"The Fate of Fenella." A twenty-fourth part of the experiment in literary collaboration which appeared serially in the *Gentleman* and was subsequently published in book form by Messrs. Hutchinson.
- 1892.—"A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament, 1889-92." Cassell.
- 1895.—"Faces and Places." (The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour, new series, with Mr. Lucy's portrait). Henry and Co.
- 1896.—"The Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone."

THE EVENING PAPER A "Personal View"

By HAROLD BEGIE.

The other night, as I fell languidly through slumber, my spirit humped upon a somnolent nod snatching forty winks in a quiet corner of the and without any intention of that kind woke h Although somewhat bored of late by the platitudes the ecstasies of Sainte-Beuve, and the m Shakespeare, I found the good nobleman exceedingly anxious to discuss with me the affairs of suture.

"The truth is," said he, plucking an asphodel himself comfortably upon an elbow, "I have long in my head for the advancement of culture on this appearance of yours—which I trust is an speedy, disembodied, and eternal sojourn among the first opportunity of conveying my idea to Therefore," he continued, setting his forelock straight, your coming was a little abrupt and interrupted dream conceit, I am very glad to welcome you, and shall be able to make your brief visit pleasant now."

I expressed my gratitude for his great confidence, promised to impart his views to the world by which would ensure them receiving serious and profound

He smiled and honoured me with a little bow, the asphodel he had plucked, and with one leg crooked on the other, he entered slowly, yet carelessly, upon

"Let it be known," said he, "that nothing is so pleasurable to a nobleman than the proprietorship of a newspaper. I lay stress upon the vespertal edition of a journal, because, although no newspaper in the world is flowing with wealthy people should be in vulgar hands, the matutinal paper is more hastily reprinted, and less the topic of conversation at dinner. A journal should be published at five o'clock, and should be free of those evidences of hasty composition which in many of their morning contemporaries. And new at least engrossing part of the ideal journal. The paper and brings me back to my first point, the ownership. Now, a nobleman should care very little for the fluctuating events of a day, but, by his tranquil character, he should care very greatly for the deep interests of life, the main current of national existence, spirit animating the steady progress of evolution. I choose for his editor a man of wide culture and broad intellect, let him inspire such a man with his own notions, and the public would be provided with a paper which soothed their distracted nerves and corrected their vulgarity."

"But," said I, "would it pay?"

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is vulgar. Shakespeare has never quite recovered from Lord Chesterfield's charge of vulgarity."

"Is Lord Chesterfield here?" I inquired.

The spirit shook his head.

"But my noble proprietor should have no thought of making his paper pay," the spirit continued. "He must review only such books as are deserving of serious mention; and so arrange his advertisements that they do not occupy a place on every page. He must turn a deaf ear to the blandishment of actors, and criticize only such plays as are of a literary character. This would free his columns of those eternal announcements which every day convince the newspaper buyer that it is impossible to keep abreast of the literary times; and it would rid him of the necessity for publishing demoralizing accounts of the millinery worn by actresses in every stupid play that struts its hour upon the stage."

"You don't think," I ventured to put in, "that such a paper would be—well, just a little heavy?"

He flung away the nibbled asphodel, and sat up. "My dear fellow," said he, "can anything be duller than the evening paper of to-day? No, there would be brightness and lightness rather than dulness and heaviness, in a paper that filled its pages with bright sparkling essays, with smooth verse, with witty anecdotes, and with short stories of only the highest excellence. Such a paper would gladden the soul of the jaded merchant returning to his hearth, it would speed the dullest railway journey to the most impatient clerk, and it would provide talk for the stupidest dinner-party in Belgravia. To read it every night would become the duty of England, and not to know its views on the subjects of the day would be to announce oneself vulgar and ignorant. Oh, such a paper would be the best-loved thing in England!"

He began to pluck asphodels quickly, filling his long hands with the beautiful flowers.

"Conceive the joy of the world in finding a paper in its hand which had order, neatness, and dignity in its appearance; the composition of the news agencies translated into polite English, and forming a connected narrative; the telegrams, thus translated, relegated to the back page; the wisdom of the war critic, the profundity of the politician, the lightness of the essayist, the brilliance of the novelist, filling the other pages in print that a gentleman may read without tears! What a boon! Would not such a paper come to each man as an old friend, a conversationalist to be welcomed at the fireside, a companion for slippers and pipe? Petrarch, I think, had been content to lay his dying head on such a pillow; Milton had deemed such a page worthy of his nightly pipe and ale. And that is the condemnation of the present evening paper; it has no sense of slippered ease about it, no friendly and genial companionship, no comforting sobriety, no character. Hysterics, hysterics, all is hysterics!"

He tossed the flowers he had gathered into the air, and they fell in a pretty shower about his smiling face.

"Oh, the joy that your rich men miss!" he exclaimed. "What

the world a heterogeneous assortment of dead and dying! He would be forming taste, not glutting the appetite."

I was growing enthusiastic. "Have you thought of taking name for—"

"And let me point this out to you," he interrupted, "national character is fast being corrupted by vulgar prints whose one purpose and intention is commercial. A journal as I dream of would wage steady, persistent, contemptuous war on such sheets; it would damn the vulgar. It would proclaim to the world that to be seen or reading such villainess is to convict oneself of shameless open Philistinism; then would those crazy columns and the world be delivered from the Jerry-builders' literature!"

He threw back his head, and the enamelled mead swerve upwards as though to pillow it; but the gale flowed over and about the head, a purple cloud descended, enwrapped the languid frame, and presently the light was blotted out in shuddering mists, and I woke to find letters at my bedside.

Among those letters was a flattering request from the *Edinburgh Review* for a "Personal View."

ACROSS THE BORDER.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 1

Whatever may be the ultimate position assigned to Stevenson, it is certain that his countrymen have lost none of their best in him. The new *Life* by Mr. Graham Balfour, is generally admitted to contain little fresh matter, is being read and discussed. Even the letter-to-the-editor man has been roused into activity. In particular, it is asked what has become of the memorial of Stevenson which was announced as about to be unveiled in St. Giles' Cathedral nearly a year ago, to take the form of a medallion of Stevenson by Mr. St. John, the American sculptor, whom Stevenson described as "the handsomest and nicest fellows I have seen." No one seems to know the reason for the delay. Even the secretaries of St. Giles' Cathedral managing board can give us no answer. "The last entry in my letter-book on the subject," I find, "was under date May 26, 1900—that is, eighteen months ago. In that letter I intimated that the managing board sanction the form of epitaph, and since then I have heard nothing more of the memorial." It is surely time that the committee were to themselves, if only in justice to the subscribers, whom paid down their money in 1896. Meanwhile the people are proposing a memorial of Stevenson on their own account. In the Exhibition art galleries there is a fine bust by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, the Edinburgh sculptor, and it has almost been decided to purchase this for the city. I have, of course, had its say about the author of "The Island" in connexion with the new *Life*, and its attribution to Mr. J. H. Millar, the Edinburgh lawyer upon the fortunate term which enables the critics to speak of the "Kailyard" school. Mr. Millar is said to be producing a volume of essays in which doubtless the "Kailyard" school will be discussed. The *Edinburgh Review* has

Mr. Lang and he came into conflict. Now they are tilting over the character of "the good Regent Murray" or rather the reviewer accuses Mr. Lang of a change of front in regard to the "bastard of Scotland." It is a pretty quarrel, but only the closest students of this dark and troubled period of Scottish history can fully understand it. "Not yet, I fear," says Mr. Lang, "does your reviewer quite see the delicate point which divides us." A good many people will, we suspect, share the luckless reviewer's lack of perception.

The annual meeting of the Scottish History Society was held the other day in Edinburgh. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" is the motto of the society, a motto to which the members have acted up with praiseworthy industry and precision. Judging by the announcements of forthcoming issues, the society's future programme will probably be even more interesting than its record for the past. Some time ago the council accepted the offer of Father Pollen, S.J., to set aside for publication by the society certain papers which concern the affairs of Mary Stuart during her reign in Scotland. This volume will be published almost immediately. It will be followed next year by another work connected with the unfortunate Queen—Mr. John Scott's "Inedited Narratives and Transactions of Rare Contemporary Tracts relating to the Life and Death of Mary Queen of Scots." Clearly the time has not yet arrived for the final word on Mary Stuart. There is another work of a very different kind announced by the society which deserves notice. This is the Register of the Abbey of Lindores, the well-known monastic house founded on Tayside by a brother of William the Lion on his return from the Holy Land about 1178. The charters of such kindred institutions as those of Kelso and Melrose have thrown much light on the mediæval life of Scotland, and doubtless the Lindores Register will be found equally worthy of attention.

Students of Scottish history will be glad to learn that the second volume of Dr. Hume Brown's History of Scotland is finished, and will probably be published before the year is out—bringing the narrative down to the Revolution of 1688. Dr. Brown, who was recently appointed to the Sir William Fraser Chair of History in Edinburgh University, was intended for the Church. He preferred educational work, and ultimately commenced author, his first book, a Life of George Buchanan, the reformer, being published in 1890. Much of his work has appeared in Chambers' Encyclopedia and in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

It is rather a strong claim to make that one has written the first book ever published in "correct vernacular Scotch"; but the claim is made by Dr. Bruce Trotter, whose "Galloway Thump" has just been issued by the Herald Press, Dumfries. Dr. Trotter declares that he knows six or seven languages in addition to his own, and "can curse fluently in a few others, besides knowing five dialects of vernacular English." He maintains that all books hitherto professing to be in the general vernacular are hybrid mixtures of localisms and classic Scots. But what is *correct* Scots? Where and by whom is it or was it ever spoken? Dr. Trotter's book may perhaps be found to solve the problem, but it is disconcerting to find Mr. S. R. Crockett remarking, in an introduction which he has prepared for the work, that "not only is this Galloway which we have set before us, but it is Galloway of the Stewarty." In other words, Mr. Crockett thinks that Dr. Trotter has written in the Galloway dialect—and who should know better?

be published shortly in the Cambridge series Studies." The Aberdonians, we may add, are their University up to the *status* of Glasgow in the creation of additional Chairs, and among other Lectureship in English will probably be raised to a Chair. Chairs and professorships are not then occupying the University mind, or, at any rate, students. The "Scottish Students' Song Book" but it is to have a rival in "The University" a volume of some 450 pages just about to be published by Grant Richards. The editor is the Rev. Miller of the accompaniments have been composed by James, an Edinburgh musician. We hear also that E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh, are adding a complete collection of miscellaneous songs published under the title of "British Minstrelsy," and of which four already appeared. The new volumes will each have an introduction by Mr. Cuthbert Hadden.

THE DRAMA.

"BEYOND HUMAN POWER"

On my way out from the Royalty Theatre (th I fell to discussing with two clever ladies the been witnessing—an English version of Bjornson's *Power, Part I.* It is a play about the Christianisation of a State Church, and the nature of the question whether there are any contemporaries. If not, why not—in short, about many subjects aired in the playhouse—and we were all a little by being confronted with them there. But one she had not spent the afternoon without edified an obvious and salutary moral, she declared, in what is that"? I asked. "Why, don't you see? we ought to have faith without religion." The more practical temper, declared that there was ever in the play; it was all stark, staring nonsense, my part, I think there is a moral in the play suggested, not remotely, in its title. It is a dangerous in the spiritual as in the material world edged tools, that mortals had better not trust thunderbolts, that we must recognize some thing human power." At the same time, I fancy Bjornson less concerned with a moral than with the utter the psychology of miracle-working, the way in which the miraculous affects people's minds, and the miracles, given a certain atmosphere, are in a brought about. These questions, no doubt, of interest, whether we approach them from the point of view, or merely as students of mental pathology. The stage of a theatre is an appropriate arena for the another matter. Before, however, offering any point, let me restate briefly what it is that Bjornson

The curtain rises upon a sick-bed, whose owner move from it throughout the first act. She can for her lower limbs are paralysed, she can only totter on her pillow, very wearily and half-hysterically she has had no sleep for six weeks. She is telling returned from America, all about her husband how he is all melancholy, how much he is a man of

"without a sense—the sense of reality," he sees the world not as it is, but as he wishes to see it. And so, but for the wife, the children's education would have been neglected in a household built, not on "deliberation," but on "inspiration." And, but for the wife, the household itself would have been ruined, through the extreme application of the text about taking no thought for the morrow. Thus the woman is distracted in mind and physically worn by the struggle between her love for her husband, her desire to see eye to eye with him, and, on the other hand, her common sense, her need to fight against his fanaticism. Pastor Sang enters, and we see that he is, indeed, of a beautiful character, of the stuff out of which saints are made. We see this in the touching faith by which he has convinced himself that at last he has found a way of curing his wife—by forming, with his children, a "prayer-chain" round her bed. We see it, too, in his behaviour when that experiment breaks down because his children have lost their faith. It is the heaviest blow that could have fallen on him, but he accepts it meekly, and forgives his children without one impatient word. He says he will pray alone in the church that his wife may find sleep. He goes out, the church bell begins to tinkle, and his wife does in fact fall into a deep slumber—so deep that she is not awakened by a landslide that suddenly makes a thunder in the air. There are shrieks, "alarms and excursions," but the church and its pastor are left unscathed.

In the second act the pastor is still in the church, round which, we hear, hundreds of people have gathered, attracted by the double miracle—the miraculous sleep and the miraculous escape. Drawn by the same attraction, all the travellers on board a "mission" ship in the fjord have landed, and, the clergymen with them—six pastors and a bishop—come to Sang's house to talk the wonders over. They discuss, from their half-dozen points of view, the right attitude of the Church towards supposed miracles; in fact they "preach at" one another for the greater part of the act. They are interrupted by what even the most sceptical of them accept as a genuine miracle at last—the entry of the sick woman from the next room, actually walking. (Remember—the student of mental pathology will say that she had fallen into a trance, with a strong "suggestion" from her husband that she should recover the use of her limbs). All the clergymen and the people outside welcome her with a chorus of Alleluias—it is a scene of great religious exaltation—and Sang, his face radiant with faith and love, takes his wife into his arms. She drops into them—dead. "This," he cries wildly, "is not what I meant"; and the shock stretches him dead by the side of his wife.

And what is one to say of it all? It seems to me that one act of monologue on a sick-couch, followed by another of pulpit oratory from a Church Congress, does not become a drama by the interpolation of two "sensation scenes." And yet the ideas of which the pseudo-drama is made the medium—the beauty of faith, the difficulty of the Church with miracles, and the curious pathological conditions underlying faith-cures—are so interesting in themselves, and are exhibited by Bjornson with so much poetic feeling and human sympathy, and at the same time scientific reserve, that one becomes almost indifferent to their unsuitability for dramatic treatment. Anyhow, one is bound to applaud Mrs. Patrick Campbell's enterprise in producing a play so far removed from the beaten theatrical track. And her performance of the sick woman is an entirely beautiful thing and an extraordinarily skilful thing. For it is no small feat to portray, as Mrs.

CURRENT LITERATURE

LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Reproduced from *The Times* Office; Messrs. Sampson Low. £2 2s.

"The Life of Queen Victoria" is the first and adequate biography of her Majesty to be given to the public. We do not, of course, forget Mr. Sidney Lee's work, which we recently reviewed. But that is embodied in the "Dictionary of National Biography" and is available to those who possess or can refer to that work. The Queen's life as it appears in the fine volume now before us in an edition of 1,000 numbered copies cannot but be prized as a worthy memorial of the greatest reign in the history of England and of a period which has seen the most important developments in the social and political life of the Empire. *The Times* life of Queen Victoria is very different in character from that of Mr. Lee's. He had to bear in mind the requirements of the Dictionary, to adhere closely to his subject, to give a succinct and exhaustive record of facts with such dispassionate judgment on them as the scope of his work permitted. The life now before us takes a larger scope, it presents us not only with a vivid picture of the Queen's personality, but with a graphic sketch of the social movement and the foreign history of the times. It is not written, as is a biographical dictionary must necessarily be written, for purposes of reference; it is essentially a book for the general reader. It is, in fact, a reprint of the extensive life which appeared in *The Times* at the time of Queen Victoria's death. We do not go too far in saying that, by common consent, recognized not only as the best life of the Queen published at the time, but as a work which tone and style seldom or never reached in journalism, whether on its literary style, its singular completeness, or its dispassionate and interesting treatment of a remarkable epoch. At the moment of the Queen's death it does not, of course, have the judicial aloofness of the historical student, nor has it the advantage arrived when the general reader will be disposed to do so. But it is a penetrating and weighty account of the great services rendered by Victoria to her Empire, well deserved to appear in book form permanently in the sumptuous setting here given it. The volume is a well-printed quarto in red leather binding, bearing a fine metal design with the Royal arms in the centre. It is divided into chapters, each beginning with an introduction suitable to its subject very tastefully designed by Mr. Capper. The most important embellishment of the volume, however, we have yet to mention—viz., the extremely fine series of full-page photogravure portraits of her Majesty at various stages of her life, in each case accompanied by an appropriate quotation. Of these there are twenty-one, reproduced from paintings or drawings or from photographs. Some of the earlier ones, especially the earlier ones, are but little familiar to the public, and the whole series forms a most interesting collection which adds enormously to the value of the book. A genealogical chart of Queen Victoria's descendants forms a useful appendix to the handsome volume.

he constructs the Ideal State towards which he believes us to be tending and pictures the life in it. It is very cleverly done, and there is more scientific knowledge behind the bundle of prophecies than in those, for instance, of Jules Verne, Lord Lytton, and Edward Bellamy. At the same time it is hardly likely that any other intelligent man, whether of equal, of less, or of greater scientific knowledge, will see eye to eye with Mr. Wells all through his pages. The data are at once too doubtful and too complicated to admit of any uniformity of conclusion. The most that even a sympathetic reader can easily allow is that things might conceivably turn out pretty much as Mr. Wells predicts if nothing happened to prevent them from doing so. He certainly does not seem to us to take sufficient cognisance of probable lets and hindrances. The world which he foresees is a world in which the inventors will go on inventing indefinitely, and the inventions will be rationally applied to the simplification of life by intelligent scientific men, who will, if the vulgarism may be pardoned, "run the show," and arrange for the survival of the fittest by the forcible sterilization of the unfit. By ignoring certain forces, tendencies, and contingencies, these conclusions may certainly be given the colour of plausibility. They seem particularly plausible if we concentrate our attention upon English conditions. But they are the conclusions of a scientific student in the narrower sense of the word scientific. The political student and more particularly the student of foreign politics perceives lions in the path which may arrest progress as effectually as did the incursion of the Barbarians into the Roman Empire, and establish a new condition of things necessitating an entirely new set of prophecies.

In so far as Mr. Wells contents himself with foreshadowing unactual inventions, and certain consequences which seem inevitable in them, he does not seriously outrage any probability. It is probable enough that the increased facilities of rapid locomotion which he contemplates will affect the distribution of the population as he anticipates, that the dirigible balloon will become a practical engine of war, that labour-saving appliances in the house will diminish the need for domestic servants, and so forth. But much of the argument in the book is vitiated by the assumption that the development will be orderly and unimpeded by convulsions; that the intelligent classes will be strong enough and numerous enough to have things their own way; and that inferior classes and inferior races will disappear as though waved out of existence by a magician's wand. To assume such things is really to assume the most important of the questions at issue. Will the proletariat be contented to take a patient part in gradual evolution, now that they have a list of grievances as well defined as a Newcastle programme and the means of procuring lethal weapons? Or will they rise and demand to be made happy all at once by Act of Parliament? Will soldiers taken from the proletariat, and presently to return to the proletariat, obey orders when commanded to fire on them? Doubts on this point are openly expressed in France, and unquestionably felt in Russia. The doubts do not diminish but increase as time goes on, and though the material condition of the proletariat may be improving, it does not improve as fast as their discontent and their opportunities of giving expression to that discontent increase. There are clear possibilities of a great cataclysm here, a cataclysm which amounts to an anticipatory revolution in Mr. Wells' Ideal State.

And then there is the problem of the inferior races, black and yellow. Unlike the late Mr. Charles Dawson, Mr. Wells

assimilate with dogs; but they hide their Empress Tzu-Tsi "lies low" in the interior. Senussi-el-Mahdi in an oasis of the Libyan desert is known to be importing weapons and munitions of the latest European patterns through the ports of every reason to suspect that the former is arming too. The Senussi, moreover, is sending out hundreds, with the result that the Mahdism which is, be it noted, a fighting religion—Africa. His attitude towards "infidels" is the Dowager Empress towards "foreign devils," a moment when Continental Europe was in revolution or war—when the Eastern question, instance, or France is trying to recover her life after the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Europe into the melting pot—China and India, negroes, simultaneously saw their chance, with well-drilled hordes, armed with the latest weapons. It would be a new invasion of the Huns come invasion of the Saracens. There is no certainty such conditions, would be able to repel the any better than the Western Empire was able to or the Eastern Empire to repel the Turks. Mr. Wells' Ideal State be then? And what suggested cataclysm more improbable than this, unmolested by any kind of cataclysm, anticipates?

Mr. Wells' anticipations, in short, strike more than convincing. Perhaps it was necessary, in hedging hypotheses, to construct them from a patch of data that were available, and to imagine science field unhindered by the catastrophic intervention of people animated by hunger or race-hatreds, and able through their numbers and their fecundity that is how they have been constructed, with though they are very interesting to read, they contingencies to be really instructive to those who look into the future.

ART.

Mr. Berenson's Essays.

The writings of Mr. Bernhard Berenson are provocative of thought. There are art critics superior to questions of attribution; but, so enhanced, whether in books or in pictures, which certain works round a given personality. We unwilling to credit Bacon with the Shakespearean we relinquish without extreme regret the "Gioconda" being the creation of perhaps the greatest of the world, Leonardo da Vinci. Mr. Berenson attributes works by Italian artists in various public collections—many of them, despite the labour of others, still ridiculously catalogued—is valuable side of scientific criticism. Not until the collection at the National Gallery and of similar collections is revised shall we gain the maximum of aesthetic pleasure from the pictures. Mr. Berenson's *Study and Criticism of Art* (Bell and Sons, 10s. 6d. n.) contains much written at various times during the last decade on Correggio in particular, by the author.

now recognizes "how valueless . . . in the life of the spirit" is the mere history of art. But if his use of the word "tactile" was open to misconstruction, the same may be urged against another word in the preface to the present volume. He asserts that "qualitative analysis" is essential—a truism incapable of challenge; but when it is implied that "quantitative analysis" means the systematic examination of types of ears, eyes, hands, &c., we must raise a protest. In chemistry, qualitative analysis discovers the ingredients of which a substance or fluid is composed, quantitative analysis measures and determines their relative proportion. Apart from this special use, however, the words do not seem to us to convey what we take to be his meaning. It is regrettable that the criticisms of Mr. Berenson are sometimes marred by reason of his not sufficiently scrupulous use of words. Thus in "Certain Copies after Lost Originals by Giorgione" the astounding statement is made that the work of "a real artist . . . is of the same quality throughout"—as compared with that of the copyist who is interested in particular parts of a picture. Yet, surely, to achieve "the same quality throughout," if we are to take the phrase strictly, would be superhuman; and we have only to study Giorgione's exquisite "Fête Champêtre" of the Louvre—once credited to a follower of Sebastian del Piombo!—for an emphatic refutation. Mr. Berenson might with advantage, too, have brought his book up to date. The "Ecco Homo" (No. 1,310, National Gallery) has for long borne the name of Cima instead of Giovanni Bellini, and, at any rate in one case, catalogue numbers are wrongly given. We point out these shortcomings because we hold Mr. Berenson to be one of the most alert and able living exponents of Italian art. After due allowance is made for ill-considered assertions and slight inaccuracies, every thoughtful student will welcome this volume of essays. The paper on Giorgione—wherein Mr. Berenson remains loyal to the attribution of "The Shepherd Boy" at Hampton Court, despite rumours one had heard to the contrary—makes us the more eager for his promised monograph on the master whose Castel-franco Madonna haunts the memory as one of the supreme Venetian pictures. The "Lives" of Vasari, lessened in authority by modern destructive criticism, forms the theme of a delightful study; and many will follow with pleasure the footsteps of Mr. Berenson in his careful attempt to personify Amico di Sandro, who, it is suggested, may be no other than the Berto Linaiuolo of Vasari.

An Italian Romanticist.

There is such a timid voice amongst the critics that we cannot refrain from expressing an opinion that L. Villari's biography of GIOVANNI SEGANTINI (Fisher Unwin, 21s. n.) has come very much as a surprise. It is not because Segantini was a symbolist, that he painted the Alps in a new way, or that he was surprisingly clever at cattle that his work deserves to be recorded in the sumptuous volume issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Art has produced many symbolists, the Alps have attracted many painters as clever even if not so emotional as Segantini, and his cattle are not so good as those of Cuyp or Troyon; but the position of the Italian painter in contemporary art—for the day of his death is but as yesterday—is not to be accounted for by his proficiency in any one of these directions. It was because he came within the sphere of the influences that produced Millet, Corot, Mathew Maris, our own Millais of the "Chill October," La Thangue, and Henry Estlin in art, and

morely the beauty of the Alps in "Alpine Pasture" distinguish him above others. It is the unusual vision, the direct appeal to nature. He painted what was his own, the life of the peasantry. He made pictures out of the superb natural effects which he saw, but was content to paint simply what he saw, then, into "the movement" from a country where he often triumphed at the expense of the merely beautiful place. He was an elemental painter to whom elements provided all that was useful. And, in advance of painters of all nationalities, he not only saw simply as he was, but he had a natural gift for composition, for seizing, that is, phases of nature at a moment and of view when they might be with some completeness on canvas. His hills were large and spacious, but not his landscapes wide stretching but not interminable horizons distant without outdistancing conception. The truth of his composition is seen in such a picture as "The Alps," the atmosphere crescent, the hills and the sky in tone, and the central figure-group well and fitted to the picture. In the same way it is not the cow in the



"SPRING IN THE ALPS."

(From "Giovanni Segantini," by permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.)

a Farmyard" so much as the farmyard that arrests his eye. Free nature, the earth under his feet, the trees in relation to their surroundings, the animals in relation to all the noble lines of mountain backgrounds, these, studied of light and form and colour, arrested him; his problems they presented raised Segantini into the ranks of the emotional painters of our time. It will be his if he is longer remembered by his flights into the symbolism than as a painter singularly gifted with a

that had not been attempted before, but the snow and the mountains, the cattle and the sheep, the new way of presenting distant facts were fresh even to the veteran connoisseur. "What imparts to Segantini's Alps such an air of intense realism," says his biographer, "is the fact that they were painted from their own level. They were not painted from afar by a mere outsider, but by one who lived in their midst, and who lived there always." He soon perceived that if he painted objects just as they appear in the rarefied atmosphere of the Alps, the results would be intolerably crude. To overcome this difficulty he invented a new method.

In the panoramas which form the background of his Alpine pictures the construction and the formation of the mountains are given with the minutest exactness, but everything is so perfectly blended together that the *ensemble* is an effect of perfect unity. This result was obtained in the following manner. The horizontal or pyramidal construction of the planes in Alpine scenery, if portrayed in a smooth flat style of painting, becomes harsh and crude. But Segantini made of that construction a quality by means of his shimmering, glistening painting. He painted in short rapid strokes and points of light and divided the colours on the canvas.

He had early discovered that the secret of real light lies in the laying of pure colours side by side on the canvas instead of mixing them on the palette.

This is the picture of a rarely gifted artist which we have formed from his works. We do not think that his biographer quite understands that his symbolism was his least attractive and least characteristic possession, but we are much indebted for a carefully planned biography of a remarkable and romantic naturalist whose death is so recent as to leave us unaware of the extent of our loss.

Conversations on Art and Artists.

James Northcote, who comes before us in CONVERSATIONS OF JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A., WITH JAMES WARD ON ART AND ARTISTS, edited from the notebooks of the younger painter by Edward Fletcher (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), was esteemed one of the best conversationalists of his time. He has not survived as a painter, but is sufficiently outspoken and observant to range with Ruskin, Walpole as a chronicler of an interesting artistic period. For five years he was a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and three of his remarks upon the great President of the Royal Academy, remembered by James Ward, are among the most interesting portions of the book. He saw and spoke with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke; he knew Cosway intimately, and yet lived to paint the portrait of John Ruskin, and he drew a homely and human picture of the second Pretender and his extravagant brother the Cardinal York, whom he saw while he was studying at Rome. His art criticisms are always of interest. He places the works of Titian before those of Raphael; remarks that Vandyck's "thinly painted and unsubstantial" portraits are like beautifully executed models "standing up in glass cases, such as are to be seen in Westminster Abbey," and is firm in his belief that Franz Hals "for truth of character was the greatest painter that ever existed."

"I think Titian's power of giving his great effects arose from his seeing his subject all at once, whereas Vandyck appears to me," says Northcote, "to have seen his object too much by piecemeal." He might have had the New English Art Club in mind when he says that there is a spurious breadth; "that

vice of careless finishing in the English school. again, he tells us, "is what Sir Joshua was always yet he himself can't be acquitted of it, especially painting the eyebrows, nose, &c." But then Sir used to say, "Don't look at an eye only, but the face!" The "Conversations of James Northcote" is a further illustration of how excellent a critic a painter may be, and, on reading the present volume surprised to learn that Mr. Ruskin became interested in Ward manuscripts and offered to superintend the

Four Great Venetians.

Mr. Stearns is an American writer of some note, an attentive and enthusiastic student of Renaissance art. His FOUR GREAT VENETIANS (Putnam, 5s.) is devoted to masters whose works "represent Venetian art at its height and substance"—Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Mr. Stearns is familiar with his subject and writes with authority. He knows his Ruskin and his Crowe and Cavalcaselle and his Berenson; he is acquainted with Prof. Berenson's scholarly interpretations of Giorgione's and Titian's works, when, as in the case of the great Borghese picture, he is inclined to accept them, and he does not follow Mr. Crowe and Cavalcaselle wholesale to the master of Capriccio. His opinions are, on the whole, sufficiently orthodox, though difficult to understand how any critic can see Giorgione's Three Ages of the Pitti, or describe that work as "a decided advance on any Venetian painting of the century." As a rule, Mr. Stearns' historical information is full and accurate, but a few mistakes here and there are of correction. Giorgione, as we know from his letters, died in October, 1510, not, as we find here, in 1511, and his death, as Taddeo Albano informed his august nephew, was caused by a sudden visitation of the plague. Gonzaga, the beautiful Duchess of Urbino whose name has immortalized in the Venus of the Uffizi and the Pitti, was not the daughter (p. 109) but the sister of the Duke of Mantua, and her father was Giovanni Francesco, the hero of Fornovo, while Mantegna's well-known Madonna della Vittoria was painted before Titian visited Mantua. The glowing page in which Mr. Stearns describes the wonders of Tintoretto's brushwork reminds us how profoundly another painter, Phillips Brooks, was impressed by the lofty spirit of the great Crucifixion, and make us tremble lest the works should be ruined by the summary restoration which they are threatened. We can only hope that the protest of Dr. Frattin, the guardian of the ancient works of San Rocco, will obtain a hearing, and that the wiser counsels may prevail. Several of Tintoretto's works, including the lovely Three Graces from the Uffizi, are reproduced in the present volume, but the reproduction is inferior in quality and cannot compare with those in the series of art books published by Messrs. Bell and Co. in this country.

ORIENTAL BOOKS.

Letters of the Time of Abraham.

THE LETTERS AND INSCRIPTIONS OF HAMMURABI. TRANSLATED BY J. H. M. ROBERTS. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. H. K. W.

Horites, and was in turn defeated by Abram with his three hundred and eighteen servants born in his own house. There is very little doubt that Amraphel was the same as the Khammurabi of the early Babylonian inscriptions, and the only wonder is how so considerable a personage as the King of Babylon (to say nothing of his allies) could have been chased and smitten and ravished of his prisoners by a mere sheikh, albeit the progenitor of the Hebrew race. Kings, however, in those days—say, 2200 or 2300 B.C.—were scarcely more than local chiefs or burgomasters of towns; and at the time when Abram fell upon his rear, Khammurabi had not yet defeated and driven the Elamites away or assumed the crown of Sumer and Akkad.

Dr. Rogers, in his "History of Babylonia," pays a glowing tribute to the statesmanship of this ancient Sovereign and quotes the "ringing words" of his famous inscription in the Louvre; and there is no doubt that he was the first King of Babylon who worked great deeds for his people, built granaries, dug canals, "the blessing of men," and notably increased the prosperity of the country. Nevertheless, these letters of his, which Mr. King has carefully edited in two volumes of text, and of which he now supplies translations, transliterations, and ample commentary, read more like the orders of a big landed gentleman to his steward and gamekeepers—leaves torn out of his memorandum-book—than the despatches of a King to his Viceroy. They deal with the minutest matters, and, as Mr. King observes, "nothing was too small to come under the Royal cognisance, and the great mind of Hammurabi was as well able to superintend the conduct of a campaign as to note that his woodcutters in the forest were sending him dead or decayed wood instead of sound trunks." The letters sometimes give orders to clear a canal, setting a time-limit, which shows that Khammurabi understood the ways of the working man; or they instruct the agent to make an inspection of the Royal flocks, order additional shearers, and are very particular about the wool. Evidently this was a good farmer-king, as we should judge him from his portrait, only that he looks more like a grocer. Nor did he leave too much to his lieutenants, but commanded the shepherds and overseers of the cattle to come to Babylon and show up their accounts in person. He was also his own First Lord, and gave instructions as to the repair of his ships and the details of their crews. Many letters show his rigid justice, and how he enforced the return of lands wrongfully seized by usurers and others. The letters of the succeeding Kings, also included in this volume, refer to similar domestic affairs, such as the tribute which was overdue, an escaped female slave, the harvesting of corn, and taxes; though King Amnizaduga seems to have confined himself to summonses to sheep-shearings—an important source of revenue in Babylonia. One letter of Khammurabi's is particularly interesting, since it deals with the regulation of the calendar by the insertion of an intercalary month. Another tells the viceroy to send the Elamite goddesses to Babylon in a state barge, with the temple women, and sheep for the goddesses' food, and sufficient towing-men and soldiers to bring the divinities safely to the capital.

The series supplies an interesting picture—sometimes remarkably detailed—of the life and administration of the remote period to which the letters belong, and Mr. King's comments and explanations are all that can be desired—though occasionally we think he slightly forces a fragmentary text to get a wide deduction. The whole collection of documents included in the volume—notably the emended "Chronicle of the Kings of Babylon"—is extremely valuable. But who would be a postman in the days of Khammurabi? These letters are like the letters of a

of history, and it seems almost incredible that the of a King about the shearing of his sheep some four years ago should have been preserved on their tablets and be placed before the optics of any chuckle-heads who chooses to look into a glass case in Bloomsbury. King would have known exactly what to do with the plover, make no doubt, and we should be sorry for the t crooked furrow in the kingdom of Babylon in B.C. 2200.

A Sanskrit Chronicle.

KALHANA'S RAJATARANGINI: A CHRONICLE OF THE KASHMIR. Translated, with an Introduction, Commentary and Appendices, by M. A. STANLEY. Two vols. (Oxford, 1900.)

History—if we except epic legends and princely panegyrics containing fragments of fact—is the department of literature which the Brahmans gave least attention, and a Chronicle is among the rarest of Asiatic phenomena. The special interest and importance of Kalhana's "Rajatarangini" is a metrical history of Cashmere from the misty ages of antiquity down to the date of composition in 1148-49. It is interesting not only by reason of its uniqueness, but on account of the serious and independent attitude towards the history of the country. He quotes his sources, most of which have disappeared, and he even uses the ancient inscriptions in the temples recording grants by former Kings. To find the antiquarian research in a twelfth-century Indian poetable; and if he is over-credulous and not by any means in accepting the wild statements of his predecessors, employing inscriptions is some check upon his narrative, obviously aims at impartiality, and is singularly free from fulsome adulation of reigning Princes which is the Oriental Court poetry. Nevertheless, the *Rajatarangini* and Kalhana's conception of his work is influenced by a desire to treat it in the conventional form of epic and poetic tradition. Much less conventional, however, of its kind, comparatively free from tedious embellishment, simple and direct in its narrative, the *Chronicle* is not a didactic poem, intended to illustrate the transitory earthly glory, the uncertainty of sovereign power, the punishment that follows sins against the moral law, but also much more than this. It is a repertory of mediæval geography and custom, religion and ritual, as existing in the valley of Kashmir, which though Indian was not of India, and the very nature and isolation of which form its peculiar claim upon our attention. From very early times Cashmere maintained its independence and not only that, but deliberately excluded from its valleys all intrusion of foreigners. If anywhere we expect to find early Indian customs and traditions unaltered by time, it is in the Vale of Cashmere, and Dr. Stanley's expectation by the minute local observations upon which whilst preparing his monumental work. As a record on ancient and mediæval India as represented in an excellent unadulterated condition the work of Kalhana, now for the first time expounded by a fully competent scholar, is above all praise.

The Principal of the College at Lahore took up his task under the inspiration of the late Professor Bühler, who had tried their hand on the *Cashmere Chronicle* hitherto no good text, still less translation, had been discovered at Srinagar in Cashmere the manuscript from which all other known (and generally

comprehensive essay on Cashmere topography, accompanied by admirable maps, which may frankly be admitted to be the most important additions to mediæval Indian geography that have been made for many a day. Without such local investigations and a complete study of existing materials in Cashmere any translation of the *Rajatarangini* must be totally inadequate. We have only to point to Mr. Jogesh Chunder Dutt's well-intentioned version made from a bad text and entirely deficient in topographical knowledge to show how useless such a work may be if carried out in ignorance of the special information which Dr. Stein alone possesses.

From the antiquarian and scholarly point of view we have nothing but praise for the manner in which this important work has been produced. It is a credit at once to the translator, the map-makers, the printers, and the publishers. The notes abound in valuable indications; the appendices and topographical memoir are priceless. The translation itself, however, is insipid. Dr. Stein had no time to do more than aim at a perfectly literal translation, and the result is not attractive as literature. Some one, perhaps, may think it worth while to put it into poetic prose or even metre, but we doubt the expediency. It is as a picture of Cashmere in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, a record of its traditions, legends, cults, manners, morals (such as they were), and life, rather than as a work of literature, that Kalhana's "River of Kings" will be prized by students, and on such Dr. Stein has conferred a boon which will be gratefully appreciated by those who have learning enough to understand it.

ANCIENT INDIA, as described in Classical Literature, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by J. W. McCrindle (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.t.), is the last of a series of six volumes giving annotated translations of ancient texts relating to India. Only one other, the "Invasion of India by Alexander," has been published in England; and it has already gone through two editions. Its merit was very generally recognized by the Press, and we have nothing but praise for the present volume. The authors here drawn from are Herodotus, Strabo, Diodorus, Ptolemy, Aelian, Philostratus, Dion Chrysostom, Porphyry, Stobæus, Nonnus, besides the Romance of Alexander, the Itinerary of Alexander, and the Periegesis of Dionysius. The translations are mostly by Mr. McCrindle himself, and are quite good; the notes excellent, giving references to ancient and modern authorities. Mr. McCrindle identifies the gold-digging ants with the Tibetan miners. We can cordially recommend this volume, which both the Orientalist and the general reader will find most useful.

THE TELL EL AMARNA PERIOD, by Carl Niebuhr (London: Nutt, 1901), is the second of the series of "short, popular, but thoroughly scientific studies" of the ancient East which a number of German scholars are writing and Miss Hutchison is translating for Mr. Nutt. It is written with a brightness and lucidity not universal in Teutonic essays of the kind, and gives an excellent summary of the main results and interest of the famous Tell-el-Amarna correspondence. Professor Niebuhr differs considerably from Professor Flinders Petrie in his estimate of Akhenaton (otherwise Amenophis IV.), to whom many of these letters were addressed, and it is hardly necessary to say that he spells nearly all the names that occur in the despatches differently. Plain people would be thankful if some learned sages would agree to wink together even over wrong spellings, rather than introduce a perfectly different form every six months. Or, if they must reform the orthography as frequently as an Irish Land Act, they might tell us in parentheses what the new form corresponds to in the coptic system to which

we await the second part, in which we shall find an "Introduction and commentary to the Arabic text of the first part, along with a preface and bibliography series," as well as an explanation of the principles which the editor has been guided in arranging his plan. It is enough to say that the text of Ibn-Wallâd's treatise, the "Kitâb al-Maqûr," has been edited with care from the MSS. at London, Paris, and Leiden, and notices of variants, and sufficient vowel points, are a valuable addition to the printed texts of Arabic treatises. The Prussian Academy of Sciences and the Oriental Society contribute to the expenses of the work. It is unnecessary to add that with such printer and publisher of Leiden, the mechanical part of the work is well done. We wish Dr. Brönle all success in his spirited and

Orientalists owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Wright for completing and editing the work which he had begun in A CATALOGUE OF THE SYRIAC MANUSCRIPTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE (Cambridge University Press). The acquisition of the MSS. of the seventeenth century was the foundation of the collection, and additions were received from time to time until an important voluntary gift was made by the MSS. of 1887, collected for the Society some for Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, that the work of editing was seriously begun. The collection of Syriac MSS. is a whole, very remarkable, but it includes a series of MSS. from Southern India relating to the Nestorian Church, and for Syriac scholars and complete volumes, with their full indices and value.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Chivalry.

Chivalry, being distinctly international and less closely connected with English life than the subjects of the "Social England Series"; Cornish's book CHIVALRY (Swan Sonnenschein) will stand by itself, apart from its country. In these days, chivalry means rather generosity, and unselfishness. The chivalry of Cornish writes means the whole system of the dominant military classes in the Middle Ages. He denounces the spirit of chivalry as the spirit of Freeman, and Green following him, have slighted and un-English, and have censured as false. Hallam thought it a "great source of humbug" and held that its principles "were not the cause of many evils." Mr. Cornish agrees on the whole, enforcing and amplifying almost all that Hallam said on the subject, and practically adopting his argument. He is, however, much more elaborate than Hallam in his quotations from Froissart, St. Louis, and other authorities. From one source or another he gives great many facts, and has spared no pains to make the subject complete. In particular, he has taken a long way to write an excellent and sensible chapter on the "foolish business" of chivalry. As he speaks, by the way, of Sir James A. Agnew, he might as well have described the armour. But as regards the main question of chivalric notions, artificial as they were, and evil, the answer must be very much a matter of modern critic cannot effectively place himself

Women of the Salons.

MOST, if not all, of *THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS AND OTHER FRENCH PORTRAITS*, by S. G. Tallentyre (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.), appeared in *Longman's Magazine*. The essays would have made a more satisfactory volume if they had been elaborated and revised. They are interesting and well written; but one notices some omissions which detract from their value, and some inaccuracies which might just as well have been avoided. Some of Mme. Germaine Necker's eccentricities are explained on the ground that she "was a French child." She was as much German as French, and more Swiss than either, her only French ancestor being her maternal grandmother, Madeleine Albert, who came from Dauphiné. Mme. Necker's relations with Gibbon, when they met at Coppet in their old age, are left unnecessarily vague. "Did he or Suzanne," the author asks, "remember those old days when they first met?" It is an idle question, seeing that we have Mme. Necker's letters to Gibbon telling him that his "leisure ought always to belong to her who has been your first love and your last," and that she found him "as it were a solitary tree whose shade still covers the desert that separates me from the first years of my life." The chapter on Mme. de Staël is somewhat too reticent for perfect accuracy as to that lady's affairs, and one would gather from it that it is not certain even that she loved Benjamin Constant, a position which has no foundation in the face of the correspondence and the "Journal Intime." Justice, however, requires us to say that the book is interesting in spite of its faults. Perhaps the best essay is that on Dr. Tronchin. Such omissions as there are in his case do not affect the value of the study; and his forgotten reputation was well worth reviving. He popularized inoculation for smallpox; he anticipated Rousseau's views about foster mothers; and he was the real inventor of the fresh-air cure. Special praise must be accorded to the illustrations—photogravures of well-known portraits.

Claudius Clear.

LETTERS ON LIFE, by Claudius Clear (Hodder, 6s.), consist of prelections, mainly on the minor morals, though of course the distinction between these and the major morals is rather a fine one at times. What we particularly approve in Claudius Clear's philosophy is his refusal to suffer fools gladly. He speaks the language which they understand, and says that they ought to be "fired out." This contemptuous treatment of them may very well prove more salutary than any moral or religious exhortation. Claudius Clear is also rightly severe on those who limit their opportunities of enjoyment by refraining from the cultivation of their minds, and he does not allow that devotion to work or to a creed is an adequate excuse for such neglect. It would be easy to reproach him superciliously with insisting upon the obvious, but it would not be fair, for he is addressing an audience which habitually ignores the obvious. Nor are his harangues likely to be the less effective for being gentle and paternal, and even a shade patronizing, in tone. He writes agreeably, and has plenty of allusions and illustrations at his command, so that he is able to give a platitude something of the air of an epigram. Claudius Clear's "Lay Sermons" may do the armchair reader as much good as the sermon preached from the pulpit.

Scientific Phrenology.

THE MENTAL FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN, by Dr. Bernard Holländer, M.D. (Freiburg) (Grant Richards, 21s.), is a bold attempt to clear up the mystery that still involves "the fundamental mental functions." It is a very interesting and

goes further, and adduces evidence to show that the of particular specially developed faculties is unfor-
pauled by the unusually great development of some area on the surface of the brain. To the layman who appreciate the complexity of the issues involved, Dr. deductions may well appear convincing; but there is doubt that in many cases the interpretations he places are unduly strained, while in others they fall short of a mate conclusion. Perhaps the most generally interesting in the book is that wherein the author vindicates the of Franz Gall, the Viennese doctor who is commonly have discovered the science of phrenology. Gall himself repudiated this notion, and Dr. Holländer is but tardy act of justice in referring that discovery to what discernible pupil Spurzheim. Dr. Holländer great conviction, and has succeeded in bringing together a quantity of useful material in his book; the worst said of it is that it tries to prove too much.

Etymology.

IN *NOTES ON ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY*, chiefly republished in the transactions of the Philological Society by Dr. V. (Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d. n.), we have, alphabetically, notes on a number of obscure words, followed by a list of English words of Brazilian origin, and a long list of words used in Anglo-French, with their various forms. With the last, such a list has been long wanted, for no easy matter, given your English word, to know where to look for in texts or dictionaries. As regards the first, Skeat here throws new light on many words not fully in the "Oxford English Dictionary," which will doubtless be useful to Dr. Murray in his future issues. Professor Skeat gives his authorities, and marshals his facts in such a way that their strength or weakness can be tested; hence, even if one does not attain finality, he is useful. He has found in Swedish dialect, from which comes English *brat*, that it derives it from *basa*, which is one step further back. He is collected to prove that *bronze* is derived from *aca* (Brindisi), which before this note was published had been a guess. New light is given on a number of other words. The difficult word *martlet*, Professor Skeat suggests a connection with a blackbird, which is the figure of the heron, while the name means the house-martin. *Minx* is derived from Low German and Friesic *minak*—i.e., *mensch*, "man." For *mug* he has an earlier quotation than any given in the "N. E. D." under *clay-mug*. There is interest on every page of the book, and new matter on many.

Professor Skeat could not have found in literature a motto for himself than that which he prefixes to the preface of *A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE* (Clarendon Press, 5s. 6d.)—

Were man to live coeval with the sun,

The patriarch-pupil would be learning still.

His first attempt at a concise dictionary was good, but its fullness was marred by its arrangement of connections. Professor Skeat finds that this is not convenient, and at once re-writes the whole, arranging the words alphabetically. Moreover, in twenty years he has learnt so much that many of the old errors or corrections are made in nearly every article. It is a pleasure to find Professor Skeat to be modest; so, as he never sings his own praises, we will say at once that this is an ideal concise etymological dictionary, and indispensable. It is also like Professor

that he was a revolutionist, and condemned to death in Austria, and lived in England because it was the only country in which he felt quite sure that he would never be surrendered to the Austrian Government.

COMMERCIAL KNOWLEDGE, by Algernon Warren (Murray, 2s. 6d.), is described as a "manual of business methods and transactions." It conveys much general information of the sort which every merchant ought to have at his finger ends in a fairly readable style. The elements of commercial law are given; the principles of banking are expounded; technical terms are explained; there is something about insurance and employer's liability; there is even a discourse on the deportment of commercial travellers. We hardly think that teachers will regard it as an ideal book for use in schools and colleges. It is a little too discursive for their purpose. But any lad entering a merchant's office might read it with advantage, and keep it by him for reference.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark are much to be congratulated on their **TOPOGRAPHICAL AND PHYSICAL MAP OF PALESTINE**, edited by Professor George Adam Smith, and prepared under the direction of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew. The scale is four miles to an inch; the physical relief is effectively shown by colouring in contours. About 3,180 names are printed and duly indexed. There are inset maps showing the environs of Jerusalem and the vegetation of Palestine. All the modern place names are given, while the accepted identified Biblical sites are added in bolder type. It is, in fact, the best map available, and may equally serve the purposes of the teacher and the tourist (10s. 6d. in case, 15s. on rollers).

To Black's "Sir Walter Scott Readers for Young People" (6d. n. per volume) **THE STORY OF RON ROY** and **THE STORY OF THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH** and **THE STORY OF THE PIRATE** are added. To the uniform "Literature Series" (same publishers and price) there is added a selection from the "Poems of Longfellow," leading off with the inevitable "Psalm of Life," and including the no less inevitable "Excelsior," together with reasonably long excerpts from "Miles Standish," "Hawthorne," and "Evangeline."



FICTION.

Some Well-known Hands.

Mr. Norris, Mr. Weyman, and Mr. Gray written so much and on so consistent and approving criticism of their work bids fair to become super that the public cares to know lies in the statement once again turn to these authors with a certain qualitates. It has previously enjoyed in the **EMBARRASSING ORPHAN** (Methuen, 6s.), by Mr. ample, is one of those entertaining and ably put of modern social life that he so perfectly understood so often presented. The men and women are sure and often likes; there is the touch of humorous scholarly feeling, the firmness and leisuress assured of a sympathetic hearing. The book end to end; graceful, amusing, and certain Of popularity, too, Mr. Weyman may be certain **HANNIBAL** (Smith, Elder, 6s.) is written in the and tells the same sort of story, or "historical is called, that the readers of "A Gentleman "Under the Red Robe" have acclaimed for massacre of St. Bartholomew and the terrible days of 1572 are drawn with a vivid—almost a interwoven "love interest" is sustained with spirit, and the whole is effective, compelling, story has already been put into stage form be produced. Mr. Francis Marion Crawford Venetian story in his latest book, **MARIETTA** (with his usual cunning. The loves of Zorzi, the and the eponymous lady of the story take the p of true affection, but the end is such as novel to approve. The atmosphere of Venice in the fifth admirably reproduced; the characters convinced enthral, and the *dénouement* delights. Mr. Cr once more (is it for the fortieth time?) succeeds his admirers. What busy author need desire more.

The humorous sincerity of Mr. Jacobs' collection of short stories, **LIGHT FREIGHTS** (fascination difficult to resist. Most of the si of the quaint adventures of our old friends t river or coasting boats, and deal, in the wel with the wisdom of the foolish and the baffling uncultured. But Mr. Jacobs proves again th humorists, he can touch the sympathetic to t and light a hand as he can call up laughter. Jacobs' merit as a humorist is that he does not u self to quotation. Such an amusing adventu "Freak," for example, in which one of an extrem is persuaded to allow himself to be sold to I East-end Barnum, as a wild man of Borneo, is as a whole, but ridiculously weak when seen in vein which the author of "Many Cargoes" h severely, but which has by no means petered on of the *Cavendish*," in which the wife of an A amusing part. Taken one at a time, these sto the most dispirited.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason appears at his best i that gives its name to **ENSIGN KNIGHTLEY AN** (Constable, 6s.). It is a really admirable exemp counts "Overboard the steam ahead in

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

M. Marcel Prévost and "Féminisme."

M. Marcel Prévost has, at least, this claim to be taken seriously—that he has divided public opinion ever since the publication of "*Les Demi-Vierges*" made his name widely known. Some held that M. Prévost had written that book to pander to morbid tastes, others that he merely desired to call attention to certain increasing social evils. Since then M. Prévost has specialized in "feminism," and other questions have arisen. Is he a great thinker? Is he a great novelist? Is he in earnest? Or is he merely a clever adaptable journalist who has seen and seized a chance of swimming philosophically with the tide? The appearance of Miss Ellen Marriage's translation of *Préface* (Duckworth, 6s.) seems a fit occasion for trying to make up one's mind about this very popular French writer.

Our own impression is that M. Marcel Prévost is by nature more journalist than novelist, but that he has a certain qualified earnestness inspired by a purely intellectual sympathy with the wrongs, real or supposed, of women. He is not exactly eaten up with his zeal, like certain women writers on the subject who have known something of the bitterness of wrecked lives or cramped ambitions. It is absolutely inconceivable that he can have deduced his moral (or his message) from the story which he tells, for it is inconceivable that the story can have happened as he tells it. It is obviously a made story and not, as the French say, *écrit*. But M. Marcel Prévost does seem to have been convinced—we say "been convinced" advisedly, for he does not seem to have felt—that there was a great deal to be said for the views, claims, and aspirations of the feminists, that women—and more particularly French women—are apt to be "put upon," and that their *status* can only be raised by means of revolutionary changes in the method of their education. Convinced of these things he has got up his case very carefully, and stated it in a novel which leads up to an elaborate exposition of his views on educational reform. There are twenty-five pages of this exposition, given in the form of a speech delivered by a feminist at the opening of a new school for orphan girls. It makes a very fine essay, well thought out and well informed. It would have been admirable as a magazine article. But when it turns up as the summary of the moral of a story it confirms the impression that it was not the story, that suggested the moral but that the story was fabricated to enforce the moral. And that, of course, is both ethically and artistically bad—artistically bad because it introduces the ring of insincerity, and ethically bad because it makes a good moral depend upon the evidence of false witnesses. We should not, of course, have written of M. Marcel Prévost's novel at this length if it had not been a work marked by considerable ability. It contains much that is good besides the essay on education which we have referred to. The author may be congratulated on having described life in London at considerable length without making mistakes, and on having displayed an intimate knowledge of the intimate characteristics of the women of various nationalities. But he knows them in the lump and not as individuals. With all their eccentricities not one of them stands out of the canvas, or is likely to linger in the memory. We have only to compare M. Prévost's *Christine Legay*—the poor little girl whose rich lover betrays her—with Daudet's *Désirée Delobelle*, to see how the character-drawing of a journalist differs from that of an artist. Finally we may note that, though M. Prévost

cannot tell, even now, which of you is the fairer heart inclined little by little to Léa, no doubt Léa is nearer the primitive type.

And all this and much more to the same effect given as though M. Marcel Prévost really thought by means of such speeches in such circumstances that the world go round. Truly the French novel has since the gay days of Dumas the younger, and Marguerite de Koek.

M. Paul Bourget.

M. Paul Bourget dedicates his book *THE DISCIPLE*, which Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes a fairly fluent American, to his young countrymen—those between eighteen and twenty-five apparently in the expectation they will find in his work the answers to several questions as to the conduct of life. "The Disciple," new to many English readers, is undoubtedly a psychological study, but we cannot but be doubtful influence upon the youth of France. Briefly, the story of a young man who at twenty-five has run through "the all ideas," whose critical mind has precociously assimilated the most subtle philosophy of the age. The result is that he comes to regard the human soul as a piece of mechanism he dissects as a matter of scientific interest. The disciple is sudden and salutary, and we are not sorry for him. M. Bourget's book is designed to show the terrible possibilities of the teacher, especially of the literary craftsman, the careful analysis of so morbid a type as Robert C. hardly make pleasant reading. It is a curious book, the main part of which is taken up with the disciple's explanatory dissection of his own character might be called the "Confession of a Young Man of the

M. René Bazin.

M. René Bazin is one of the few French novelists reckoned with who can be read without blushing even most prone to that vanishing habit. He is also one of whom the boulevard is not the world. His task is the fiction of the provinces and the provincials, and he fulfils it. In *ATTENDU GIZOU* (Jarrold, 6s.), now translated by W. H. Wagh, his theme is the life of the farmers of La Vendée, the few parts of France where the feudal feeling respect for religion linger. His story is as simple as ever was put into a book, but he tells it like a literator. Even in a translation it leaves that impression of truth and not invented which is only found in work of high rank. The book is one to compare and contrast with M. Bazin is not *documenté* like M. Zola, who appears to have worked with a bundle of press cuttings from the *Petit Journal* and to have constructed a narrative into which every crime that he ever heard of could be worked. But to know more than M. Zola, and his picture is probably more true. In spite of the sentimentalism which he permits himself in the dominating tragedy of the story is the drifting away of the younger generation—a phenomenon even supposed to be incompatible with peasant proprietors. The translation is, on the whole, well done, though an expression like "breeding-mare" is not the most equivalent of the French that might have been found.

M. Zola.

M. Zola's books; he has never drawn a more complete household than that of the Chanteaus, their son Lazare, the old Norman servant Veronique, even the dog and the cat. It is a wonderful gallery of portraits, but it is very depressing.

Mr. Vinetelli has also translated a selection of short stories by M. Zola, which he calls *THE HONOR OF THE ARMY* (Chatto, 3s. 6d.). They display the novelist in various moods—one, "The Spree at Coqueville," in the very unusual mood of Rabelaisian joviality. The first story, which is a translation of "Le Capitaine Burle," is one of the strongest in the collection, and is interesting as having afforded a handle to certain of M. Zola's more unscrupulous enemies at the time of the Dreyfus affair. The translations are by different hands, but the editor has revised the work of his collaborators and has contrived to secure a certain uniformity of style throughout the volume.

M. Amédée Achard was, we believe, a contemporary of Dumas, and there is a similarity in the style of the two writers. "La Tunique d'Or," is now issued in an English translation, *THE GOLDEN TUNIC* (Macquenn, 6s.), with some sufficiently remarkable illustrations by Mr. Victor Searles. It is a dashing romance, dealing with the adventures of a young Gascon gentleman fighting against the Turks in the reign of Louis XIV.

BOYS' BOOKS.

[BY ONE WHOM THEY CONCERN.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "LITERATURE."

Dear Mr. Editor,—My father being the important contributor of your valuable columns he says I can do it for him this week, it being only about boys' books which I know more about than he does having been stood on the form for reading them in prep. and he'll do my Latin exercises for me instead and put in some mistakes so as nobody shall know it was him but not too many so as not to make it hot for me.

I will now take up my pen and write the first book on my list and a rattling good book too being *HEAD TO RANSOME* by F. B. Forrester (Nelson 5s.). It is about brigands not in Italy like Jack Harkaway, but in Spain where I didn't know they had brigands but they do, and a price was put on the boy's head, but afterwards he got away being a public school boy like me only I've never been carried off with blood-curdling adventures to a brigand's cave but you never know your luck.

I will now turn to the next book it is *ONE OF THE RED SHIRTS* by Herbert Hayens (Nisbet 6s.) and it is about another brave English boy who got an Italian called Garibaldi to help him to overturn the government and make a bloody revolution that was badly wanted, and they were called red shirts because that was what they wore for uniforms, including trousers of course, the climate being too hot for coats. The story is full of blood-curdling adventures and people being thrown into the deepest dungeons and got out again in the very nick of time, and it is partly history but more exciting than the history you learn at school, and another book of the same author from which you can learn a lot of history is *FOR THE COLOSSUS* (Nelson 6s.). The *colossi* mean the good old Union Jack which braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, but in this book it only braves the battle and not the breeze because it is a book

get into the cavalry than into the infantry, but good fighting at the end of the book, though the thing about tearing a piece out of a will which if it would be possible.

We will now turn to *FOR THE FAITH* by E. (Nelson 3s. 6d.). This is about the Reformation with had more wives than sense, and they used to be just as my form master burns penny dreadfuls in them so as to learn things they didn't know but learn things you didn't know before out of this good thing I suppose, as you don't get much fun out of it there being too many religious arguments to needn't believe everything the Pope tells you he doesn't know himself. Having made the will now make some more about another book out of the pen of that truly great author Stables, the same one who rides about in ear-saucapans but for a lark and has rows with father book is called *WITH CUTLASS AND TORCH* (Nisbet) about the slave trade and the hero is a midshipman terror who fights the dastardly slave-dealers and first bearded them in their lairs. The next book is being *OUT ON THE LLANOS* by Achilles Dannt (S.P.C.K.) the scene being now changed to a place called Colombia America. It takes you a lot of chapters to get to a man overboard on the way, and a dastardly nigger out a razor instead of fighting fair, and then they and shoot alligators with their trusty rifles and blood curdle to read how the gallant hero was caught the place by a big snake and took refuge in the hollow of a tree where the snake couldn't follow him, and close he prodded it with his trusty hunting knife.

I must now pass on to *FROM PLAYGROUND* by Frederick Harrison (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.). The boy away from school, and no wonder either as in school he was at and the head was a caution and and dripping for tea, so he took the Queen's shilling a King in those days and he was at Waterloo and a dastardly foe by throwing a bucket of water over his head though the Frenchman had a gun which would afterwards he came back to England and was at school and caned the head with his own cane which was an awful lark.

I will next criticize the books about red Indians being *THE HERO OF THE HILLS* by G. Waldo (Nelson 3s. 6d.). It happened a long time ago when the Americans were French as well as English, and the Indians at each other like you set a dog at each other they took each other's scalps and made splendid things full of noble words and heroic deeds done by our heroes are also two other Redskin books by E. S. Ellis. *ARROW AND THE CHIEFTAIN AND THE SCOUT* (Nisbet), also about the cunning backwoodsman savage and his dusky squaw, and I will copy out some exciting passages which makes your flesh creep and furious exclamations were yet trembling on the air the crack of a rifle broke the stillness. The midshipman's shriek, leaped clear of the bridge and like a meteor, the spray flying high in the air vanished from human sight." Another book which is now is *SIR PHILIP'S TREASURES* by H. A. H.

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want to pay back Robinson Scennidus fourpence I borrowed off him on Saturday. So no more at present, with kind regards from, I remain yours truly,

JOHNSON PRIMUS.

P.S. I think writing for papers is much better than going up for the Army, especially there being no exam. and you keeping a man to put the spelling right, so I mean to be one when I grow up.

LIBRARY NOTES.

No less than four new public libraries have commenced work, each in a populous district, this month. Three are in London, the fourth is at Hull. At Poplar and Stepney the way has been smoothed by Mr. Passmore Edwards. The Woolwich library and the new central library at Hull were opened by Lord Avebury, whose text on both occasions was the imperfections of our educational system. These undoubted imperfections suggest the regretful reflection that the public library must be regarded more as an antidote to the education afforded by our School Boards than as its natural complement.

"Some Art Books in the Public Libraries" was the subject of a lecture delivered by Sir W. B. Richmond, on November 1, in the Town-hall, Hammersmith. In illustration of his lecture there was an exhibition of fine art and other illustrated books from the reference library. We wish there were more of such lectures. They cannot fail to be helpful to the public who desire to make the best use of the libraries.

The Bishopsgate Institute has abolished "open access" in favour of the indicator system.

The public libraries committee of Swansea are in want of a sub-librarian who must possess a thorough knowledge of the Welsh language and must also be sufficiently acquainted with Celtic literature to advise in the selection of books and to catalogue them. The salary originally proposed was £2 per week, but upon a protest this was altered. In most libraries the alteration would imply a higher figure, but in Swansea the sub-librarian, when found, will be allowed 38s. weekly.

Mr. Carnegie continues his Irish gifts with the offer of £7,000 to Limerick on condition of finding £350 per annum. Wales has begun to benefit by £1,500 to Treynon, Aberdare, where the rate will produce less than £100. The gift of £37,000 to Dundee appears to be meeting with opposition, the argument being that a good central library, one branch, and the full rate is sufficient for the present needs of the town. A sum of £10,000 has been offered to Hawick on the usual conditions.

A gift of £100 has come to the Southwark Public Library, in Walworth-road, to be expended upon reference books. The donor is the widow of a tradesman of the locality, and the gift is in memory of her late husband. The Hampstead Public Library has received a fine collection of local pamphlets and broadsides dating back some sixty years, the gift of Mr. Henry Sharpe. A small similar collection of earlier date has just been purchased. The department of local literature, so far as the beginning of the nineteenth century is concerned, is now fairly complete.

The perilous question of discarding stock has been agitating the Twickenham Library Committee. It has come very near to adopting the rule of thumb method. Two members were appointed, and apparently the procedure was that one should note for removal as many works as he chose (about 250 in this case) and that the second member should follow and adopt a similar course. The librarian, we are told, should be able to tick off about a thousand. Such a method of solving the problem to librarians seems rather drastic.

We notice reports from Durban, the Imperial Library of Japan (Tokio), Leeds, and West Ham. Despite the war there has

MORE MAGAZINES.

The latest French magazine to establish definite relations is *La Grande Revue*, of which Messrs. Sam have taken charge. The editor, whose name is given as Labori, is no other than the Maître Labori who came to England by his plucky conduct of the *Dreyfus* contributes to the number before us an essay on politics. Some documents about Fouché are common. Baron Albert Lombroso. There is the conclusion of a story by M. Camille Lemonnier, and a presentation of the question by M. René Puaux.

The *Journal of the African Society* (Macmillan) which the first number has reached us, begins well. The interesting tribute to the memory of Mary Kingsley, J. R. Green, who knew her intimately, and the list of contributors also includes such eminent names as those of Johnston, Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright, and Archdeacon who gives an account of the African Association of 178 his grandfather, Sir John Sinclair, took a leading part.

The current *National Review* is chiefly notable "unauthorized version" of General Buller's hellog we must leave that matter to those whom it immediately concerns. Special attention is also invited by the ed anonymous article on "British Foreign Policy." I however, proposes an *entente* with Russia— which may proposal, but certainly is not a novel one. Mr. G. S. an incisive and bitter attack on those modern Jews their backs upon their race, and Mr. Leslie Stephen ironical demonstration that Shakespeare wrote the Bacon. Bacon, it is argued, was too busy to write books himself, and was quite unscrupulous enough to "ghost." Shakespeare, who, as the author of *Ha* proved himself a poet as well as a philosopher, would have been introduced to him by Southampton, and sum of £1,000, which Southampton is believed to have to Shakespeare, may very well have been Bacon's ho Moreover, the books which Bacon published after Shal death are notoriously inferior to those published during speare's lifetime. It is a clever argument, well elabo not too long drawn out. Sir Charles Warren cont Lessons from the South African War: and Mr. Ma gives a satisfactory account of President Roosevelt.

The *Empire Review* for November ranges from pap Monroe Doctrine and our position on the North-West of India to an article on "Overgrown County Crie most distinctively literary matter is to be found in "Literature," which contains two most appreciative "Kim," and "The Right of Way," the former from the William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I.

Mark Twain is always amusing, and he contribut Little Tales" (in his later manner) to the column *Century*, which is, as usual, excellently illustrated. A Trent has a paper called "A Retrospect of American and there is also a page or so of "Recollections of Ward." An authoritative account of the Santos-Dumon fully illustrated, is among the most interesting feat good number. In *Temple Bar*, Mr. Crockett's stor Firebrand," advances by four chapters: Mr. Arthur a rather smart little dialogue "On Egoism," and some "Babunism" are collected by a lady signing herself Sorabji. Perhaps the best specimen is this (from the La—"The witness . . . cannot be allowed to raise a the air by beating upon a bush."

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LITERATURE.

and a half after the death of Amy Robsart. But why should an attempted burglary have been "extraordinary" in those days? It would have been "extraordinary," I think, to call a successful murder an "attempt."

3. Mr. Sidney asks how I know that it was an "awkward corkscrew staircase" down which Amy fell. Mr. Bartlett, after very careful inquiry, found that it was "a circular newel stone staircase"; which is very much the same thing.

4. In contending that Cecil befriended Dudley after Amy's death, Mr. Sidney says I seem to forget that Cecil himself termed Dudley "infamed by his wife's death." No. I did not forget it; but out of consideration for your space I did not say everything that would have made my argument stronger. Cecil befriended Dudley though he knew that he was "infamed by his wife's death." He noted the scandal merely as an objection to Dudley's marrying the Queen; but he did not show by his conduct that he believed it.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

West View, Pinner, Nov. 3.

JAMES GARDNER.

"WHAT'S WHAT."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—While thanking you for a most generous and critical notice, will you kindly allow me to say two things?

First, that I cordially welcome your suggestion of inserting in my next edition a sketch (as "brightly written" as we can ensure) of the "Course of English Politics since 1875." Secondly, that I have not, as your critic implies, omitted to consider Mrs. Humphry Ward's claim to notice as a novelist of considerable reputation. Her work is mentioned on pages 944-5, in connexion with some others, of which I remark that they are "imaginative, witty, original, and interesting." I proceed to give my reasons for withholding from them only one special kind of merit, but to quote these would be to intrude unduly on your space. As a matter of fact I am, personally, an admirer, to a very considerable extent, of "Robert Elsmere," and I regret that mere works of that character do not issue from the press. But to define my full position with regard to such writing was impossible within the limits of space assigned to this subject in "What's What." Lastly, that I must not claim, as your notice would appear to suggest, the authorship of "What's What." The book has been written by fifty-five contributors, in conjunction with the Editor, and my name only appears upon the title-page because these authors have preferred to be anonymous, and because I accept responsibility for all the opinions expressed in the work.

I am the more anxious that you should allow me to add this explanation as I find the same attribution of authorship has been made in another journal.

I am, very truly yours,

HARRY QUILTER.

36, Great Russell-street, W.C., Nov. 9.

[We noticed the remarks about Mrs. Humphry Ward to which Mr. Quilter refers. She is there spoken of as the author of "Robert Elsmere" only, and as an instance of a writer whose fame has passed away, one of the novelists who "come, blaze, and go out." Among the popular writers of the present day, who are afterwards treated at some length, she finds no place.]

CRETAN SYMBOLS.

I do not think I am alone in the tendency to refer to certain symbols to a common origin. If this be the question remains whether the double axe belongs to a category. About this it may be remarked that they get confused with some object to which they bear fanciful resemblance. So the Swastika became Thor's hammer, and, as we all know, cross-hilted swords were taken to be the Christian cross.

The theory I have proposed (in all diffidence, mere folklorist) would not interfere with the belief that the double axe was the sign of the Carian and Cretan Zeus. The Swastika belongs to times very long before Zeus was born. It dies hard. Last year, at the Folklore Congress in London, Paul Sébillot gave me a brand new Breton button used by peasants, on which there was a beautiful Swastika.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESA.

Nov. 1, 1901.

A NEW DICKENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—In your issue of the 9th inst., under the heading of "Notes of the Day," there appears a lengthy and interesting announcement concerning the publication of a complete Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens, published in England as well in America by Mr. G. D. Spon, New York.

This announcement seems to us to be somewhat inasmuch as no arrangement has as yet been made with regard to granting him important and obviously very necessary concessions, viz. :—

1. The supplying him with impressions from the steel plates and woodcuts, the drawings for which were under Dickens' personal supervision.

2. The right to associate our name with the publication in America, we being directly interested in the working of our own Editions in America, all of which bear our name.

3. Last, but not least, the right to sell complete Editions in England, as the copyrights of the complete works do not expire for many years to come.

As proprietors, therefore, of the copyrights of the Works in their complete form, we trust you can see the necessity of amending Mr. G. D. Spon's announcement in your issue of the 9th inst.

Yours faithfully,

CHAPMAN AND HALL,
GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

11, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London, W.

Nov. 13.

WELTGESCHICHTE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—As there appears to be no translation of the lines on the writers of world's histories, the following may possibly be acceptable.

Sits the little human creature
On the edge of Time's vast sea,
With his feeble hands distilling
Drops from out eternity.

Sits the little human creature,

Books to look out for at once.

- "Napoleon's Letters to Josephine." Edited by H. P. Hall. Dent. 7s. 6d.
 "In the Land of the Vase Gourd." By Mrs. Archibald Little. Fisher
 Unwin. 2s. net. Illustrated.
 "Schools at Home and Abroad." By R. R. Hughes, M.A., H.M. Inspector
 of Schools. Hutchinson.
 "The Son of Man." By Miss F. S. Elliot Stock.
 [A new life of Christ, with special reference to the everyday
 habits and customs of the people among whom He lived.]
 "A Christmas Greeting." By Marie Corelli. Methuen. 1s.
 [Miss Corelli's Annual.]
 "The Firebrand." By S. R. Crockett. Macmillan. 6s.
 "The Making of a Boy." By Mary E. Mann. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
 "Pome Grenadier." By Maxton Cusky. Fisher Unwin.
 [A story of the merchant class of Eastern Russia.]
 "The Apostles of the South-East." By Frank T. Bullen. Hodder and
 Stoughton. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book and a line heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART.

- FRA FILIPPO LIPPI. By R. C. STRUTT. 9x6 $\frac{1}{2}$. 191 pp. Bell. 12s. 6d. n.
 [A well got-up illustrated life, with bibliography, genealogy,
 and documents referring to the painter, &c.]
 MARINE PAINTING IN WATER-COLOUR. By W. L. WYLLIE. 7x9 $\frac{1}{2}$. 5s pp. Cassell. 5s.
 [Hand-drawn sketches with short instruction and notes on
 each drawing.]
 SIR HENRY RAEBURN. By Sir Walter Armstrong. 16x12. 116 pp.
 Hutchinson. 45s.
 [An immense volume, with splendid reproductions of pictures
 (engravings and photo-gravure), an Introduction by R. A. M. Steven-
 son, and a biographical and descriptive catalogue by J. L. Caw,
 Curator of the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland.]

BIOGRAPHY.

- THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Reproduced from *The Times*.
 12x18. 126 pp. *The Times* and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston,
 and Co.
 [See Review, p. 465.]
 THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER. By F. H. SKRINE.
 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 6s pp. Longmans. 16s. n.
 HUSKIN AND THE ENGLISH LAKES. By the Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY.
 With photographs. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 228 pp. Maclehose. 5s. n.
 THE LIFE OF JOHN HOWARD. By E. C. S. GIBSON. 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$. 207 pp.
 Methuen. 2s. 6d.
 [Short life of the famous philanthropist and prison reformer
 (1726-1799), based on his own writings and Brown's "Memoirs."
 Illustrations from old prints, &c.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF ADVENTURE FOR BOYS. FIFTY-TWO
 STORIES OF COURAGE AND ENDEAVOUR FOR GIRLS. Ed.
 by A. H. MILES. 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 462 pp. Hutchinson. 5s. each.
 [Collections of illustrated stories by various writers.]
 FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF GREATER BRITAIN. Ed. by A. H. MILES.
 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 461 pp. Hutchinson. 5s.
 [Stories by various well-known authors (some of them from maga-
 zines). Written to familiarize the boys and girls of England with the
 life and manners of their fellow-subjects in lands beyond the seas.]
 THE CHILD'S PICTORIAL NATURAL HISTORY. Pictured by C. M.
 PARK. 10x8 $\frac{1}{2}$. 71 pp. S.P.C.K. 1s.
 [Accounts of twelve animals, with good half-tone pictures.]
 NONSENSE, NONSENSE! By W. JERROLD. 10x8 $\frac{1}{2}$. Blackie. 6s.
 [Full-page coloured illustrations, with rhymes and illust. cover.]
 SEA FIGHTS AND ADVENTURES. By J. KNOX LAUGHTON. 291 pp.
 THE OPEN AIR BOY. By G. M. A. HEWITT. 257 pp. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$.
 Allen. 6s. each.
 [These are the first vols. of a promising series, "The Young
 England Library," intended for amusement, but with the least bit of
 ethical powder in the jam. Mr. Knox Laughton is a well-known
 author, and the other contributors are chosen for their own merits.]

- A HANDFUL OF REBELS. By R. JACHEMUS.
 Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
 ["The escapades of five young pickles." Illus-
 tated by H. Cole.]
 QUEEN MAID'S FAIRY REALM. Illus. by H. COLE.
 310 pp. Newnes. 6s.
 [Fairy stories very beautifully illustrated.]
 THE PATTY POTS. By H. E. ISMAN. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 321
 2s. 6d.
 [Adventures of the Patty Pots "with the Nidd
 in the land of Once upon a Time," &c.]
 GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Trans. by BEATRICE M.
 637 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
 [Complete edition, with short Preface, and full-
 length illustrations by A. Shepherd.]
 WONDERS IN MONSTERLAND. By E. D. CUMING.
 Allen.
 [How Walter and Jenny see and talk to the den-
 ager. Excellent illustrations by A. Shepherd.]
 DEAR. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 312 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s. 6d.
 [Quiet domestic stories.]
 TOPSY'S FOUR HOMES. By ISABEL WARTLEY.
 Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
 [Topsy is a dog, who tells the story.]
 A POPULAR GIRL. By MAY BALDWIN. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 301 pp.
 [School life in Germany.]
 OUT OF BOUNDS. By ANDREW HOME. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 348 pp.
 [Short stories of school life.]
 LASSIE. By the Author of "Laddie." 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 122 pp.
 [Lassie is a nurse, who has to look after a good-
 deal of the "Laddie" family.]
 THE KING'S "BLUE BOYS." By SHEILA E. BRAY.
 Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
 [A story of the Giant Grenadiers of Prussia.]
 A NEST OF GIRLS. By ELIZABETH W. TIMLOW.
 Chambers. 6s.
 [An American tale of boarding-school days.]
 THE ARGONAUTS OF THE AMAZON. By C. H. KENY.
 Chambers. 3s. 6d.
 [Treasure seeking adventures in Brazil.]
 OUR RULERS. By J. ALEXANDER. 9x7. 144 pp. P.
 [An account with some portraits of English
 monarchs from Edward VII.]
 THE KOPPE GARRISON. By G. MANVILLE FENN.
 Chambers. 5s.
 [The Boer war.]
 JENNY DODDS, MILLIONAIRE. By H. BARROW.
 328 pp. Chambers. 3s. 6d.
 ["A school yarn of merriment and mystery."]
 IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE. By GEORGE GIL-
 HUTCHINSON. 6s.
 [The struggles between French and Spanish colo-
 nists of Florida.]
 THE SECRET OF MANSHELLING. By E. EVERE.
 320 pp. Shaw. 5s.
 [In the days of Queen Elizabeth.]
 A LITTLE BROWN TEA-POT. By BRENDA. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 191
 pp. [The West Country in the days of George III.]
 FATHER TIME TOY BOOK. OUR PETS' PICTURE
 BOOK. HAPPY PLAYMATES. By J. D. SWEET BLOS-
 SOM. [Large children's picture books.]
 LITTLE FOLKS (1901). Cassell.
 WITH WELLINGTON TO WATERLOO. By H. AVE-
 LING. 128 pp. Wells Gardner. 1s.
 LEO, A MUFF. By JULIA HACK. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 152 pp. W.
 [A school story for boys. Illustrated.]
 SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND. By E. A. HENNETT.
 Wells Gardner. 1s.
 [A modern tale of how one boy helped an-
 other.]
 FATHER'S STORY BOOK OF ANIMALS. 9x7 $\frac{1}{2}$.
 Gardner. 1s.
 FAIRY TALES FROM HANS ANDERSEN. Illus. by
 H. G. 420 pp. Wells Gardner. 6s.
 [A pleasant book copiously and well illustrated,
 after Hans Andersen by Edward Clodd.]
 THE YOUNG STANDARD-BEARER, 1901. 1s. 6d.
 STRANGE ADVENTURES IN DICKY-BIRD LAND.
 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 195 pp. Cassell.]

DRAMA.

DOMESTIC EXPERIMENTS AND OTHER PLAYS. By J. P. M. ATKIN. 7x5, 135 pp. Lamley. 2s. 6d. n.

[For amateur theatricals; mostly from *Black and White, Hearth and Home, and The Minute.*]

THE TALE OF A TOWN AND AN ENCHANTED SEA. By E. MARTYN. 8x5½, 211 pp. Unwin. 3s.

[*The Renting of the Bough*, by Mr. George Moore, performed at the Irish Literary Theatre in 1900, was adapted from "The Tale of a Town." Mr. Martyn was also the author of "The Heather Field."]

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

ANTICIPATIONS. By H. G. WELLS. 7½x5½, 318 pp. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

[See Review, p. 465.]

THE MIND OF A CHILD. By ENNIS RICHMOND. 8x5½, 176 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d. n.

[By the author of "Boyhood" and "Through Boyhood to Manhood."]

REPORT ON THE CENTRAL PUBLIC HOUSE TRUST ASSOCIATION. 9½x7, 70 pp. Central Public House Trust Association.

EDUCATIONAL.

ESSAYS ON THE TEACHING OF HISTORY. By F. W. MAITLAND, A. M. GWATKIN, R. L. POOLE, and others. 7½x5, 104 pp. Cambridge University Press.

[Eight Essays on the teaching of various sides of history and one on teaching in America. Owing to Lord Acton's illness Professor Maitland writes the introduction, sketching the history of the teaching of history in English Universities.]

A GUIDE TO ADVANCED GERMAN PROSE COMPOSITION. By E. EHKE. 7x4½, 187 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s.

[Grammatical introduction, passages from English writers for translation, and notes.]

BELL'S LATIN COURSE. For the First Year. By E. C. MARCHANT and J. G. SPENCER. Part III. 7½x5, 148 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d.

CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR. Book II. Ed. by J. BROWN. (Illustrated Latin Series.) 7x4½, 116 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

THE EUMENIDES OF ÆSCHYLUS. Ed. by L. D. BARNETT. (Illustrated Greek Series.) 7½x4½, 151 pp. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

THE MATRICULATION FRENCH COURSE. (The University Tutorial Series.) By E. WEEKLEY. 7x5, 361 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By W. H. LOW. (University Tutorial Series.) Sixth edition, revised. 7x5, 255 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.

JUNIOR LATIN EXAMINATION PAPERS. By C. G. BOTTING. 6½x4, 80 pp. Methuen. 1s.

JUNIOR FRENCH EXAMINATION PAPERS. By F. JACON. 6½x4, 75 pp. Methuen. 1s.

GEOMETRIC EXERCISES IN PAPER FOLDING. By T. S. ROW. Ed. and Revised by W. W. BEMAN and D. E. SMITH. 8x5½, 148 pp. Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d.

[A Kindergarten method for teaching geometry.]

PRACTICAL SCIENCE. By J. H. LEONARD. (Home School Library.) 7x4½, 138 pp. Murray. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

ESTHER ALINGTON; or, A New Investment. By ROSE HARRISON. 8x5½, 233 pp. Ideal Publishing Co. 1s. n.

[A plea for the suppression of the drink traffic.]

THE WOMAN OF ORCHIDS. By MARVIN DANA. 8½x5½, 261 pp. Treharne. 3s. 6d.

[A sensational tale, largely in South America.]

THE CURSE OF EDEN. By the Author of "The Master Sinner." 8x5, 298 pp. John Long. 6s.

[Too love affairs of a country doctor's daughter.]

THE REDEMPTION OF NEIL MACLEAN. By DAVID LYALL. 7½x5½, 264 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[The story of an art student in Scotland and London.]

ST. NAZARIUS. By A. C. PARQUHARSON. 8x5½, 308 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[The scene is a castle in a German forest.]

FANCY FREE. By EDEN PHILLIPOTS. 8x5, 302 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[Short fanciful and farcical stories, well illustrated.]

MEN v. DEVILS. By T. KINGSTON CLARKE. 7½x5, 453 pp. Sands. 6s.

[A story of financial sharks.]

A SPORTSWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS. By —? 7½x5, 268 pp. Everett. 2s. 6d.

[This is a kind of parody, for sporting folk, of "The English-

THE BALLET DANCER. By MATILDE HERAO. 7½x5, 366 pp. Mann. 6s.

[A realistic story of the Italian stage.]

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS. By MABEL HOWARD. 7x5, 250 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[The story of a girl who is tempted to retain a fortune in Hamilton-place to which she was not really entitled.]

DUMB. By the Hon. Mrs. W. R. D. FORBES. 7½x5, 354 pp. Windus.

[Aristocratic Scotch society.]

HALL, THE PEBLAR. By MAURUS JOKAI. Trans. by R. N. 7½x5, 275 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

[Founded on the rebellion of Halli, a contemner, in for six weeks governed the Ottoman Empire. First published in 1880.]

MRS. PEDERSON'S NIECE. By ISABEL STUART ROMM. 7x5, 279 pp. Cassell.

[A modern story of a young girl, whose energy brings through all difficulties. Suitable for the elder girls.]

IN OUR TOWN. By ROSALINE MASSON. 7½x5, 306 pp. Stoughton. 6s.

[A quiet and very pleasantly told love story, full of sphere and legal life of modern Edinburgh.]

SWEETHEART MANETTE. By MAURICE THOMPSON. 7x5, 279 pp. Macquenn.

[Manette is the "Belle of New Orleans," and the Bostonian famous for his wealth. Illustrated.]

CONCERNING SOME POOLS AND THEIR FOLLY. By SANDARS. 7½x5½, 307 pp. Sands. 6s.

[The theme is the ill-matched marriage of a clergyman.]

THE KING'S GUIDE. By N. COVERTSIDGE. 8x5½, 352 pp. Marshall. 6s.

[A thirteenth century story founded on the history of Llewelyn of Wales.]

FARDEN HA'. By JOANNA E. WOOD. 7½x5, 336 pp. Blackett. 6s.

[The scene is in a Scottish mining village.]

RICHARD HALPIN. By M. ROBERTSON. 7½x5, 300 pp. Smith.

[A story of the modern American navy.]

LIETTE. By A. DOUILLAC. 7½x4½, 287 pp. Hachette. Fr.

[A French illustrated story in the "Petite Bibliothèque Famille."]

CHRISTOPHER DEANE. By E. H. LACON WATSON. 8x5, 311 pp. Elkin Mathews. 6s.

[Life at Winchester, Cambridge, and afterwards.]

THE TORY LOVER. By SARAH ORSKY JEWETT. 7½x5, 311 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

[A story of American revolutionary times in which figures.]

JACQUETTE ET ZOZOU. By "GYP." 4½x7½, 288 pp. 3f. 50c.

[Another volume of those malicious, but witty sketches, frequently Anti-Semitic, which caricature the "of Paris, and which, while useless as documents, are the product of the capricious rose.]

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND LETTERS IN THE FOURTH CENTURY. By GLOVER. 9x6, 386 pp. Cambridge University Press.

[A study of the age of the Gothic Invasions and Paganism in the life and writings of typical men.]

THE DAWN OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. Part II. By C. BEAZLEY. 9x6, 642 pp. Murray. 18s.

[The first volume was published in 1897. This treats from the end of the ninth to the middle of the thirteenth century.]

ANNALS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. By E. H. PEARCE. 9x6, 311 pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

[An illustrated history of the school by a former "Garter Assistant Master."]

THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR AND ITS PRELIMINARIES. By GRUNDY. 9x6, 591 pp. Murray. 21s. n.

[A study of the evidence, literary and topographical.]

MISCELLANIES. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. 7x4½, 285 pp. Stock. 5s.

[Some of these are reprinted from magazines. The new on Christian evidences, the Ideal of a University, by Browning.]

MILITARY.

WORDS BY AN EYEWITNESS. By "LAYMAN." 7½x5½, 343 pp. Blackwood.

[Sketches of the "human side" of the Boer War, reprinted from *Markland's Magazine*.]

FRENCH CAVALRY CAMPAIGN. By J. G. MAYNOR. With photographs. 7½x5, 198 pp. Putnam. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAW RELATING TO THE RECONSTRUCTION AND AMALGAMATION OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES. With forms and precedents. By P. F. SIMMONDS. 10x6, 174 pp. Eillingham Wilson & Sweet and Maxwell.

STUDIES IN HETEROGENESIS. By H. C. RASTIAN. 10½x7, 58 pp. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

[Part I. of a work for scientific investigators, favouring the theory that the really different or heterogenetic products can result from the parent organism or germ. Photographs. Paper bound.]

STAG-HUNTING ON KAMMOOR. By P. EVERED. 9½x7, 378 pp. Chatto and Windus.

[A fine book with an immense number of interesting photographs, and a popular account of the hunt from all points of view, with many hunting experiences and advice and information for sportsmen.]

PHILOSOPHY.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. By MARY W. CALKINS, Professor of Philosophy and Psychology in Wellesley College, U.S.A. 8x5½, 260 pp. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d. n.

LOGIC. By G. H. SMITH. 7½x5, 250 pp. Putnam. 5s.

[An American book founded on the theory that logic includes the matter as well as the form of thought.]

POETRY.

COLLECTED POEMS. By M. BELL. 7½x5½, 232 pp. Hurligh. 3s. 6d. n.

[Contains the poems in "Spring's Immortality," and "Pictures of Travel," with a few new ones.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE GREAT BOER WAR. By A. CONAX DOYLE. 8½x5½, 658 pp. 7s. 6d.

[Revised and brought up to date.]

LORENZO LOTTO. By B. HERINGSON. 9½x6½, 276 pp. Bell. 15s. n.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. Saavedra, Vol. VI. Don Quixote, Vol. IV. (The complete Library.) Ed. by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. Trans. by J. ORMSBY. 7x4½, 200 pp. Groom and Gray. 1s. n.

[We have often alluded to this handy-sized scholarly edition.]

THE RHYMISTS. Ed. by J. P. BRISCOM. 5x2½. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. 134 pp. The Essays of Sir Roger de Coverley. 152 pp. Gay and Bird.

[We have often mentioned these delightful little books, the note of which is strong paper and firm binding. Each has an introduction.]

UNDINE AND ASLANGA'S KNIGHT. By LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. 6½x4, 172 pp. Novus. 2s. n.

[An elegant, leather-bound booklet, very suitably illustrated.]

PEG WOFFINGTON. By CHARLES READE. (Temple Classics.) 6½x4½, 291 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

[With a short bibliographical note by the editor, Mr. J. Gollancz and a frontispiece from the picture of Peg Woffington at Kensington.]

DANIEL DERONDA. By GEORGE ELIOT. Two vols. (The Warwick Edition, Vols. IX. and X.) 6½x4½, 601+627 pp. Blackwood. 2s. n. each.

[These handy and very clearly printed volumes are bound in red.]

MIDDLEMARCH. By GEORGE ELIOT. (Library Edition.) 8½x5½, 697 pp. 10s. 6d. n.

[This is a fine series; and there is a capital frontispiece.]

TIPCAT. By the Author of "Laddie." 7½x5½, 396 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s. 6d.

THE HOUSE OF ATREUS. Being the Agamemnon, Iliad-Bearers, and Furies of Achylus. Trans. by G. H. A. MORSHEAD. 6½x4½, 163 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.

[First published 1901. Now included in the Golden Treasury Series.]

THE POEMS OF R. D. WILLIAMS. Ed. by P. A. SELLARD. 2nd Ed. 6x4, 264 pp. Duffy.

[Richard D'Aton Williams was the poet of "Young Ireland" (1852-1892) and on the staff of the *Nation*, who went to America in 1861, where he practised as a doctor.]

EVERY MAN'S OWN LAWYER. By a BARRISTER. 7½x5, 754 pp. Crosby Lockwood.

VANITY FAIR. By THACKERAY. Ed. by WALTER BENT. Three vols. 3s. n. per vol.

[A preface and a bibliographical note by the editor with many good illustrations by C. G. Chubb.]

JACKSON'S BOOK-KEEPING. Revised by H. T. ELLINGHAM-WILSON.

[A thorough revise of Jackson's book, of which was published 75 years ago, when there were few, if any, book-keepers.]

THE CALIPH VATHEK. By BECKFORD. Ed. by L. J. BENT. 149 pp. LIGHT VERSE. Ed. by A. C. DEANE. (Little Library.)

[Mr. Ross' introduction discusses the bibliography of Beckford's relations with Henley, who translated French. "Light Verse" is a chronologically arranged volume of Wither and Suekling to A. D. Godley and Owen. It maintains that the true light verse writer is of modern frontispiece is a portrait of Calverley.]

LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By the late W. K. CLIFFORD. Edited by Sir Frederick Pollock. Two vols. 7s. 6d. Macmillan. 10s. (The Everyday Series.)

THEOLOGY.

THE AT-ONE-MENT. Or, the Gospel of Reconciliation. SPIRITUAL TEACHING OF BIBLE PLANTS. ARGUMENT OF ADAPTATION. 64 pp. CHURCH OF EVOLUTION. REV. GEORGE HESLOW. 6s. n. and Norgate.

[Three little shilling books by this well-known naturalist. The third explains briefly the change place in the old "Argument of Design." The views of Huxley and Mr. Leslie Stephen on morality.]

A HISTORY OF THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN. By J. H. BENT. 8½x5½, 318 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[The author claims that this is the only history of the Brethren. Partly reprinted from the *British Weekly*.]

THEOLOGY OLD AND NEW. By W. P. COBB. 7½x5½, 200 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

[The first volume of a new series called "Theology for the Twentieth Century," treating present problems to unite Anglicans. This book is not for the men who wish to keep abreast of the Theology of the day.]

AN EDITOR'S SERMONS. By SIR EDWARD RUSSELL. Unwin. 6s. n.

[Papers on religious subjects by a layman and addressed to the clergy. Introduced by the Bishop of Exeter.]

BIBLIA INNOCENTII. Part II. By J. W. MACK. Longmans. 5s.

[Mr. Mackail has already "written anew for the chosen people before Christ." Here he presents narrative and early Christian stories. The brief, with well-chosen headings and written in a simple style.]

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FROM WITHIN. 8x5½, 6s. 6d. n.

[Written by a Roman Catholic layman, with an introduction by Cardinal Vaughan.]

MONASTICISM AND THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. ADOLF HARNACK. Translated by E. G. KELLER. 7½x5½, 172 pp.

[Two lectures delivered by Professor Harnack. October, 1900, on the Doctrine of Holy Communion in Ritual. By the Rev. N. DIMOCK. 9x5½, 140 pp.]

REDEMPTION. By A. ROBERTSON. 9x5½, 387 pp. n.

[Bampton Lectures, 1901, by the Principal of King's College, London.]

HANDBOOKS TO THE BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK. Edited by the Rev. M. STEVENSON. 7½x5, 250 pp.

[For teachers, especially in training colleges.]

THE SOUL IN THE UNSEEN WORLD. By R. C. DODD. 403 pp. Rivington. 6s. n.

[An historical inquiry into the doctrine of the soul by the Chaplain of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

JOHN CHINAMAN. By E. H. PARKER. 8½x5½, 350 pp. n.

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

* * * *

Books to read just published :

- "The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen." By R. Barry O'Brien.
(Smith, Elder.)
- "Recollections of the Old Foreign Office." By Sir Edward
Hertslet, K.C.B. (Murray.)
- "Medieval London." By Canon W. Benham and Charles
Welsh. Illustrated. (Seeley.)
- "The Firebrand." By S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan.)
- "Love Like a Gipsy." By Bernard Capes. (Constable.)
- "Christopher Deane." By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Elkin
Mathews.)
- "Dumb." By the Hon. Mrs. W. R. D. Forbes. (Chatto and
Windus.)

* * * *

The name of Mr. Andrew Lang, of whose writings we give a full account this week, is by no means unfamiliar to the collector of *editiones principes*; indeed, at this moment he is one of the very few living writers any of whose works command a considerable premium at auction. The exceptions include Mr. George Meredith, whose "Poems" of 1861 has made as much as £25; Mr. Kipling, whose "Schoolboy

served as library. "Here is my collection," said his collector. From floor to ceiling the double shelves held *editiones principes* of Mr. Lang's many works. Every copy of each book, was here.

But the dream does not accord with truth. Mr. Lang's first volume, "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France with Poems," a crown 8vo. of 161pp., issued by Messrs. Long, 5s., fetched £1 10s. in April, 1898, the example being in white parchment, uncut. A presentation copy from Dobson who contributed a chapter on modern illustrated books—to the late Colonel Francis Grant of Library," 1881, large paper, published at 10s. 6d. fetched guineas in 1900. It is worth noting that whereas in general paper copies are worth only about twice as much as the issues, in Mr. Lang's case the relative increase is seven. Seven years ago a book-expert stated that one of the six examples on Japan paper, with the frontispiece in two of "Aucassin and Nicolette," 1887 (New Ed. 1896) was something under £4. In March, 1898, however, an unopened example in original pictorial wrapper made £4 at auction.

Nor are these by any means the only instances in values that might be cited. One of 100 copies issued on paper of "Lost Leaders"—articles which appeared originally in the *Daily News*—fetched £1 10s. in May last; "The Fairy Book," 1889, large paper, containing Mr. Lang's introduction, not to be found in the small paper issue of £1 15s. four years after publication; "The Dead Land—Other Tales from the French," 1889, large paper, was in December, 1893, at three guineas; while similar copies of "The Red Fairy Book," 1890, "The Blue Poetry," 1891, and "The Green Fairy Book," 1892, have changed hands respectively at two guineas, £1 11s., and guineas.

In the selection of sermons preached before the University published by Mr. George Allen there is, by way of preface, a history of the institution written by Mr. L. J. M. B. It appears that there are references to sermons "preached to students as such" as early as the twelfth century, and the fourteenth century, such sermons served a double purpose. They not only exhorted to godliness, but also "offered means of making known any matter of general interest." In a long period the duty of preaching in turn was enforced by ten shillings; but afterwards a tax was levied on all given in holy orders in order that the preacher might be remunerated. The honorarium is now five guineas.

Mr. Behl also gives some interesting notes on the history of sermons:—

It had been found early necessary in some Universities to pass statutes *de quantitate sermonum*, and a time fixed at Ingolstadt of an hour and a quarter, at Vienna

A five-minute sermon, if it may be computed, would be about two-thirds of a column of *Literature*; whilst a two-and-a-half hours' sermon would fill about twenty of our columns—always assuming that the preacher preached deliberately, without either gabbling or humming and hawing.

"Matters of general interest," though not perhaps in quite a fourteenth-century sense, are attended to by American preachers of to-day much more than by English preachers. In New York City the subjects of the sermons preached on Sunday are always advertised in Saturday's paper, and some of those announced for Sunday, November 10 (the Sunday after the municipal election) are: "New China and New York as Mission Fields," "The City of the Future," "Christianity and its Modern Substitutes," "The Public Schools," "Personal Liberty," "Brass or Gold Which?" "Has Christ come to New York, or has this City been eschewed?" "The Responsibility of the Victors—a post-election sermon," "Practical Social Remedies," "Moral aspects of the Modern Theatre," "How to make the moral victory of last Tuesday permanently and truly effective," "What can the Reformers do?"

The chief items of Messrs. Sotheby's sale completed on Wednesday were: Thackeray's "Comic Tales and Sketches," first edition, £11 5s.; Burton's "Arabian Nights" with the "Supplemental Nights," 16 vols., £34 10s.; "Archæologia Coniuncta," 1843-1897, £20 10s.; Earl Coningsby's "Collections Concerning the Manor of Malden," 1813, £105; "Dover Press 'Theatæ,'" £75 (£4 10s. in May last); Author's presentation copy of Foger's "Italy," 1836, £11; "Zoological Society's Transactions," 1833-1838, £41; Keat's "Endymion" and "Lamia," first edition, £8 and £6 10s.; Shelley, facsimile reprint on vellum of "Adonais," £5, "Rosalind and Helen," and "Prometheus Unbound," first edition, £3 10s. and £6 5s.; Apperley's "John Mytton," first edition, £10.

The *American Critic* for November in referring to Mr. Fisher Unwin's purchase of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, expresses the opinion that "for some reason or other English magazines are weakest in the line of illustration." Undoubtedly American magazines spend more money and take more pains with their illustrations, though English magazines have certainly improved in this matter. The *Critic* itself is extremely well illustrated, and in the present number it presents photographs, lent by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, of the Du Barry Decorative Panels by Fraumour, which have never, we believe, been reproduced in their entirety.

The present excavations in the Roman Forum aim for the first time at reaching the lowest depths, touching a point not reached by former operations. The endeavour of the excavations is to reach the early Imperial, the Republican, the Kingly, and even the prehistoric strata, wherever it was possible to do so without disturbing the higher structures. Hence one may look forward with interest to a new volume by Professor Lanciani, called "New Tales of Old Rome"—about to be published by Messrs. Macmillan—which should throw light on the controversies which have followed the important discoveries already made in the Forum and its neighbourhood. One of the most interesting chapters describes the discovery on January 10, 1890, of black marble slabs in the

A sumptuous volume on "Killarney's Lakes" will be published by Messrs. Downey next week, the feature of which will be a series of mezzotint engravings by F. S. Walker, from pictures painted by himself in the lakes two summers. For the text, the editor, Mr. J. M. L. has relied upon the recorded impressions of the letters who have visited Killarney, and given a complete account of the scenery, legends and traditions of the lakes. Thackeray is represented by "Killarney" (1842), and "Stag Hunting on the Lake" (1842); "Blow, Bugle Blow"; Tom Moore by "Swallow the Echoes," and "O'Donoghue's Mistress"; P. Graves by "The Killarney Hunt," and "The Rock," and Mr. Alfred Austin by "Spring" (1890).

THE DEPARTURE.

He comes no more to plead with me in vain
To vex me with the pity in His eyes;
No night shall fall nor may dawn arise,
And find him waiting at my door again.
Unburdened by the echo of His pain,
The summer winds in summer woods shall
His shadow shall not dim the April day,
His voice molest me in the autumn rain.
And since He went His way my days have
Unmarred by doubt and dread; secure
Henceforth I dwell at ease and all is well
"What better heaven could God Himself
I asked my soul exultant. Very low,
"If this be Heaven," she whispered,

H. C. L.

The will has been proved of Sir Walter de la Warr, whose personal estate is of the net value of £6,588, the value of the whole estate being £8,812 19s. 7d.

Among the literary birthdays of next week were Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (November 21, 1849), Professor of Archaeology at Oxford (1846); Mr. Leslie Stephen (November 28, 1833); Spencer Churchill (November 30, 1874); Mommsen, the distinguished historian (November 30, 1817); Mark Twain (November 30, 1835).

A bust of Richardson, the novelist, was unveiled on Wednesday at the St. Bride Foundation Institute, not far from his old printing-office, in Salisbury Square, Goldsmith acted as his reader.

Lancashire is arranging for a memorial to the late Mr. Hall Caine, whose dialect poems were a power in the land of cotton famine. Mr. Hall Caine has written a scheme.

A handsome brass has been placed in the Church to the memory of Miss Mary Kingsley.

Last Thursday (November 21) the Elizabethan produced Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* in the Great Old University Buildings, Burlington-gardens.

A medal, bearing the portrait of George Charles Holroyd, is on view at the Dutch Gallery.

The house where Byron lived with his sister, in Broad-street, Aberdeen, is being pulled down to make room for the enlargement of the Marischal College.

with special reference to Mr. Graham Balfour's recently published life.

During the twelve months ended September 30 more than 24,000 persons inscribed their names in the visitors' book at Burns' Cottage in Alloway, while quite half as many entered without signing.

It is said that letters have been discovered in the Vatican Library which tend to prove that Rizzio was not a professional musician, but a priest who had adopted that disguise in order to minister in safety to the Queen and her attendants.

A new portrait of Schiller has been discovered in an edition of the poet's works dated 1812, and it is said to be the work of Schiller's eldest sister, Christophine.

The *Bradford Observer*, founded in 1834, changed its name on Monday last to the *Yorkshire Daily Observer*.

Siam has passed a Copyright Law based on the English statute. Copies of all Siamese works have to be presented to the Royal Buddhist Library at Wat Benchamabopit.

The admirable Liberal-Catholic organ in France, *La Quinzaine*, has published the following statistics to show that the French language has more vitality than is believed in "Anglo-Saxon" countries. In Switzerland, according to the census of 1888, the number of persons speaking German has fallen from 714 to 667 per 1,000, while those speaking French have risen from 218 to 230, and those speaking Italian have risen from 53 to 67.

Mr. Balfour is said to be revising "A Defence of Philosophy Doubt," "The Foundations of Belief" is just appearing in its eighth edition, with a new preface.

The Committee of the Bible Society has engaged Mr. William Canton to write its official history, in view of its approaching centenary.

Oxford is responsible for a bit of Christmas humour to come from Messrs. Williams and Norgate. It is a skit upon the "Absolutism" just now fashionable in English philosophy. It is to be called "Mind," and is a sort of comic "double" of its namesake. It will contain parodies in the style of most of the famous philosophers written under transparent pseudonyms.

"The Kiss and its History," to come from Messrs. Sands, is the work of Dr. Christopher Nyrop, a philologist of high reputation, which has gone through two editions in Denmark, and has been translated into German, Swedish, and Russian. It is translated by W. F. Harvey, Lecturer in English at the University of Lund (Sweden).

Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, son of the novelist, has purchased *Household Words*, with a view to reviving its ancient glories.

Messrs. Treherne have purchased *Crampton's Magazine*, and the December number will be issued by them. Among the contributors are Mrs. Croker, E. Nesbit, George Paston, and Louis Wain. In January several new features will be introduced. The magazine will be edited by Mr. Harold Tremayne.

Messrs. Macmillan have a number of interesting books due this month, including "Poems from Victor Hugo," translated into English verse by Sir George Young; a life of Sir William Molesworth, formerly Secretary of State for the Colonies, who died in 1855, by Mrs. Fawcett; a life of the Emperor Charles V., by Edward Armstrong, in two volumes.

The British Resident at Selangor, in the Malay Peninsula, Mr. Hugh Clifford, is continuing his studies of brown humanity, and is to state his results in the form of a novel called "A Free-Lance of To-day," of which the scene is laid in Aceh, the little State on the north-west of Sumatra, commonly called Aceh by Europeans, which has a romantic history.

The third volume of Mr. Philip Hore's "History of the County of Wexford," containing the history of Donard and Athy,

The "lecture season" of the Edinburgh Institution has made an excellent start this year. M.

with Lord Rosebery as his chairman, commencing with a suggestive duo on the subject of biographies and autobiographies, and the first lecture of the course, given last Tuesday, by Miss Marie Corelli in the novel role of the title of her paper being "The Vanishing of the Master-Christian."

It is not surprising to learn that the crowded, Miss Corelli, as a writer, has seldom been spoken of more warmly than one might say hotly. She has been extolled and violently abused; she numbers many thousand devoted admirers and many hundreds of bitter opponents; she has very rarely alienated her friends or conciliated her enemies. A personality of this kind was bound to attract both praise and blame. The attention of the general public has been attracted to the appearance of a new lecturer, it seems that Miss Corelli possesses several qualifications not always to be found in writers of our day. She has essayed the art of speaking in public. She spoke in clear and pleasant tones, and with considerable eloquence, while she emphasized her points with authority and displayed no trace of nervousness. It is possible that the author of "The Master-Christian" may have discovered a method of appealing to the public that shall be free from the venom of the critic. For in the spoken word the error of the critic fastens do not count for so much as in the printed word. They pass and are forgotten, before the critic has time to commit them to memory for future comment. Nor is it a lecture, the same temptation (so often fatal to the lecturer) to introduce scraps of some other language with which he is not quite perfectly acquainted. In a lecture, too, the readiness of speech are always of more importance than novelty or truth of the thesis—to the ears, that is, of the public. The lecturer, we must admit, did not overcome the difficulty of saying anything fresh on the subject of the imagination. It is an ancient theme, that crops up again with never failing regularity with every new science. "Romance is dead, the Cave-man cried," said Kipling's verse; the advent of the steam-engine was hailed as the last and fatal blow to poetry. Yet there have been poets at all events since the days of the cave-dwellers, few perhaps have lingered on since the discoveries of Stephenson. It is not an uncommon complaint with the sensibility that we live now in a world of ceaseless unrest. Other people have echoed it before Miss Corelli, and others will, not improbably, repeat it after she, and it is alike forgotten, but it does not necessarily mean that the faculty of imagination is dying out. It may mean, more likely—that many writers of the present day are too busy to restrain their imagination within due bounds, and set out in artistic fashion the gifts with which the faculty has presented them. Undisciplined imagination is enough in modern fiction. In her remarks, however, on Vandalism, personal journalism, impressionist painting, and many other subjects to which the lecturer passed as to or less connected with the main theme, there was no sense expressed in trenchant and forcible language. Miss Corelli denounced the little men of literature who carped at the great men with great gusto, and waxed merry over the attempt to destroy Shakespeare of his fame by cryptogram theories. She said that we might have, one of these days, a Scott or a Keats, saying that Chaucer the Fourth wrote the *Waverley*.

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Literature Portraits. —XXIX.

MR. ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Andrew Lang is a mass of charming and triumphant contradictions. He is a Scotch dilettante, he is a reliable fisherman, he is a spiritualist who is truly spiritual. He was born at Selkirk in 1844, and he was educated at two great Universities, St. Andrews and Oxford, the contrast between which he has painted in a singularly perfect and moving poem called "Almae Matres."

The strange enchantments from the past,
And memories of the friends of old,
And strong tradition blinding fast,
The flying terms with hands of gold,
All these hath Oxford: all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown.

The beautiful lines are worth quoting, since with Mr. Andrew Lang as with all Scotchmen, the most that we can hope is that he finds our English order good. The best is a secret sealed in another land.

His first important work was "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," which was published in 1872. Some of these poems were republished in his "Grass of Parnassus," which appeared in 1888, and the two together form a sufficient test of Mr. Lang's poetical faculty. As a poet he belongs pre-eminently to what may be called "The Great School of the Refrain." The fascination which the old French ballade and rondeau had for so many of the most brilliant men of the nineteenth century was not a mere accident of metrical regularity. The neatness of the old French form undoubtedly satisfied Mr. Lang's highly refined literary taste; but a far deeper value lay in the very fact of the infinite recurrence. The refrain represented to such poets as he the fact that there are some conclusions to which we all come back. It represented a certain class of ancient and genial proverbs which are light at the same time that they are weighty.

Mr. Lang, however, was vastly too good a poet to confine himself to poetry; he felt that a poet should at least make some attempt to understand all the thousand things that may be material. After adding to his poetical reputation with "Ballades in Blue China," "Helen of Troy," and "Rhymes à la Mode" he passed on to the study of religion and folk-lore in "Custom and Myth," "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," and "The Making of Religion." A third side of his literary activity is represented by his admirable cycle of books of light literary criticism such as "Books and Bookmen" and "Letters to Dead Authors;" a fourth side by his delightful editions of the fairy tales of all nations; and a fifth side by his researches into Scottish history, in which he has shown that he possesses, perhaps to a greater degree than any other living writer, the power of writing sound history in a bright and interesting manner. Upon the face of it a career like this is so brilliant as to amount to a chaos of light more confusing than the chaos of darkness. We feel as if we were reading of the lyric poems of Mr. Herbert Spencer or the ethnological researches of Mr. Norman Gale. In order to understand these things we must go further and endeavour to estimate the irrepressible personality of Mr. Andrew Lang, and the methods whereby he contrives with

erile and a great fisherman. But the reason for this, that he follows every one of these widely for its own sake. He has covered more area than any other man, and yet he is not so much a specialist upon everything. We feel that the thing for itself, that he delights in each because it is special, that he collects blue china, and catches fish because they are fishy. A book appeared called "Soul Portraits." I have no idea what it was about, but if its object was souls instead of their bodies it should have been a big volume. In such a volume Mr. Andrew Lang has been depicted as a kind of Indian god with one hand holding a golf-club, another a pot of cricket bat, another a volume of Homer, and another a pen. But the great truth about him may be expressed in the suggestion that the hand is not only a hundred hands, but a hundred faces, each face fixed with burning intensity upon its peculiar hand. His portrait is indeed the portrait of all things, but it reaches this position by being the portrait of a hundred monomanias. This quality of immeasurable addiction to certain specialities is in reality of considerable ethical importance, a great deal of difference between the universal object in the universe is contemptible in a whole, and the universalist to whom every object is sacred and that it could if necessary become a universe itself. We can imagine that Mr. Lang is so intense that for one of them he might even sacrifice himself. We can conceive him throwing a whole hoard of dust bin because somebody was waiting to tell about Homeric unity. We can conceive him in the last word about the principles of primevalism, some one was waiting for him at the front door of blue china. His universalism is an overwhelming specialities, just as true religion may well be a confluence of idolatries. Mr. Lang is indeed a man of this latter truth. He has approached the truth should be approached, not only with enthusiasm as a whole, but with an immeasurable enthusiasm for a scrap of its stone or weed that he happens to find. A true universalist would not be the man who should be as equal, so much as the man who should be as separate. The true universalist would see as it is seen by its peculiar patriot and every thing seen by her lover. Every man who diligently pursues a hobby works in some degree for the truth and the man who pursues many hobbies comes to the truth. It is easy enough to sneer at the bibliophile who collects blue china, but it is far more difficult to appreciate the product of existence as it should be appreciated. Mr. Lang has not praised old books or blue china to his conscience whether he has even praised them. Every material object has a value which we can feel as long as we regard it as material. Mr. Andrew Lang has chosen to collect blue bags instead of blue china, to have studied old boots instead of old books, to have written ballades of "shove halfpenny" instead of cricket, and the value of his work would still be the great truth that justifies the collector, a man who loves the lover—the truth that we draw nearest to the truth when we love some single object for its

out in the course of his insane researches something that we have missed. A man of such real culture may find anything, for there is no end to the riches of the world. To the ordinary observer all the great piles of books and china which men have lived and died to collect are so many rubbish heaps; but to a flash of the higher insight there is no such thing as a rubbish heap, and an excited antiquarian might cart away with gestures of indescribable triumph the dustbin from our own door. In order to criticize Mr. Lang with propriety we should have to be not only critics but eminent bibliophiles, brilliant cricketers, and distinguished anglers. In order to criticize him we should have to know more about fishing than Isaac Walton and more about Homer than Mr. Gladstone. We should have to be ourselves a fascinating compound of Mr. Edward Clodd and "W. G." It is not necessarily to be inferred that Mr. Andrew Lang has equalled all these gentlemen in their various departments. But the critic would have to equal them before he could discover what was the real vocation and what the most prominent speciality of Mr. Andrew Lang.

Upon the whole, however, we may be forgiven if we assume that Mr. Lang is most interesting in his literary aspect. Literature may or may not be more important to him than golf or spiritualism, but as the world is at present constituted it is at least more interesting to the world. In literary criticism Mr. Andrew Lang is a type of great importance. He is the emancipated conservative. He belongs to that great class of literary men of whom Aristophanes was the greatest. They are those who attack the despotism of novelty with the same breezy bitterness with which the great revolutionists have attacked the despotism of antiquity. It requires fully as much intellectual independence and spontaneity to fight for a forgotten king as to fight for an undiscovered republic. Aristophanes, Dr. Johnson, M. Brunetière, Mr. Andrew Lang are all examples of this kind of rebellious royalism. They are a sort of literary Jacobite. Perhaps the very best part of Mr. Lang's work is to be found in this reactionary luxuriousness, this happy and genial pessimism. Throughout all his admirable criticisms of contemporary productions we feel the presence of the general sentiment that Cervantes or Fielding could have done the thing so very much better. Sometimes, perhaps, this attitude is exaggerated. It may be scarcely more reasonable to ask a modern realist why he does not write like Fielding than to ask him why he does not write like Isaiah. In both cases no doubt one primary answer is, because he cannot; but another and perfectly valid reason is that he never intended to. But this concentration of Mr. Lang's attention upon the great existing achievements of literature is one of the most valuable tendencies which a critic or a school of criticism can show. For a great book, or a great man that is two hundred years old, is not dead—rather it, or he, has just begun to live. There is a certain quality in the very names of Homer, Job, Shakespeare, Dante, that shows that they have only lately come into their kingdom of life; their names are growing younger every day. Some day, perhaps, in far off ages there may be a mellow music in the name of Ibsen, and a rich roll in the word Huysmans. But Mr. Andrew Lang is no more living in advance of his time than he is living behind it. If he were really living behind his time he would not think so much of Fielding and Smollett. Mr. Lang's literary Toryism is his most striking and superficial characteristic, but it is not his deepest. As we have suggested, his conservatism springs largely, as the best conservatism and the best radicalism alike spring, from a capacity for enthusiasm. By a deep and noble paradox he loves old things because they are

problems so gloomy and bloody and full of an evil fear—a very robust and genial race can really enjoy them—only people with good appetites who sup upon hot Walter Scott, a typical Scotchman, was at once the most and the most superstitious of men. But any one who followed this characteristic side of Mr. Lang's work noticed how much he owes in treating of Scotch (indeed in possessing of a peculiarly Scotch mind).

Mr. Lang inherits from his Scotch ancestry a tendency towards a peculiarly masculine type of criticism. It is remarkable that most Scotchmen have no taste for literature; it is even more remarkable that the Scotchman for literature has hardly ever been effeminate or perverse. There have been great Scotch Puritans and great Scotch decadents, but there has, as far as we know, never been in the history of the world such a thing as a great Scotch decadent. Even if it is like speaking of an American troubadour or a knight-errant. Mr. Andrew Lang is heir to the great tradition of which Walter Scott was the most striking example since he was the greatest of novelists and the most of men. We get the same sentiment in Professor "Noctes Ambrosianæ," where literature is conceived as the obvious and primitive activities of a gentleman who is in possession of good health. This is the great and venerable tradition which Mr. Lang, like Stevenson, and Mr. B. all genuine Scotchmen, inherit. As a nation they have had something to teach to those whom Professor Wilson idiotically called "the cockneys." Literature does not enter their heads like brandy, it diffuses itself over all their life and food. Scotchmen have done much to preserve in existence an important and interesting person who is called "the letter." For other literary schools have too often been disposed to pay overwhelming attention to the letter and neglect to procure the man. What we presently call some school or fashion which should reckon a defect in culture or refinement precisely as they would reckon a defect in physical courage or reasonable physical accomplishment. Scotland alone, perhaps, has really effected this inevitable relation between broad shoulders and broad views. Mr. Lang is so thorough a Scotchman that he cannot help fulfilling a genuine tendency. Even when he is a dilettante he cannot help being a Puritan; even when he addresses himself to the world as being a literary dandy he cannot avoid being a man of fathomable and essential manliness marks all his childlike and investigations. Above all it marks his literary conservatism which is full of this impalpable and incontestable air of maturity. It is from this maturity that Mr. Lang's literary conservatism comes. He is a product of the old and admirable Scotch school of conviction. He realizes, as the heroes of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" realized, that learning is not a theme for the quibblers, but for the uproarious communion of friends. A more infinitely friendly man perhaps has appeared in the world for many years and centuries than he. In an admirable list in his admirable volumes of light literary criticism he lists of the only authors of station and universal reputation whom he fails to understand, and if we remember his whole list amounts to only two items. In all the current controversies of literature he is a moderate critic. But moderate in his type is not a frigid thing. It is a fire capable of enkindling the world. He has achieved the great achievement of moderation. He is so enthusiastic upon all sides of all that a genuine stigma and a patent meridian attraction

each a state of affairs there is a primary peril and disadvantage that a man cannot be liberal-minded about literature without being liberal-minded about everything else. Mr. Andrew Lang, unless we are mistaken, is a man peculiarly impressed with (that most profound and essential of sentiments, a sense of the richness of the world. Life has given him so much happiness, by means of aims and investigations which most men will call insane, that he naturally doubts whether any form of aim or investigation is necessarily worthless because it is accused of insanity. From the sum total of a thousand trifles he has learnt a philosophy that is far from trifling, the philosophy which teaches that more real facts are neglected in this practical world than we shall ever know. The trivial examples of men's credulity and collapse are small indeed in his eyes compared with the amount of truth which may have passed into darkness because it was incredible. He is fascinated by those dark treasures of truth which are buried for ever under the bitter seas of rationalism. From this arises his interest in folk-lore and even in spirit-rapping, and all those aspects of his philosophical personality which leave upon the public mind only a vague and general sense that he collects ghosts as he collects china. Undoubtedly he is what is vulgarly called a spiritualist; as a term of abuse the phrase is a queer one, since every one who thinks for himself must be a spiritualist, unless he prefers to be a materialist. Mr. Andrew Lang's contributions to folk-lore and the philosophy of religions have been entirely conceived in the spirit of a true spiritualist, a man who believes in the mysterious and inexhaustible character of the human mind. He has viewed the whole history of religions, if not always with the exactitude of a man of science, yet always with that far more exact, inexactitude, that illimitable common sense, which is the peculiar prerogative of a literary man. In his dealings with folk-lore he has surprised one great truth which Mr. Herbert Spencer persistently eluded or ignored. He has realised the great fact that the early worship of the world should be approached in a literary spirit and not in a scientific one. The reason for this lies in the simple fact that savages are often literary, but savages are never scientific. The discussion of any creeds however ugly, of any gods however gross, from a purely scientific standpoint is like discussing a performance by Joachim in terms of wire and catgut. Nothing perhaps has been so strange and so fortunate in the whole of the nineteenth century than the chance which has led a great literary man into this corner of anthropology and permitted him to look upon the problems with his own eyes without scientific spectacles. In his views of fetish worship he may not have all the authority of an anthropologist, but he is more than an anthropologist, he is a fetish worshipper. He is attuned to the eternal human tendency which makes men worship blue china or black lumps of stone. Other men may be specialists and authorities and collectors of incontestable fact upon savage matters, but he is a savage, which is the first part of a poet.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

A chronological classification seems to be the simplest way of dealing, bibliographically, with the whole library of books for which Mr. Lang is responsible. But even the classification most commonly be-
The British Museum Reading-room can afford to give up ten pages of its general catalogue to the 100 odd entries under Mr. Lang's name, although this list is far from being exhaustive. The bibliography in Mr. C. M. Falmer's "Catalogue of a Library" (1896), privately printed at Dundee (only twenty-five copies were issued), giving a list of books written by Mr. Lang, or associated with his name, enumerated

add, have long been out of print. His record is the Gladhill Dickens (Chapman and Hall) edition of Scott's "Poetical Works" (Black), a edition of Scott's "Lyrics and Ballads"; the the Waverley Novels (Nisbet), first in forty afterwards in a large-type edition of twenty American edition of "The Rubáiyát of Omar K volumes—Mr. Lang has since, by the way, written Khayyám as a Bore"—"A Collection of Ballad Hall's "Diamond Library"; "Selected Poems of Paul"; "Selections from Wordsworth and Coleridge"; "Æsop's Fables," two volumes (Nutt); "Greek volumes (Bohn's Library); "The Arabian Nights other story-books and fairy tales including those which begun with "The Blue Fairy Book" in 1881, sent in the "Violet" volume noticed in our serial critic Mr. Lang wrote the "Notes on a Collection by Mr. J. E. Millais, exhibited 1881," of Society; and he was joint author with Mr. of "Pictures at Play, or Dialogues of the Illustrated by Harry Furniss, and published 1888. As a sportsman he has contributed to the B on "Golf" and "Cricket," and written "Classical Allusions to Sport" in the Badm "The Poetry of Sport," in addition to two cricket and angling. No wonder we find his elopædia Britannica writing on subjects from to "Zeus."

Poetry.

- 1872.—"Ballads and Lyrics of Old France." (Kegan Paul.)
1880. "Ballades in Blue China." (Kegan Paul.)
1882. "Helen of Troy." (Bell and Sons.)
1884. "Rhymes à la Mode." (Kegan Paul.)
.. "Ballads and Verses Vain." By Andrew Lang, by Austin Dobson. (Scribner, New York.)
from "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" in "Blue China," and from other verses previously uncollected.]
1886.—"Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of the Society." [Privately reprinted from the "Selections in "Sonnets of the Century."]
1888.—"Grass of Parnassus." (Longmans.)
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Novels, Fairy Tales, and Parodies.

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 .. "The Princess Nobody. A tale of Fairy Land." (Longmans.)
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Translations.

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WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

A "Personal View"

By G. A. HENTY.

Enormous as has been the increase in all the output in all branches of literature during the past half-century, it has in no department been so great as in that of books for the young. Sixty years ago it can hardly be said that it existed. "Peter Parley's Annual" was almost its only representative, for such heavy and pedantic volumes as "Sandford and Merton" bore no relation to the books now written for boys. On looking back upon that time I can remember only "Peter Parley," a volume brought out, I think, by the same publishers, called "Sergeant Bell and his Raree Show," the "Swiss Family Robinson," and a capital book, that I can still enjoy, named "Holiday House." There were, of course, other books read by boys, such as Captain Marryat's tales and Cooper's Indian stories, but these were not primarily written for the young. After a time publishers began to see that there was a new field open to them, and men and women began to devote themselves to the production of books for boys and girls. Kingston and Ballantyne were the pioneers of this new departure, while Edgar may be con-

amount of religion was indispensable, and that it was that the heroine, or at least some of her friends, did. For years girls fed upon this depressing poison; it was their natural buoyancy to counteract its tendency.

Up to the beginning of the 80's the number of who made juvenile literature a speciality was small; ranks received a large and sudden accession. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Religious Tract Society, with the house of Griffith and Farran, claim the pioneers of the great movement, and so rapidly did the trade grow that whereas some half-dozen books for boys and a few for girls at 4s. and 5s. each were deemed sufficient in 1880, the number had increased twenty fold in 1900. The difference was not bestowed upon the get-up of books in the same equal ratio, while in point of printing, paper, in hand, and tasteful covers, and, above all, in illustrations, the advance has been extraordinary; indeed, in all these respects the books brought out for the young are at least abreast of any other class of literature. Among books for boys historical tales have been very much to the front, and as these are generally strictly correct in their history and geography, however large the volume may be filled with episodes of adventure, there can be no doubt that their educational value has been great. School history at one time served as the theme of a considerable proportion of books for boys, has fallen into desuetude, and now forms but a small proportion of the season's issue. This perhaps is due to the fact that for some extremely bad boys, cheats, thieves, and rascals, who are generally introduced as foils to the good ones, and who may believe that such characters and such doings are the only ones indeed among British boys.

Among books for girls the change has been even more marked. In the gradual emancipation of the sex during the last thirty years girls have had a large share and publishers gradually came to see that the sentimental, the mournful, and the semi-religious books lay unsold upon their shelves and that girls had taken to reading healthy and lively books of their brothers. Naturally the market of things corrected itself, bright stories with an historical or geographical interest were turned out for them also, and this style speedily became popular. But even now most girls prefer their brothers' books to those written specially for themselves, and the result is that the production of books for girls bears but a small proportion indeed to that of those for boys. But this improvement has not been effected in the class of books turned out as presentation volumes in primary schools. Here it is still considered necessary that there should be a very strong moral element out of the scores of books published this season for this purpose. It is not too much to say that there are not half-a-dozen and cheerful stories. This is much to be regretted, for the children of the working classes need even more than the children of the rank above them lively and interesting reading, and that would induce them to read, for it is notorious that the proportion of them after once leaving school rarely opens a book. No doubt they may once, with much labour and without much pleasure, read the prizes presented to them, but the production of such books that achieve a second perusal must

other sort of literature. But while boys avail themselves so largely of the privilege, girls, whose lives are much duller than those of their brothers, and who therefore need bright reading very much more, very rarely take out books, and it would be well indeed if every library were furnished with a class of book suitable to them, which would brighten their lives after the dull monotony of their school cramming and the absence of those sports and games in which their brothers indulge.

I cannot but think that boys' books of the last twenty years have had a large effect in producing the patriotic feeling that has of late exhibited itself so strongly. This has been shown in various directions; and it may be fairly claimed that the readiness of the Volunteers to go upon foreign service, and the ardour with which lads enter the two useful organizations the Boys' Brigade and the Church Lads' Brigade, which between them have eighty or a hundred thousand enrolled members, is due largely to the books now provided for them. Another proof of the general existence of patriotic feeling among boys is given in the fact that more than a dozen books of the season are devoted to stories of the war in South Africa and that not one among them is written on pro-fuse lines.

It cannot but be regarded as unfortunate that the greater portion of what may be called good books for boys are published at a price that places them beyond the reach of meagre purses and even beyond the amount at the disposal of managers of schools. Six shillings, even with the discount off, is a large sum to pay, and yet few publishers find it worth while to turn out cheaper editions. The get-up of the books is necessarily very expensive, they contain as many words as the old three-volume novels, the covers form an expensive item of the cost of bringing them out, the illustrations are numerous and costly, and although the fees to authors are for the most part very low in comparison to those paid for other literary work, it all adds up and the books cannot profitably be issued at a cheap edition for anything less than 3s. a volume. One great and regrettable good has been effected by the issue of sound and interesting literature for boys—namely, the decrease that has taken place in the sale of the gutter boy-literature, the half-penny or penny serial tales of crime in all forms. These were unable to withstand the competition of such healthy and creditably got-up periodicals as the *Boy's Own Paper*, although this was intended for a class considerably higher than that of the patron of the penny dreadful, which seem to have been specially written to make crime attractive in boys' eyes, to hold up highwaymen and other criminals as heroes, and to present immorality in enticing forms.

Upon the whole, the alteration in literature for boys and girls during the last five-and-twenty years has been an unmixed good, and it would be difficult to suggest any changes that would improve that of the present day, at least as far as that intended for the boys and girls of the middle and upper classes. Good work sells readily, and young people have come to be very fair judges of what is good work. A very great improvement, however, can be made in the books intended for prizes for voluntary and

crown and under. For these nothing appears to be good enough, and a few pounds are regarded as ample for authors. There is plenty of room for an enterprising publisher to bring out a series of prizes for primary school authors capable of producing work that, in point of adventure, would equal those of greater bulk in price. Such a series would give an impetus to reading of the highest importance to boys and girls. The various matter now crammed into them is almost repulsive, and a book a hateful object. Almost everything they have learnt is lost in the time after leaving school, and the power of reading almost lost. If kept up, affords them a key to all other knowledge. In fourteen they certainly will not study select histories, but if they have bright and interesting reading they will continue to read until they reach an age when reading becomes engrained in them, and they will appreciate more solid and useful volumes. It is seldom open a book until they come to man's estate. They read little beyond a weekly or sporting paper. It is to be spared to put into the hands of young people a large amount of history and geography. Books of reference are already in the hands of boys and girls of the middle and upper classes, but there is at present a deplorable dearth in the quarters where they are most needed.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SHADOW DANCE."

Theatres like little books have their destinies. Princess's, famous in the fifties of the last century, as the house of what was then called "the shadow dance," and at least notorious in the eighties as the scene of Barrett's exploits in the late Victorian romantic novel—longer—as theatrical topography reckons situated in the suburban list, and thus offers few opportunities of learning what kinds of plays are outside the cab radius. Sometimes this reputation is Pailleron's *Duchess* said of Englishwomen, "d'aimables surprises." It is, for example, singular to come upon a great romantic classic like *Notre-Dame de Paris* even in the strange transmutation of it into *Ben Landeck*—who is, if I mistake not, a more popular with the East-end public—under the title of *The Shadow Dance*. Probably, however, Mr. Landeck is not all the deviations from the original. His "heroine" take only one instance, wherein Esmeralda is hanged by Phœbus, aided by the beggar-king. Mr. Paul Foucher (and authorized, it is said, by the original stage-version produced about 1870) conversion of Phœbus from a handsome, tippling, eminently respectable young man "engaged" (changed in her turn, to a simpering miss who went to a "finishing" school) is no doubt a new departure to the ideals of the public to whom this play is addressed. If Gringoire ceases to be the romantic hero and becomes merely "Sir Harry Bum

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(SUPPLEMENT).

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[From "The Lily Princess" (Skeffington).]

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Hatter, Miss Muffet, and other character known books of the past. If there be the one and only "Alice," who will be reminded of so pleasant an old friend? there is a great deal that is new and well. One of the charms of "Alice" is was the ever-welcome figure of the little "Minor," too, walks through dozens of Allan Wright, who, clever as he is, is a baker with any particular grace. In his surroundings he looks uncommonly like little boys that the wholesale clothier thousand at a fairly modest price. But full of fun and will provide many *FAIRY TALES FROM THE SWEDISH* (Heine by Baron G. Djurklou, with many Mr. Th. Kittelsen and Mr. Erik W. bring the reader into a very different world to that with which we have Baron Djurklou has studied the folk-lore of the peasantry, and the result is a very collection of tales, many of which, while, no children, will interest folk-loreists in general. Norwegian artists provide some new if not always pleasant pictures (see p. 3). It appears to have been admirably done by whose book adds some new things to English fairy stories. There is a touch of bold humour, and imagination in these which gives them no small distinction. Holda's *STORIES* (Allen, 3s. 6d. n.), by Scott, is a charming collection not intent. Holda, or Bertha, is the name of the Mother who occasionally visits children in another world. Miss Scott's stamp of wide information and show sympathy with folk-lore and with children. Alice M. Morton's drawings are excellent.

FANCY FAR-LAND (Chapman and Hall, 5s. n.) is an original, graceful collection of stories for young people by Miss Myra Hamilton. The long list of illustrations is by a number of famous artists, among whom Mr. Millar's excellent work stands first. His pictures, for example, to "The Rose Palm" leave nothing to be desired.

When the children are tired of the fairies who live above ground they will find *THE FISH CROWN IN DISPUTE* (Skeffington, 3s. 6d.) shows them some of the extraordinary things that may happen in the subterranean world. The ad-





MOTHER HOLDA.

[From "Mother Holda's Stories" (Allen). See p. 2.]

permission, to the lady who is now Princess of Wales.

Among all the gay and elaborately illustrated books that we have been through we must place very highly the true annals of fairyland which the editor, Mr. J. M. Gibbon, calls *THE REIGN OF KING COLE* (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.). These old stories redressed—from Grimm, Hans Andersen, Swift, and Keightley—are very welcome. Mr. Charles Robinson illustrates almost every page, and wherever there is a drawing of his there is freshness and beauty, laughter or grace. Children will be delighted with the originality and cleverness of the three books in the "Brownie" Series from the "Peartree Press" (Brimley Johnson, 2s. n. each). The first is *JOHN GORITZA*, by Miss Dolly Pentreath; the second, *SNOWFLICK, OR THE LITTLE WHITE YEAR*, a story for boys, by the same lady; and the third, *GWYN, DEE, PERO, AND COMPANY*, by Mrs. Williams. The second and third have each a very good drawing by Mr. James J. Guthrie.

One of the most successful servants of children is the Queen of Rumania, who, in her name of "Carmen Sylva," has written some dozen tales that are collected under the title of *A REAL QUEEN'S FAIRY BOOK* (Newnes, 6s.). They are instinct with the charm of *faërie* and are executed after a fashion likely to hold the childish fancy.

note in regard to her writing of fairy stories. The book are increased by the admirable drawings of Nelson and Mr. A. Garth Jones. The illustration on page 5 is by the former artist, and presents an example of the imaginary world to which the tales introduce.

Among the best of the gay and original story-season is *ROUND THE WORLD TO WYMPLAND* (John La Miss Evelyn Sharp. She has invented the wimp and knows all about him, but the children of her eight li she has observed with uncommon acuteness. With and a keen eye for effect Miss Sharp weaves tale enthrall her readers, while, in case some of the guests of fun desire to see their mysterious friends, Woodward translates them into convincing black and lings (see page 4). There is a kindness and charm about the World to Wympland " that will make it a welcome

In a totally different manner is Mr. Cuming's *W MONSTERLAND* (George Allen, 6s.). Here the author a hint from Mr. Hutchinson, the author of "Preh and Beast," and written a book introducing children monsters of long ago. The idea has been happily With the aid of that wonderful artist of animals-as-th be, Mr. J. A. Shepherd, Mr. Cuming gives us one of amusing and original books for young people that we We have not quite finished laughing at "The Sea-co parion" yet.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Those who like to have their nursery books bot good are always on the look out for "The Dump Children" (Grant Richards, 1s. 6d. each). Number eleven are before us, and each in its different way lable and amusing child's book. *THE PINK KNIGH* comic coloured pictures, is as funny as need be, and M Cobb's addition to the series, *THE LITTLE CLOWN*, is monly good example of how to interest the young and A *HOUSE BOOK*, by Miss Mary Tourtel, is made i





"HE TOOK OFF THE RED SHOES THAT HUNG AT HER WAIST AND
SLIPPED THEM OVER HER PINK TOES"

(In the Prince's Shoes.)

From "Round the World in Wympland" (Lancet, see page 1.)

coloured pictures of equestrian incidents and merry verses which will delight all lovers of man's best friend. For younger people Mr. H. Mayer draws and Mr. Grosland sings an excellent **LITTLE PRINCE** alphabet in which, for example, B stands for Bear:

Here is your little brother Bear,
Of course, you've heard of him before;
He has a naughty Uncle Paul,
Who used to want to eat us all.
Although he does not wear a tie,
He's just as white as you or I,
And just as fond of cake and fruit;
The difference is that he can shoot.

From which it will be seen that the young idea may learn a good

Day " to " Boxing Day," and manages to mix up a number of them interesting and, we fancy, rather in the manner of Howard and Miss Gertrude Bradley provide the series, **PULLOW STORIES**, which very effectively give some old friends with new faces and some new friends.

On a very small scale, too, is **THE SINGING BLACK MISGO** (James Nisbet, 1s. 6d.), by the author of "Little Black Sambo" of last year. This is as good as its forerunner will recommend itself to read the "Sambo." The "Bairn-Books" (Blackie's series for the very little people. Those before it were **THE FAIRY BOOK**, by Mr. Walter Copeland, and **THE DAYS**, by Miss Clara Bridgman. Both of these give pleasure to the audience, large in number, that they are intended to reach, more especially as Charles Robinson illustrates them with dozens of coloured drawings and quaint sketches.

"AROUND THE WORLD, AND AROUND THE WORLD"

From Nelson and Sons comes an anonymous **EXPLORATIONS** (2s.), in which are told the histories of Ferdinand Magellan, Mungo Park, Sir John Livingstone, Christopher Columbus, and so forth, in a neat and comprehensive one; an admirable boy. In the same category, also, might be **DU CHAILLU'S** work, the result of close and persistent study of animals, birds, reptiles, and insects of Africa, which he calls **THE WORLD OF THE WILDS** (Murray, 7s. 6d. n.). Mr. Du Chaillu believes that birds and beasts of the woods talk among themselves, and we have not the ears to hear, and his relation of incidents of forest life in the denizens' own words is a convincing piece of work. There are over 100 illustrations by Mr. C. R. Knight and Mr. H. M. who appear to have caught the spirit of this unusually interesting undertaking. We see how birds, reptiles, insects talk, think, work, and play. Du Chaillu's book should be widely popular.

Since Mr. Kipling gave us the "Jungle Book," there has certainly been an increase of reported conversations with the neighbours of the forest. In **MOOSEWATTS AND BOUNDARIES** (Pearson, 6s.) Mr. W. A. Fraser tells us of his life in the most agreeable spirit. He tells us of his seasons on the Athabasca and Saskatchewan, and of his North-West of Canada, and that "Long over the years, pleasantly, swiftly, as sitting over a smouldering fire, have listened to famous trappers as they spoke of the vividness of the most fascinating life in the wilderness of the winner's callings." These tales of the trapper lead into the history of his hero, Rod MacGregor, who returns for his kindness to some of the animals of the forest, and is helped by them when at death's door. A splendid book for boys; humorous, kindly, with a wealth of interesting natural history and admirable illustrations. New Zealand forest voices may be heard in the agreeable stories of woods, and bush, and seas.



Bright calls *THREE XMAS GIFTS AND OTHER TALES* (Simpkin, Marshall). They show us that elfin maidens, sprites, and gnomes are as much at home among the Kauri trees or flax bush as in our own familiar scenery. "Three Xmas gifts" will make a very nice Christmas present and will help to teach the young folk at home to love the old folk in the colonies.

DREAMS AND DOMESTICITY.

Mr. Tom Gallon has long since caught the popular ear. His latest book, *THE MAN WHO KNEW BETTER* (Constable, 6s.), reminds us that its author has been likened before now to Charles Dickens. Certainly the present "Christmas Dream" contains some echoes of another dream published many years ago. Such names as Tolderoy, Bob Judkin, Saggors, and Mrs. Bleak are pleasantly reminiscent of our youthful reading. Even Mr. Gordon Browne, who illustrates "The Man," is inspired by the spirit of emulation and sets aside his own excellent style for that of the late Fred Barnard in the drawing which depicts how "Mr. Tolderoy's conduct is peculiar." Shortly the story is this, Mr. Andrew Judkin is a self-satisfied and unkind man who undergoes some remarkable experiences (a little like those of Mr. Hawtrey recently at the Avenue Theatre), and then becomes a much better person. There is a good deal of cheap sentiment and a good deal of clever observation in the book. When an able author puts these two together he may be sure of a wide and eager audience.

Mrs. Molesworth provides two books this year, *THE BLUE BABY AND OTHER STORIES* (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), with some rather poor illustrations, and *THE WOOD PIGEONS AND MARY* (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.). Both of these volumes are in the well-known and effective manner of the author of "Carrots," and the latter is fortunate enough to have some eight pictures from the pen of Mr. Millar which would lend interest to an even less attractive



"HANS' ADVENTURE WITH THE SHADOWS."

From "A Real Queen's Fairy Book" (Newnes). See p. 3

prose by Miss Johnston (see p. 7). We are sorry to say at last, although, after all his domestic troubles, he like the birds and the bees in the old high-walled garden happy, too, as they, when the sunshine turns to other all the gold of ophir roses."

PICTURES: PROSE AND VERSE.

When tiny hands are folded,
And tiny eyelids sleep,
Nursery friends come forth, dears,
Their welcome tryst to keep,
The pain of going to bed, dears,
Is soon lost in the joy
Of playing with these friends, dears,

In Browning

The summer
yours, m
one's,
Is, not to
were fair
Provided
—but find
What may
find how
fair

Up to our

"The Wond
is a brave a
story, with
rous picture
Gordon Bro

For gl
also is Miss
Fenimore's
THE: (Hoe
well written
adequate at
for the p
entertainment
moral sugges
Sydney Co
trates it w
HAMMOND'S
(Brimley
4s. 6d. n.)
Mary Straff
the advanta
well illustra
is a domest
thoughtful
able kind.
of DAGO (Ja
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is depleted
and white by
as cleverly



"LAURA WOULD KNEEL BY THE BED AND READ TO HIM."

[From "Laura Richmond" (Wells, Gardner). See p. 5.]

Mrs. Praeger makes a very comic book of BRYAN O'LENN (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), the Irish gentleman who had no breeches to wear until he secured a sheepskin to supply the deficiency.

Mr. Walter Jerrold writes and Mr. Charles Robinson draw a wildly laughable book which they call NONSENSE! NONSENSE! (Blackie, 6s.). The pictures may be too funny for words, but nevertheless, Mr. Jerrold fits some wonderfully inconsequent rhymes to them. For example—

There was an old fellow named White,
Tried to fly on the tail of a kite;
He rose with a bound,
A whole inch from the ground,
And fell in a terrible fright.

From the design on the first end paper to that on the last the drawings and verses are highly enjoyable.

Miss Florence and Miss Bertha Upton call their book THE GOLLIVOG'S "AUTO-GLO-CART" (Longmans, 6s.) this year. It is in the same style and quite as funny as their other Gollivog volumes. A thousand transporters could say no more than that.

THE ADVENTURE OF A JAPANESE DOLL (Griffith Richards, 6s.) is told by Mr. Henry Mayer in many delightful coloured pictures. It is a toy-book that is

Mr. Walter Crane's volume this year is called Goody Two Shoes' Picture Book (John Lane, 4s. 6d.) and has eighteen coloured designs. Although Mr. Crane was the pioneer of children's gay and lively picture-books, his work appears rather crude and stiff among modern neighbours. Such a drawing, however, as those which illustrate the "Yellow Dwarf" show the master hand.

We look forward with great interest each year to the book of Mr. Carlton Moore Parke, but, so far, we have only received the first part of THE CHILD'S PICTORIAL NATIONAL HISTORY (S.P.C.K., 1s.). When finished this will be a valuable volume, for Mr. Parke's drawings of animals have all the power and grace we have already praised in his work. Such pictures must add enormously the æsthetic taste of children.

The most diverting Christmas book of the year is that by the late Mr. Cosmo Monkton NONSENSE RHYMES (Brimley Johnson, 2s. 6d.), and equally amusing drawings by Mr. Gilbert C. "Greybeards at Play" we found particularly good. The cleverest verses in this book is illustrated



"A BRISK LADY
IGNORANT"
[From "Stories from
Sunday School"]





"ALL WENT WELL UNTIL WE REACHED AN ALLEY CROSSING."

[From the "Story of Dago" (Jarrold), see page 6.]

we give. The characterization in the picture, which deals with the gentleman who gave his daughter in marriage to a man who could eat more porridge than he himself, is very quaint, and the picture to the lines:

There once was a man in a boat,
Who drowned his papa in a moat,
He said, "Ere you sunk
You were frequently drunk,
But now you're my little teetote."

Is quite convincing, although hardly more so than that which shows the wedding party of the following little history:

There once was a lady named Lena
And certainly no one had seen a
More beautiful face,
Or more exquisite grace,
But she married a spotted hyena.

TOY BOOKS.

Among the most gaily-coloured of this class of production are those published by Messrs. Dean and Son, whose long series includes an interesting and informing *ADVANCE AUSTRALIA*, *SOLDIERS OF THE CENTURY*, *SAILORS OF THE CENTURY*, and *THE GREAT POWERS OF THE WORLD* all by Mr. R. Sinkin, who makes his subjects really live. Dean's *Box-Boys' A.B.C.* and *Animal A.B.C.* are well-drawn and boldly coloured aids to learning, while their *RULERS OF THE SEA* and *THE*



EXPRESS are the sort of picture-book of which children never tire. Among their books of stories and rhymes are *JACK'S RETURN*, *THE TOP OF THE MORNING TO YOU*,

taining many good designs to be painted, and a palette and a book with coloured drawings by Mr. Ing who illustrates verses of this class.

Some knickers were ordered
Who gorged till the tailor was
His waist grew so fat
They'd to trim him out fit
Even then they went on all as

THE CHILD'S COMPANION and *CHILD'S DIARY* (R.T.S., 2s. 6d. each) are factors and pleasant reading for little as are the lighter *Topsy Turvy* the Annual *TINY TOTS* (Cassell, each). Mr. Neilson's comic anecdotal in "Topsy Turvy"; the drawings "Tiny Tots" are rather old-fashioned good in their particular style.

THE NEW PLAYFELLOW (Sun Union, 1s.), by Miss Vaughan, is a forward story for children with good illustrations; it is one of the Letter Series.

CLASSICS REDRESSED.

STORIES FROM THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS (Sunday School, 1s.) compiled by E. A. Macdonald, is illustrated with good and some rather poor drawings by Mr. J. Sinclair. Another classic which has been cleverly redressed is told in *THE BOY'S ODYSSEY* (Macmillan, 6s.), where Mr. Perry has employed Mr. Butcher's and Mr. Lang's of Homer as the ground work of his undertaking. Mr. Hood appears at his best in the pictures which give important points of the immortal story in a rich and fashion.





"THE HUNDRED YEARS HAD EXPIRED" (THE SLEEPING BEAUTY).

From "Olden's Fairy Tales" (Ward, Lock).

CHURCH FASTS AND FESTIVALS (S. P. C. K., 2s.) is an arrangement of short papers for young children by the Rev. E. Osburn and some others, dealing very fully and very interestingly with this subject. The admirable drawings by Mr. W. S. Stacey are worthy of the subject of the book.

A new issue of that tremendous collection **GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES** (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) is always welcome, and the present volume "for children and the household" will no doubt be eagerly bought. There are numbers of illustrations, some the graphic and powerful work of Doré, and some others, not quite so good, but always gay and amusing. At the end of our list, but merely on account of its importance, is the splendid issue of our old friend **UNCLE REMY** (Grant Richards, 6s.). If anything were required to give the coming-on generation an interest in Mr. Fox, Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. Terrapin, no one could have had a happier idea than to get Mr. J. A. Shepherd to illustrate their various adventures. This he has done, and done excellently well. Some sixty humorous drawings in black and white and color go to make Mr. Joel Chandler Harris' classic an irresistible lure to the buyer of books this season.

Cassell's Saturday Journal, the annual well-known and widely-read publication, fully illustrated and printed is **Cassell's**, which appears "Klm" and "The Messrs. Cassell" are also represented by side with which we may put **Good**, the **Sunday Magazine** (Isbister) and the (Religious Tract Society)—all volumes excellent gift-books of a wholesome attractively written and illustrated. "said of that capital magazine the **L** (Paternoster-row), which contains "The Anthony Weir," by Silas K. Hocking, address comes the **Girl's Own Annual**, volume of the **Girl's Own Paper**, and **Annual** the twenty-third volume of the **Dr. Gordon Stables** is generally well to periodical with tales of gallant advent contributes a story of polar exploration usual series of articles on "How to various things, from prismatic fountain phone.

Young England (Sunday School rather a good serial, "The Emperor's Albert Lee, detailing the adventures in the days of Napoleon. "Stories of Public Schools," is another feature which has reached its twenty-second year.

One of the most handsomely appare was annuals for boys is the bound vol **Empire** (Andrew Melrose, 7s. 6d.), w varied a stock of fiction and informat of any schoolboy could desire. Natu serial story of the Boer war—"Cont it is called, and the author is Mr. Al of the magazine is the weekly portra of some athletic hero. Among the a we notice a series on "The Boy & General Baden-Powell, and another ca Strong," by Eugene Sandow. especially some of the larger colour good. This is the first volume of "Bo and it makes an excellent start.

The **Century Magazine** annual issued, in England, by Messrs. Macmi is well recognized over here, and the "Dri and I." From Messrs. Mac that admirable publication for the ye We also have annuals of **Home Words** (Home Office), the **Child's Own Magazine** (Sunday & **Days of Day** (S.P.C.K.), **Chums** and **Little I** **Rosbud Annual** (J. Clarke), and the **Young** (Wells Gardner, Darton).



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in Oxford-street at this time of day. What, by the way, would Hugo have said to the songs and choruses of this version? Hugo who detested music? For my part I rather liked the scoring of M. Napoleon Lambinet, who very conscientiously avoided any reminiscences of Mr. Horling Thomas' *Esmeralda*. And I rather liked the Quasimodo of Mr. Charles Cartwright, a very strenuous performance, duly "noble" and not unduly repulsive, and Miss Cartwright's winsome *Esmeralda* (a little too misshapen, however, a little too like a well-bred daughter of Podsnappery who has elected to "go as a gipsy" to a fancy ball), and Mr. O'Neill's Frolo, of which it may be said that the scowl makes the monk.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

THE LIFE OF LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN. By BARRY O'BRIEN. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.)

Like almost all biographies of great lawyers, Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen" is full of good reading. Russell's vigorous personality makes him a tempting subject for a biographer, especially for one who is able to write of him as a fairly intimate friend. Mr. O'Brien was his friend, but his feelings of friendship and admiration have not prevented him from painting a just as well as a kindly portrait. As we read these pages, we perceive that it was not a very difficult portrait, after all. The single adjective "strenuous" seems to sum up the greater part of Lord Russell's nature. He worked hard and played hard; whatever he did, he did it with his might. One thing at a time, and that done to the very best of his ability, with infinite pains and energy, was the rule of his life. An apparently simple rule, which will ensure success to any barrister if only he has such brains, health, and opportunities as Russell was blessed with. Russell's professional career was a success from the very first. At the outset he dabbled in journalism, but he was able to abandon it almost before he could really and truly call himself a journalist. While other men of his age, who cannot be said to have been his inferiors, since they include Lord Herschell, were in a desponding mood, and talked of emigrating, Russell made £120 in his first year, and doubled his income every year for four years. We need not analyse the fee-books of succeeding years to show the steady advance of the quondam Belfast solicitor to the summit of his profession. A few *causes célèbres* helped him, such as the Windham lunacy case and "Saurin v. Starr," but, most of all, with his clear head and great power of mastering details, he helped himself. "The things he liked best," says Mr. O'Brien, "were accuracy, lucidity, brevity, and keeping to the point. . . . He was only intolerant of stupidity, folly, verbosity, and affectation. Upon one occasion he asked a pretentious coxcomb, 'Have you ever read 'The Newcomes'?' 'Yes,' drawled the coxcomb. 'Well,' said Russell, 'you are very much like Barnes Newcome.'"

Russell was an Irishman, and, in spite of his originally English name, with good reason asserted himself to be a Celt. Mr. O'Brien gives us the family pedigree in as extended a form as any one can desire, and proves that the Russells, by many successive marriages, had become purely Irish. But Russell himself was by no means a typical Irishman. He had something

one, and he would have found it difficult to set at naught the twists and turns in his conversation. Not readily comprehend, he found other methods of conveying his meaning to his hearer. "Badinage had to be pretty bluntly grasped what was intended." Nor was he a well-read man; he knew his Shakespeare. His knowledge of the history of Ireland, until the preparation of his speech before the Parnell Commission, was as scanty as that of Mr. Parnell himself. For all that, real and serious as are these defects, he was a great advocate, and a man whose presence was felt, whether in public or in private life. As a barrister he nothing without triumphs, Mr. O'Brien rightly lays stress on these. One of the most sensational of all Russell's successes, probably, is too recent to be described without injustice. A good many pages are devoted to Russell's part in the Parnell Commission, and Mr. O'Brien prints at the end of his book the report of the Judges, so that the reader may see the full success in the most dramatic incident of Russell's career. Against the more prosaic facts which he failed to dispute, is fairness itself, nor do we for a moment dissent from Hannen's opinion that Russell's was "a great speech on a great occasion." All who heard that speech will remember it as the President of the Court. In making it, one of the greatest of Irishmen spoke in what he deemed the interests of his country.

At the same time, Russell was not more successful than other lawyers as a member of the House, and as law officer of the Crown. Now and then, perhaps only once or twice in a law officer may show himself as great in statesmanship as in law. These are rare instances; they are found on the woolsack, and not in the House of Commons; and never reached the woolsack. The truth is that the genius can command pre-eminence in both. Russell's advocacy; he was never so great, either in the House of Commons or on the Bench, as in fighting a difficult case against men of his own rank. But after his elevation to the Bench he maintained his reputation, and rendered, as in the Venezuela case, great services to his country. We can hardly do justice within the narrow compass of a review. Mr. O'Brien has written of him generously and impartially, and has omitted nothing of material importance.

It should be added that the volume contains one of the most admirable photogravure reproductions of Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Lord Chief Justice in his judicial robes.

BOTTICELLI.

BOTTICELLI. By ERNST STEINMANN; translated by DOUGLASS DODGSON. (Grevel. 4s. 6d.)

This monograph on Sandro Botticelli is the latest in the excellent series of artists' lives, edited by Herr Knackfuss, and translated into English by Campbell Dodgson. Dr. Steinmann is well known as a learned and brilliant writer on Renaissance art, and his monograph on Botticelli is the best life of the Florentine painter yet appeared. We may not always be able to accept his theories or agree with his theories on many points, but the history of the artist and the chronology of his paintings he has at least succeeded in giving us a clear and vivid picture of this interesting master's life and works, and has skillfully

fine work had hitherto been commonly known as the "Temptation of Christ in the Wilderness." The incidents in the Temptation do indeed appear, on a small scale, in the background, but the chief subject of the fresco, as Dr. Steinmann shows, is the "Sacrifice offered by the cleansed Leper," according to the law of Moses, while in the grand Renaissance temple which occupies so prominent a position in the picture he recognizes the facade of the Hospital of San Spirito, which had been recently erected by Pope Sixtus himself. The monograph is adorned with a profusion of excellent illustrations; among them a full-page reproduction of the lovely early "Madonna," long in the possession of the Chigi family, and now in America. But we notice with regret that Dr. Steinmann includes several feeble and inferior works by scholars or imitators in his list of Botticelli's genuine productions. It is difficult to understand how so learned a critic can accept the very poor "Entombment" from the Poldi Pezzoli collection, or the Louvre "Madonna," while the well-known "Assumption" in the National Gallery, supposed to have been painted for Matteo Palmieri, has long been recognized as the work of a minor artist. On the other hand, we are glad to see that Dr. Steinmann's volume contains several reproductions of the Dante drawings, formerly in the library of Hamilton Palace, and now in the Gallery at Berlin. Our author considers that these illustrations of the *Divine Comedy* could not have been completed until the last years of Sandro's life. "It must," he writes, "have been his preoccupation with Dante that caused the master, as he grew old, to forget the outer world, and though we know nothing about a commentary on Dante by Sandro, Vasari's assertion at any rate bears witness to the diligent study which he gave to the greatest poetical genius of Italy. It seems more than probable that the artist fell into poverty and actual want while he gave himself up to the serious intellectual work which bore such splendid fruit in the illustrations to the *Divine Comedy*; and he made repeatedly unsuccessful attempts to have his designs, which won the highest admiration from his countrymen, engraved." Now the less, Vasari's account of the misery in which the great painter ended his days was certainly exaggerated; and we know from documents published by Milanese that at this period of his life Sandro owned both a home in Florence and a country house in the neighbourhood. The same writer's statement that Botticelli produced nothing after he became a follower of Savonarola is equally refuted by the "Adoration" of the National Gallery, a work which Dr. Steinmann justly pronounces to be as masterly in technique as it is true in expression and original in invention.

ABOUT THE WORLD.

MEXICO AS I SAW IT (Hurst and Blackett, 21s. n.) is much the kind of book that one would expect from the author of "Through Finland in Carts," that is to say, it is superficial, but vivacious, full of information though devoid of learning. It is not to Mrs. Twesdie that we should go for suggestive criticism of Prescott's views of the Aztec civilization; but she tells us all that we want to know about cock-fights and bull-fights and the position of Mexican women and the manners and tone of Mexican society and the life of the cowboy in his lonely ranch. A certain amount of history, too, is woven into the narrative and is the more acceptable because good histories of events in Mexico subsequent to the Spanish conquest are few and difficult to come by. The account of the rebellion against Maximilian is

emergency, and Napoleon himself, if born a Mexican, would have done no more. Mrs. Twesdie is not to be excused, but she "did" Mexico very thoroughly for a first-hand account, by rail from the United States, and proceeding by the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. She saw the ruins of the Aztec empire, lately submerged, at one end of her journey, and the ruins of the Aztec empire at the other. The one important thing she neglected to do was to climb Popocatepetl. What she describes agreeably and without any overstatement of the Mexican susceptibilities by her prediction that, owing to the incursion of foreign capital, the material resources, Mexico will presently be in a position to question with the United States an interesting political vista. Especial praise is due to Mrs. Twesdie's illustrations. The frontispiece is an excellent colour drawing, and there are about a hundred others, admirably taken, developed, and printed. In Mexico a tourist will require the book, and others will find pleasure in reading it.

THE SHERBRO AND ITS HINTERLAND. By ALDRIDGE (Macmillan, 15s. n.). The Sherbro is probably the best name even to many people who imagine that they have no acquaintance with geography. It is, in fact, a large river on the West Coast of Africa, which forms a part of the Sierra Leone, and trades extensively with the interior. Aldridge has been District Commissioner of the Sherbro for many years, and his book gives a full, though somewhat rambling, account of the life, the scenery, the sports, and the products, together with a number of excursions into the interior, undertaken for the purpose of concluding treaties with chiefs, and a history of the Rising of 1898. It should be placed on the shelves of the standard works of reference. The student of African aboriginal manners and customs will be able to find in it much new information is given in the course of the book. Ordeals; though those who turn to the four corners of the world will be disappointed. The ceremonies of the societies is given in some detail, but there is no inner mystery. Mr. Aldridge is "satisfied" that no one outside the societies who really knows anything about them are "in the know"; and he himself, he says, always tells me that he comes in contact with the "societies" but he does not divulge anything that they have sworn to keep secret. His own suspicion is that secrets so well kept are really secrets that really amount to anything; but we cannot see the view generally taken on the West Coast of Africa on which Mr. Aldridge's remarks seem to us to be founded. It is malaria. "My own belief is," he writes, "that the mangroves go together. When you are on the edge of the mangroves you are beyond the region of malaria, though certainly very prevalent in the interior. It is also found in some of the African highlands, miles away from the mangroves, and is nowhere else where no mangroves grow. The mosquito is the cause of the malaria. Mr. Aldridge, singularly enough, does not mention the scientific application and evidence. In conclusion it should be noted—that the book is dedicated, to whom the book is dedicated, will note with satisfaction—that Mr. Aldridge does not attribute the Rising to the hut-tax, but to the prohibition of the sale of slaves through the country. The book comes from the Sherbro and the Hinterland on the scale of

and most of the departments of Chinese life are dealt with. Mr. Parker exhibits hostility to missionaries though he protests friendship for them; and he translates with evident gusto Dr. Hane's advice to Chinamen who complained of missionary activity:

Do what we do. Let the missionaries preach away any religion they like. No bones are broken, and no one is forced to believe.

The book contains some misquotations from the Latin—*pure bellum*, and *etiam dona ferentes*.

Many of the books nowadays published about North America, and especially those about the United States, tend to be wearisome to English readers. But Mr. Paul Fountain in *THE DESERTS AND FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA* (Longmans, 6s. 6d. n.) has the seeing eye and the simple mind which give a rare value to his work. For it is as simple as the prairie itself, and has something of the very attraction of the great plains. Mr. Fountain has read little, and most of his natural history observations have already been discounted by other and more learned observers. But that matters nothing if the book has charm, and it has the charm of a discovery. Mr. Fountain writes as if he were a Columbus of the plains, as if he had discovered the new world between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains for himself, and his naive ignoring of the world of travellers since Lewis and Clark makes one forget that railroads now bind East and West together, and that even all Texas is fenced in at last. In truth there are no real deserts in North America; even the Mojave with its white glare and its monstrous cactus growths will some day blossom like the rose when irrigation waters it. Nor has Mr. Fountain ever visited the real forests of the continent. They are even yet to be found north and west of his main "stamping ground." But though the title be rather a misnomer and the date thirty years ago, these wanderings are still fresh and sweet, and if, as Mr. W. H. Hudson suggests in a preface, which is more properly a just appreciation, the author writes again and lets his book take a more human and autobiographical turn, his new volume will be as welcome as this.

As a literary equivalent of the kodak and its snapshots in the South Seas Mr. Edward Pallander's *LOG OF AN ISLAND WANDERER* (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., 6s.) is far from being badly done. It is written with a will, and has the merit of movement, and does not lack at times a certain picturesqueness of phrase, even if that picturesqueness verges at times on the most cheerful slang. And when the wanderer lands in beautiful and wicked Papeete he becomes very bright indeed. For the condition of Tahiti would wring striking phrases out of the dullest journalist. According to Mr. Pallander's calculations, and they, as likely as not, are more modest than his style, Tahiti is kept in order by five hundred officials. There is one road in the island, but every rut in it has a clerk to itself. Crime is rare (Mr. Pallander puts it at a burglary once a month and a murder every decade) yet seven Judges sit and smoke cigarettes perpetually. In the author's language, "there is barely enough capital in the entire island to float a liver pill, yet it takes a quarter of a mile of benches" to look after the budget.

And the elaborateness, the complexity of it! The dove-tailed, angle-ironed, water-logged, steel-faced, time-locked completeness of the whole thing. A German verb is nothing to it. It is the apotheosis of protocollardom.

If it belonged to England it would be run by "three men

awhile at the Navigator Islands, whose strikingly women evidently pleased them as much as they did Mr. Stevenson and every other traveller; and then we Fiji group. If the narrative which is the result of casting of nets does not go very deep into the thousand of politics and ethnology which belong to this sea of islands any rate compares very favourably with a hundred of the same class. It is illustrated with some excellent graphs of the beauty and fashion of the South Seas.

A RIMON OR INON, by Annette M. B. Meakin (6s.), is a relation of a journey by rail and steam to Siberia. It hardly adds to the sum of readily available on the subject, but it is pleasantly written; and her account of the terrible massacre at Blagovestchen Chinese, Miss Meakin says, had formed a plan to run "and each man had been provided with a rope to Russian in his bed." A premature attack gave the then the Cossacks, by order of General Gribsky, the Chinese unceremoniously into the river. Miss Meakin passed through Blagovestchen about three weeks after the tragic occurrence. This criticism passed by a Siberian English novel is interesting:—

"I can't remember the name, but it is about a young man who was very religious. He fell in love with a beautiful girl, and his love for her conflicted with his religion."

"Was the girl called 'Glory'?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "It is a fine tale and well written, but the abbot was not quite right in the head."

The title of Mrs. Perrin's book *EAST OF SUEZ* (T. Fisher, 6s.), and the quotation on the cover from a well-known poem of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's, aptly indicate the source of the inspiration in this volume of short stories. The titles of the stories themselves are not sufficient to give the reader an idea of the author's vigour and his dramatic instinct. She fails in her description of the way men think and talk; but she possesses a knowledge of Hindostan, and her "local colour" is a striking feature.

WITH THE THIBETANS IN TENT AND TEMPLE, by Susan Rijnhart, M.D. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 6s.) is a "missionary book." The author is an American widow of a Dutch propagandist who disappeared, presumably murdered, in Tibet. She travelled in Tibet and abode with him in Buddhist Lamaseries. Her book is particularly well written, but it is an interesting story of experiences in a region very difficult to explore.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Garnett's Essays.

Dr. Richard Garnett's new volume, *ESSAYS ON LITERATURE* (Heinemann), is substantially a reprint of papers which have already appeared in magazines or as introductory essays provide ample evidence of the width and judgment of the author's critical taste. His sympathy with Shelley or does not prevent him from appreciating Byron and Milton. The latter poet is at present in much want of Dr. Garnett's advocacy. In the essay on "The Date and the Time of *The Tempest*," he supports a theory which we can

analysis and affectation. Tristram was, among other things, fond of finding sitting hens and taking their eggs. To say this, simply, is not sufficient for an author to whom even love-making is mainly a literary exercise.

Before long the child became familiar with the queer habits of broody hens, and found zest in tracking these emblems of maternity to their shadowy nesting places. Every day gave chance of discovering lyings-in illicitly conducted; and to pry out some nest richly lined with accumulated deposits was a delight to the boy's marauding instinct.

We fail to find in this sort any advantage, merit, or virtue. But if not the reader, at least the critic, must be patient under the mass of prolixities—the over-weighting literary self-consciousness—which runs through the book, for there is much to be said in its favour. Tristram is not so interesting as the author would have us think, but he is lovable, and his mother and his sister and his friend Lady Petwyn, a lady of much individuality, are well realized. So is Lizzie Hayercraft, the poacher's daughter, of whose betrayal at the hands of his friend Tristram bears the dishonour. This is the central incident in Tristram's life, and there is much in the telling of it which shows a fine imagination and a real dramatic and descriptive power. Rigorously pruned and simply and sincerely told, the story would take a high place; there is plenty of sound work in it, but it suffers sadly from the writer's determination to be as clever as Mr. Meredith.

Mr. Bernard Capes.

Mr. Bernard Capes' *LOVE LIKE A GOSY* (Constable, 6s.) is, we think, his best novel. We have often criticized his style, but he is discarding many of his most pronounced mannerisms. We have here a powerful plot, a graceful heroine, some of the studies of abnormal humanity in which the author delights, and in Antony St. John a singularly attractive hero. One is a little frightened at starting off with the American War of Independence. But the real centre of interest is a Hampshire mansion at the close of the eighteenth century. The domestic scenes which reproduce the life of the period are wonderfully vivid, and we are introduced to many a "muddyascal," handled very divertingly. The liberty, however, which the author has taken with the young Earl of Borradale is unpardonable, and not justified by the requirements of the plot.

Mr. R. S. Hichens.

Readers versed in Mr. Hichens' method will naturally anticipate novelty on opening a fresh volume from his pen, and if novelty be all that is wanted *THE PROPHECY OF BERKELEY SQUARE* (Methuen, 6s.) supplies it in full measure. It will very likely please many people, and it should be read as the latest work of a writer who has achieved well-deserved fame. For ourselves, we confess the book is a disappointment. It is called a tragic extravaganza. Of tragedy there is none, nor of comedy either, though there is extravagance galore. Mr. Hichens once wrote a novel, "*The Londoners*," which was pure farce, and farce of the best. Nature therein was so skilfully distorted that the extravagance of the characters excited no surprise. In his latest book Mr. Hichens may have designed to "go one better." It is hard to determine the quality of laughter-moving humour; there were people who saw no fun in the "*Londoners*," and there may likewise be others who will laugh at "*The Prophet*," but Mr. Hichens' admirers will read this volume with sincere regret. The *raison d'être* of burlesque or extravaganza is a good laugh. If we are to laugh at the impossible antics of the dramatic personæ we must be able to contrast these antics with the demeanour of their originals in real life. It is because we

and they might just as well have turned to the left. no more amusement in reading of the Prophet's peripatetic threats and incursions of Mr. Sagittarius and of Sir Tigrath's fury, than in the announcement Robinson has gone to Cannes for the winter. Not necessarily strength, and, were it not for the mere Hichens' former work, we should be reminded of the treatment affected by advanced members of the Impressionist school of painting—treatment which, according to some, is designed to conceal inefficiency as much as to mean. Through wearisome chapters of over-strains Mr. Hichens' figures gyrate ineffectually until they begin to wonder why gunpowder does not run out of their boots. This book will be a disappointment to readers who appreciate Mr. Hichens' brilliant talent. We have been waiting for another volume as farcically witty as "*Londoners*," or as fascinating and delightful as "*The Londoners*," or as fascinating and delightful as "*The Londoners*." "Byeways."

In Westmorland.

T'BACKA QUEEN, by Theodora Wilson Wilson (Arnold, 6s.) is not a very felicitous title for a story of considerable length. The authoress has not mastered the craft of story-telling. The tale is loosely put together and too spun out with dialogue does not help it. But she gives a wonderfully true and realized picture of Westmorland life—the rough fells, the towns, and the local gentry, to both of which classes the Nell Carradus, belongs, to the former by her station in life, to the latter by her birth. She is a fine and picturesque figure of the people, with a strong and independent character. The rest of the Carraduses, both in high and low life, are conceived and combine to furnish a varied picture of Westmorland provincial life.

Some Short Stories.

Mr. Howells' book belongs to an agreeably bound volume (Harpers, 5s. 6d.) to be called a "Portrait Collection of Short Stories," and is, therefore, graced by an excellent photograph of the author. A *PAIR OF PATIENT LIPS* was once the title of the book and the name of the first story, but here brought together. The external method of Mr. Howells is used with excellent effect in these pictures. He knows it. It is not a faultless method, but it has

We are glad to welcome one whom we suppose is a master of the difficult paths of the short story teller. "*Brown of Widow Wiley and Some Other Old Folk*" (Seeley, 6s.) is something of the spirit that has informed several of his best—something of the spirit that has informed several of his best—a quiet observation, an unobtrusive sympathy, delicate humour. Of such was the author of "*Cranford*," Mrs. Horatia Ewing. "*Brown Linnet*" is, as a quietist among story tellers. These sketches of the adventures of old village people read like artistical transcripts from life, though here and there the sentiment is a little overdone, as in "*Sarah Ann's Little Girl*." But this we have the highly-amusing "*Social Agonies*," a tale, humorous, but sometimes founded upon the silent comedy which underlies the humdrum village life. The author of "*Wiley*" adds twenty photographs, arranged with an eye to that of the literary sketches themselves.

In *TWO MOONS OF A MAN* (Nimmo, 6s.) the well-known who writes as "Violet Fane" hints that her stories are—"more wind-blown foam, which though dispersed by spray is churned from depths of the eternal sea." There is no doubt that light and bright as are, say, "*A Red*"

November 23, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

draft will be printed, I doubt not, by Father Pollen. As to my differences from Mr. Henderson (on all these points) my mind is quite open. I only advance provisional hypotheses, professingly "without much confidence," and I am ready to abandon them if disproved.

Yours faithfully,

A. LANG.

Littlegreen, Petersfield, Nov. 15.

LIONS IN THE PATH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Your Reviewer of my "Anticipations" raises a point so interesting that I am tempted out of a worthy custom of silence to answer his chief objection to my conclusions.

He declares that I am "a scientific student in the narrower sense"—shall I never cease to be "damned" in this way because I took my degree in science?—and that "the political student" will "perceive lions in the path" to the attainment of my New Republic that I have altogether ignored—and he raises up again into a semblance of life two lions that I respectfully submit I have already in my book carefully and effectually shown to be lions of straw.

The first lion he would have to be still alive he calls Convulsion or Cataclysm. The backbone of that resuscitation is his question: "Will soldiers taken from the proletariat, and presently to return to the proletariat, obey orders when commanded to fire on them?" Your readers could hardly imagine from his question that in my chapter on War I have done everything in my power to demonstrate, and I believe I have demonstrated, that the epoch of proletariat armies is drawing to its end, and that in my discussion of the future of Russia, and throughout my chapter on Democracy, I have laid the utmost stress on the passing of power out of the hands of the multitude. And these are not matters of forecast altogether. If the political student will make a comparative revision of the social insurrections of the period 1750-1800 he will find that the *maximum* insurrectionary power of the proletariat was attained long before 1850, and, indeed, that since 1850 (with the quite exceptional case of the Commune) popular insurrection has been a dying force.

Similar considerations destroy your reviewer's dramatic little fancy in which "China and Islam, an Islam of negroes, simultaneously see their chance, and pour their well-drilled hordes, armed with the latest weapons, into Europe." "Well-drilled hordes" is neither clever nor convincing—it is a contradiction in terms, and the suggestion altogether ignores my most carefully and elaborately constructed proof that unintelligent armies must give way, must inevitably be beaten and abolished by the organized and educated community of the coming time fighting as one organic whole. This second "lion in the path," this Black and Tan version of Pearson's "Yellow Peril," just like that first lion, Cataclysm, I will confess I believed in profoundly, in the days when I wrote "When the Sleeper Wakes"—a book presenting a phase of opinion that I should imagine would fall in with your Reviewer's views very completely. Since then I have gone up to these lions in the path—and like most of the lions in the path of the New Republic they are straw and indigestion! And I submit it is more than a little unfair to the work I have done in this book, that because I have thrust these misconceptions that now loom so largely in the popular mind into their proper place again out of the way, your reviewer—failing to encounter their terrible eyes on his first plunge into what is, you know, quite unavoidably a crowded book, should—evidently without any search for their remains—accuse me of "ignoring

Books to look out for at once.

- "The Life of William Ewart Gladstone." By Herbert W. Aldrich. 7s. 6d.
[Enlarged from the biography in the "Dictionary of Biography." Frontispiece portrait.]
- "The Foundations of Belief." By A. J. Ballou. 1s. 6d.
[Eighth edition, with a summary and a new last work.]
- "Wales." By O. M. Edwards. "Story of the Nation" series. and illustrations. Fisher Prewin. 2s.
- "Winifred Vida." By William Canton. Dant.
- "Prosperous British India." By William Digby, C.I.E. 12s. 6d.
[The author claims that the people of India are not a people in the world, but are continually growing people.]
- "Killarney's Lakes and Falls." Edited by Edmund Downey. mezzotint engravings by F. S. Walker, and legends, song descriptions by famous authors. Downey and Co. 5 guineas net, and 2 guineas net.
- "Afoot through the Kashmir Valleys." By Marion Doughty Sands. 7s. 6d.
- "The Kias and its History." By Dr. Christopher Nyrop. Romance Philology at Copenhagen University. Sands. [See Note p. 163.]
- "Gabriola Rossetti." A versified Autobiography. Translated by William Michael Rossetti. Containing several and much hitherto unpublished information about the Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Christina Rossetti. Sands.
- "Poverty: a Study of Town Life." By R. S. Rowntree. 10s. 6d. net.
- "Oxford Studies." By John Richard Green. Macmillan. 1s.
[The majority of these papers first appeared in the *Oxford Review* many years ago, and are now republished under the super Green.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent notice.]

ART.

- BRITISH SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS OF TO-DAY. SPELMANN. 12½x10½, 172 pp. Cassell. 5s. n.
[Critical and descriptive accounts of the work of "living sculptor of repute in Great Britain," with picture work. Paper bound. Also to be had in cloth for 7s. 6d.]
- THE PAVEMENT MASTERS OF SIENA, 1360-1562. By R. (Handbook of the Great Craftsmen.) 7½x5½, 155 pp. 10s. 6d.
[A detailed description, with admirable illustrations of the pavement of Siena Cathedral, with accounts of the pavement materials, and workmanship.]
- LES DÉBUTS DE L'ART. By Prof. E. Grosse. Translated by E. Durr. Intro. by Prof. Léon Marillier. 128 pp. Alcan. Fr. 6.
[A remarkable and suggestive work of art criticism have rejoiced Taine.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- THE CHILDREN'S LONDON. By CHARLOTTE THORPE. Laker, Jan. 10½x7½, 229 pp. Leadenhall Press. 10s. 6d.
[A handsome book describing the chief sights of London. Copiously and happily illustrated.]
- CRUISES OF THE FROZEN NORTH. By GORDON STANTON. 112 pp. BEARS AND DACOTS. By G. A. HESTY. 7 (1s. each). TOMMY'S TREK. By BESSIE MARCHANT. 9d. Blackie.
[New volumes of adventure and travel in Messrs. Blackie's series of graduated story-books for children; the ninepenny children of seven and upwards, the shilling books for eleven year-olds. Illustrated.]
- COSEY CORNER, or, How They Kept a Farm. By L. T. MEADE. 282 pp. Chambers. 3s. 6d.
[A story of country life.]
- COURAGE AND CONFLICT. By G. A. HESTY, G. M. HILLES, and others. 7½x6, 116 pp. Chambers. 2s.
[Historical and adventurous stories for boys.]
- A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL. By L. T. MEADE. 7½x4½, 116 pp. Chambers. 5s.
[The adventures of a high-spirited, untrained American girl.]

MORE ANIMAL STORIES. Ed. by ROBERT CROCHANE. 7½x5½, 282 pp. Chambers. 2s. 6d.

[This follows on "One Hundred Animal Stories" and is mainly reprinted from *Chambers's Journal*, but contains other stories from various sources, among them "Rab and his Friends." Illustrated.]

OUR LITTLE ONE'S OBJECT BOOK. (13½x9). Warner. 6s.

[Valuable pictorial of countless objects. Outrusted utility boards.]

THE LITTLE FOLKS' BOOK OF BIRDS. BABY'S ANIMAL PICTURE BOOK. By ANNE LESTER. 12x16. Warner. 2s. 6d. each.

[Fine pictures of birds and animals, with descriptive letterpress.]

"ST. NICHOLOS" BOOK OF PLAYS AND OPERETTAS. 7½x5½, 20 pp. Warner. 2s. 6d.

[Reprinted from "St. Nicholas," with directions for shadow-puppet shows, acting ballads, &c.]

FATHER'S BOOK OF RHYMES. By JAMES PARRY. Illus. by A. RYAN. 10x7½, 65 pp. Sherratt and Hughes. 3s. 6d. n.

[Amusing rhymes with (many fine pictures.)]

THE DOCTOR'S NOSE. By ELIZA F. POLLARD. 7½x5½, 287 pp. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

[A pleasant story of Brittany at the end of the eighteenth century and a peasant's rebellion. The heroine becomes companion to a girl at a chateau, until she discovers her mother, who proves to be the true mother of the chateau.]

FAITHFUL FRIENDS. 10½x7½. Blackie. 2s.

[Stories and rhymes about animals, with large well-drawn pictures, some coloured.]

TERRIE'S TRAVELS. By JESSIE CHAPMAN. 7½x5½, 297 pp. Blackie. 2s.

[A pleasant enough story for small boys and girls. Terrie, a little boy, gets lost at the seaside, is taken care of by a curate in London, and has other adventures. Illustrated.]

THE NIDDLING NOD OF ONCE-UPON-A-TIME. By H. ESCOTT-ISMAN. 7½x5½, 200 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s. 6d.

[A companion volume to the "Patty Pats," which appeared a week or two ago.]

GIRLS OF THE TRICK BLUE. By L. T. MEADE. 8x5½, 406 pp. Chambers. 6s.

[A dramatic story for girls.]

MY PRETTY PICTURE-BOOK. 7½x5½. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

[A slim quartet of stories and rhymes with pictures.]

THE WORLD OF ANIMAL LIFE. Edited by FRED SMITH. 8½x6½, 114 pp. Blackie. 5s.

[An attractive book, well illustrated; by the author of "The Boyhood of a Naturalist."]

AN ANIMAL A.B.C. Drawn by H. B. NEILSON. 11½x9. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

[A children's book with rhymes and comic pictures.]

OUR LITTLE DOTS. THE CHILD'S COMPANION. Ward, Lock. 2s. 6d. each.

HEY DIDDLE-DIDDLE COME DANCE TO MY FIDDLE. BABY'S BIRTHDAY A.B.C. BABY'S BOOK OF BIRDS. (1s. each). **ONE AND ONE ARE TWO. NURSERY RHYMES. NURSERY NUMBERS. OUR FAVOURITE ANIMAL BOOK. OUR FAVOURITE TALES. OUR FAVOURITE NURSERY RHYMES. OUR FAVOURITE NURSERY TALES. OUR FAVOURITE NURSERY SONGS. OUR FAVOURITE FIRST NURSERY BOOK.** 7½x5½. Warner. 6d. each.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF PICTURES AND STORIES. No. 11. (1s.). **PUSS IN BOOTS. FOR THE FLAG.** a painting book of flags. (1s.). **LITTLE BOB HIDING HOOD. NURSERY JINGLES. PUSHERS AND PETS. A DONKEY RIDE. RUMPS UP TO LONDON TO SEE THE KING. A DAY AT THE ZOO. CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE. SAND CASTLES.** Nelson.

[Large paper picture books. The colouring shows a great improvement on older books.]

HELENE GRIANIS. By MME. C. COZORR. 10½x6½, 30 pp. Hachette. 2s. 6d.

[Dramatic story for young people. Illustrated.]

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE. Comprising the London and the British Catalogues, 1881-1888. 10x6½, 182 pp. Sampson Low. 30s. n.

[We have often printed this unique and invaluable list of publications which, by its arrangements, approaches a Subject Index.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN. By H. HARRY FLETCHER. 8½x5½, 200 pp. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d.

[Reviewed on p. 470.]

THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF LEO TOLSTOY. By G. H. PERKINS. 8½x5½, 273 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[This is a book of extracts from Tolstoy's writings and shows

HENRY DRUMMOND. By J. V. SIMPSON. (F. 7½x4½, 100 pp. Oliphant. 1s. 6d. n.)

[A short biographical and critical sketch of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."]

CLASSICAL.

A FEW NOTES ON JULIAN and a Translation of E. J. CHINSON. 7½x5, 82 pp. Nutt, 1s. 6d. n.

[With notes on passages in Julian's Orations; page references to Hertlein. Paper bound.]

FICTION.

STORIES IN THE DARK. By RABBY PAIR. Grant Richards. 1s.

[These are short studies, well written, but abnormal.]

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. By H. G. WELLS. Newnes. 6s.

[A story of a journey to the moon. Excellent.]

FOMA GORDYEV. By MAXIM GORKY. Translated by H. G. WELLS. 7½x5, 408 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[On the Volga. A pessimistic story by this novelist.]

PAPA (LIMITED). By W. CARTER PLATT. 8x5½, 2 pp.

[Stories farcical and humorous.]

AN ISLAND INTERLUDE. By J. AMITY. 7½x5½, 2 pp.

[The love-story of a politician on his holiday at the chateau of the island where he is staying.]

FORBIDDEN PATHS. By MARCUS REAY. 7½x5½, 1 pp.

[A slight story of love entanglements.]

A MODERN ANTEUS. By THE WRITER OF AN ESQ. LITERARY. 8x5½, 518 pp. Murray. 6s.

[See Review, p. 192.]

CAPTAIN BLITTE. A Tale of Old Turkey. By ADELER. 7½x5, 163 pp. Coates (Philadelphia).

[An amusing novel of modern American provincial life.]

THE DROPPING OF AN H. By ISA GARVEY. 7½x5½, 1 pp.

[A story of "smart" life and of a "miss" marrying the old Duke of Land's End.]

SHROUDED IN MYSTERY. By THE MISSIS STREET DRONE. 3s. 6d.

[Four ghost stories.]

THE PROVING OF PRISCILLA. By LOUIE BEAUFORT. 6s.

[A story of husband and wife; the scene is set in a Cathedral town.]

THE FALL OF LORD PADDOCKSLEA. By LEO WELLS. 231 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[A tale of modern political society, the scene is set in a Liberal Premier. "Capa" may be fitted upon a son of the sword.]

THE END OF AN EPOCH. By A. LINCOLN GORDON. 6s.

[A well-written, rather gruesome, and sombre story of the destruction of the English nation through the virulent bacillus. The survivors are only the hero and his bride, who find an antidote.]

THE FIREBRAND. By S. R. CROCKETT. 8x5½, 51 pp.

[Spain and the Carlists.]

LORD DUNCHESTER, or, The End of Dr. Thorne. Edited by Lieut.-General PHELPS. 7½x5, 159 pp.

[Dr. Thorne was a novel by Mr. Rider Haggard's anti-vaccination ally.]

THE IDEALIST. By GROVE JOHNSON. 8x5½, 216 pp.

[The struggle of an artistic young Oxford man with a black country town; ends with a tragedy.]

THE NEW MRS. LASCELLES. By L. T. MEADE. James Clarke. 5s.

[Tells how a young second wife of a London man overcomes her stepchildren.]

MATER BOLEROOSA. Par L'Auteur de "M. MAURICE DE WALEFFE." 17x7½, 40 pp. Paris.

[A novel of much merit.]

HISTORY.

BRITISH HISTORY MADE INTERESTING. By C. VILLIERS HARTLEY. 7½×5, 178 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 2s.

[An attempt to sketch the history attractively for grown-up people who have forgotten it. It may do something to achieve this object (which Collier tried not without success), but it would be more likely to do so if the print were larger and more open.]

LITERATURE AND BELLES-LETTRES.

THE BEGINNINGS OF POETRY. By F. R. GEMMERE. 9×6, 473 pp. The Macmillan Co. 12s. 6d. n.

[The author is an American professor.]

HARDELL v. PICKWICK. Ed. by PERCY FRIZGERALD. 9×5½, 116 pp. Elliot Stock. 6s.

[Giving the trial with full commentary, with true names of the characters introduced, the state of the law at the time, &c., with contemporary illustrations.]

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO CRASHAW'S ENGLISH POEMS. By J. R. TUTIN. 7½×4½, 20 pp. (Gratis on application to J. R. Tutin, 61, Fencote, near Heshale, Yorks.)

[This erudite little paper pamphlet goes into the poems with much detail, alluding, for example, to the similarity between passages in the "Sonnetto d'Horace" and lines in Milton, Young, and Shelley, and gives a number of leading critical estimates of Crashaw's poetry. Mr. Tutin's edition of the English poems was reviewed by us last year.]

THE LORE OF CATHAY, or, The Intellect of China. By W. A. P. MARTIN. 9×6, 472 pp. Oliphant. 10s. 6d.

[A substantial volume by the President of the Chinese Imperial University. Photos.]

SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST. By T. R. LOESSBURY. 418 pp. LECTURES ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE. By HANS ORTEL. 329 pp., 9×6½. Arnold. 12s. 6d. n. each.

[These are Yale bicentennial publications. The first is one of a series called "Shakespearean wars" dealing with controversies about Shakespeare. The second gives the history of linguistic science in the nineteenth century and fully discusses language-changes and semantics.]

NELLE LETTERATURE STRANIERE (Quarta Serie). Possibilisti, by ANDREA LAFORTE-RANDI. 7½×4½, 338 pp. Alberto Reber.

[Studies of Swift, La Rochefoucauld, and Schopenhauer.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A DOCTOR IN KHAKI. By F. E. FREMANTLE. 8½×5½, 540 pp. Murray. 10s. 6d. n.

[Mr. Fremantle was Civil Surgeon to the Forces in South Africa. Illustrated.]

OMNIBUSES AND CABS. Their Origin and History. By H. C. MOORE. 8½×5½, 282 pp. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

[An attractive volume, printed in large type with a variety of illustrations, tracing in a popular vein the history of omnibuses, from the "Carrosses à Cinq Sous" (Paris, 1662) and of cabs, from the hackney coach (1623).]

WHAT A YOUNG WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW. (Self and Sex Series.) By EMMA F. A. DRAKE, M.D. 6½×4½, 288 pp. The Vir Publishing Co. 4s. n.

[Written from a medical and ethical point of view.]

MODERN BUSINESS METHODS: THE HOME TRADE, 243 pp., 2s. 6d. MODERN BUSINESS METHODS: IMPORT AND EXPORT TRADE, 268 pp., 3s. 6d. 8½×5½. By F. HOOPER and J. GRAHAM. MODERN BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTS. By W. ADOLF. Part I.: Elementary. 7½×4½, 192 pp. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

[These belong to a useful series, edited by Messrs. Hooper and Graham, who are competent authorities. They are not intended for examinations, but as reference books for business men and text-books for commercial students. The first two have proved their value and are in second editions. Mr. Adolf's book, a smaller work, is very well suited both for teachers and for intelligent private students.]

THE TENNYSON RECITER. Ed. by A. H. MILES. 8½×5½, 224 pp. Hutchinson. 2s.

[Selections. Neatly bound and good type.]

MODERN BILLIARDS. By JAMES ROBERTS, J.R.S., and Others. Ed. by F. M. HOTINE. 8½×5½, 316 pp. Pearson. 6s.

[Mr. Roberts' portion of the book—"The Game of Billiards and How to Play It"—occupies with diagrams nearly half the volume. The rest contains a sketch of Roberts' career, accounts of breaks by Mitchell and others, and records of important matches.]

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, 1901. 10×7, 667 pp. 8s.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE. Vol. for 1901. 10×7, 667 pp. 7s. 6d.

GOOD WORDS. Vol. for 1901. 10×7, 667 pp. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER. With Other Verses. By ERNEST HEILEY. 8½×5½, 112 pp. Scott. 6s.

DAIRINK AND OTHER POEMS. By the Hon. KATHARINE 7½×5½. Jarrold. 10s. 6d.

[Poems founded on Irish history and legend. The first is a portrait of the authoress.]

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET. By H. J. JAMESON. 7½×5½. Harrison. 1s.

[A collection of Humorous Poems rather in the style of Gilbert.]

SONGS OF THE MORNING. Lyrics for Music. By E. T. T. 7½×5½, 105 pp. Lendenhall Press.

THE THRUSH (1901). Simpkin, Marshall.

[The annual volume of this periodical which exists for the publication of original verse.]

A PALACE OF DREAMS, and other Verse. By ADA H. BAKER. 250 pp. Blackwood. 5s.

POLITICAL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD FOREIGN OFFICE. EDWARD HEATSEY, K.C.B. 9×6, 255 pp. 12s. n. Murray.

[Lewis Heatsey was in the Foreign Office as Sub-Librarian from 1861 to 1867. Sir Edward, his son, succeeded retired in 1896. Portraits and other illustrations.]

THREE OCTOBER. By RONALD HOWE. 3½×5½, 95 pp. T.

[A pamphlet vividly criticizing politicians on both sides on Lord Rosebery to take the lead.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

CHANCER'S COMPLETE WORKS. Ed. by the Rev. W. (The Oxford Poets.) 7½×5½, 732 pp. Frowde. 3s. 6d.

[A reprint of Prof. Skeat's "Student Chaucer," published (introduction on Chaucer's life, grammar, metre, &c., and with text; as a frontispiece, the portrait of Chaucer drawn of the MS. of Chaucer's "De Regimine Principum.")

ACTS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF ENGLAND. N. Vol. XXIV., 1592-3. Edited by LORD ROCHE DA. 10½×4½, 480 pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

[Deals with the Spanish war and difficulties of the English in France, the plague in London, Irish troubles, actions of Rosencrans, Spanish intrigues in Great Britain, and various Admiralty and domestic administration. On May 18, 1593, to arrest "Christopher Marlow" on an unstated charge.]

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN WILLIAM LAUD AND MR. THE JESUIT. Edited by C. H. SIMPKINSON (The English Library). 9×6, 456 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

[This library is to contain the principal English Theological Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, with introductions. Law, Wilson, and Butler have been dealt with. We have report of the famous conference between Laud and the Jesuit conducted by command of James I. for the special edification favourite, Buckingham, with notes and a brief, well-written by the Editor, and a full Index.]

THE WAY OF PERFECTION. By SAINT TERESA. Edited by Waller. (The Cloister Library.) 6½×4½, 225 pp. Dent.

[“The Perfection,” says Mrs. Cunningham Graham is of Teresa, “represents the finished and magnificent full spiritual life.” “She is the geographer and hydrographer of the soul,” says M. J. K. Huysmans. A valuable addition to the series. Text, and with very brief notes at the translation is Abraham Woodhead's (1671-1675), with spell altered.]

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Trans. by EDWARD FITZGERALD. By Blanche McManus. 9×7½, 10 pp. 5s. OMAR KHAYYAM'S CALENDAR FOR 1902. 10½×6. 2s. 6d. n. De la More.

[The Rubaiyat (a slim quarto) is a reprint of FitzGerald's. The print is large and clear, and the illustrations (five designs in black, red, and green; the Calendar a quatrains with same illustrations.)

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. By CHARLES DICKENS. (The Oxford India Paper.) 7×4½, 287 pp. Frowde. 2s. 6d. n.

[The ninth of the seventeen volumes of this handy series of original illustrations by Leese and others.]

LALLA ROOHL. By THOMAS MOORE. 8×6, 296 pp. Warner. [Well printed on glazed paper with good half-tones.]

THE UNIVERSE, on the Philosophy of Man and the Infinitely Finite. By P. A. PARSONS. Ed. by J. R. A. DAVIS. Duxbury, 1900. pp. 120. 7s. 6d.

[This is one of the best and best known popular books on Natural Science, especially illustrated. It is now being re-edited by the Professor of Biology and Zoology in University College, Aberystwyth.]

HAMMOND'S HAND LINES. By S. K. HAMMOND. 7x5, 224 pp. New Edition. Boston. 1s. 6d.

[An amusing tale of a seafarer who got a fairy to grant his wishes.]

THE FRATE ISLAND. By H. COLLINGSWOOD. 7x5, 200 pp. Blackie, 2s.

[A story of the South Pacific.]

SOMERLEY, Somerley and Undergraduate. By GILBERT SWIFT. 7x4, 104 pp. From Somerley, 2s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE ON THE COMPARATIVE METHOD. By Prof. H. FLEISCHER and E. F. FLETCHER. Fourth Edition. 8x4, 300 pp. Harcourt, 21s. 6d.

Much of this book has been re-written. The largest addition is 70 pages on the "neo-historical styles," Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and American. There is also new matter on prehistoric architecture, medieval religious orders, the architecture in Europe, &c. There are now also 200 plates, partly photographic, partly line drawings. The work is a comprehensive, summarized review of architectural history, useful for reference.]

MIXED METALS or Metallic Alloys. By A. H. HOBBS. 7x4, 431 pp. Macmillan, 6s.

[Published in 1890 and now revised and enlarged.]

WAR TO THE KNIFE, or Tangled Maori. By ROSE BOLDEWOOD. 7x5, 120 pp. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

[A story of the Maori war.]

ON THE CURB OF THE MORPHIA HABIT. By OSCAR JENNINGS. Second Edition. 7x5, 211 pp. Baillière, Tindall, 3s. 6d. n.

The words "without suffering" are added to the title of this little work, first published ten years ago.]

VIOLIN. By ELIZABETH FOX HOWARD. 7x4, 63 pp. J. W. Phelps, 1s. 6d.

[A slightly enlarged edition of a book we praised on April 11, 1900.]

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY READER. By ALFRED RUSSEL. Worcester, 1893, 240 pp. Scribner, 2s.

[Another form of the same author's "The Wonderful Century," now in its fourth edition. Summarizes the nineteenth-century advances in science, art, and invention (with illustrations) in the form of lessons divided into short paragraphs.]

SONNETS. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 5x4, 57 pp. Brimley Johnson, 1s.

[A small pretty-bound volume, with one sonnet on each page, and a dedication of Watts' "Love and Life" as a frontispiece.]

THEOLOGY.

COLLECTED WORKS OF F. MAX MÜLLER, XVIII. LAST ESSAYS. II. *Man's relation to the Science of Religion*. 7x5, 368 pp. Longmans, 5s.

[Deals with ancient religions, the religions of China, Mohammedanism, Islamism, &c., with some notes and replies by other writers.]

"ONLY A PRAYER MEETING." By C. H. SPURGEON. 7x5, 366 pp. Putnam and Abingdon, 3s. 6d.

[First address delivered by Mr. Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle and other prayer meetings.]

THE SHINING HOUR. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. 7x6, 20 pp. Sunday School Union. 11s. 6d.

[A paper by Mr. Miller.]

THE MINISTRY OF COMFORT. By J. R. MILLER. 7x4, 279 pp. Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.

[Dr. Miller's "Sundays Series."]

STUDIES IN HEBREW SCRIPTURE. By A. G. MORTIMER. 8x5, 41 pp. Rivington, 2s. 6d.

[Lectures by the Rector of St. Mark's, Philadelphia.]

REVEALED A POWER. 8x5, 100 pp. The British and Foreign Bible Society.

[A popular illustrated Report of the Society.]

HANDBOOK TO THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By FREDERICK G. KENYON. 9x6, 312 pp. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.

[A full account with facsimiles of the MSS. and recent versions, and of the history and present position of the Textual problem, by the Assistant Keeper of MSS., British Museum.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

THE LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By P. M. HODDER. 7x4, 20 pp. Scribner, 1s. 6d. n.

[A popular account of present-day life in the Netherlands with

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 265, by
H. DE BERNARD

BLACK. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 267, by J. JUCHLY.
BLACK. 6 pieces.



WHITE. 12 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 268, by Joseph Ney Babson, (9 pieces)—K at K B 8; Q at Q R 7; rook Q K 4; B at K K 8; K at K 7; pawns Q 6. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R sq; B at K R 5, Q B 7. Three moves.

PROBLEM No. 269, by S. Loyd, U.S.A.—K at Q K 8; Q at Q 8; R at K B sq; B a 5 and Q B 8; pawns at K K 4, K 5, Q B 5. Black (10 pieces)—K at K B 2; rooks at B at K B 7; pawns at K K 2, K K 3, K K 4, Q B 4. Three moves.

TO SOLVERS.—In End game No. 260, fold, place White pawn and in No. 261, Heywood, place White king at Q K 6. We have to above correct, as they appeared to be of much interest. We need state. Solvers will greatly assist by writing Chess Editor prompt posed error. No. 265, Morin, is printed correctly from author, but in two. We will allow a few days extra in the case of 260, 261.

GAME No. CXL. Played at Moscow in com-
EVANS GAMBIT.

WHITE. Allies.	BLACK. M. J. Tschigorin.
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. K1-K B3	K1-Q B3
3. B-B4	B-B4
4. P-Q K4	B-P
5. P-B7	B-B4
6. P-Q4	P-P
7. Castles	Q-K R5
8. Q-K3	Q-B3
9. K-B5	Q-K3
10. K-P	K-K R3
11. B-B3	Castles
12. K-Q5	K1-K1
13. B-K1	P-Q3
14. P-P	P-P
15. Q-B Q sq	B-B3

PROBLEM
A. NOBLE



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and

DIFFICULTY I
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three or four
which cannot
tricky play
Loyd's, 269, is
champion end
about No. 268
says:—"This
receiving prob-
numerous w
almost do it a
up many." C
the set within
falling into an

GAME No. CXII. Played in Paris.

WHITE. A. Allin.	BLACK. K. Wittenfeld.
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. K1-K B3	K1-Q B3
3. B-B4	B-B4
4. P-Q K4	B-P
5. P-B7	B-B4
6. P-Q4	P-P
7. Castles	Q-K R5
8. Q-K3	Q-B3
9. K-B5	Q-K3
10. K-P	K-K R3
11. B-B3	Castles
12. K-Q5	K1-K1
13. B-K1	P-Q3
14. P-P	P-P
15. Q-B Q sq	B-B3

WHITE.
A. Allin.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 215. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Next week we shall issue a fully illustrated Christmas Supplement dealing with books for boys and girls, illustrated books, &c.; and containing an article on Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and its various illustrators.

* * * *

The subject of the *Literature Portrait* next week will be
Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"The Life of William Ewart Gladstone," by H. W. Paul Smith, Elder.

"The Life of Sir W. Molesworth," by Mrs. Fawcett. Macmillan.

"Jane Austen: Her Home and Friends." By Constance Hall. Lane.

"London Afternoons," by the Rev. W. J. Loftie. Cassell.

of enlightenment. "Greek students," he says, "do not think that any one should write as every one talks. They want to be able to write as in reality one never talks, for what is called a learned tongue is not at all old Greek . . . but a modern Greek, capable of making even an average Hellenist understand. He doubts, however, whether it was prudent to undertake a translation at the present moment. M. Jean Paleyhal is a Greek who has a right to speak, and has been one of the promoters of the movement for what may be called "standardization" of the corrupt forms of the modern

* * * *

The two volumes of Bismarck's "Memoirs" are continued. The German publisher Cotta is to bring out new volumes of the ex-Chancellor's letters—the first to the letters from Bismarck to William I.—the second to a series of letters to various Princes and Sovereigns.

* * * *

Seldom have there been so many new departures on the English book trade as at the present moment. Many of the new American origin, they are regarded with suspicion by leading publishers here, who hold that they are looking for a dignity of English literature, as well as their own interest, standing true to the old traditions. And it is worth noting that Messrs. Ishister's new manager, as stated in *Literature* recently, has returned from America, after many years' absence there, with similar views. Some of the new ideas, however, are entirely home-made. We understand, for instance, that a well-known firm of publishers runs a good deal of its business on the following lines:—It secures a popular novelist, and then forms a little society in the City to share the expense. A new book by the author is a considerably safer investment than many of the discovered gold mines.

* * * *

This practice of "under-writing," of course, is not a new precedent. There was a time when publishers made a habit of sharing the cost of expensive works. This was the case with Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," of which we note, by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill is preparing a new edition, to be ready next year. The author of the "Lives," at any rate, was satisfied with his share in the financial arrangements. "Sir Dr. Johnson to a friend, 'I have always said the best of men were a generous set of men. Nor in the present instance I have reason to complain. The fact is, not that they paid me little, but that I have written too much.' The Doctor paid me two hundred guineas for his 'Lives of the Poets' in the first instance; then a present of another hundred; and then a hundred with a new edition.

* * * *

Maxim Gorki (or the Bitter One), whose "Foma Gorodkov" is reviewed in another column, is the pseudonym of a Russian writer whose real name is Alexey Maximovich Peshkov.

a steamboat who lent him books, from which he got his passion for literature. "Till the cook appeared," he has written, "I could not endure books, or indeed any scrap of printed paper." At the age of fifteen he proceeded to the University of Kazan, "fancying that learning was there given gratis to every one who wanted it. This it appeared was not the case, so I entered a biscuit factory at three roubles a month." The work was too hard. He gave it up and sold apples in the streets. His next employment was as watchman on a railway. Then he hawked krass, and then became secretary to a lawyer, Mr. A. T. Lashin, but left Nijni Novgorod to live a wandering life. He wandered through the Don region, and the Ukraine, and into Bessarabia, and thence along the southern coast of the Crimea, to Kaban, and along the Black Sea, ultimately reaching Tiflis. Here his first story was printed in a local paper. Getting back to Nijni he wrote for the local papers there, made the acquaintance of Kowlenko, who helped him with his influence and advice, and rapidly rose to the eminent position in Russian literature which he now occupies. His first book was published as recently as 1888. Mr. Heinemann announces two more stories by Gorki in an English version—"The Orloff Couple" and "Malva."

The association of Rossetti's name with that of Tennyson would in itself have sufficed to give interest to a little drawing, in pen-and-ink and wash, sold at Christie's on Monday as part of the property of the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. But inasmuch as the sketch represents the late Poet Laureate on that "night of the Gods," as it has been called, September 27, 1855, when, at Mr. and Mrs. Browning's house, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, he read "Maud" to a small circle of friends, its attraction from a literary point of view is extraordinary. We have several accounts of that memorable evening. In his journal for the following day, Tennyson made this entry:—"I dined yesterday with the Brownings and had a very pleasant evening. Both of them are admirers of poor little 'Maud.' The two Rossettis came in in the evening." William Allingham, who as well as Miss Arabella Barrett was present, says "he [Tennyson] is quite as glorious in his way as Browning. In his, perhaps of the two even more impressive on the whole personality." Finally, in a letter written by Browning from St. Pierre de Chartreuse to Mr. William Sharp about 1883, we have record of the actual sketch, or at any rate of that which served as its basis. "On another of my returns to London [Rossetti] painted my portrait, not, I fancy, in oils, but water-colours. . . . This must have been in the year when Tennyson published 'Maud,' for I remember Tennyson reading the poem one evening while Rossetti made a rapid pen-and-ink sketch of him, very good, from one obscure corner of vantage, which I still possess and duly value." That same evening Browning read to the little circle his masterly word-picture of "poor brother Edgar," the allusion wherein to Masaccio as a "youngster" who "came to our convent" was defended by Browning in a most interesting letter published some months ago in these columns. The little sketch at Christie's—showing Tennyson seated sideways in the corner of a sofa, left hand leaning on his knee, the face in profile—was bought by Messrs. Agnew for thirty guineas. It is inscribed "Maud, 1855," and at the back of the frame—for it, too, is of glass—is in MS., signed by Rossetti, his name, "Here's Lamp," from the House of Life series. In line 9, it is interesting to note, the word "shadowy"

1807, "Poems on Various Occasions" was dist. S. and J. Ridge, of Newark. It contains "Fugitive Pieces" and twelve hitherto unpublished volumes, which the author describes as "miraculously chaste," 100 copies only were sent to Moore. To-day it stands high among the rarest of the eighteenth century in the esteem of the book-collector. Annotated copy in the British Museum; possesses one of the finest known, Mr. McGeoghegan as long ago as 1892 an example, uncut, with the original boards, brought £68 at auction.

The copy which comes up for sale next week is in similar condition; but this constitutes a special attraction. On the title is the inscription, "Coldm. Gds., from the author"; on the fly-leaf, an autograph, three "Stanzas by Ed. B.," the first runs:—

Ah! Mem'ry torture me no more,
The present's all o'ercast,
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
In mercy veil the past!

Edward Noel Long, to whom a poem in "The Poet's Progress" is addressed, and who is the "Cleric" in "Recollections," was an intimate school friend of Browning at Harrow, and, going up to Cambridge together for feats of swimming and diving. On three occasions at Harrow, July 5, 1801, June 6 and 7, 1802, and names of Byron and Long appear on the public record. Long entered the Guards, served honourably in the Peninsular War, but early in the year 1809 was sent on passage with his regiment to Lisbon, when he was killed. George ran foul, in the night, of another ship, and says of him: "His friendship and a violent, and passion, which held me at the same period of the most romantic period of my life. . . . I wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised, but did not have the heart to complete it." It will be seen that the presentation copy of "Poems on Various Occasions" on Monday, has unique interest.

On Monday afternoon Hogarth House was offered for sale at the Mart. Little remains now of the garden, "laid out in good style," of which we can find no trace of the "Albert Avenue" which played ulupins, the tomb of the dog Pompey, the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies," or of the "flinch, whose little grave the artist himself dug, the overhanging bay window is there; and the bearded and girdled by Hogarth, still in good shape. Curiously enough the bidding, which started at £1,500, exactly the sum, £1,500, named by the committee, formed to purchase and preserve the property.

A monument was unveiled on Sunday at the Cemetery in Paris to Henri Heine. The occasion of an outburst of Anti-Semitic fanaticism, which Heine, the cosmopolitan Jew, remained there under false pretences, his authentic political refugee which he claimed to

November 30, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

a French citizen. These are the statements made in an apparently seriously documented article on the *Paris Liberté*, and they are not without interest.

In a volume of lithographs devoted to the old Royal Palaces of London to be published in a limited edition by Mr. Lane early next month Mr. Thomas R. Way fulfils a promise made in one of his former volumes. The new era in our national history has brought with it great changes in some of the Royal Palaces, and the time is ripe to bring together some slight record of them. The subject, however, as Mr. Way says in his preface, is a very large one, and each building has been treated in at least one important volume. The artist claims to show that in these thirteen palaces or remains of palaces near London the nation possesses a more splendid collection of buildings of the kind than any other country can boast of. Buckingham Palace has not been included, because its use as a Royal Palace dates from a more recent time. The volume, which contains notes by Mr. Frederic Chapman, will be uniform with "Architectural Remains of Old Richmond, Petersham, Twickenham, Mortlake, and Kew," and "Reliques of Old London."

During the first three days of this week there came under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer the following interesting books:— "The XII. Buks of Eneidos of the Famoso Poete Virgil," London, 1553, and a Thomas Berthelet piece, 1530, £31; "Machabior seu Judaicarum Precum Breviarum," first edition, 1485-86, on vellum, £50; "Missale Glagolitico Romanum," Venice, 1528, in original vellum, £28 10s.; "Petrarch, Incomincia il libro degli Homini Famosi," first edition, 1476, £24, the first and only book printed at Pogliano; "St. Augustine di Civitate Dei," Jensen, Venice, 1475, original binding, £13 5s.; "Shelley, St. Irvyne," first edition, 1822, with a new title, £10. It may be noted that the "Century Dictionary," 1899, 8 vols., in half morocco, brought £7 15s.

Among the books to be disposed of at Messrs. Sotheby's sale next week will be some examples from the presses of Caxton, de Worde, and Letton or Pynson. The sale also includes such English rarities as the first editions of Bunyan's "Discourse upon the Pharisee and the Publican," Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," Law's "Serious Call," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Waverley." But the great attractions will doubtless be the original proof sheets of Voltaire's "Bataille de Fontenoy" with numerous interesting manuscript corrections by the author, Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions," and Stevenson's "An Object of Pity" and "Father Damien," the latter with manuscript corrections by the author. The Byron is one of the scarcest of modern books, and to it we allude in another paragraph. In February last a copy of Stevenson's "An Object of Pity"—with its reply—sold for £59, while at the same sale the "Father Damien" with only two slight corrections by the author brought as much as £27 5s.

MOON AND MIST.

Mounting moon in a trailing mist,
And two in one,
Where the sobbing sea and the sands have kissed
Like those who meet and must soon be gone.

Messrs. F. E. Robinson announce a new series of reast. It will consist of books, some never before printed, hardly to be got at, illustrating Stuart times. Each of the "Stuart Series" will have a special cover, red binding of the Stuart times, with a note on the title by Cyril Davenport. The copies of each volume will be numbered. The first volume will be Dr. Bates' "motum imperorum in Anglia, 1649," a hitherto English version of this "History of the late troubled land." It will be edited by Mr. E. A. Hume, who is the editor of the series.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins is to write a full biography of Edward and Queen Alexandra, which will appear in numerous illustrations.

The literary birthdays of next week include those of Professor David Masson (December 2, 1822), Dr. Henry of the Dictionary (December 3, 1845), Mr. H. W. Lucas (December 5, 1845), Dean Hole (December 5, 1849), and Mr. S. (December 5, 1859).

In a convocation held at Oxford on November 26th, of D. Litt. honoris causa was conferred upon Mr. Leslie Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The "Tale of Two Cities," published forty-two years ago, is the latest of Charles Dickens' works to become non-copyright.

Chancellor Eynns, who has been engaged for forty years on the Welsh Dictionary on the same scale as Dr. Murray's English Dictionary, has received the degree of D.L. from the University of Wales.

The French Academy has awarded a prize to the author of Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book."

Odes on the forthcoming Coronation are invited in *Words*, which offers a prize of £50 for the best with less than 100 lines, to be awarded by a committee of literary men.

The *Sunday at Home* is to change its form with the beginning of the new year, and to become something less of a magazine and more of a religious review.

Leighton House, Kensington-gardens, is now seen by the community as an art museum by the action of the Kensington Council.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has become a part proprietor of the *Birmingham Argus*.

Mr. Aylmer Maude lectures on Tolstoy as a "Humanitarianism," next Tuesday, at the Essex Hall, and Mr. Hall Caine has promised to preside at a gathering of Maccabians on Sunday next, when Mr. Zangwill will read a paper on "The Return to Palestine."

It is said that Mr. Hall Caine's "Eternal City" will be next year as a serial in *Household Words*, now the property of his son.

One result of the *loi sur les congrégations* in France has been to distribute the library of the Carmelites among second-hand bookshops of Paris.

The Comédie Française associates have threatened to refuse unless M. Claretie is removed from the position of director of the theatre.

A Russian paper reports that Tolstoy is at work on a play, bearing the cheerful title of *The Corpse*.

The Teatro Costanzi in Rome is producing Gabriellino's *Francesca da Rimini*. Signora Duse and Signor Salvini play the leading parts.

Poland has been thrown into agitation by the fact that Polish children recite the Catechism in the language of the *Sienkiewicz* has protested.

Prince Kropotkin is seriously ill and has had to cancel his engagements.

Messrs. Dent will shortly publish "Napoleon's

School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It will be based upon, and largely illustrated by quotations from, original sources. The first instalment will deal with the lives of the Popes during the Lombard rule (from Gregory I, the Great, 590-604, to Leo III., 795), the second with those of the Popes under the Carolingian Emperors (from Leo III. to Formosus, 801). Other volumes may, it is hoped, follow.

Another headmaster of a well-known preparatory school—whose present withhold his name—has collected and edited all the scholarship papers set in classics, mathematics, English, and modern languages at some twenty of the greater public schools for a period of about ten years. His idea is to provide a book of papers complete and free from any individual bias, and most teachers will agree that there is room for such a book. It is announced by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., who are also publishing a new book on "Schools at Home and Abroad," by R. E. Hughes, M.A., of Swansea, dealing with foreign systems of education and with the work of our own schools and teachers—Middleton, primary and secondary.

The Dean of Ely has written a causerie entitled "In a Minister's Garden," in which he discourses on many subjects connected with the old days and the new. The book is fully illustrated with scenes from nooks and corners of Ely Cathedral buildings and the surrounding garden. It will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Fisher Fawcett has a volume in preparation entitled "English Public Opinion after the Restoration," by Mr. G. B. Harris, scholar of Wadham College and Arnold Essay prizeman. One aim of the author is to show how the roots of British Imperialism lie in the beliefs of that day and how prominent is its history. Incidentally, the social life of the age is described, and the story of Charles II.'s Dutch wars.

"In Sicily"—the elaborate work on which Mr. Douglas Sladen has been engaged for five years—will be published by Messrs. Sands directly. It will be in two quarto volumes of 500 pages each, with over 300 illustrations. Messrs. Baedeker have prepared for it a map of Sicily, with both the ancient and modern names inserted.

The first number of a new illustrated monthly penny magazine suitable for girls will appear on December 10—*Princesses' Hints for Friendly Workers*. It is published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., and it is hoped that it may to some extent take the place of the *Monthly Packet*.

Not long ago a little book of poems entitled "Through Human Eyes," by Miss A. Packton, was privately printed at the Daniel Press, Oxford. It is already being sought after by collectors, one copy this week being sold for a guinea. The poems are to be reprinted in a thousand-shilling volume, with additions, by Mr. Edith M. Jones. There is an introductory poem by Dr. Robert Bridges.

Among Messrs. Macmillan's announcements in theology are "Additions to the Acts of the Apostles," by the late Archbishop Benson, with an introduction by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford; "The Book of Court Sermons," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching; and "The Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles" by Dr. Charles Holden (Lectures for 1900-1).

"The Mystic Rose," to come from the same house, is a study of primitive marriage by Mr. E. A. Crawley. In philosophy they have a course of introductory lectures by the late professor Henry Sidgwick, entitled "Philosophy: Its Scope and Method," and a study of "Mind in Evolution," by Mr. L. T. Hoeghmoed. The latter volume traces the stages in mind development from the more or less successful response to a stimulus among the lowest animal types. It aims at establishing the distinct line of mind between animal and human intelligence.

Lady Florence Doyle asks us to state, in reply to the many inquiries about her book "Songs of a Child" (The London Ballad Press), that the first edition of the book is exhausted. A second edition will be ready in about a fortnight. She would ask her numerous correspondents kindly to accept this as a reply to their inquiries.

Messrs. Dent ask us to say that the price of the Temple edition of the works of the Rev. Dr. recently named, should have

nothing to be said. We are as opposed as our c Nicklin is to the biography which is a catalogue the practice of presenting a personality of unimpeachable instead of a really human and living picture. Balfour's "Life" may conceivably have gone to the bottom. But if any qualification of it was required, it should be supplied by the right person, and in the right way. The same number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* (Christmas number) contains a paper by Mr. Henley entitled "A Literary Friendship." We do not discuss at length on friendship in general, but handled by essayists enough since the dawn of time—but if we may judge from Mr. Henley's lucid and clear that a literary friendship must be radically distinct from the ordinary kind. He compels us to a new definition for it. Here are a few of its characteristics, as far as can be gathered from the friendship of literary men is tempered by a sense of justice. It cools, one might say, in direct contrast to the enthusiasm of others. The epitaphs composed by literary men are characterized by a degree of reserve worthy of the Roman consul in judgment on his subjects, no doubt, as we have suggested, to the disinterested desire to arrive at the truth, but we say that this strikes us as the attitude adopted by literary men. He wishes to correct the world's idea of St. John's life. R. L. S. was an egotist, "incessantly interested" in himself. "He could not be content with a mirror but he must invite its confidence passed it." "No better histrion ever lived" so on, with hints innumerable of smaller faults did much for Stevenson. That was a merit or does not become more meritorious when he becomes that what he did has not been sufficiently a portrait presented in Mr. Balfour's "Life" refuses to recognize. We remember that "a Shorter Catechist" which concludes Mr. Henley's friend, and we learn now that it was an afterthought that something lay in abeyance; late in all its naked self-righteousness, and the result. The "Shorter Catechist" itself would seem regulated admiration, or rather to a desire to "admiration. Well, this may all be very true, smallest consequence. Stevenson's character his "Life" and in the later Vailima letters plaster saint, but this really does not concern importance to the final estimate of the man is his revealed in his books, and we may add that his books that so little, comparatively speaking, personality is there visible. Through the artifice sedulously imitative style—a cloak unless heavier than that of Mr. Henley himself—you may catch glimpses of a very attractive man, and it is that posterity (if posterity concerns itself at all) will judge of R. L. Stevenson. There are no unreservedly believe in all the exaggerated praise as a novelist which was in fashion some little matters of this kind right themselves in time, his literary reputation will find its own level, and the means for a discount to which must be taken.

Literature Portraits. XXX.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

It is not a very far cry to the other side of Queen Victoria's first jubilee. But since then, or more strictly, perhaps, since the Third Reform Act of 1884, the future moralist will trace the decline of earnestness in England. It may be that the breaking down of barriers, and the diffusion of powers and rights over wider and ever wider circles of the community, account partly for the social change. The age has been prodigal of the symbols of emancipation. It has rattled the keys of liberty with a childish joy in their possession, and the sound has been music in its ears. But experience has brought disillusion. Free thought and dissent have not unlocked the doors guarded by St. Peter. The ballot has not opened any gate save the floodgate of talk. The Elementary Education Act has not taught the nation how to learn. Trade unionism leaves unsolved the problem of the freedom of labour. And, temporarily, at least, this multiplication of the symbols, this busy imitation of liberty, has exhausted the energy of thought. The nation, as the catchword goes, has entered on its democratic inheritance, but in taking over its property from the trustees it has converted it into a limited company. The directors have lost their sense of responsibility to the country, and as yet there is but little indication that the shareholders are capable of supplying it.

The fact of this social change—this loss of earnest personal conviction, and the consequent paralysis of the brain-power of the nation—may be approached from several points of view. But from the literary standard, which alone is admissible here, the transition has a direct bearing on the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. At the time when she was pondering "Robert Elsmere," the thoughtful few were concerned for the welfare of the uninstructed many. Reform was a kind of religion. To Mr. Gladstone, indeed, in the various phases of his enthusiasm, it assumed the sanction of a crusade. The disintegration of the Liberal party for an idea corresponded in actual politics to the wreckage of happy marriages and betrothals with which Mrs. Ward's fiction is strewn. To reformers of Mrs. Ward's type life is real and earnest in a sense hardly conceivable to-day. We are all reformers nowadays. Save for a handful of pro-Boers, there is not a sound Tory in the land. But the mere diffusion of the spirit has weakened the spirit. The old distinction between "classes" and "masses" has disappeared—it is no longer the voice of enlightenment crying out in a wilderness of ignorance, no longer the reform-erucader armed against the hosts of darkness, no longer the national trustees inspired to help the nation against itself. It is rather a Babel of shareholders shouting at a general meeting. Nothing is done because no one is responsible, and in the mirror of literature, instead of the serious purpose of Mrs. Ward, we see the vapourings of Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine, or Mr. Kipling's verses about our "jolly good lesson," which reflect with such pathetic fidelity the meagre substance of modern reform. The difference is that the reformers of the Home Rule period in our history, however mistaken their wishes may have been, were at least able to formulate them definitely. There were ideas enough to go round, and each idea had its witness, or martyr. To-day the newspapers prate about the great heart of the democracy, and the inviolable sanction of its demands, but meanwhile the ideas grow thin. They fit from

chief characters are drawn, were deprived of their "caste," and abandoned their responsible position invading democracy, the standard of emotion was lower years ago. In October, 1888, the *Quarterly review* following moral from "Robert Elsmere":—

It is true English parents should thoroughly that this is the condition to which the University brought, and that if they send their sons to a school like Anselm's—to any college which does not practice a test for itself, like Keble—they expose them, maturity and excitability of their early months their Christian faith deliberately undermined by the intellectual force of a philosophical deist like Mr. hopeless sceptic like Mr. Langham. Mrs. Ward knew well. We have not observed that any protest has against her representation of a college in the University its vivid portraiture of more than one well-known. This must be taken as an Oxford picture of Oxford in a great college, and we must needs say that the legislation which has placed such men as Mr. G. Langham in the position of tutors and guides of students is a scandalous diversion of endowments left for other purposes.

It is not precisely the lesson which Mrs. Ward conveys, but it is an instructive proof of the vital quality of her writing, and of the clear truth that underlies her realism of life. Thought has become attenuated since individual conscience has been put into commission, for problems of sex, the earnest novelist is out of fact is that the battle of scepticism and belief, which had to fight out for himself, and which entailed, always entails, acute suffering on innocent non-combatants now decided by plebiscite, or arbitration, or by the rule of indifference. The Elsmere throes are out of the present generation feels less, because the franchise has been universalized. When the law of averages is applied, is no room for a monopolist like Robert Elsmere.

Take Laura Fountain, again, and the ruin of Alton, a love story. An *Edinburgh* reviewer of October, 1900, that Laura's suicide in "Helbeck of Bannisdale" strike him as "convincingly inevitable, or even probable," he declares, "is due either to want of natural plot, or want of dramatic power in the author." The reviewer may be right, but I am rather inclined to attribute the alleged failure in inevitableness to an emotional reader. Certainly, in "Eleanor," whose dramatic power may be tested by the final proof of dramatization, Mrs. Ward has found her way to the hearts of unnumbered readers. In both novels, "Helbeck" and "Eleanor," she shows a Roman Catholicism—in the later story with a restraint of narration and a fine vividness in presentation—the advance of her powers. The subject is one well suited to her talents, because the Church of Rome, in modern institutions, is the most conspicuous of re-disintegrating forces of anarchy and indifference, chaotic in the midst of democracy, and emotional in its reason. Mrs. Ward herself, in her one and only preface to the ninth edition of "David Greave," says a word in support of her point:—"If we, in our zeal to include ideas among our imaginative presentation, make the mistake of supposing that the ideas are the whole of life, our work will come

discussion. To-day one inclines to agree with Ruchorn's maiden assertion of the writer's many successful minor characters—that "Marcella ought to be absorbed in her marriage; that is the natural thing." Yesterday, when a few great women were leading the humane movement to intermeddiate goals which they did not foresee, the following scene was touched with real passion and truth. The dramatic personae are Marcella, her lover, and his grandfather; the topic of discussion is a petition for the convicted murderer of a gamekeeper:

Marcella did not believe him. Every nerve was beginning to throb anew with that passionate recoil against tyranny and prejudice, which was in itself an agony.

"And you say the same?" she said, turning to Aldous.

"I cannot sign that petition," he said sadly. "Won't you try and believe what it costs me to refuse?"

It was a heavy blow to her. Amply as she had been prepared for it, there had always been at the bottom of her mind a persuasion that in the end she would get her way. She had been used to feel barriers go down before that ultimate power of personality of which she was abundantly conscious. Yet it had not availed her here—not even with the man who loved her.

Lord Maxwell looked at the two—the man's face of suffering, the girl's struggling breath.

"There, there, Aldous!" he said, rising. "I will leave you a minute. Do make Marcella rest—get her, for all our sakes, to forget this a little. Bring her in presently to us for some coffee. Above all, persuade her that we love her and admire her with all our hearts, but that in a matter of this kind she must leave us to do—as before God!—what we think right."

He stood before her an instant, gazing down upon her with dignity—nay, a certain severity. Then he turned away and left the room.

Marcella sprang up.

"Will you order the carriage?" she said in a strangled voice. "I will go upstairs."

"Marcella!" cried Aldous; "can you not be just to me, if it is impossible for you to be generous?"

"Just!" she repeated, with a tone and gesture of repulsion, pushing him back from her. "You can talk of justice!"

He tried to speak, stammered, and failed. That strange paralysis of the will-forces which dogs the man of reflection at the moment when he must either take his world by storm or let it pass upon him now. He had never loved her more minutely—but as he stood there looking at her, something broke within him, the first prescience of the inevitable reward.

Mrs. Ward, at least, is not afraid of the tremendous word "inevitable," withheld by the *Edinburgh* reviewer from the effect on her characters of their circumstances.

Lastly, as a study of emotions, take the fifth chapter of "*Sir George Trevelyan*," Mrs. Ward's sequel to "*Marcella*," in which Ruchorn has become Lord Maxwell:—

Maxwell's heart, we are told, "was much less concerned with this belief, tenaciously as he held it, than with its positive—the violation of private possession by the authority of the common conscience. . . . If you could have asked this quiet Englishman to speak, he would have said—

child from the fierce claims of capital, in favour of the after-trade the axiom that no man may live in wealth upon the exhaustion and degradation of the earth—these things stirred in him the far deeper moral nature. Nay more! Together with all parts which mark the long travail of man's life, they were among the only "evidences" of a critical mind allowed itself—the most striking thing "greater than we know" working among the ugliness of our common day.

Maxwell's "heart" is intellectualized by the author, who ventures thus to draw attention to certain other elements, because surely such emotions belong to a period in our history when the philosophers were beginning to belong to the dream of reform which was a part of the experiments of reformers, to the fabric which they were throwing. Lord Maxwell is the sponsor of a Fact London, "touching the grown man for the first time, the lately prohibiting home-work in certain special cases, and Mrs. Ward speaks of this situation in "charged with dramatic elements." It is common to modern readers, suffering from legislative ennui, to find the thrill. But Mrs. Ward, true Arnold as she is, seeks "our best self," without too much defeatism, and cherishes a passion for "sweet reasonableness." Outside her novels as well she is an ardent socialist, and quite recently she has testified in her preface to Webb's book on women and the Factory Acts she shares Lord Maxwell's moral enthusiasm. The political world of Mrs. Ward's fiction is a reflection of the world of the few, the noble idea of the lot of the many, and when the ideas are unrecognized by statesmen of to-day. The development tend to replace personal responsibility by conditions of modern existence demand an economic revolution. Elmsmere, Helbeck, Maxwell, Eleanor have to surrender.

But Mrs. Humphry Ward is more than a novelist. There is a curious likeness between most of her books. "It was a brilliant afternoon of May," or "To-day after the snow of April," or "A damp March afternoon," or "An evening," and then follows a description, some elaborate, of the scenery in which the plot is set. The District and the Midlands are her favourite scenes, and at once with the artist's eye and with the instinct for their relation to the human action.

This care for an effective background is a gift, and in another respect, too, Mrs. Ward's novels, being psychological and introspective, are necessarily long, but neither her enthusiasm for life nor her detailed analysis ever betrays her into ineffectuality. The *Edinburgh* reviewer, from whom I have quoted, compares her fiction with that of Zola, and "The Costrell" may be cited in support of his contention. He has added, however, that though she is as sincere in conveying her meaning as the Nestor of realism, she is finer in law of reticence. Or we may take an example. When "The History of David Grievie" was first published, hostile criticism was directed at the bold descriptions of Paris on the part of a woman writer.

Readers who prefer the happy ending in fiction will resent the untimely deaths of Lucy Grieve and George Tressady, but they cannot deny the pathos and skill with which Mrs. Ward has unfolded the tragedy of the two marriages. To both husbands there came too late that revelation of a readjustment of ideals, which would have enabled them to take up their duty, hoping more because expecting less—to David Grieve, when his wife's fatal illness was to be discovered on the morrow, to Tressady on the eve of his fatal accident in the mine.

His whole heart melted to her. As he held her to his breast, the hour they had just passed through took for both of them a sacred meaning and importance. Youth was going—their talk had not been the talk of youth. Was true love just beginning?—"David Grieve," Bk. IV., ch. vii.

There was a sore, sad spot in each heart, and neither dared to look forward. But to-night there was a sense of belonging to each other in a new and sacred way, of being drawn apart, separated from the world, husband and wife together.—"Sir George Tressady," ch. xxiii.

The writer who can make us feel the truth of these human stories is worth a score of novelists who ring down the curtain on the wedding bells.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's first literary work was done under the influences of the Bodleian Library. She was admitted to the great library at sixteen—the rules were more elastic then—and she once told an audience of young scholars that she was in the habit of climbing on steps and ladders and poking into all the corners of the rooms in which the most treasured books were kept. Her first literary payment was earned by some months of copying Wyclif's sermons from the Vernon MS. in the Bodleian for her father Mr. Thomas Arnold's edition of Wyclif's select works. Her first published tale was "A Westmoreland Story" which appeared in the *Churchman's Magazine*, and the first piece of writing that excited any notice was an article on the "Poema del Cid" for *Macmillan's Magazine*, published in 1872. It was Mark Pattison, we believe, who advised her to specialize her studies, and she took up Spanish history and literature to such good purpose that Dr. Wace asked her for articles on the Spanish kings and bishops for the Dictionary of Christian Biography, which he was editing in conjunction with Sir Wm. Smith. Mrs. Humphry Ward's first book was the simple children's tale entitled "Milly and Olly," illustrated by her friend Mrs. Alma Tadema, and published by Messrs. Macmillan just twenty years ago—the year in which the authoress came to live in London, her husband having accepted work on the staff of *The Times*. Her literary work for the next year or two consisted mainly of critical essays in *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then under Mr. Morley's editorship. In 1881 came her first novel—"Miss Bretherton," which Messrs. Macmillan issued, and in the following year the same publishers brought out her translation of Amiel's "Journal Intime" in two volumes—now in its second edition.

The next two and a-half years were spent by Mrs. Humphry Ward in writing "Robert Elsmere," and the book took the world by storm through Messrs. Smith, Elder in 1888. Its success was remarkable from the first, and it has been selling steadily ever since. In the six-shilling form alone the novel has gone through twenty-seven editions. Messrs. Smith, Elder also issue it in a two-volume cabinet edition and a popular edition at half-a-crown. In addition to these it has been published in a large sixpenny edition by Messrs. Newnes. Something like half a million copies have been sold in America, and it has been translated into German, Dutch, and Danish. "Robert Elsmere" has quite a literature of its own in the United States, Mrs. Ward's first novel being translated into

only published in the two-shilling form. It was that Mrs. Humphry Ward delivered her address as a lecturer of University-hall, the settlement which has been into the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Square. Copies of the address (Smith, Elder) may still be had. Ward's "Essex Hall Lecture" for 1891 on "The Future of the Church" was also printed and published (P. Gifford).

"Sir George Tressady" (Smith, Elder) appeared in its third edition; "Hilbeck of Hamby" followed two years later, has reached its fifth. The "Joubert's Thoughts" (Duckworth), translated by Lyttelton, which also appeared in 1898, contained Mrs. Humphry Ward, and in the following year Brontë began to appear, with Mrs. Ward's introduction. This year she has written a preface to Webb's "The Case for the Factory Acts," and "Eleanor," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, is present in its fourth edition. Even before its publication it was an immense demand for it in America, where Ward's novels are exceedingly popular. A play from a novel has been prepared by the authoress, which is to be shortly produced.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES A "Personal View."

The ideal University should be the embodiment of the highest intellectual national life. It was so, to a certain extent, in the Middle Ages, when Aristotle reigned supreme, and civilization did not bear the complex character which it has in modern days. Taking Oxford and Cambridge and the English Universities, it may safely be said of the twelfth century, "the place where the English mind chiefly flourished in clerical law," and where the Dominicans and Franciscans held sway as representative of the nation as the German Universities, schools of learning over whose portals was written, *excluditur, omnis est abiectus; Qui non Aristotelis discipulus est.* The divorce between the school and the nation, from the downfall of scholasticism, and although at the present time of our history our Universities partly regained the former position, they never recovered the ground they once occupied. To democratize our ancient seats of learning in 1880, the introduction of local examinations and the rise of the "University Extension Movement," though the most praiseworthy of motives, has not really benefited our Universities. Even less successful would be the reform of our Universities by the introduction of foreign features unsuited to our national temperament goes without saying that the culture of a people is largely the outcome of national characteristics and even idiosyncrasies. A purely academic body inadequately represent the nation. A truly national University should ever give expression to the *Zeitgeist*.

The most striking difference between German and English Universities is undoubtedly that, whilst the German Universities are national institutions, of a certain intent and purpose confined to a small section of the population, the Universities at the Reformation broke the ecclesiastical yoke and became State establishments, and Universities are establishments of State, the

State control, our Universities have retained in a great measure their medieval character. The Church which has played so prominent a part in our national life still remains a paramount factor in our Universities. The atmosphere is still largely, from a social point of view, an ecclesiastical one. The collegiate system further strengthens and develops the spirit of caste. The position of non-affiliated students is due to a social distinction, and not only to the fact that they are supposed to be unable to afford the cost of college residence. They represent, in fact, democracy knocking at the door of an exclusive aristocratic oligarchy.

The practical results of the two differing conceptions of the nature of a University may easily be imagined. The number of non-affiliated students at Oxford, according to the latest statistics, amounted to 3,446; the number at Cambridge is given at 3,016. There are more students at Berlin than at our two Universities. Professor Bryce stated in his introduction to Conrad's work in 1885 that Germany, with a population of 45,000,000, had 24,187 students, whilst England, with 26,000,000, had less than 5,500. The students in Germany are drawn from all classes of society. Business men and the lower middle classes, as in the Scotch institutions, are not satisfied unless their sons have had a college education. Our undergraduates belong almost exclusively to the noblesse, the upper middle classes, and the higher professional orders.

The *raison d'être* and object of a University trading consequently vary considerably in both countries. Our Universities have been reproached for making it their main object to turn out "gentlemen." Oxford and Cambridge, like Thackeray's *Poll-Moll College*, are conducted by gentlemen for gentlemen. The general education provided in the course of arts, the stress laid on literary development, the cultivation of the social element in its all round practice that admirable type, an English gentleman. *Que professeur de plus?* In Germany, where the object of the State Universities is to turn out capable and useful citizens, the curriculum is shaped accordingly. The Cambridge general schools, among other things, of course, remind us that something has been done in this direction in England. But what work is a comparatively small number of students who become doctors or barristers in later life obtain their special training at the University, the German youths, as a body, receive their professional education at college. Concomitantly with the philosophical course, they attend lectures in the special faculty to which they belong. They cannot enter a public profession or hope to obtain any public office without having passed through the prescribed University course and submitting themselves in the end to a public examination. The moral training on the part of the State consists in allowing the undergraduate an amount of freedom which appears to us to be licence. The German student wears no special dress, is not bound by any regulations, and so prostrates his footsteps, as with our boys of larger growth. It is felt, rightly or wrongly, that manliness is best developed in an atmosphere of complete freedom. It seems at least, a somewhat risky experiment, but it results in the survival of the fittest, and, after all, a compulsory morality is in danger of being an morality at all.

There remains another point to notice. Notwithstanding the medieval practical character of the German people, the German University is the home of scientific research. Science is cultivated for its own sake, and encouraged without any ulterior views. The most illustrious German scientists are

A MODERN GREEK ILIA

The political disturbances which have risen since the translation of the Gospels into modern Greek, puzzling to the foreigner. They are an incident of the great struggle between ancient and modern, which has lately grown in importance, and which is of interest to the student of literary history worth while to examine its bearing somewhat.

English readers who pick up a modern Greek book are usually surprised at the resemblance it bears to English language. At first this tickles their fancy, and they pick themselves by picking out all the words and phrases they understand; but when it dawns upon them the grotesque resemblance, they lay the paper down and say that the modern Greek language is a very poor thing. Few go so far as to test their impressions by reading of traditional poetry; or, if they do, finding it so hard to understand and less like the ancient in grammar, they are quite ready to believe those who tell them that popular speech is corrupt. When perchance they take them as far as Athens, and they find the professors or Parliament men whom they meet speaking in a style which more resembles the newspapers than the ancient, and when these also tell them that the language is corrupt and their own pure, the travellers are

Yet nothing could be more false. The facts are that the Greek pride of race was kept alive during the oppression by dwelling on past glories. When people succeeded in achieving their independence in all things possible, to revive the past. A knowledge of ancient authors were studied, ancient names were given to their children, and the literary men set themselves to show whether the ancient language could not be given to modern. Hence, in the very first newspapers which were published, that artificial process was begun whose results we see to-day. Inflections which had died out were revived, which had changed were altered to their original form, words were used in place of those which had taken their place. Thus, there is no dative in modern Greek, but it is in the old newspapers. All over the Greek area the words for water are *κρᾶσι* and *εἶς*; but the archaists prefer *εἶς* and *εἶς*, which no peasant could understand at a distance. These things became the marks of the formal official style; but in familiar intercourse they were not used, thus it comes about that the wine-seller will put up his signboard, but if you go in and ask him for oil he will say to you. By a curious inconsistency the would-be pure language is not only words and accidents from ancient Greek, but from modern French. Thus the Greek language is plural in addressing a single person, having its polite address; but the "educated" Greek will address him in the singular. Add to this a misunderstanding of the ancient syntax, and a "literary" dialect which has not its like in any other language, a barbarous and vulgar thing without character, which turns suggests servile and ignorant mimicry. And this jargon has the effrontery to call itself "pure." The corruption has gone far, and is fast spreading from the Government schools; for the teachers

is not yet vulgarised, and if books like this could be used in the schools, a wholesome pride in their language might make the Greeks respect themselves more, and apologetically the manners of other men.

The literary controversy which I have sketched above has within the last fortnight taken a new turn. The scorn and indignation aroused by M. Pallis' version of the "Iliad" is as nothing to the effect of his last attempt, a version of the Gospel of St. Matthew in colloquial Greek. The enemies of the new movement seek their chance to rid religious prejudices on the whole. Consequently, the University students, who have spent so many laborious hours in unlearning their mother tongue, and met it a point of honor, persuaded the theological faculty to make a protest to the Government, and the Patriarch of Constantinople has followed suit. The young Mohocks besieged the offices of the *Aspasia* newspaper, which had published the Gospel, and were hardly kept from sacking the whole place. Fervent goldsmiths also have seen their chance; and one M. Lermontov, who was in ill odour because of his action in the late war, accused M. Pallis of being at the head of a Russian intrigue. There was talk of lynching M. Pallis for his "Iliad"; they must find it to be cursed and excommunicated for his Gospel. The Metropolitan dare not curse him, because the Queen had a translation of the Bible made for the army a few years since, and in it he had resigned; the Ministry has changed, and thus, though quiet has been restored for the moment, a literary quarrel has become a matter of high politics.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

ACROSS THE BORDER.

EDINBURGH, NOVEMBER 25, 1901.

AN inquiry was made some time ago as to the number of persons still living who remember Sir Walter Scott. It would be almost as interesting to learn how many people remember De Quincey, whose remains lie in an apparently forgotten and neglected grave in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, at the west end of Edinburgh. One who as a little girl had met the Opium Eater passed away the other day in Glasgow. Mrs. Jack, the wife of one of the Glasgow University professors, was a daughter of Professor J. P. Nichol, the well-known astronomer, and a sister of the late Professor John Nichol. When, in 1841, De Quincey had conceived a strong interest in astronomical sciences, he went to Glasgow in order specially to profit by converse with Professor J. P. Nichol at the Observatory. He was found with the Professor for three months in the Old College, and wrote some years later of Nichol as "always to me a most interesting man, who and whose wife were at Glasgow most kind to me." The late Mrs. Jack was only five years old at the time of De Quincey's visit, but she remembered him perfectly. She had also many interesting reminiscences of Emerson, Marston, Keats, and other celebrities who had found their way to her father's house. She was herself a devoted student of literature, and wrote three novels, two of which were published in London and one in the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*.

Another death which must find a record here is that of Mr. George Johnston, who had been for the last two years London manager for Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons. Mr. Johnston entered the "trade" as an apprentice with the old Edinburgh firm of W. P. Nimmo in 1841. While there his literary tastes found an outlet in the editing of such works as "The Literary Bonquet," a volume of choice selections in prose and verse, and "Cupid's Book," a collection of quotations in which were entirely drawn from French sources, and interesting from the French a number

whose second-hand book shop in George-street is to the local book hunters of to-day as Mr. James S. Little farther east was to the bibliomaniacs of time. The society has just had a piece of good fortune in possession of "A Bibliography of Andrew Salton," compiled by Mr. R. A. Scott Macfie, merchant, who has given eight years' leisure to the "pompous ass," the Earl of Buchan (the design Henley's), declared that Fletcher was "the last whose religion was a divine philosophy in the son of Marcus Brutus for his pattern." He survives famous saying that, "if a man were permitted to ballads, he need not care who should make the law—a saying which he would really seem to have been Macfie's bibliography does not show that Fletcher great deal, but the list of his works will doubtless. And the mention of ballads reminds us of "Annie its authorship. Most people, if asked who wrote the lyric, would probably reply that the author was a minstrel of old times. The original version was some long enough ago—one hundred and eighty years the song which everybody sings now was written Scott, who died last year at a ripe old age. It was she had written other verses, but these were seen part only by her friends. They have now been will be published in a volume (with a memoir) under the name of Miss Warrender. Sir George Douglas was Lady John Scott for the *Scotsman*, which will volume of "Countryside Papers" to be published is perhaps worth noting that the Maxwellton estate, the heroine of the song was born, is still held by her who are curious in the matter should see the Wallace's edition of Chambers' "Burns," Vol. III.

The Scottish Universities promise to become even Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Carnegie bequest has stimulated the generosity of other several important additions to the equipment. Universities may be expected. One such addition has been made in the case of Edinburgh. The library of German literature has long handicapped in German, Dr. Otto Schlapp, and his student latter, Miss Joanna S. S. Gibson, has given £500 to required collection, and the library was formal week. The room in which the books are bestowed furnished in other respects, and busts of Mollère of Goethe and Schiller, are among its adornments hoped that some one will now do for the French. Miss Gibson has done for the German. Another bequest has fallen to Dundee. This is the superb pamphlets, paintings, engravings, and other works the history of Dundee which belonged to the Lamb. Mr. Lamb was an ardent bibliophile, with first editions, and it was his Kilmarnock "Burns" knocked down to an American for the record sum. The bequest will now form part of the P Collections.

ART.

With the International Society housed in unity, it is much to the credit of the New English Art present exhibition—the twenty-seventh which the should show so little falling off in general interest includes so few men whose work sells before its vitality is the more remarkable. It speaks of liberality of the members, moreover, that nearly all pictures at present shown are contributed by invitation if these do not include the most interesting of they add much to the general interest. D. S. Rothenstein, W. T. Strang, Herbert Goodall attractiveness of the collection without being in is probable that the "Eumenes" is the most dis-

November 30, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

days. It is a testimony of some value to the breadth of view of the society that this picture should hang so close to figure work of such essentially differing intention as "The Oyster Beds," "The Bathers," and "The Plague (morning)," by Charles Conder. It is not that the treatment is so entirely different in the two cases, for it is no more diverse than the methods of Mr. Steer and of Mr. Orpen, but whereas the inspiring quality in the one is a solemn seriousness which is commendable and desirable, the force which appears to direct the delicate and poetic art of the other is of a most trivial and generally unworthy kind. All is idleness and indulgence, expressed with a charm which, now that Mr. Whistler paints so little and William Stott, of Oldham, has passed away, is but seldom seen, and presents the distressing spectacle of a poet's eye and hand wasting their power over what is worthless and meretricious. Mr. Wilson Steer, on the other hand, takes himself and his art much more seriously, and would do admirably if he had more of Mr. Conder's grace and nebulous quality. His "Mirror," for example, is unusually well painted, and is more artistically real than Albert Moore's or Alma Tadema's treatment of a very similar idea, but it has not the snivelly of "A Summer Night," nor the well-arranged composition never absent from the work of Sir Alma Tadema. Mr. Orpen is very personal in both "A Window in London Street," and "The Window Seat," but he is not quite happy—in fact, he appears to be uncommonly sad—with either subject. A lack of luminosity is the chief fault, the greens are bottle-greens, and the windows appear to be open without letting either air or light into the pictures; but the touch is so sure, the draughtsmanship so skilful that Mr. Orpen has only to forget his peculiarities to be able to give us some very noteworthy work. For the rest, Mr. D. S. MacColl's "Belfry and Watch Tower of Calais," the "Knight Errant" of Mr. Arthur Tomson, the "Landscape Study" of Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, the work of Mr. George Thomson and of Mr. Hartrick and Mr. Moffat Lindner help materially towards the creation of a most interesting exhibition.

It would be a task of some pleasure to be able to demonstrate that the Royal Society of British Artists had succeeded, in their present exhibition, in maintaining the improvement shown in the collection which was opened in the spring of the present year. But the society has succumbed to the artless wiles of the picture maker, and its very existence is threatened. The older members paint a little worse than usual and the new men are not seen at all at their best. It is a painter's exhibition, and the artist, the man who has something new to say, is unaccountably absent. Mr. Cayley Robinson has succumbed to the influence. Sir Wyke Bayliss paints with the same old unemotional dexterity, Mr. Graham Robertson is by no means real, Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Macintosh, and even Mr. Giffard Lendestey are commonplace, and only Mr. Christie appears to have made an effort to rouse himself from the well-tried convention. His "Echo" is vigorous in execution and cunning in conception. It provokes comparison with a host of earlier painters, but on the whole so well carried out is the bold scheme that the picture redeems a very dull collection from the hopelessly commonplace. We wish we could say as much for the exhibits of most of the members.

The successes obtained in years past by painters of religious subjects account for the frequent efforts made to attract their particular public. But a Doré, a Tissot, or a Munkacsy cannot appear every year, and the large "Christ's Prayer after the Last Supper," by M. Eugène Burnand, now at the Dowdeswell Galleries, does not appear to have the elements of a popular success. It is painted too much in the manner of the Primitives to appeal directly to the artistically uneducated, and it is too merely painstaking to attract the art student. It has interest as a scheme of white upon white—the white table, the white wall, and the white draperies—but this is hardly sufficient to arouse the critical interest of the artist.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, in his somewhat new rôle of patron of the fine arts, is to open an exhibition of pictures by Scottish Artists at the Whitechapel Art Gallery on December 12.

an examiner in design under the Board of Education in connexion with the Royal School of Art Needlework, publish a quarterly portfolio of designs for the year, which should fill a gap which has long existed in our art literature. The designs are mainly original, but certain examples of the best historical and contemporary work will be included. The designs will be accompanied by explanatory text. Such a quarterly should be of value, not only to students, but to the craftsman who is doing so much good work in connexion with the Arts and Industries Association.

"Scottish Architectural Details" (25s. n.) is an interesting collection of sketches and measured drawings of good examples of old Scottish work which Mr. J. D. has issued through Mr. Andrew Mackay, of St. James's Place. Examples are given of both ecclesiastical and domestic work, wood, and metal work, and Mr. Small has been pains to omit the obvious subjects generally illustrated in such works. Thus, for example, Holyrood is only drawn upon for part of the nave piers of the Abbey Church and for a few examples of metal work in the Palace, and a very poor monument "in the Adams style" is chosen from Melrose Churchyard. The fine chancel arch from Duddingstone Church well deserves its place in this collection. If a further edition is called for Mr. Small would confer a service by giving some indication of the scale of his drawings.



THE CONDER, WELLS CATHEDRAL. (From the Illustrated Edition of "The Conder," by permission of Messrs. Constable.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SPAIN.

THE SPANISH PEOPLE: THEIR ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND PRESENT CONDITION. By MARTIN A. S. HUME. (W. Heinemann.)
GLORIES OF SPAIN. By CHARLES W. WOOD. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Hume, as the editor of a "Spanish State of the Nation," the author of "Modern Spain," "Philip II. of Spain: His Greatness and Decay," and other works bearing on the Iberian peninsula, brings to bear upon the subject the new volume of the series of "The Great People of the World" as full as it is varied. The chronicle of the Spanish people, tracing its long chequered career with its ups and downs, from prehistoric ages, through the Roman, Moslem periods to its culminating point of glory in the sixteenth century, and its subsequent decline and fall down to the present day, with the possibilities of the future which is full of uncertainty, has, indeed, a most difficult task before him. For Spain is the land of romance; there is an atmosphere of poetry about it, the single exception of Italy, is to be found in no other country. On the other hand, the story in its telling presents considerable difficulties to the narrative writer.

ken, which at one time commanded the commerce of the world, and that of Castile and the Christian States in the interior, which, absorbed in municipal affairs and the development of their civic life, demurred to the idea of forming relationship with the outer world. Other reasons for the lack of assimilation were racial characteristics and idiosyncracies which continued to assert themselves notwithstanding the attempts made to keep them within bounds. The autochthonous Iberians refused to be suppressed. Roman civilization cast its spell over them, but it was only an evanescent influence; the Gothic sway, based on the recognition of individuality and political freedom, left but few traces behind, except in Northern and Central Spain. Among the invaders, the only one who made a lasting impression on the people of the land appears to have been the Semite. It was not until the accession of the "Catholic Kings," with which the chapter of Modern Spain opens, that the nation was firmly welded together. Prospects of national aggrandisement, opened up by conquests abroad and the discovery of America, as well as the unification promoted by the Inquisition, which became a most powerful political instrument in the hands of the Sovereign, riveted the bonds which held the nation together. But the most potent factor in the process of transformation was the great Queen whose daring genius effected in a lifetime what long centuries had failed to accomplish.

Mr. Hume throws no fresh light on the question of the origin of the Spanish people. That the Iberians were related to their neighbours in the regions of the Caucasus, as the Phoenicians seemed to have believed, is extremely doubtful. They were probably of African origin. What is certain is that when invaded they were the masters of two-thirds of Spain and that at one time their empire extended over the South of France, Italy, and, probably, parts of Great Britain. The Phoenicians, Greeks, and Celts succeeded in dislodging them from the greater number of the territories held by them, but they maintained themselves in the region designated by the Romans as "Aquilania," and the Celt-Iberian towns (of which Diodorus Siculus gives an interesting account) became possessed of a high degree of civilization at an early period of their history.

A somewhat meagre account is furnished of the Phœnician and Carthaginian settlements. Phœnicia established several colonies in the fifth century before Christ, but commercial relations between them and Iberia dated probably from the fifteenth century before our era. Carthage, likewise, although its sway over the peninsula commenced with the conquest of Cadiz, had at least a century before cast longing eyes on a country which was reported to contain fabulous riches. The Roman occupation was memorable because of its share in the political organization of the country. In return the vanquished people enriched the silver age of Latin literature with several products of literary genius. An additional page or two might well have been devoted to some of their achievements. The Gothic dominion, although it left no permanent work on Spanish history, was instrumental in developing the material resources of the land. Mr. Hume offers an ingenious explanation for the non-emulgation of the two races. The truth is that racial and religious traditions kept them apart and that Rescoawinth's attempts at fusion came too late. The account of the history of Oroon is not very lucid: its object was to vindicate Christianity against the charge that it had broken down the Roman Empire. The author has an excellent chapter on Arabic culture. But surely some mention ought to have been made of such men as

inevitable decay. Mr. Hume brings out eloquently Philip's religious crusade. But the personal character of the ruler, his short-sighted internal policy and the dissensions engendered thereby, led in no small degree to the inevitable decay which developed later on.

Although we have briefly indicated one or two points which strike us after a perusal of Mr. Hume's volume, susceptible of improvement, we strongly commend the attention of our readers. It is full of interest presented in a very readable form. It is never very particularly eloquent, but it maintains the level of "mediocrity" from beginning to end. There is an end of each chapter giving a bird's-eye view of a period which students will find very useful. The book has a good deal to desire.

In the "Glories of Spain" Mr. Charles Hume is known to the public as the author of several books of travel, takes us on a tour through that picturesque country. He shows us Barcelona, ancient in years and modern in spirit; Montserrat, with its lofty range of mountains; the old-world streets and gateways. We roam over the wide plains of Aragon; see Zaragoza, with its towers, and turrets, and domes, and palaces, and by him to romantic little towns far off the beaten track, extremely beautiful. The best chapters in the book are those which describe Tarragona, "the garden of the Wood" is an ideal guide. A keen observer, not a practised eye, whilst his highly-cultivated artist's tastes revel in the atmosphere of romance and the country is steeped, and his "enthusiasm" makes him feel an interest in every human being. He is brought into contact, from the Spanish woman's pliancy of charms and graces he is fully alive, does the boot-cleaner, with his touching idyll of domestic life. There are some delightful talks with all sorts of men and women in the book. The illustrations

MARY RICH.

MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK, 1625-1678, and Friends. By CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH. 18s. n.)

MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK. By MARY RICH. (Dent. 4s. 6d. n.)

The daughter of the great Earl of Cork, the wife of the famous Lord High Admiral, second Earl of Sandwich, and many other famous women, lays claim to immortal strength of a remarkable career, perhaps not even a remarkable personality, but for the sole and single purpose she perseveringly wrote up a "Journal Intime." A century ago a few extracts from the diary and well as the whole of an autobiographical manuscript, Mary, Countess of Warwick, were given to the public. They were sufficiently interesting to arouse curiosity, and especially as the extract from the diary was published through a "medium unlikely to inspire adequate attention had been paid to its historical value. It was, consequently, with considerable eagerness that some years ago devoted herself to the exam-

Miss Fell Smith, who has had the useful experience of editing the *Essex Review*. The meditations and diary are, perhaps, too "wayoury" to appeal to a lay public, and Miss Fell Smith very wisely reinforces them with interesting illustrations of the social life of the period. It seems a pity that Miss Fell Smith's book—announced by the publishers some time back—has not been allowed to keep the field alone. We have no quarrel with Miss Patgrave's brightly-written book, except that it occasionally exhibits a lack of sympathy with un-Puritanical personalities that appear in her heroine's life-story. But Miss Fell Smith, by her article in the "Dictionary of National Biography," had acquired a prior right in the subject, and, moreover, had spent laborious years in amassing her materials.

The father of our heroine was one of the brilliant adventurers of the Elizabethan age, though he carved out his fortunes not by buccaneering expeditions on the Spanish Main, but by the speculative acquisition of encumbered estates in Ireland, which he developed so successfully that he became one of the richest subjects of the Crown. Miss Fell Smith has extracted from his papers very interesting details of his patriarchal life and vast establishment at Lismore. Among his innumerable anxieties not one of the least was the arrangement of matrimonial alliance for his large family. Most of Richard Boyle's children, who grew to maturity, were characterized by a certain distinction. Roger Boyle, of whom, as Earl of Orrery, Miss Fell Smith has a fine portrait, was created Lord Droghda at six years old—for the services he had done King Charles! As a young man he made a gallant defence of Lismore against the Irish rebels. He was won over to the Parliamentary service by the tact of Cromwell, but was raised to an earldom at the Restoration. Not content with the reputation as soldier and man of action which he earned in his command in Ireland and his Presidency of the Council in Scotland, he aspired to literary renown. His romance of "Parthenissa," which is interesting as a forerunner of the English novel, ran into six volumes, though it was never completed. Dorothy Osborne's criticism of it was, "'Tis handsome language," but "the ladies are all so kind, they make no sport." Robert Boyle, Roger's better-known brother, was not fitted for action. His fragile health, which prompted Evelyn to compare him to "a crystal or Venice glass," debarred him from any but a literary career. He does not seem to have derived any remarkable benefit from "the usefulllest cordial" which he had met—dried flesh of vipers. He is, of course, best known as the founder of the Royal Society and of the Boyle lectures. The literary virtuoso will be more interested in him as the author of "Seraphic Love," which he composed at our heroine's seat—"Delicious Lees"—to indoctrinate a friend, disappointed in love, "with his own view of the inferiority of earthly passion." The most charming of all the Boyles, Lewis, Lord Kinalmeadie, whose face looks out from the portrait at Marston with something of the fascination that it exercised on his friends, met an untimely but not inglorious death at Liscarrol. "He died as a gallant officer does, riding at the head of his troop, shot through the heart by a musket-shot." In the November issue, by the way, of the *Beacon*, a good local journal published at Bath, Mr. J. F. Meehan, the editor, gives an account of Richard Boyle, and of the family seat, Marston House.

But we are losing sight of the central figure. Mary Boyle showed a spirit unusual in young ladies of her day by refusing—in spite of the withdrawal of all pocket-money and allowances—the match which her father proposed, and persisting in her resolve to marry a mere younger son. Her own account of the

together with as many promises as any person in it could make of his endeavouring to make up to me the loss of his fortune by the kindness he would have still to consented to be his wife; that though I can truly when he knelt down by me I was far from having my own I would have him, yet his discourse so far prevailed I contented to give him, as he desired, leave to let him mention it to mine. And I promised him that, let his father say what he pleased, I would own it.

The ineligible Charles Rich became unexpectedly Warwick, and Mary's life ran on in outward seeming, smoothly at "Delicious Lees." She escaped from the Civil War, which fell so heavily on the rest of her family, nearest approach of the war-cloud was when Lord Ossington, Sir Charles Luens descended upon Lees in search of an ill-omened occasion when Sir Charles fell, with his horse, him, as he rode out of the courtyard on his way to Colchester. We quote from Miss Fell Smith's brief relation of the close to that siege, because Miss Patgrave has treated unsympathetic manner the gallant and ill-fated cavalier.

On August 28, at 2 in the afternoon, sentence was but time was to be granted to the condemned for minister and partaking of the communion. Shortly before dawn that night they were brought out by the little path the southern grassy slope of the castle bailey. . . . Ireton, Whalley, and Rainsborough had been appointed the sentence carried out and stood there awaiting the leaders. The two soldiers embraced each other, and a parting word, and then shots were fired on Lee. Lisle stooped and kissed his dead comrade's face, then the firing party to come nearer. "I'll warrant, Sir," said the men, "we'll hit you." "Friends," replied Lisle, "been nearer you when you have missed me." But they did not miss.

Mary's devotional life was the result of an approach that whatever misfortune befell her or hers was a Divine judgment. She has recorded the occasion of what she regarded as a change of heart.

At last it pleased God to send a sudden sickness only son, who I then doted upon with a great fondness beyond expression struck at it, not only because of the loss for him, but because my conscience told me it was backsliding. Upon this conviction, I presently retired and by earnest prayer begged of him to restore my child did then solemnly promise if he would hear my prayer would become a new creature. This prayer of mine (so gracious as to grant, and of a sudden began to resound, which made the doctor himself wonder at the amendment he saw in him, and filled me then with thoughts.

This bargain with Providence turned out somewhat disappointment. The young Lord Rich died shortly after marriage, and Mary was left childless. Nor was her married life very happy. The Earl of Warwick was for a long time invalid racked by the torments of gout, which wrung from him a good deal of bad language. Mary was in constant thinking of the fate which would be her husband's in life. She was wonderfully submissive to the Puritan divines swarmed about the mansion of Lees, but she was not the and austere person that these divines would have liked her. Miss Fell Smith remarks:

We have seen by some of her writings that she was observant, wise, tender, scornful, and even slightly sarcastic. She could flame into a passion when her sense of decorum was offended. Once she penitently records being set into saying under her breath "the devil is in you," when she was indulging in conversation she thought unfit.

"SOCIAL ENGLAND."

Since its first publication eight years ago *SOCIAL ENGLAND* has become an indispensable adjunct to the study of English history. There is no other book quite like it; no book which presents so comprehensively and with so much erudition that side of the story which is not concerned with individuals and events, with kings and battles and treaties, but with the multitudinous life of the people which lay behind, and which it is so much more difficult to revive. The late Mr. J. R. Green saw the value of such a study, and "*Social England*" was the outcome of the revived interest in the life of the past which he represented. The book, too, was a singular instance of successful co-operation, and, under the judicious editorship of Mr. Traill, a



HOW THE PRE-NORMAN ENGLISH DINED AND SLEPT.

Dinner Party at a Round Table (MS. Tib. C. vi.). Beds with Curtains (MS. Claud. B. iv.).
[From the Illustrated Edition of "*Social England*," by permission of Messrs. Cassell.]

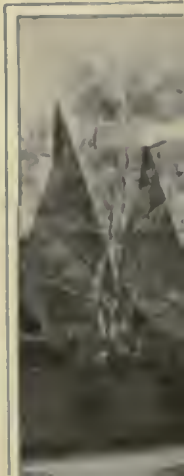
real unity was achieved by the many contributors. We are glad, then, to have another new edition such as that of which the first volume is now published by Messrs. Cassell (12s. n.).

But the new edition differs from all the former ones and assumes a new and much more valuable character. It is an illustrated edition. The new interest attaching to the volume is such, even, that we may assume from this simple statement

in our armchair at home, and we have regret or regret to the medieval method of tapestries. We feel more and more that themselves *seignius irritant*. The publisher "*Short History*" saw that they must yield but we doubt whether any book invited so imperatively as "*Social England*." There is pictorial information about the early life of not been turned to any comprehensive purpose, not nearly exhausted in the present editor, Mr. J. S. Mann, claims with some justice that treasures are here revealed, and a large part of the first time. The students and workers of England had a keen interest in the life around

bound by no forms or conventions. The realities; they did not understand an art from themselves and the life around them a column for a cathedral and slips under capital a little study of the village of page 500); the monk illuminating his known Luttrell Psalter is the best instance covers his page with little pictures of which he knows. All this and more us. We have photographs of all kinds stores of available MSS.; photographs of armour, boats, coins, pottery; facsimiles of documents; abundant views of historical appear to-day, of architectural details, of interesting ruins; maps, plans, and other features, while over thirty pages at the beginning of the volume to notes on the of the illustrations. The whole selected great judgment, and the size of the pictures to be inserted, we think, in accordance with the letterpress which they illustrate. The changes in the new edition are numerous. Jacobs writes a new section on "The and the sections on the military history of Britain, as also those on social life, have while here and there a slight rearranging tion has been made. The list of authorities for each period has, we notice, also been revised some later published works. The list is beadequate though not exhaustive; such important recent works, for instance, as "*The Welsh People*" and "*The Celtic Church in Wales*," which are not mentioned at the end of the first period, can hardly be ignored by the

student of Celtic Britain. The present volume goes down to 1273 and has an index to itself. There are to be six volumes in all, and the whole will be a work of great value. If



NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE CAMBRIDGE NATURAL HISTORY. Vol. VIII. AMPHIBIA AND REPTILES. By HANS GADOW, Ph.D., M.A., F.R.S. (Macmillan. 17s. 6d.)

The appearance of this excellent and beautifully illustrated work is a distinct event in zoological literature. Hitherto books on these animals have been either incomplete in their treatment of the subject or marred by inaccuracy and want of first-hand knowledge. Birds, mammals, and, to a less extent, fish have found their historians, and one can point to several standard works to which the lay and the professional naturalist can refer for information of the life and structure of these animals with the certainty of finding it. With reptiles (using the term in the old sense to include amphibia and reptilia) it is otherwise. The ordinary natural histories deal in a very cursory way with the curiously persistent and widespread accounts of the supposed poisonous nature of these animals; of their living in holes of stone; of their raining down over the roads and fields of a whole country-side. The intelligent layman who has time to indulge his inclinations in natural history, and to whom the war in South Africa, the state of education, and the agricultural problems are not the boundaries of his thought, must often agree with Gilbert White that our reptiles, "few as they are, I am not so well acquainted with as well as I could wish, with regard to their natural history."

Perhaps the chief merit of Dr. Gadow's book—difficult though it is to particularize where all is good—lies in this, that it converts animals whose names connote all that is most vile and loathsome into creatures of singular beauty, complexity, and attractiveness, and that it invests them with a most unexpected importance. First helped by Miss Durham's admirable drawings and the vivid accounts in the text, we gain a clear idea of the living frog, salamander, or lizard. We learn how they pass the winter or the dry season; how during this period they overcome the difficulties of breathing and of starvation; and how they are prevented from drying up. And then when the spring or wet season comes, we see how the winter sleep and the long fast are broken, and how a new and intensely coloured livery is assumed with the advent of the reproductive period. Of all the quaint devices for protecting the young, we have met with none so grotesque and yet effective as those described by Dr. Gadow. He tells how the males of some frogs swallow the eggs and store them in their vocal sacs; how others carry them on their back or on their belly, or tucked away in pits in the skin. Then the strange differences between the tadpoles and their parents afford ample scope for a writer of Dr. Gadow's stamp. He shows how in the swift mountain streams the tadpoles have big effective suckers to give them a grip of the rocks; how others possess a great funnel into which they draw floating fry of all kinds and presently engulf them; how in all tadpoles the structure of every part of the body is adapted for a fish-like existence; and how the rapid and far-reaching changes which ensue when they turn into frogs or toads, convert the individual into what is practically a new animal.

All this is but a preliminary to Dr. Gadow's more important sections. After familiarizing us with the main facts of reptilian life and anatomy, he proceeds to show how we may picture the present state of these animals to have come about. Between fishes and amphibia in spite of the fish-like habits of tadpoles—there is, according to our present know-

interest and importance which attaches to them, was justified him in describing them at greater length than is done. Many were giants, one of whose footprints would, with water, be large enough for their modern piggy-back to disport in. They flowered out into a great type-covered Europe, America, and South Africa, and then died as unaccountably as many of their descendants, the Dinobirds, and all that mighty host of reptiles of the Mesozoic period. Their origin is lost in obscurity. Probably they arose from fishes of which the *Polypterus* of the Nile is almost the sole survivor, but, however they arose, these primitive forms one of the most interesting groups of animals, and then, in a way which Dr. Gadow makes as plain as the eye will allow, have arisen forms which have branched out into extinct reptiles, modern lizards, tortoises, and snakes. Few of these extinct groups (probably the *Theromorphs*) have been descended, and to another—at least one—birds owe their origin.

The study of reptiles viewed in this light assumes importance, and, in whatever light Dr. Gadow's work is estimated, it will be welcomed as a brilliant exposition of the present state of our knowledge of two groups of animals. Its history has a direct bearing on the origin of mankind, and it congratulates the author, the editors, and the publishers of this new volume of the "Cambridge Natural History." It is a valuable education in itself, and adds greatly to the interest of a series already distinguished by its attractiveness, completeness, and originality.

ZOOLOGY. An Elementary Text-book. By A. E. SHIPLEY and E. W. McBURK, M.A., D.Sc. "Cambridge Science Manuals." (University Press. 10s. 6d. n.)

The teacher of zoology is constantly asked by professional and lay students who are beginning his subject, "What book of zoology do you recommend?" and as constantly he finds it impossible to recommend a book that shall suggest the interest and attractiveness of the different problems of animal life, and at the same time stimulate the interest and reasoning faculty, and temporarily fill the mind with disconnected facts. Of animals (certain insects, the crayfish, and birds), it is true, there are books which deal with the subject in this spirit, but there is no recent attempt, as far as we know, to show, without more than a necessary minimum amount of detailed anatomical nomenclature, what are the general phenomena of animal life, and what are the problems which these phenomena present, and how far they have been solved.

The fact is, the plan upon which text-books of zoology have been written was adopted long ago, and has been steadily adhered to, though its value has now diminished—an example of the curious faithfulness to tradition which is such a marked feature of natural scientists. This plan consists in describing the anatomy of each of the chief groups of animals in great detail, with a few words on the habits, life-histories, and distribution of each group. The main thing, however, is anatomy, and the result, even in the best hands, is that the text-book written on these lines becomes a list of detailed specifications of clock-work and delicate machines, built up after a number of patterns, the most part unrelated to each other, though a specialness is often suggested (perhaps inadvertently) by the use of the same names for parts of different machines. If we accept the doctrine of descent, it is clear that some connexion

of animals—the Echinoderms to which star-fishes, sea-urchins, feather-stars, and their allies belong, Messrs. Shipley and Mellor conclude:—"Whilst the structure of the adult is utterly unlike that of other Coelomata, the structure of the young is reconcilable with the fundamental structure of Annelids, Molluscs, etc."; or, to translate out of the jargon of zoologists, a star-fish is utterly unlike a worm or a mollusc, but the young star-fish has an organization fundamentally comparable with that of a worm or a whelk. What the fundamental structure of "etc." may be, and how structures are to be "reconciled," the authors leave vaguely to the imagination of their readers.

One would think that such a remarkable conclusion—important and far-reaching if true—would require a little evidence in its support and a little expansion to render it intelligible. But we are disappointed here. A very imperfect figure and an incomplete description of the young of one of the least-known divisions of the Echinoderms is all that we are given. We are not told whether it has a nervous system or muscles or sense organs. We are not told how it gives rise to the adult whose structure is so surprisingly different. We are not able to compare it with the young of Annelids or Molluscs, for the authors omit any descriptions or figures of these. We are left with an unintelligible statement at the very point where students find the greatest difficulty and require the most assistance.

The intentions of the authors as set forth in the preface are excellent. Their book does contain a well-arranged account of the facts of adult anatomy and habits which, considered within the limits of any one group, would prove a useful guide to that group. But such treatises exist already; and the present volume, which perpetuates the old mischievous distinction between knowledge of form and of function (as though the one could be studied intelligently without the other); which neglects the phenomena of colour and change of colour; in which the relationships of groups are dealt with without any separate consideration of the principle of homology; which, while telling us at the beginning that nearly all the problems of zoology centre round the origin of species, ends by leaving us without any definite idea of what a species or a variety may be; such a work cannot be said to carry out the intentions of the authors or to satisfy the pressing requirements of teachers or students.

PRACTICAL HISTOLOGY, by Professor J. N. Langley (Macmillan, 6s.), is a summary of the best methods of demonstrating the microscopical structure of the tissues of vertebrate animals, and is largely based on the personal experience of the author. Such a work, the outcome of twenty years' teaching, cannot fail to be of great assistance to medical students and their teachers. In two directions its usefulness might be increased. It deals perhaps too exclusively with the organs of vertebrates. Certain of these—the liver and the retina of the eye, for example—offer great difficulties to the beginner, whereas the corresponding structures of certain invertebrates have a far simpler structure and are composed of fewer and larger elements. The other suggestion refers to the absence of any directions for ascertaining the acid-reaction of the stomach and generally the acid, basic, or neutral properties of tissues. It is because the same serious omission occurs in other text-books of histology and even of chemical physiology that we venture to suggest that directions on this subject may be inserted in a future edition such as a standard work of this kind cannot fail to reach.

ITALIAN HISTORY.

The book unfolds the life-history of two Popes, Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI.; of the remarkable family of the Borgia, which he made such ample provision for; of a Cardinal (subsequently canonized), and of an eighteenth-century virtuoso who was both virtuous and a virtuoso. One of the work is the author's weakness for all personages with all the formality of a Muscovite. The task which becomes increasingly difficult, of the "family-Pope" died under the weight of forty-seven surnames (marriage in the course of centuries) and of five orders and peerages—all given at full length.

In spite of this defect (from the reader's point of view) the book is anything but a dry pedigree of a family. The story of this "famous-ignominious" House of Borgia, the author, "of the healing of the Great Schism, the Renaissance of letters and the arts; of the invasion of the Muslim invasion of Europe; of the Pontifical sovereignty, which endured till 1807; of the discovery, by man, of the New World; of the discovery, by man, of the great truth, but Baron Corvo is not on a later page he adds to these high matters of state in the Tridentine decrees, which "owes to the House of Borgia." Indirectly, for the judgment of most historians (but has credited "the Lord Alexander P.P. things to such a pass that some reform hardly a charge has ever been levelled at a utterly unscrupulous pontiff which the Borgia either to discredit or to palliate. In his own words he tells us that his object is not simply to tell the story of the House of Borgia, because he holds that "all words to tell." With a fine contempt for the history, he asks why "good hours of sunlight the judgment-seat by those who will present turn in the dock." Certainly he wastes no time on Borgia is in question; his own position is naive, and occasionally maladroit, counsel for said, for instance, that Alexander secured actually by promising gifts and benefices to return for their support. To this Baron Corvo Conclave being a secret (he describes it minutely) no proof that these gifts were the price of a reminds us that simony was only legally prohibited by Julius II., who was the disappointed candidate for the Conclave! Again it is alleged that Alexander's spiritual power to build up temporalities, counsel retorts that to avoid this would have "it was the imperious necessity of the situation of all, perhaps, is the process by which this Pope to have been "a very faithful Pastor his eleven years' pontificate (which are contained in the Epistles of St. Peter) were more than enough to show then, asks the author triumphantly, could he had the time to accomplish the turpitudes been charged? A simple computation will show him twelve hours' work in the day (Surely he would have had just three minutes for each clear proof that his own share in their small!

We cannot say seriously that this work is upon an exceedingly dark period. In spite

faculty. And yet though occasionally incoherent and always hopelessly injudicial, Baron Corvo writes in a vigorous, picturesque fashion, with some of that "flippant heartless versatility" which belonged to the era that he has chosen to illustrate.

Savonarola.

It is singular that two such excellent lives of the great Florentine preacher as *THE LIFE OF SAVONAROLA*, by E. L. S. Horsburgh (Little Biographies) (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), and *SAVONAROLA*, by the Rev. G. McHardy, D.D. (the World's Epoch-makers), (Clark, 3s.), should appear almost simultaneously. Both bear evident traces of patient study and sympathetic interpretation; and the point of view which the authors take is nearly the same. Each makes it plain that Savonarola was no charlatan, but a prophet of righteousness, and that his failure and death were due to his unfortunate, but perhaps inevitable, combination of the rôles of preacher and politician. Dr. McHardy, with more space at his disposal, contrives to be fuller and more graphic, while Mr. Horsburgh is more judicious and discriminating; but both books are written in a style of distinction, and show a firm grasp of the subject and its bearing upon the history of the time. It was once the fashion to label Savonarola as "a fanatic"; but such a description does not advance us one step towards the comprehension of his large and lofty nature. In claiming for him a place among the World's Epoch-makers Dr. McHardy is perhaps inclined to exaggerate his true position. We think rather, with Mr. Horsburgh, "that he was neither much behind his age nor much in advance of it," and that little would have been known to-day of his revivistic successes if he had not mixed in politics and paid for his interference with his life. Still he has the merit of having demonstrated in a small but prominent arena how short-lived a reformation of morals must have been, while the abuses of the mediæval Papacy, from a political and constitutional standpoint, remained unchallenged. It has been well said that his independent reform of his own convent was a first step towards a national church; and his attitude towards the Pope, however illogical, was, like that of Grossatesta in earlier times, an anticipation of "an ampler day." Circumstances made him, as a moral reformer, the champion also of the liberties of Florence; but his zeal for freedom did not pass beyond the bounds of the city; as Mr. Horsburgh points out, he hated Pisa like a genuine Florentine. And he did not always rise superior to party passion; his refusal to insist on the right of appeal when claimed by his enemies, though he had himself boasted of having secured it for Florence, will remain (in spite of Villari's defence which Dr. McHardy echoes) a serious blot upon his character. Mr. Horsburgh discusses with great judgment the nature of his prophetic claims, and finds them to have been entirely sincere; yet the danger of so narrow a platform for his influence over a fickle populace is illustrated by his tragic end. Both these books would perhaps have been more complete if space could have been found for a critical estimate of Savonarola's sermons with some extracts. We must not forget, however, to give our meed of praise to the dainty binding and excellent photographs which adorn Mr. Horsburgh's work.

Professor Villari's admirable work, *THE TWO FIRST CENTURIES OF FLORENTINE HISTORY*, translated by Linda Villari, has lately appeared in a new edition (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.). The book ends with the death of the Emperor Henry VII.; and it is much to be wished that the learned author would undertake the continuation of it, on the second, or decadent, period of the Republic, at which he hints in his preface to the English version. The present edition is well illustrated, chiefly from views of Etruscan and Roman antiquities discovered in different parts of Florence. It is not clear, however, why the two bas-reliefs by Rovezzano in the Bargello, which are promised in the list of illustrations, do not appear in the text.

noticeable that, in this new efflorescence of the old language, the Troubadours, those who began the movement did not adopt any more complex motive than a kindly desire to give country-folk a simple and homely literature in the language they spoke and understood. Provençal has never ceased to be spoken on its native soil; it had never quite died as a written language; but very few of those who employ various dialects of Southern France were men of any great talent. Before Joseph Roumanille, the father of the movement, the name of Jasmin (some of whose works Lafont has rendered familiar to us in translation) stands nearly first, and Jasmin's dialect was different from that of the Félibres. It was Roumanille's idea to raise his native patois of Saint-Rémy out of the mire into which it had sunk; he preached aside the gospel of his home speech; and one day he discovered—"l'enfant sublime"—who has since carried his dream to realization. The boy was Frédéric Mistral. Under his the Saint-Rémy patois has been developed and expanded into beautiful literary language, and a new intellectual life has been awakened in the valley of the Rhône. He was once the founder of the Félibrige, and the inventor of a name—a name which has puzzled not a little those who tried to explain its origin and etymology. According to Professor Downer, Mistral came upon it in an old hymn, the expression is: "cel qui the Virgin met Jesus in the" among "the seven Félibres of the law." Seven poets present at the first meeting, on May 21, 1854, when the Félibrige was formed, and the number seven seems to have almost a meaning in the eyes of a Félibre, who will speak of the chief churches of Avignon, its seven gates, seven colleges, hospitals, seven Popes who were there for seventy years, and so forth.

Frédéric Mistral was born on September 8, 1830, at Maillane, a small village near Saint-Rémy, situated in the centre of a broad plain at the foot of the Alpilles. The poet lived there almost uninterruptedly. He was the only child of his father's second marriage, and his father's first meeting with his mother was, like that of Boaz with Ruth, among the gleanings of his harvest. Mistral's education was for the most part at a boarding-school in Avignon, where he is stated to have attempted a translation, in Provençal, of the first eclogue of Virgil. Here he first met with Roumanille, who had taken up a post as teacher. "It is not too much to say," Mr. Downer, "that the revival of the Provençal language began out of that meeting." Master and pupil became firm friends. Through Roumanille he came to know Aubanel, Crosstaff, and several other enthusiasts, afterwards to assist in the formation of the Félibrige.

At seventeen Mistral was sent to Aix to study law, but in 1851, on his returning home a *licencié en droit*, his father allowed him to choose his own career. The poet tells us how "he took up his lawyer's gown to the winds and gave himself up to the contemplation of what he so loved—the splendour of his Provence." He set to work almost immediately upon "Miréio," which is now generally acknowledged to be his greatest work. It was completed in 1859, and Lamartine devoted to it an article in his *Cours familier de littérature*, in which he styled the writer as a great epic poet, "a true Homeric poet of our own time." Lamartine's good opinion did much to help the young poet forward. He went to Paris for a short visit, became the lion of the literary world. The Academy elected him to its Académie, and Gounod composed an opera, called *Miréio*, an adaptation of the poem. Perhaps none of Mistral's later works has quite repeated the success of "Miréio." "Calé" his second epic, was completed after another seven years' work in 1866; "Lis Iselo d'Or" (The Golden Islands), a collection of shorter poems, was published in 1875; a third poem, "Nouveau," was again crowned by the Academy nine years later. In 1884 appeared his only dramatic work, "La Rèino Jano" (Joanna), and his last long poem, another epic, appeared three years ago. At present he is engaged upon his "Mémoires."

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Balfour's Philosophy.

The position which Mr. Balfour occupies in philosophy is something analogous to that of the late Mr. Gladstone in classical scholarship. He is an amateur, and shows an amateur's limitations. All the same, he has deserved right well of philosophy. He leads to a great study, which is not as popular as it should be, the prestige of an honoured name; he has put many truths in a fresh and vigorous way; and, best of all, he is on the right side. He is conservative, but always with the higher conservatism which is only anxious that the moral and religious heritage of our forefathers should descend unimpaired to our children. A statesman's leisure could not be better spent than in writing a book like the *FOUNDATIONS OF ETHICS*; and we are heartily glad that it still enjoys a popularity which enables it to be republished at a popular price.

The eighth edition (Longmans, 6s. n.) is rendered noteworthy by a preface in which Mr. Balfour seeks to clear away some of the misunderstandings by which the work has so far been beset. The chief of them is certainly one under which a good many of his readers laboured. It seemed as though Mr. Balfour, to use his own words, "endeavoured to find in doubt the foundation of belief." It seemed as though he argued that, since naturalism and transcendental idealism are equally untenable when criticized, we must fall back on accepting the moral and theological dogmas delivered to us by constituted authority. Mr. Balfour admits that there are features in the construction of his book which made this misinterpretation excusable, and it is well that he has taken steps to obviate it in the future. He points out that the emphasis should rather have been laid upon a very different point, which is that "science, ethics, and (in its degree) aesthetics are severally and collectively more intelligible, better fitted to form parts of a rational and coherent whole when they are framed in a theological setting, than when they are framed in one which is purely naturalistic." The main argument adduced to prove this is that we cannot account for the value in which we hold virtue, truth, and beauty if we adopt the theory that they spring from a merely natural source which is neither good nor true nor beautiful. In a word, the concept of intrinsic value is the key to the theological view of the world.

Viewed under this new light Mr. Balfour's book gains greatly in philosophic significance, and is cleared from a charge of obscurantism to which his frequent depreciation of reason and reliance on authority have somewhat laid him open. The concept of value is undoubtedly the most important one in philosophy just now. There are some experiences which are useful as tending to self-preservation or race-prolongation and may be called externally or extrinsically valuable. There are other experiences, moral experiences more especially, which are valuable in quite a different way. They may be useful or they may not; they are certainly felt to be intrinsically valuable; valuable in themselves and not for the material advantage they bring. The source of intrinsic value cannot be plausibly accounted for by any naturalistic process of evolution; it points directly to a theological interpretation of the world. This is a bare outline of a doctrine of value which it would need more than one volume to fill in adequately. Mr. Balfour has done good service not only in clearing away much baseless prejudice in favour of naturalism, but also in pointing out the true direction in which the deeper and more comprehensive metaphysics of

portable feeling that we are very far behind and the United States in the matter of education. This feeling will be in no way diminished by the publication of *INDIVIDUALITY AND THE MORAL AIM IN EDUCATION* (Longmans, 6s.), being the Gilchrist Report on the Victoria University by Mr. H. Thibon, now on Method at Owens College. Of this in the pages which deal with classification, so child-study appeal rather to the professed than to the account of the theories and methods of education as a whole will be found equally to think with the old Western farmer that "it is, indeed, the belief that education is the great thing which explains the difference between the English and American systems." In the words of one of our chief authorities, "nations of the world seem to regard education as a national interest, pervading the life of the community. The American mother is not content to send her child to school. She does her utmost to help it learn. She receives weekly reports on its progress. She herself attends classes to qualify herself to form the closest relationship between home and school, and the teacher ranks not less highly in the public esteem. The reason why we in England imagine this widespread educational enthusiasm, the Americans have before them a perfect model of the object of education. Their national stances call for the creation of a certain type of man, a 'good American,' they aim at the development of the individual, the encouragement of initiative and energy, the production of a character." With their methods, often astonishing, Mr. Thibon deals at length. In the case of so many others, a certain alliteration for the infectiousness of enthusiasm. The accustomed to our haphazard methods, is away by the sight of the scientific organization of the States. We must never forget that, except in the case of the Americans in almost every respect, they differ especially in this, that while they want, see that they get it, we do not even know what we want. Until we have reached this point, we may imitate their methods, but not their results.

Although *A MANUAL OF SCHOOL HYGIENE* (University Press, 3s. 6d.) is far from being a composition, it reflects great credit upon the Dr. Edward W. Hope and of Mr. Edgar. It happens to know that its teaching about the already affected the rules of more than a century says much about the need of ventilation and explanations of what ventilation with pure air disagree with the authors in what we gather about the relative importance to a child of warmth in a schoolroom. Has Dr. Hope specialists have to say on cold as a brain injury to the nervous system of a highly intelligent child? The result of its worrying itself with such "about 56deg. to 60deg. Fahr." We have columns before that 60deg. Fahr. is a dangerous recommendation, because only really good thermometers trusted to register quickly a change of

A child should gain from his schooldays not only an immensely improved capacity for interpreting and estimating what he sees, but a greater power of seeing. A badly-lighted private school—and there are too many such—is a source of incalculable mischief. "The excessive power of accommodation" possessed by the eyes of children must be understood, our authors rightly say, to be "a source of danger, as it enables improper work to be undertaken." On many other points the rules of Dr. Hope and Mr. Browne are worthy of their reputation. That all forms of tracing, and of drawing by means of squares or dots, should be prohibited is unknown to many teachers; and we are heartily with the authors in their shrewd verdict that short lessons "at bad desks" (? badly-constructed desks) are likely to be less injurious than long spells of application at well-designed desks. Evidently Mr. Browne is a kind of guardian angel where Liverpool children's eyes are concerned; he returns to the charge in the chapter upon school furniture, and deals a severe blow to the teachers who ignore such troubles as those caused by flickering gas. Mr. Browne points out that "too bright a light" is a delusive phrase; when properly shaded the brighter the light is the better. We like the chapter upon "site and soil," though we could wish that even more might have been written against a clay soil. To say that "clays and alluvial soils are frequently wet and damp" is too mild a statement for what is chiefly valuable as a "fighting book." No teacher should neglect "A Manual of School Hygiene." The profession of schoolmastering is so wearing and wearying a one that too often the very headmasters, who ought to spend hours over such a book as this, remain ignorant of its existence. The specialist in all English occupations, indeed, suffers from a disbelief in the importance of practical bibliography.

Book Prices.

The new volume of *BOOK PRICES CURRENT* (Elliot Stock, £1 7s. 6d., n.) is no whit less valuable than its fourteen predecessors. Indeed, as annually it grows in bulk—the number of pages respectively for 1892, 1899, and the current year are 529, 745, and 788—so does it increase in utility. Mr. Slater's introduction is brief. We learn from it, however, that the 38,377 lots sold by auction between October, 1900, and July, 1901, yielded a total of £130,275 9s., or an average of £3 7s. 10d. per lot. This is the highest average on record, one which, save in the case of 1900, when the relapse was attributable to general stagnation, has been steadily increased since 1893, when £1 6s. 7d. was the corresponding figure. The conclusion is irresistible: printed books, notably, of course, monuments of the early presses and important works like the First Folio Shakespeare, are increasing in money-value year by year. Only after a volume such as this has been consulted many times is it possible to discover, one by one, errors or omissions, if such there be—in the case of the recently issued ten years' index, for example, there are several mistakes and numerous omissions under "Kelmseott Press Publications." But attention may be directed to one or two points of interest. On December 5 probably the first uncut copy to occur at auction in this country of Robert Browning's "Pauline," first edition, 1831, fetched £120. Mr. Slater makes no mention of the fact that a small hole and a tear, robbing the text of several letters, was discovered on pp. 21-22, although thereby bidding was doubtless influenced considerably. A letter from Mr. R. Barrett Browning, giving reasons for the rarity of this booklet, appeared in *Literature*, April 6, 1901. Again, apropos of the Hamilton Bruce set of Waverley novels in first edition, uncut save at the top, which fetched £205, it might have been pointed out that the late owner paid all but that sum for the elaborate morocco bindings; whereas, in pristine condition, "Waverley" and "Guy Rannering" have by themselves realized £220. In the exhaustive index there are entries under "Kelmseott Press" and "Vale Press," but we look in vain for the Essex House and the Doves, both of sufficient importance to include. Owing to its fluctuations in market value, we might reasonably expect to find record at least of the limits between which the Kipling *édition de luxe* has moved during the twelve months.

FICTION.

Carllet and Cristino.

Scouring Europe in search of local colour, Mr. Crockett decided upon Spain for the scene of his latest novel—*Spain*. Carllet war; and in these unfamiliar surroundings figure Blair, of Castle Blair, in the good shire of Fife " (we had a character of Mr. Crockett's creation would have a kingdom), and John Mortimer, a chance-meet English man of Chorley in Lancashire (a somewhat shadowy gentleman the usual crowd of Carllets, Cristinos, monks, pretty girls forth. THE FUMMIST (Macmillan, 6s.) is a bustling for Mr. Crockett writes with an exuberance of spirits and careless joviality of phrase warranted to keep things. It would seem that he cared little for the meaning of as so long as it were forcible and had a good ring. Ramon the outlaw, waits in his cave " till the mist was at its rising in hissing spume-clouds out of the deeps." We believe that those spume-clouds would hiss even in Spanish. In reading this book we are impressed chiefly with the gallantry made by Mr. Crockett to get his effects. Local colour (canuleteers, and the rest) is shovelled in with reckless profusion every situation is, so to speak, italicized; and the struggles nobly to make us laugh with his patches of comic. The construction of the novel is ingenious, and there is fighting. But as for character—well! we can only assume Mr. Crockett has given up attempting to draw his characters. They are, to take the chief of them, a swashbuckling vivacious French gentleman turned monk (temporarily mercantile Englishman, and an outlawed Spaniard. Cardano has more claim to our esteem than most of the uningeniously constructed marionette with an interest. Cabrera and the Queen-Regent, and her *entourage*, fail us. But Mr. Crockett writes with a will, and as it believed in himself—sometimes really eloquently; and so is always happening in his books—generally something lively and unexpected. Not many writers can spin the web of better.

Gorki.

Maxim Gorki, whose FOMA GORBYEV (Unwin, been translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, comes before the public with a Russian reputation second only to that of No doubt he is important as a sign of the times; novelist he is more puzzling than pleasing. He has not of telling a story. Strictly speaking he has no story. He is long winded and he is coarse. As a rule, when say all these things about a book, it is not worth while more about it. But, though it is impossible to read it without being frequently disgusted and continuously there is power in it. It leaves an impression, definite disagreeable, of the purposelessness and futility of life lingers like the recollection of a nightmare. It takes the quite a time to restore himself to optimism with the is that pessimism at Nijni Novgorod need not interfere optimism in more civilized places. A writer who can impress those whom he bores obviously has some of the of genius, even if he is not a great novelist. Gorki, strikes us as the most characteristically Russian of Russian novelists whose works we know. All of them ideas and emotions which the Western European cannot stand without a special effort. The ideas and emotions in

contempt for the prosperous merchants. The pessimism transcends any pessimism that we have ever met in any novel. It is violent, aggressive, unrelieved by any sense of humour. As cheerfulness gradually returned to us after the gloom which it had caused, the vision which emerged from the nightmare was a vision of Maxim Gorki leading an army of star philosophers against the West, and offering Gaud and Teuton and Anglo-Saxon the grim alternative of pessimism or the sword.

"The Fiery Dawn."

"I wonder," remarks the hero on page 87 of *THE FIERY DAWN* (Arnold, 6s.), "I wonder who I am and what I am doing." The reader of Miss M. E. Coleridge's tale of the Duchesse de Berry and the rising in La Vendée on behalf of her son Henri V. will frequently find himself in a state of almost equal perplexity. The truth is that, in her desire to suggest the confusion and mystery belonging to this romantic episode, Miss Coleridge has lost sight of the necessity for an intelligible plot. The judicious reader will not attempt to form a clear idea of what it is all about. He will abandon himself rather to the enjoyment of a series of stirring incidents, described with admirable power and abundant imagination. Such, for example, are the heroic defence of La Poisselière and the "smoking-out" of the Duchesse and her friends from their hiding-place. Throughout the book, indeed, the Regent's spirited adventures in boy's attire are so brightly told that we almost overlook her amazing folly and selfishness. On the other hand, such chapters as that headed "Maison Boiteuse," professedly borrowed from Lamartine, Feytaud, and Théophile Gautier, seem to us unnecessary as well as tedious.

"Wealth of Mallerstang."

Something of the austerity of the country in which he has laid his scene seems to have laid its grip upon Mr. Algernon Gissing in *THE WEALTH OF MALLERSTANG* (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). He tells his story with a stern leisureliness that is interesting in itself, and only once does it break out into an intensity of passion, all the more striking because unexpected. Humphrey Garrett is a man who weaves a tragedy around himself by mistaking violence for manhood, and tries to establish a kingdom of freedom and brotherhood by fire and sword, until he is redeemed by a woman's love. The book is not one for the many, but the smaller public whose applause is worth winning will appreciate it. Its merit lies in the nature pictures, which are singularly well done, and in the subordination of the details to the central interest. It is a story well imagined and well wrought, and enhances the reputation Mr. Algernon Gissing has already made with "A Secret of the North Sea."

Studies of Women.

Mr. Maarten Maartens is a pleasant writer, and his style has just that touch of the foreign that gives piquancy. *SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN* (Heinemann, 6s.) contains a dozen short stories, of which all are readable and some few very good indeed. There is something of De Maupassant about Mr. Maartens' handling of the *conte*: some of these tales, as "Madame de Lamoignon" and "Blanc de Brigade," might almost have been written by the master. Perhaps "John" is the best of these stories from our point of view; it is simple, and Dutch, and eminently business-like, and it has nothing whatever to do with illicit love. In a collection of stories entirely about women it is something to come across a few that fail to introduce the jealous husband. "Annette de Viroflay" is another story of this kind, pretty, simple, and sufficiently ingenious. Altogether

Lord Salisbury after an interview not calculable to the President of the French Republic. The attention attracted by a mysterious stranger, he follows to the hall of an old City Guild, accepts the stranger's invitation to enter, and finds himself in the company of twelve gentlemen, each representing a European Throne of which they have all been deposed. They are banded together to take a divine revenge on the subjects who have discarded them in a vain effort by freeing them from a terror from which they deliver themselves. It is, in short, nothing less than a war of deposed Kings pledged to a war of anarchy. Of the particular adventure of the present novel we give no details, but commend the story in its entirety to the reader. The persons of the drama with personal moment is managed with propriety and actuality enough to give a distinct topic from its merits as an interesting excursion into historical fantasies, Mr. Upward's latest and best well-written novel.

The Unspeakable Turk.

THE PASHA, by Daisy Hugh Price (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.), is a new and engaging view of the unspeakable to be on occasion a polished and kindly gentleman, even for an English girl whose husband, Ahmed Hiderim Pasha, has a prejudice against an English wife to mix, unveiled, with her kind civilization itself, monogamous and decent. She knows something of Turkish life from the "Harem," a tale of a Cairo harem, was she will not discredit it. She is entirely without the subject of Armenia and its atrocities.

YESTER: THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE, by George Allen and Unwin, 6s.), is a profoundly depressing tale of massacres by a writer who evidently takes to heart. The ghastly tragedy of the end of the whole book. There are very vivid pictures of customs. With a less serious purpose in view, it gives us most readable fiction. As it is, she is as sombre as she could make it. Her object to people who say, as she quotes in her preface, didn't something happen there several times she will certainly succeed.

Alcohol.

A THOUSAND PITIES (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is thin and amateurish. It has, however, brevity, and occasional touches suggest the theme (than hereditary dipsomania) better.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S RESOLVE, by George Allen and Unwin, 6s.), has a good deal of the Temperance Movement after misfortune happens to all allow themselves to look upon the wine which last the "young squire" takes the last turning his brewery into a factory of non-alcoholic beer.

FLOWER AND THORN, by Beatrice Blackett, 6s.), is the best work of its author. "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," "Valerie," is very charming, and her foil, the most sympathetic character. Many of the talks between the two women which clear up the situation, are full of humanity.

In spite of its improbable plot and characters, *THE ANTIQUARY* (Arnold, 6s.) is a novel. We doubt whether many girls will read Rachel Rendel of realizing that a girl

"I have little fascination for the morbid," says a character in *THE MAGNETISM OF SIX* (Greening, 3s. 6d.), by "Æcenlapius." The context shows that he means he has little taste for the morbid. Such trifling mistakes occur on almost every page. We cannot forbear giving a taste of the style of "Æcenlapius":—

At night, under the genial sway of the cheering cup, when thine and glamour, crimson and gilt, seemed what they were not; when the soothing power of one of Telson's heavily drugged cigars lulled to inactivity his higher brain centres, switching off his true reasoning faculties, paralysing inhibition, and leaving the lower passions predominant; when his only enurable interests were centred on a card, a die, the turn of a disc, how optimistic he was.

Telson, we may add, is one of the most nonsensical and dullest villains fiction has ever produced.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The proceedings of the International Congress of Librarians, held last year in Paris, have been published. The secretary, M. Henry Martin, pleaded for a library for periodical publications in every town, and a resolution in support of the proposal was passed. Mr. Andreas Steenberg dealt with the efforts made in Denmark to provide libraries among small communities. The Danes admire English institutions and strive to model their own upon the same lines.

Hitherto poverty and apathy have proved too strong in Ireland for progressive ideas. The promotion of the Public Libraries Acts should meet with general approval. Dublin takes the lead in establishing a system of libraries in its suburbs, and a branch is to be erected on the south side of the city, adjoining the technical schools. The Irish newspapers support the movement, one journal containing this admirable sentence:—"A free library situated as this one will be is a veritable oasis—a Persian (sic) Spring."

In a former note upon the increasing congestion of space in public libraries, we instanced Bournemouth, where work was practically at a standstill for want of room. A new building has now been opened; the reference department is to profit by a full proportion of the library income, and books "necessary to the student" will be provided. Perhaps this decision is partly traceable to the papers upon reference libraries read at the Library Association. At any rate we congratulate the Bournemouth authorities.

Nowhere has the Public Library question been more keenly contested than in Wales. The smaller towns have, some of them, fought for years over the matter. Once the Acts are adopted, both sides usually rally in support of the library. But not Festiniog: two of the branch libraries have been closed owing to lack of funds. Three branches were established—to be maintained upon an income of £50—an effort which outside assistance might have made possible. On the other hand, in the same county of Merioneth, the public support given to the little library at Bala has led a local landowner to present the town with a site and a building.

The best article in the *Library* for October, now completing the second volume, is by Mr. H. R. Plomer, who describes the King's Printing House under the Stuarts. The story is largely bound up with the lives of the Barkers. Robert Barker printed the "authorized version" of the Bible at his own expense, and probably ruined himself in doing so. Another good paper, entitled "A Famous Printer: Samuel Richardson," by W. B. Thorne, deals with the author of "Pamela" upon a side little known to the world at large.

Mr. Frederick J. Crowest, who has recently undertaken the management of Mr. Walter Scott's publishing business at London and Newcastle, is a man who has spent his whole life among books. Mr. Crowest comes from a family connected for some two hundred years with ministerial and educational work in Essex. He began life in Messrs. Cassell's

Correspondence.

MR. HENLEY AND R.L.S.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, I should be grateful for your indulgence to a few ideas which seem to have a bearing on the unfortunate controversy now raging round the names of Henley and Stevenson. The controversy is sustained, on the one hand, by those who believe that Mr. Henley has been guilty of an almost sacrilegious disrespect to the dead; on the other, by critics who say, "Stevenson has been so ridiculously overdone we don't wonder that Henley should try to put him in his proper place." Now, to a lover of Stevenson, who is an admirer of Mr. Henley, the article in the *Pall Mall* Magazine certainly gave a rude shock. But I do not think I should be quite so ready to deem the worst of *parade humanité* as those critics have shown the one who accuse Mr. Henley of having sacrificed the memory of his friend on the altar of an insatiable vanity, who is conscious of no guilt is not over-scrupulous to guard against suspicious appearance. Mr. Henley did not think that he would be suspected of advertising his own importance and of charging Stevenson with ingratitude, when he presented a representation of Stevenson was truer to life than the official, emasculate substitute for a portrait offered by his friends. It is not difficult to imagine the scandalous Boswell would have offered to fanatical Johnsonians if found his life-like portraiture displaced by the colour-flattering adumbration of, say, Sir John Hawkins. Mr. Henley has wisely refused to defend himself to the officious interference of his real and effectual defence will be the life-like portrait which he can and must give us, of the "Lewis" whom he loved.

The only serious injury which has been done to Stevenson's memory is the work of those who have exaggerated the effect of his style until they have produced the impression that his style was a mere academic practicalism of style on indifferent terms. The high-water mark of this enthusiasm for "word-words" was reached in the paradoxical essay of a brilliant writer, who exhausted all the resources of precisiosity, and stock of ideas involved in the confusion of a medium end-in-itself, to produce a highly artificial discourse of "style." Immediately a reaction set in against the stylists. The stylist can have no interest for a living man unless his style is merely the medium to give expression to his view of life. Stevenson had a definite and precise view of life. Just as Mr. Henley gives adequate expression for the first time, to the comparatively inarticulate emotions of a Walt Whitman, Stevenson found the right medium of utterance for the inarticulate emotions of the artists of his time. Mr. Henley, taking a wider and more masculine view of life, is naturally inclined to grant little sympathy to Stevenson's outlook. But he is in error to think that Stevenson's work is not alive. Stevenson has given the most perfect expression to an artist's temperament, which sees things only from the inside, but sees them with the freshness and the vividness of the outside created. The perfect expression of a view of life, limited, is bound to be immortal.

Yours faithfully,

to the same kind of criticism. When Velasquez turned aside from making the portraits of stiff Castilians and painted a ragged man with a glass bowl, or a cook preparing an omelette, his aristocratic sitters turned their noses up. We admire Velasquez in one mood as much as in the other. The whole book of life is open to the artist's choice, whether his art be expressed in forms and colours or in words and sounds. To set up fences and landmarks which he may not overstep is futile.

The painter and the novelist have proved the futility of such attempts by refusing to be limited in their choice of subject. The dramatist has still to show his mettle. Abroad he is vindicating his independence day by day; celebrating his escape from the trammels of convention; flouting the puny efforts of prejudice to crib, cabin, and confine his soaring spirit. In France we may take M. Brieux as an example of this pioneer determination. In Germany Hauptmann has broken with tradition; Sudermann, to some extent, as well, and several followers in Hauptmann's steps. Norway was in the van with the plays of Ibsen and Bjørnson. Even here in England we see spasmodic struggles to get away from the trivial round of hackneyed dramatic permutations, and to attract intelligent persons to the theatre by intelligent means.

But we have still in our way a solid mass of unintelligence, which finds expression in parrot-cries and outworn shibboleths bearing upon the questions, What are and what are not fit subjects for plays? If we are to wear down these cries, it must be by the united effort of all who wish our English theatre well as a channel for the communication of ideas, as a medium for the discussion of those things which interest active minds and for the stimulating of emotion and of thought. It is disheartening to find a critic of Mr. A. B. Walkley's acumen calmly writing down the subject of *Beyond Human Power* as a subject "unsuitable for dramatic treatment." If he had said that Bjørnson had not made the most of it, or that the treatment was unconvincing, or that he personally preferred a lighter-hearted form of drama, no one could object. He sets his name to his opinions; there they are, to agree with or to dissent from, as you please. But to pronounce *ex cathedra* and without support of argument that the problem of miracles is "unsuitable for dramatic treatment" seems to me to be without the province of a critic.

Suppose you, Sir, had invited Mr. Walkley to give you his opinion upon M. Zola's "*Lourdes*," and suppose that Mr. Walkley had laid it down that the matter of the book was unsuitable for treatment in a novel, I think, Sir, you would have exercised your own judgment and used your blue pencil. And why, if M. Zola may write a novel about the supposed miracles of *Lourdes*, may not Mr. Bjørnson write a play about the marvellous cures of Pastor Sang? To me, and, as I know, to a great many people, Bjørnson's play was exceedingly interesting and suggestive. The almost universal belief in the possibility of superhuman interference in human affairs is specially worthy of attention in these days when few of us are without friends who pin their faith in Catholic doctrine to reports of marvellous occurrences, or who have embraced Christian science, or who in some way look to agencies beyond human power. The effects that are produced upon different minds by stories of the marvellous give the dramatist ample scope for study of character and dramatic contrast. I do not know whether Mr. Walkley has ever visited *Lourdes*. If he has, I am sure his keen analytical mind must have sought to penetrate the emotions and the intellectual processes which lead to the Grotto by the Gave thousands and

THE CASKET LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—No. I do not think I must "be only well-known student of the Letters," to me," no more than to Mr. Lang; but kindly flattering as to state that the last word of this country has been said by me (some ten besides he thinks it necessary—not always, a flattering terms to refer throughout his statements of mine, while in strict connexion problem he makes no mention of any other living writer in this country, it almost necessary veil of anonymity formed by the words "well-known" ceases to serve Mr. Lang's charitable purpose his readers capable of putting two and two together to no doubt as to the person alluded to; and, I know one reader, other than myself, who at missing name. Mr. Lang's private communication till after I had sent my letter to *Literature*.

In regard to more important matters: admits that the Lennox *précis* may have been Moray or De Silva, but now asks was "W. 1568) to have let Lennox quote at some length did not exist?" My view, of course, is merely a somewhat erroneous summary of what exist; but until the publication of the *Letters* opinion regarding the character of Wood Lennox may be reserved, although there is no as yet, that Wood was empowered to show to the English commissioners. But suppose been entrusted with a letter, suddenly suppressed afterwards, and that he showed the *Letters* likely that Lennox, in summarizing the early *Letters*, would by mere chance construct resembling the meagre one of Moray?

(2) As to the danger of the Scots *Letters*, my point was their conception of the however, directs attention to a statement "Even if the *Letters* differed, the different tampering, did not redound to Mary's glory "proof of tampering" would discredit the the *Letters*, and redound not merely to Mary's complete discomfiture of her accusers.

(3) Mr. Lang is apparently still person ride," though he has now discovered the real Sir Robert Melville but George Douglas. "did Melville's brother James take over the took four and a-half days, whereas Mr. Lang Robert as taking only two or two and three and a-half (though facts known to Mr. Lang debarrd him from the latter alternative Lang thinks that Sir James took three careful consideration of his statement—I show that he took four and a-half, and liberated by De Silva. He set out at noon reached London late on the night of the 23rd Mr. Lang's latest "rapid rider," took six time! Mr. Lang's quotation of De Silva in reference opinion of Maitland is hardly full enough to properly to interpret the meaning. As matter even state or imply that the *Letters* were a

November 30, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

story is in itself of little account, and is of absolutely no account in regard to the fixing of dates. Moreover, Mr. Lang must know that there are other equally credible stories about that particular coffer. But since Mr. Lang says his mind is open in regard to Maitland's connexion with the forgery, may I suggest to him a more thorough consideration of the available evidence in regard to Maitland's attitude towards the Queen? How one who had read Sir James Melville's Diary or perused Sir Robert Melville's correspondence could ever have imagined that Sir Robert "split" to Elizabeth on Maitland *ex donne*, &c. Both of the Melvilles were absolutely convinced that Maitland was a secret favourer of Mary.

(4) The fact that the draft of Crawford's Declaration is among the Lennox papers seems to indicate that it was corrected at the instance of Lennox, with the aid of the English version of Letter II.; and this was plainly Mr. Lang's unsophisticated opinion, until attention was directed to the consequences of holding it. But there may be, as Mr. Lang suggests, more conclusive evidence in the Lennox papers, the publication of which by Father Pollen is now (it appears) happily decided on.

Your obedient servant,

T. F. HENDERSON.

THE CHINESE SPOILS AT POTSDAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The antique astronomical instruments of which the Chinese were so proud have now been definitively set up at Potsdam, and the German general concerned has defended their acquisition. What a far more famous Prussian leader would have thought of such a thing may be gathered from the following account, written at Paris in 1815 by Sir Walter Scott ("Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," no. XIII.):—

The museum, when I first arrived in Paris, was still entire, but Blücher, who was not, it seems, to be foiled a second time, has since made several visits, attended by a German artist, for the purpose of ascertaining and removing the pictures which belong to Prussia, or the German States now united with her. The French guardians of the museum also attended, no longer to decide upon the point of view in which the spoils of nations should be disposed, but to plead, occasionally and timidly, that such a picture formed no part of the Cabinet of Potsdam, but had been stolen from some other collection. These demurrers were generally silenced by a "Tais-toi" or "Halt Maul" from the veteran of Laon and Waterloo, who is no friend to prolonged discussions.

Now, Sir, if the "Yellow Peril" should ever unhappily become imminent, will not the Mongolian generals cast about for precedents justifying a reclamation of their lost instruments? And will not the foregoing extract serve?

Yours obediently,

E. CANT-WALL.

MR. ANDREW LANG.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As you have done me the honour of referring to and using my catalogue of Mr. Lang's books, will you permit me to correct and supplement your bibliography in one or two cases. This is in the interest of your bibliography, which will probably be used by collectors and others.

Poetry. The entries—"1886. Selections in 'Sonnets of the Century' (Scott)" and "1893. Selections in Scottish Contemporary Verse (Scott)" comprise only reprints of some of Mr. Lang's verse and are hardly entitled to a place in the list. Critical. The "Politics of Aristotle" appeared first in 1877, a separate reprint in 1886. "Essays in Little," though now published by Longmans, was first published by Henry and Co. History.—The date of "Oxford: Brief Historical and Descriptive

America. The American edition reprints some verses. Except as general editor of "Bibliothèque de Carabas" in which they appear, Mr. Lang did not edit "Æsop," but he contributed verses to the work.

I append a list of works edited or "introduced" by Lang, but even this does not exhaust his work in the matter:—

1881.—E. A. Poe's Poetical Works (Kegan Paul).

1884.—Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (G. P. Press).

1887.—Cupid and Psyche (Nutt).

1887.—Johnny Nutt (first translation) (Longmans).

1887.—Beauty and the Beast (Tuer).

1888.—Ferrault's Popular Tales (Clarendon Press).

1888.—Ballads of Books (Longmans).

1888.—Euterpe (Nutt).

1890.—Adventures of Ulysses (Arnold).

1890.—Longinus on the Sublime (Macmillan).

1890.—Hypnerotomachia (Nutt).

1891.—Elizabethan Songs (Osgood)?

1891.—Kirk's Secret Commonwealth (Nutt).

1894.—Border Ballads (Lawrence and Bullen).

1894.—Little Johannes (Heinemann).

1895.—Hogg's Death Wake (Lane).

1896.—Poems and Songs of Burns (Methuen).

1896.—Compleat Angler (Dent).

1897.—Animal Land (Duckworth)?

1897.—Lady of the Lake (Longmans).

1898.—Holmes' Autocrat (Ward).

1899.—Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare (Freschman).

There are also a book of "Nursery Rhymes,"

"Malory," and a host of other books too numerous to mention. Since issuing my catalogue (1897) I have entered over 100 items, some of which are omissions.

C. M. FALCONER.

Dundee, Nov. 25.

** We are much obliged to Mr. Falconer for his this voluminous bibliography. We did not attempt a record of Mr. Lang's work as editor. But the list given by Falconer will no doubt be acceptable.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Autobiography of Lt.-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart., G.C.B." Murray.

"The Victorian Anthology." By Sir M. E. Grant Duff. Scribner, 7s. 6d.

"Later Poems." By Mrs. Meynell. John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.

"With Rhinington." By L. March Phillips, lately Captain in R. Guides. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

"In Sicily." By Douglas Sladen. Sands. 63s. net. 2 vols.

"Great Religions of the World." Harper. 7s. 6d.

[A Volume of Articles on the Religions and Beliefs of the Universe. By well-known writers, including Sir A. C. Lyell, Professor Rhys Davids, Cardinal Gibbons, and Mr. Frederic Harrison.]

"The Confessions of a Caricaturist." By Harry Furness. Unwin. 32s.

"Japan: a Record in Colour." By Mortimer Menpes. A. and C. 20s. net.

"The Life of Napoleon I." By John H. Rose, M.A. 2 vols. [Largely compiled from new materials taken from the official records. Illustrated.]

"Cecil Rhodes: a Study of a Career." By H. Hensman. 1s. 6d.

"The Velvet Glove." By Henry Seton Merriman. Smith, Elder.

"The Portion of Labour." By Miss Mary Wilkins. Harper.

"The House Divided." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Harper.

"The Mission of Margaret." By Adeline Sergeant. John Lane.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent

A MASQUE OF DAYS. From the *Last Days of Illia*. Newly Dressed and Decorated by WALTER CRANE. 11½x8½. Cassell. 6s.

[Illustrating, in fine coloured designs and round large hand written type, Lamb's fancy of a feast given to all the days of the year by the New Year. A pretty book.]

STORIES OF THE TUSCAN ARTISTS. By ALMENA WHERRY. 8½x6½. 166 pp. Dent. 16s. 6d.

[A finely printed and bound volume telling the story of the Tuscan artists in a popular manner for those who have not been to Italy, with excellent reproductions of sculpture and pictures.]

THE ART JOURNAL (1901). Virtue.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. By H. W. PAUL. 8½x5½, 280 pp. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

[Expansion of Mr. Paul's article in "The Dictionary of National Biography." "An unadorned narrative of facts," laying no claim "to a formal life."]

LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR W. MOLESWORTH, Bt., M.P., F.R.S. By Mrs. FAWCETT, L.L.D. 8½x5½, 252 pp. Macmillan. 6s. 6d. n.

[An elaborate life showing what we owe to Molesworth (1810-1855) as an early adherent of colonial self government.]

ROBESPIERRE. A Study. By HILAIRE BELLOC. 9x5½, 380 pp. Nisbet. 16s.

[An extensive study (by the author of "Danton") explaining Robespierre's career, disclaiming any addition to known facts.]

JANE AUSTEN: HER HOME AND FRIENDS. By CONSTANCE HILL. 9x6, 26 pp. Lane. 21s. n.

[Follows Jane Austen to all her different places of abode, with topographical illustrations in line and portraits, and information from Mrs. Norton.]

ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS. By HIPPOLYTE PARIGOT. (Les Grands Écrivains Français.) 4½x7½, 185 pp. Hachette. Paris. Fr. 2.50.

[The latest addition to this famous series edited by M. Jusseland.]

SOUVENIRS DE M. DE LAUNAY DE LA COMEDIE FRANÇAISE. Récueillis par LE COMTE FLEURY. Preface de M. Jules Claretie. 7½x4½, 267 pp. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

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BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

CLEAS PETER AND THE CHILDREN OF GRUBBYLEA. By OTTILIA ADELUNG. Trans. by Ada Wallace. 11x8, 24 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d. n.

[An improving little German story translated into English rhyme, with excellent water-colour illustrations.]

FLOWER LEGENDS FOR CHILDREN. By HILDA MURRAY. 11½x8½, 64 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[Stories of flowers and trees, told in prose. Admirably illustrated in colour.]

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THE WONDERFUL STORY OF BUNTER VAN HAUDEN AND HIS SEVEN LITTLE DAUGHTERS. By E. CHESTERTON. 10x7½. Family Johnson. 2s. 6d. n.

[A quaint story in rhyme, with fantastic illustrations in line.]

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[A little girl, afraid of the dark, a cruel nurse, and a sympathetic mouse. Good illustrations.]

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PRIVATE BOES AND THE NEW RECRUIT. By MAHEL C. BERTHOUD. 140s. by H. M. Brock. 7½x5½, 246 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

[A story of children and soldiers, bringing in the Diamond Jubilee procession.]

LUCKY POLLY. By H. HICKMAN. 7½x5, 226 pp. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.

[The story of a dog, published at the suggestion of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.]

GOLDEN SUNSHINE. Vol. for 1901. 9½x6½, 192 pp. S.P.C.K. 1s. 4d.

EDUCATIONAL.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC NEEDS. By G. G. COLTON. 7½x5, 22 pp. Kegan Paul, Marshall.

[Suggests ideas on the teaching of English and modern languages.]

ANNON'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. Ed. by H. W. HOUSEHOLD. English Classics for Schools. Grade II. 6½x4½, 164 pp. 10d. n.

[Revised text, with later additions, notes, and glossaries.]

THE DESIRED HAVEN. 7½x5, 223 pp. J. LONG.

[A quiet study of the life in England, of a delicate girl who leaves a hard-hearted step-mother father to act for herself, and finds the "desired haven." The story is well told, but the conclusion is high flown.]

THE CHILDREN OF THE SPHINX. By G. C. W. Bristol: The Cosmopolitan Publishing Company.

[An historical novel of adventure in Egypt, here is a son of Ramesses, King of Egypt.]

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[The latest novel of this charming writer, who]

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[A brilliant portrait, by the lady to whom it has just awarded a prize of 8,000fr. of Anne-Marie Duchess of Montpensier.]

LITERARY.

MILTON'S PROSODY. by ROBERT BRIDGES, and **IN ENGLISH VERSE.** by W. J. STONE. 8x5. Press. 5s. n.

[Mr. Bridges now adds an analysis of stress on the English hexameter. Mr. Stone's part, an introduction of classical metres (privately printed before his death recast as a history and grammar of the present book.)

THE DEFENDANT. By G. K. CHESTERTON. 7 Johnson. 5s. n.

[Clever essays defending many things usually condemned.]

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[MRS. J. ANGLADE.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 272 by
H. JOHNSON (2nd ed.)



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 272, by Jan Smutny, Bohemia. White (8 pieces)—K at K R 5; Q at Q Kt 5; B at K Kt 8; Kt at K R 5; pawns at K Kt 5, K 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 5. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R 8; pawns at K R 6, K B 3, Q 2. Three moves.

PROBLEM No. 273, by Jan Smutny. White (6 pieces)—K at Q Kt 5; Q at K R 5; R at K 5; Kts at K B 4 and K Kt 5; pawns at K R 4. Black (9 pieces)—K at Q 5; bishops at K B 7 and K Kt 5; pawns at K B 3, K B 4, K 6, Q B 4, Q B 5, Q Kt 6. Three moves.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 251, Gold (2), K-B 2. No. 252, Gold (3), Q-Kt 2. If Kt-Q: 2. R-Q 6 ch, or if B-Q: 2. Kt-B 7 ch, &c. No. 253, Ending by Troitzky:—1. P-B 6 ch, K-P; 2. Kt-B 4, B-K 7; 3. B-R 4 ch and wins. Variations. No. 254, Shinkman (2), Q-R 2. No. 255, Marin (2), P-Q 3. No. 256, Frieder (3), 1. P-Kt 8-R, K R 7; 2. R-Kt 3, B-Kt 4; 3. P-Kt 4 mate. No. 257, Brandauer (2), R-B 4. No. 258, Kohtz (3), key Q-B 4. Then if Kt-Q: 2. Kt-Kt 8,

PROBLEM No. 271 by
Dr. H. GOLD, Vienna



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

&c., or if Q-Q: 2. Kt-K 8, &c. No. 259, Q-B 2, P-Q: 2. R(Kt 2)-K 2, &c. ("Such a three-mover is rare," A. O. W.) No. Kt-B 8. No. 263, Schrufer (3), key R-K 8. 264, End-games will be given later.

Correct Solutions received as follows:—(Blarritz), 254, 257; A. C. H. (Reform Club), 254, 257; W. P. H. (West Stanley J. Gibbons (Sidcup), 247, 251, 257; A. field), 245, 251 to 253; J. D. Tucker (Hills), 258; Otto Würzburg (Grand Rapids), 253 to 250 to 252; G. H. E. Russell, 254, 257.

PROBLEM TOURNAMENTS. The British Chess Association announces a new tournament, towards which Sir has given £10 10s. for prizes, of which there. The German Chess Association also announces a connexion with the meeting next year at Han. Windmühlenstrasse 213, Hanover, by 20th. Stratégie (Paris) has published, in the current is- tion of its entries for the mammoth tourname positions were sent in. Dr. Tolosa y Carrer chief judges. The award will be awaited with a

GAME No. CXIII.—One of the Russian games in which the champion was engaged:—

RUY LOPEZ.			
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
J. Sydn.	M. J. Tschigorin.	J. Sydn.	J. Sydn.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	21. B-Q 2	21. B-Q 2
2. Kt-K R 3	Kt-K B 3	22. B-K 3	22. B-K 3
3. B-K 5	Kt-B 3	23. B-B 3	23. B-B 3
4. Castles	P-Q 3	24. Kt-K 5	24. Kt-K 5
5. P-Q 4	Kt-Q 2	25. P-B 3	25. P-B 3
6. Kt-K 3	B-K 2	26. Q-Q 2	26. Q-Q 2
7. B-Kt	P-B	27. Q-Q 3	27. Q-Q 3
8. P-K 2	P-P	28. B-K 3	28. B-K 3
9. Kt-K 2	Castles	29. Q-Q 4	29. Q-Q 4
10. Kt-K 3	B-Q 3	30. Q-K 2	30. Q-K 2
11. B-K 5	P-B 3	31. Q-K 2	31. Q-K 2
12. B-K 3	Kt-K 3	32. Kt-B 2	32. Kt-B 2
13. P-K 3	Q-K 2	33. B-B 2	33. B-B 2
14. Kt-R 4	P-K 3	34. B-B 2	34. B-B 2
15. Q-Q 2	B-K 3	35. Q-K 3	35. Q-K 3
16. P-Q 4	R-K 5	36. Q-K 3	36. Q-K 3
17. Q-R 2	B-B 6	37. Kt-K 3	37. Kt-K 3
18. Kt-K 5	P-Q 4	38. Kt(K 3)-B 4	38. Kt(K 3)-B 4
19. Kt-B 3	R-K 2	39. Kt-Q 6	39. Kt-Q 6
20. B-B 6	Kt-K 5	40. Kt(B 4)-K 3	40. Kt(B 4)-K 3
21. B-Q 3	Kt-B 4	41. P-P	41. P-P
	Kt-B 4	42. K-R 4	42. K-R 4

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No. 298, DECEMBER

A MESSAGE FROM AMERICA OUR UNDISCIPLINED BRAIN By Charles Copland Perry MARRIAGE AND MODERN C W. S. LILLY A NEW LIGHT ON THE BAC CYTHIEL By W. H. M. FREDERICK WEDMORE HOW TO FIT AN END TO PRO By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C. H. A PLEA FOR THE CIRCUIT R Mr. Justice Grantham

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 216. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be
MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Books to read just published :—

- "Caroline the Illustrious, Queen Consort of George II." By W. H. Wilkins. Longmans.
- "Oxford Studies." By J. R. Green. Macmillan.
- "New Tales of Old Rome." By R. Lanciani. Macmillan.
- "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." Ed. by W. Aldis Wright. Macmillan.
- "The Usurper." By W. J. Locke. Lane.
- "The Man from Glengarry." By R. Connor. Hodder, Stoughton.
- "The Portion of Labour." By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper.

The publishing year is all but over. The bitter cry of the over-stocked bookseller—always heard at this season of the year—grows louder every day, and many books are being held back by the publishers until next year. This will help the booksellers to ease their groaning shelves, and perhaps make up for what, speaking generally, seems to have been anything but a prosperous season for the trade.

which, as stated in last week's *Literature*, is to be written by Mr. W. H. Wilkins. The publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson, have obtained permission to reproduce two recently-published portraits of the King and Queen, which will appear as plates with the first part. The biography, having run its course as a serial, will be published in volume form. Another illustrated work which Messrs. Hutchinson are preparing for publication in parts early in the coming year is a history of the British Parliament.

Far the most noteworthy volume in its kind to come under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer during the first three days of the week was the copy of Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions," 1807, alluded to at some length in the last number of *Literature*. Although, as it turned out, the 8vo., in original green leather, lacks its back, and as a consequence the paper label, it is not only a record sum for this particular piece, but a record sum for this country. The pages measured about 7½ in. Bidding started at £50, and at £84 the volume was bought by an English collector. Messrs. Denham, the auctioneers, were the buyers, however, at £120. The "Stanzas by Ld. B." are not deemed to be in the autograph, but no doubt whatever is cast on the insertion of "Edwd. Noel Long, Coldm. Gds., from the author," years ago an example, with the original label on the back, was sold under the hammer; and for a higher price than must turn to the first edition of "The Waltz," which in 1801 was sold for £86. As to the "Chronicle of St. Albans," no copy is known, the defective Ashburnham having had one with 511 in facsimile, 22 wanting, was priced 100 gu. ago at £300. The first edition of the Polychronicon in 1801 is not among the very rarest productions of Caxton's, but as long ago as 1873 the perfect Perkins example—from the library, 1827, 1046ms.—made £365; while in the Museum is the White Knight's copy, valued in 1819 at £100. The Charlemont example, wanting 20l., fetched £477 10s.

- "The Polychronicon." Caxton, c. 1482. 1st ed. in English. Wanting many folios. Sold with all texts. ... £400
- Byron. "Poems on Various Occasions." 1807. Original green boards, uncut. Presentation copy. ... 12
- "Chronicle of St. Albans." 1483-4. 198l. of the rare 1st ed. ... 7
- Barclay. "Stultifera Navis." 1570. Original sheepskin binding. Inscription... ... 1
- Alken. "National Sports of Great Britain." 1825. Large paper. ... 3
- "Heures a Louisa de Contances." By Simon Vostré. ... 3
- Boece. "Amorosa Fiametta." 1587. Englished by Bartholomew Young, of the Middle Temple. The Roxburghe copy. ... 3
- "Heures a Louisa de Rome." Printed on vellum, by Gilles Hardouyn. Two leaves slightly mended. ... 3
- Bergomensis. "De Pluribus Christi Sceletisque Mulieribus." Ferrara, 1497. ... 2
- "The Sixtine Bible, Rome." 1590. ... 2
- W. Baldwin. "The Canticles, or Ballades of Solomon." 1549. With the Baldwin imprint, and the autograph. "Tho. Hearne." (In 1802 this copy brought £19 5s.) ... 2
- "Biblia Sacra Polyglotta." 1517. ... 2
- John Hardyng. "Chronicle." 1513. 1st ed., printed by Grafton. ... 1
- George Hickham. "The Musical Entertainer." 1737-50. ... 1
- MS. relating to the Washington Family, America, and documents connected with the Principio iron mines in Maryland and Virginia.

"Cat. of Birds in the British Museum," 1874-83, 27 vols. Gold Plates	29 0
Birds, R. T. "Rough Notes on Birds," 1881-7, 3 vols. Gold Plates	26 6
"The Canterbury Tales," Pynson, 1534, Defective	19 15
Smith, J. Chalmers, "British Mezzotint Portraits," 1875-88, 125 Portraits. A few years ago this work was valued at about £3.	19 10
Freese, John, "The Reason of Gentrie," 1596	17 0
Thavemont, Sir W. "Entertainment at Rutland House," 1637, first edition	10 15
The 782 lots sold during the three days show a total of £3,312 15s. 6d.	

Mr. Sidney Lee publishes a letter he has received from the King complimenting him on the completion of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is engaged in writing her reminiscences.

M. Loubet has founded a £20 prize for the "Société des Gens de Lettres," to be called *Le Prix du Président de la République*.

Men of letters who celebrate their birthdays next week are Björnsterne Björnson and Mr. G. A. Henty (Dec. 8, 1812), Prince Kropotkin (Dec. 9, 1842), Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the American humourist (Dec. 9, 1848), and Sir Frederick Pollock (Dec. 10, 1845).

To-day Mr. Maurice Hewlett will lecture at the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society's house, 20, Hanover-square, on "History as Saga and Small Things in History."

Gerhart Hauptmann, Gorky, and Kipling are to be invited to attend as representatives respectively of German, Russian, and English literature at the centenary of Victor Hugo's birth.

A copy of the famous Psalterum, printed by Fust and Schoeffer in 1459, has been sold to Mr. Pierpont Morgan for £5,250 by the son of the late Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

The French Academy has awarded a prize to M. Jacques Barroux for a study of "John Ruskin and the Idealist and Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century." M. Barroux was for some time an undergraduate at Balliol.

Professor Albrecht Weber died last Saturday in Berlin. "Indian Studies" and an edition of the "White Yagurveda" were among his most important works.

M. Marcel Prévost is writing a novel on the seamy side of Viennese life.

Some interesting reprints are about to be issued by several publishers, as may be seen from our list of "Books to look out for at once." In addition to these Messrs. Chatto and Windus are bringing out immediately an *édition de luxe* of Charles Roeder's "Cloister and the Hearth"—with photogravures and other illustrations by Matt. H. Howerdine—and a pocket edition of Mr. Hall Caine's "The Deserter" in their "St. Martin's Library"; while Messrs. Dent have two new volumes almost ready of the Temple Bible—"Matthew and Mark," edited by Deua Stebbins, and "Leviticus," by Professor Paterson.

The bookbinding discussion at the Society of Arts the other day seemed to point to the conclusion that the decay in the leather of modern bindings was largely due to the speed at which people nowadays live. With the increased output of books, the manufacturers, as one speaker pointed out, were forced to face the problem of how to supply a cheap leather binding. "Men brought a book for a few shillings, read it, put it on the shelf, and thought no more about it." The huge presses of modern times, with pressures amounting to two or three tons, robbed the skins of the very nourishment they required. The trade, it was said, had two classes to consider, one represented by the British Museum and large libraries which were willing to pay for a satisfactory article, and the other by the British public, which apparently loved to be deceived. Sheep skin could be made to masquerade in almost any leather disguise, from crocodile skin to levant morocco, and it was often difficult

Messrs. Greening and Co. ask us to stop of "Back to Lillie Land" is not, as has been said, Clement Scott.

We live in an age of pessimists and prop all the civilized countries in the world reasons of their own for "

Books,	An American professor la
Newspapers,	the United States was dec
the Country,	most intellectual of the citi
and	selves to inventing new me
the Dogs.	instead of philosophizing i
	things. In a recent issue

read that France is progressing in the same to the ever-increasing number of divorce c moral and religious principles." In Rus novelists are philosophers and all the philoso the pious Tolstoy and the iconoclastic G remarking a similar retrograde tendency. Indeed, if England were not also *dans le me* George Macaulay Trevelyan in an article. Century comes to prove that the charact books and newspapers constitutes a "White lead to our undoing. We are perfectly aw great deal of rubbish printed; we regret it, to defend it for a moment. But prophets of c all the facts before delivering their proph that Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan has l investigation. There are two propositions w to his attention. The first is that the cond Press at any given moment is the reflection r of the condition of popular tastes. Were i the society paragraphs and futile serials pu penny dailies were sending the country to th be able to console ourselves with the cheer the publication and wide distribution of a s articles like his own might be relied back again. If we have no particular remedy, it is because we doubt wheth the disease have been rightly diagnosed. tion is that a comparison of the newspapers with the newspapers of the days of our f wholly warrant a pessimistic view, which founded on a comparison of the worst present with the best journalism of the past. scurrilities of contemporary newspapers c from; the futilities and scurrilities of the hidden away in places like the newspaper Museum. Any one who will take the trou there will soon discover that the alleged d of the old journalism is largely a figment. He will find that the old comic papers, like *The* printed jokes of a vulgarity and coarseness w has long ceased to tolerate. He will fin paragraphs are in far worse taste than the w—not in our days would a society journalist things that the old journalists said when it Coots, the banker, was to marry Harriet If he confine his attention to the great c that there, too, the improvement has been s and continuous. The great dailies are b

December 7, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

Literature Portraits.—XXXI.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

The writer of historical romance has one or two advantages on his side in the friendly struggle with his brother, the novelist of modern life. For one thing, he has a more picturesque period to deal with; he can give his descriptive talent fuller play; and he can also enlist our attention by the simple device of introducing, now and again, real historical characters with whom his readers are not sorry to renew a slight acquaintance, dating from the happy days of their youth. A more important point in his favour is, perhaps, the natural craving for easily-acquired information common to most of us. We want an excuse for novel-reading, and we can silence the reproaches of conscience by the comfortable reflection that in sitting down to works like those of Mr. Stanley Weyman we are not wholly wasting our time; that in reading "Sophia" we may inform ourselves of English manners and customs in the middle of the eighteenth century; in "My Lady Rotha," of the state of Germany during the Thirty Years' War; and in quite a group of spirited tales, of the condition of France in the days of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and of Henry of Navarre.

Still, there is something to be said on the other side, and something which concerns Mr. Weyman rather closely. The writer of historical novels finds it difficult to import much humanity into his work. Unless he chance to be a Thackeray—and there are not many Thackerays to be found in the world of fiction—he seldom brings his characters home to us. Even Scott himself made, at all events of his principal personages, little more than lay figures—glorified puppets if you will, but handmaiden, for all their fine clothes and noble sentiments. It was Carlyle, I believe, who first pointed out the vital difference in this respect between a Scott and a Shakespeare, between the man who draws his characters from the clothes inwards and that other who fashions them from the heart outwards. It is not easy to create a living character in a story of modern life; it is very difficult indeed when the period is one as remote as that of Mary I. of England or of the Thirty Years' War. The men are obscured by their trappings, and there is the temptation, to the conscientious worker, of paying too much attention to the clothes they wore, the language they affected, and the manners and customs of the time. For these things insist on being recognized. The habits of what we conveniently call the Middle Ages were most emphatically not as the habits of the present day; the whole thought of the time was totally different from our own, and it would be absurd to pass over these differences lightly, as though they were of small importance. But it is also important to remember that the men and women of those days were equally human with the men and women of to-day. The gentlemen who ruffled it in the train of M. de Rosny, the heroines who had to be rescued or abducted from the enemy's castle, all had characters of their own no less worthy of elaboration than those of the modern curate or the young American girl. But the historians seldom have time to attend to these matters. They are commonly too much occupied with their tavern brawls, with their endless succession of incidents, with their commendable anxiety to preserve a due archaeological effect. These things have also their value, but they are not everything.

Initial chapters) contain some of the most excellent work yet done. The book is slight enough, and it is no doubt unwise in an author, experimenting for the first time, to err on this side rather than on the other. It is also that the lady is kept very much in the background, because the writer rather mistrusted his powers of dealing with the capricious sex. But in other respects the book foretells pretty clearly the sort of work that Mr. Weyman has been ever since. The time selected is his favourite period, and his favourite district of his favourite country; the Vidébezers is the prototype of half-a-dozen other ruffians, rescued by immense valour and a suspicion of gentlemanly. I hasten to give all credit to Mr. Weyman for having made early the important discovery that there are general good points even in the most thorough-paced villains. He wrote his first book this subtlety of psychological truth fully appreciated by writers of fiction. It does not seem a matter of general knowledge even now.

Mr. Weyman is good in the handling of crowds, even if crowds have something more than a family likeness. When collected together, in the Middle Ages or later, they brawls; and it is in brawls that the hero of historical fiction plays his mettle. "The House of the Wolf" begins with de Caylus spitting a brawler; it goes on to a spirited description of the Paris mob on the night of the massacre. "My Lady Rotha" contains an excellent fight with the good p. Heritzburg; "The Red Cockade" is filled with descriptions of revolutionary crowds, at first half-cowed and sullen, afterwards uproarious and triumphant. They are generally quite what they inspire the proper thrill of apprehension, and they give the hero plenty to do whenever they appear upon the scene. I confess, too, that I have a weakness for the tavern brawl, which has ever been one of the most useful weapons in the arm of the romantic writer. Mr. Weyman has some excellent sword-play in this kind—notably, I think, that one "Gentleman of France" where Crillon intervenes. It was thought, too, introducing Turcotte at that same crisis.

In fiction of this sort style is of no very great consequence. It is the fighting that sells your historic novel, when all else we do not want our fighting spoiled by the tricks of the critic. Mr. Weyman's manner in writing is not unpleasing. It is plain and straightforward, with a touch of carefulness (as in using a language not wholly familiar to him) which suits enough with the times of which he treats. There are occasions when he rises to a grim sort of eloquence. But he is not one of neat phrases. Action is his strong point—action ingenious contriving of adventure that shall lead on to the future and keep the reader always neatly balanced between hope and fear for the hero's safety and good name. I have sometimes abused him for repeating his incidents, and it is true that we find characters escaping out of a window on one side of the street into a similar casement on the other more than several of his books, while many of the personal combats singular resemblance to each other. But these critics, to me, have not sufficiently considered the difficulties of the game. After all, in the days when men carried long swords, fight must have been very like another, and there are not many different ways of getting out of a window. Let us say that Mr. Weyman is not a Dumas, but he exhibits a certain variety of incident, and it is always well and briskly done. He is not one of our most bloodthirsty writers, but he is

voice is like the grating of steel on steel. "'Tis a cock of a fine backle' cry a round dozen of favours rufflers on different occasions. The dull roar of the crowd is likened to that of breakers falling on the beach. "A slow blush, gradually deepening, crept over her face, as dawn creeps over a grey sky." It is only necessary to look through any one of his novels to find a hundred such battered expressions, which the irreverent call *cliches*. They are not without their use. They give, indeed, a picturesque air to the whole, and a touch of the archaic, but in time they begin to arouse the critic's impatience.

It is very much the same with Mr. Weyman's men and women, for the most part. They too, are reproduced from old moulds, sometimes from a mould of Mr. Weyman's own manufacture, occasionally from one bearing the signature of another author. He has not many types of character at his disposal, and so it need not surprise us to find him using them with a certain economy. *Le Chevalier de Beaufort*, the *Viscount de Beaufort*, *Count Hannibal*—these three, to name no others, are all examples of the same type—one that the author may claim, perhaps, to have made for himself. The other would be employers for his protagonists to have imitated, though it is only just to note as an exception Mr. Richard Price, in "Screwdriver." His ladies also run much along the same pattern—high-souged, noble damsels, with more than a suspicion of the shrew in their composition. Sometimes the shrew is very prominent, as in *Mademoiselle de la Vire*; sometimes it is barely visible, as in *Rotha*, *Countess of Heritzburg* occasionally—but the heroine of "The Red Cockade" stands for my example—it remains an undeveloped possibility. His ladies, to tell the honest truth, are not particularly fascinating. The reader never falls in love with them—he is sometimes inclined to wonder at the warmth with which they are regarded by their indiscreetly rapid suitors.

In these days no author can very seldom write what he will. There are too strong forces at work upon him, tending to restrain any original departure, any step in a direction that he has not previously trodden and found remunerative. The first is that consciousness, that fear of "letting oneself go," which, according to Mr. Frederic Harrison, is at the bottom of our decline in fiction-writing. The author of to-day is critic-ridden; he begins with the fear of the reviewer before him, and the result is a crumpled and artificial literary consciousness. I do not lay so very much stress upon this point, although undoubtedly it goes for something. The agent, or the publisher, is really at the root of the matter. Let a man make a success in one particular sort of fiction, and he is well wadded with entreaties to repeat himself; to do another and yet another work in the same kind. Does some unhappy writer make a hit with a tale of China or Japan, it must be China or Japan with him until he can rouse himself to find something new to say about a very common matter as it sounds. And it is so, to all appearance, with Mr. Stanley Weyman. He has got into a groove from which he will in all probability never extricate himself; he has his period and his scenery, and his short characters, and with these useful properties he can turn out quite comfortable work, safe for the sale of a certain number of copies, remunerative and pleasing to all parties concerned. Only once, to my knowledge (if we except one or two short stories), has he made a serious attempt to emancipate himself, and that was some little time ago, before the wheels of his imagination had got so deep a rut as they now contentedly travel in. It was in 1891, I believe, that he published "The New Rector," and it was not exactly a success. The book is rather dull, it is true, but it contains more humanity than most

any fighting to be done—a not uncommon occurrence in his novels. His novels are, in construction, they may not live for any great length of time, but they make entertaining and not unprofitable. The best of them are as good as any work of the kind turned out on either side of the Atlantic. The creditable books, but they lack something. Perhaps some day he will get himself loose from his tawdry swashbucklers and their Wardour-street furniture and produce a great novel. I doubt whether not certain that it is an impossibility.

E. H. LA

Mr. Stanley Weyman took to writing in order to supplement his insufficient income at the Bar. His career as a writer began in 1871, when he wrote an account, which was not printed, of Prince Leopold for the *St. James's Gazette*. So short stories, and, after repeated failures, wrote "Sweet Olive," which made James Payn urge a novel. The result was a novel of moderate success called "The New Rector" and although the title was used again. But the tide came in 1874, when he wrote a paper on "Oliver Cromwell's Kinsfolk" for the *Review*, and Mr. Frederic Harrison asked him to write a paper on the actual descendants of a chance study, at his club, of Professor Baird's "Huguenots" set him thinking that he might succeed in the study of arms in a historical period, and he wrote "The House of the Wolf." It appeared so successful that a few years later the publisher (Longmans) sent the author a complimentary copy of "The Story of Francis Cludde" appeared in 1879, and Messrs. Cassell subsequently published it in book form in 1891. In four years it brought £700 and £800. "A Gentleman of France," Mr. Weyman's first great success. It first appeared in 1893 and in one volume in 1894 (Longmans). "My Lady Rotha," which Messrs. Cassell published in 1894, appeared in a paper-cover edition limited—priced at ten guineas each. This was a success in America. "Count Hannibal" reprinted, although published only a few years later, is a chronological list of Mr. Weyman's books is: "The House of the Wolf," Longmans; 1890. "Francis Cludde," Cassell; 1891. "The New Rector," 1891. "A Gentleman of France," 1891. "Under the Red Robe," Methuen; 1891. "The House of the Wolf," now Ward, Lock; 1894. "The Man of the House," 1895. "From the Memoirs of a Minister of State," 1895. "The Red Cockade," Longmans; 1895. "Cause" (With four other tales "King of the House," "The Drunken Ball," "The Harpy," and "Archdeacon Holden's Triumphant," Chicago; 1898. "Shrewsbury," Longmans; 1898. "The Castle Inn," Smith, Elder; 1898. "Count Hannibal," Smith,

A REVIEW OF REVIEW

A "Personal View"

By HARRY QUILTER

Appreciation, Depreciation, Notice, Criticism, the four strings of the critical fiddle, an individual plays too many Paganinis, each working his speciality. Popularity of such articles, at least to the number inserted, varies in inverse

desirable that this last should not disappear from contemporary journalism, and the present writer would attempt to define a few of its obligations and faults, or rather to suggest concerning them the personal view of one who for six and twenty years has been working in this department of journalism. During this period reviewing has considerably altered in character, not entirely for the better; the signed review, for instance, has relieved the editor of much responsibility and permitted the expression of personal opinion to an extent formerly impossible. No doubt this has its advantages, also its drawbacks, not the least of the latter being that the critic is no longer conditioned by the importance of his periodical, by the necessity of not committing it to partial or indefensible statements. The mity of the paper, too, suffers; its columns become to some extent budgets of opinion; the verdict is not *ex cathedra*. This was not so when I first went on the staff of the—at the beginning of 1876. Said the editor to me, "Remember, we do not allow any articles to appear which are inconsistent with our personal views. We wish the paper to possess a definite mity," and it did. With the increased demand for lightness, interest, news, compression, and sensation that nowadays distinguishes journalism, editorial responsibility is chiefly limited to the literary-plus-journalistic value of the contribution, and save in special departments the personality of the journal is allowed to disappear. Hence divergent views are indubitably more common; and the responsibility for inadequate treatment is removed from the newspaper to the shoulders of the critic. These shoulders bear it lightly, for several reasons, of which the chief is, that the writer commonly declines to attempt serious criticism; he starts, as often as not, by declaring, in set or implied terms, his intention of giving a personal view only of the portion of the work under review which interests him. Or, if he be less candid, he adopts a thesis concerning his author, either optimistic or pessimistic, and selects bits here and there to prove his contention. Or, in the last case, he avoids the expression of opinion altogether, by the repetition, in more or less accurate phrase, of the author's own views and opinions. This last is achieved by copious quotation, joined up with insignificant and colourless commonplace. None of these things is criticism; are they desirable substitutes?

Is it impossible to render journalistically interesting a paper of the truly critical kind? And, in that case, are not the public and the authors very great losers by the omission of such reviews? Now I maintain, with all deference to my contemporaries, that there is not the least reason why a true criticism should be dull. There is the very strongest proof that this is not the case from the existence of a large body of work which proves the opposite. How about Hazlitt, Swift, Coleridge, and Byron's criticism? How about Taine, Sainte-Beuve, the Goncourts, and, coming down to our own day, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson, Morley, and Frederic Harrison? It were easy to multiply instances, but the fact is hardly to be denied, even by the most uninstructed reader. We may fancy, however, the argument would run thus:—"The times have changed, leisure and patience are to seek, and in the press of more vital interests critical considerations have little place. Besides which, books are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and it is better for the author that a glimpse of the character and contents of his work should be given than that he should be assigned an accurate place in the very ephemeral roll of fame." To which answer may be made that there is no reason why criticism should not be brief, trenchant, and to the point, in as great a degree as

before an incompetent or partial judge. Moreover, in the general form of eulogium now dubbed "Appreciation," it may be a pleasure to an author that some popular writer express his personal admiration, it should be nothing to him unless that writer shows his admiration to be founded on adequate knowledge of good work of similar character. It is competent and daring enough to assign a definite value to a new performance, to place it in the proper rank, and to give good reasons for so doing. That this can only be done by a certain acquirement and experience, joined (in all probability) to a certain natural capacity, is undoubtedly true, but it always limit the number of real critics. But that all up critical writing may work in this manner, and to some end, is quite certain; if they do not do so, it is not the proceeding is impossible, but because the person is ignorant or incompetent. Journalistically speaking, a single phrase frequently supply the comparative criticism most nearly most illuminating; or swift suggestion thereof may be made in an epigram, or hinted in an adjective. When the master of the college remarked of a brilliantly clever, good-looking, lazy young Don, that the "small amount of time he could spare from the adornment of his person he devoted to the discharge of his duties," he gave an instance of such criticism none the less vital for its sarcasm and unpleasantness. When a certain painter suggested that the painter under consideration was in inverse ratio to the value of the substance he was painting, and consequently, worst of all when he was dealing with a human face, he may have been mistaken, but he was certainly a genuine critic. When a lesser writer, who shall be named, of an equally nameless author that he went delicately, like amongst adjectives and adverbs, he gave an impression of the writer's style equivalent to a page of description—a No, there is no reason why criticism should be dull. As a matter of fact, the better the criticism the less dull it will prove. For good criticism is the acute perception of differences, and the expression of them in terse and vigorous form.

There is another chief consideration relating to criticism in periodicals, though one upon which I do not wish to dwell, which is that, in the absence of criticism, notice can hardly be expected to become interested and partial—once depart from the critical method, and there is no guarantee against the perversion of an author's purpose, or the value of his work. We see that in departments of thought and action, where rules and canons of reasoning and conduct are accepted, there is no place and no pity for those dealing with such matters to show themselves ignorant of the prescribed course, or incompetent to carry out its obligations and prescriptions. But in the "Go-as-you-please" system is the ruling one, there is scarcely a limit to latitude, or any punishment for error. It is necessary that those who produce from their brain should be safeguarded to as great an extent as those who produce with their hands, or those who sell what others have so produced. If such safeguards cannot be afforded them by law; they should at least be the more certainly be given them by literary custom. It is no more allowable to depreciate unduly the quality of a pound of tea than that of a pound of tea, and to that end criticism should only exist, but be governed by accepted canons, against which should receive at least an equal condemnation with that bestowed upon any other incompetent writer.

This question of competence can only be dealt with by discussing the difficulties inseparable from any work worthy of the name, which may rightly be divided

productions which are or are not at the moment in special favour. It will be observed that I have left out of consideration any hindrance arising from insufficient training in literary expression, any ignorance of critical method, any incompetence to reason soundly, and draw logical conclusions from a given premise. I have assumed the critic to be a capable writer.

Now with regard to (1) it is to be noted that the books which present most obstacle to a competent reviewer are not those, as might have been expected, which deal with a technical subject. And for this reason. On such subjects, special information—i.e., that of specialists—is always to be obtained by those who know where to look for it. And, as part of any literary man's training is to be able to suck the heart out of a book at short notice, such an one has but little difficulty in finding out what has been said, or what is known on the given subject, and dealing with the new book thereon in the comparative method. Given an ordinary amount of brains, a British Museum reading-ticket, a fair share of industry, and two or three days' notice, a reviewer should be able to write not only a readable but an informing criticism of any subject which is in the least likely to be given him to deal with. But all subjects are not those of specialists, and cannot be approached in this manner. Large classes, for instance, are connected with "affairs," others with abstruse departments of thought, in which the estimation of argumentative value is a necessary part of the reviewer's criticism; and others deal with literary or æsthetic topics, and can only be criticized by those who have trained their perceptions in such manner as to distinguish minute differences of style, technique, and comparative achievement. The appreciation, for instance, of an absolutely right adjective cannot be taught in any school; the sense of what is superlative in colour or form is the result of natural capacity plus long and arduous training. If we think, again, of such classes of work as biography and travel we find the critic presented with another set of difficulties equally dangerous; for here he requires to weigh comparatively excellences and defects which are often of an opposing character. He has to determine, for instance, between the accuracy of Freeman and the picturesqueness of Froude, he must weigh the personal equation of "Eothen" against the careful thought and detailed information of Professor Bryce's "America," or Mr. Wallace's "Russia." Nor is this all. For in such subjects he will require a tolerably wide knowledge of "affairs"; not only of what has been written and done previously, but of the pressing problems with which the near future is likely to be concerned. Such a work, for instance, as Lord Curzon's "Problems of the Far East" was, when it was written, more important from the practical connexion of its author with future administration than would have been the case if it had been written by almost any academic writer. All such considerations, personal, political, and literary, have to be given their due weight, in addition to the appreciation of the author's accuracy in detail, the novelty of his information, and the freshness of the manner in which it is presented. It would not be sufficient in such books to give an abbreviated summary of contents or a few interesting extracts.

THE DRAMA.

THE LIMITATION OF DRAMATIC THEMES.

It comes as a shock to me to find that I have disheartened my friend Mr. Hamilton Fyfe by some recent observations of

upbraiding the cause of his grief. "We have," he cries, "a solid mass of unintelligence, which in parrot-cries and outworn shibboleths asks questions. What are and what are not fit subjects? Shall I remind him that 'liberty' and 'unliberty' are parrot-cries and outworn shibboleths just as of old 'imitation'? Shall I hint that the young men of the theatre (of which he is a distinguished ornament just as the old stick-in-the-muds (whom he is to represent on this occasion) have theirs? I shall profit neither ourselves nor our subject by that fashion. It will be better to consider the positions—for he advances two, one particular and one general—and accordingly I propose to take them in order."

Mr. Fyfe's particular proposition is that a theme is unsuitable for dramatic treatment. He complains of the direct negative, I talked "ex cathedra" and "in a vacuum" of argument "and so went beyond" the proper limits. And then he proceeds to do exactly the same. For in support of his assertion he merely offers (1) a theory and (2) a fact. The dogma is that "The same ideas are produced upon different minds by stories of the same kind." The dramatist ample scope for study of character contrast." But that is the point at issue. What is the proof? Name the dramatists. Presumably he must answer (for I know of no other play of the kind, any rate, he mentions none other), the author of *Poore's*. But that, obviously, would be to be too late now is the time for Mr. Fyfe to serve up his own to him and "to a great many people, Björnson is interesting and suggestive." Well, what of Betsy? Not I, for one; on the contrary, I am not. I said that "The ideas of which the *pseudo* drama—the beauty of faith, the difficulty of miracles, and the curious pathological connection of faith-cures—are so interesting in themselves, and by Björnson with so much poetic feeling and imagination, and at the same time scientific reserve, that could be indifferent to their unsuitability for dramatic treatment." That I, too, like Mr. Fyfe and his friend, find exceedingly interesting and suggestive. The use is that I did not conclude, as he does, that it was a theme suitable for drama. I contented myself, that "one act of monologue on a sick-bed, or another of pulpit oratory from a Church pulpit, would become a drama by the interpolation of two 'characters'." If so great a dramatist as Björnson, while getting ideas out of his theme, could get only a momentary interest of drama, it was a reasonable conclusion that the theme was essentially undramatic. The proof is in the catalog. Mr. Fyfe says he is not making an argument; but there it is staring him in the face, his heart-trouble has impaired his sight.

And it has also predisposed him to reason thus: "Suppose you, Sir," he says to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, "invited Mr. Walkley to give you his opinion on 'Lourdes,' and suppose that Mr. Walkley had said the matter of the book was unsuitable for treatment as drama. I think, Sir, you would have exercised your discretion and used your blue pencil." (Let me say, parenthetically, that these airy hypotheses put the unhappy Editor in a very awkward position. If he took the trouble to invite my opinion, he

of the *genus* literature. As though the gradual method of description and analysis had a field of subjects continuous with that of the now-or-never method of action and synthesis! As though this were not the very reason why, as a general rule, there is only one more unsatisfactory hybrid than a dramatized novel, and that is a novel manufactured out of a play! As though the subject of *L'Education Sentimentale* or of *The Portrait of a Lady* could by any possibility be made dramatic! And as though the subject of *The Comedy of Errors* or of *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* could ever serve for a readable novel! As though we did not know, what M. Brunetière has been dining into our ears for so long, that the essence of play-people is that they *agissent*, while the essence of novel-people is that they *sont agités*. So that when Mr. Pye asks, "Why, if M. Zola may write a novel about the supposed miracles of Lourdes, may not Mr. Björnson write a play about the marvellous cures of Pastor Sang?" he might just as sensibly ask, "Why, if jam is good to eat, is it not a good pomatum for the hair?"

The truth, of course, is that in arguing from the novel to the drama Mr. Pye has overlooked the simple fact that every art has its own range of appropriate subjects, conditioned by the medium in which the art works. And this same oversight has betrayed him into that general proposition of his to which I referred at the outset—the astounding proposition that there are no limitations of subject in any art. "The whole book of life is open to the artist's choice, whether his art be expressed in forms and colours or in words and sounds. To set up fences and landmarks which he may not overstep is futile." I really feel inclined to apologize for taking this statement so solemnly; but I put a few questions. May a serious epic poet choose a medical subject—such a theme, for instance, as that for which Coleridge suggested the opening, "Inoculation! Heavenly Maid!"? May a musical composer choose Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding as the subject for a sonata or a symphony? Or can a painter make a picture or a sculptor a statue out of that subject? Or does the good painter ever take an "anecdote" for a subject? We know that the bad painter does; hence some of the most inartistic eyesores of the Royal Academy. Could you make a novel out of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, or Whitaker's Almanack, or the Army and Navy Stores catalogue? As to the dramatist, he is, and always will be, hemmed in on all sides by "fences and landmarks." The most tragic of tragedians, for instance, may not go beyond subjects of pity and terror to subjects of sheer horror and disgust. (Has Mr. Pye forgotten the famous passage in the *Poetics*—*οὐ γὰρ φοβερὸν οὐδὲ λυγρὸν τοῦτο ἀλλὰ μαρτυρεῖν*?) And that is why the subject of *Titus Andronicus*, for instance, is "unsuitable for dramatic treatment." The most comic of comedy-writers dare not go beyond the marriage of his young lovers to the period when they "live happy ever afterwards." And that is because the essence of drama is conflict of wills. To speak as the mathematicians, subjects showing force in action are "dramatic," subjects showing nothing but forces in equilibrium are absolutely "unsuitable for dramatic treatment." And in like manner many characters—e.g., philosophers, scientific investigators, pure contemplators of life—are excluded from drama because the qualities which make them what they are cannot be shown by the methods of the stage. The stage can only show the philosopher in love or in a rage, the investigator buried in despair or shouting with triumph, and so on—i.e., can only show the qualities which do not make these characters what they are. This is already a fair

abound, as we poor mortals all know too well, on every page "book of life"; and there art is compelled to leave them. I know, after all, that I shall not have convinced Mr. Pye, his fellow-theorists whose cry is, "No subjects barred!" I lack the ability and the authority for that. I will take my usual weakling's refuge, then, in a "big brother." Let me read a little treatise, written a century and a half ago, the object of which was to show that there are general limitations for all art and particular subject-limitations for each art. It is called *Laocoon*.

A. B. WALKER

"REMAINDERS."

The Remainder Trade.

There is something pathetic about a "remainder" book. It is the last refuge of the failures; the graveyard of books that have had their days of success and died; the last work of reference that are growing out of date. It is cruel to speak of the bogey of the book trade when the author and publisher alike should be at their highest, but we have a shrewd suspicion that more than one publisher has sent some of his new books to press. Suppose he calculated to sell 4,000 copies of a work; an extra thousand copies, not a great deal more to produce, would make what he would call a "good remainder." Of course there is always the possibility that the whole edition might be taken up in the first place, but the feeling is spreading among booksellers that the remainder market is developing far too rapidly for the good of the trade as a whole. "Half the business seems to be in remainder books," grumbled one old bookseller to us not long ago; and he clung to the opinion that remainders were not only a blot on the character of the publishing trade, but a fraud on the public. No reasonable man will agree with him, however. The remainder market is indispensable, but there is a danger that its growth may mean a proportionately larger output of rubbish, especially in fiction. There was a time when all publishers looked askance at the remainder man, and made bonfires of unsaleable books rather than let them go his way. Now every publisher bows to the custom so systematically that in most cases he sells his remainders through his own travellers.

We believe it was James Lackington who first really popularized the remainder trade, and he retired with a fortune from his "Temple of the Muses"—as he called his bookshop at the corner of Finsbury-square—over a hundred years ago. He had a hard fight to live down the trade prejudices of his time. "I was very much surprised," he wrote in his curious "Memoirs and Confessions," "to learn that it was common for some persons to purchase remainders to destroy or burn one-half or three-fourths of such books, and to charge the full price, or at least that, for such as they kept in hand." Lackington changed his mind, but it was some time before he forced the trade to do so. And he made many enemies in this way, "some of whom," he wrote, "by a variety of pitiful insinuations and dark innuendoes, sought every nerve to injure the reputation I had already acquired in the public, determined to effect my ruin, which indeed they prognosticated, with a demon-like spirit, must inevitably and speedily follow." Perhaps it was the recollection of this opposition which made poor Lackington so boastful in his triumph. He built a chariot, on the doors of which he had the motto inscribed:—"Small profits do great things," and in this chariot, attended by his servants, he drove round the book trade in state.

The Vicissitudes of Books.

The romantic side of the remainder trade would make an interesting chapter in literary history. Some of the

of "Murray's Family Library" in 1834—100,000 volumes at a shilling each, which he cleared out at a profit of more than a hundred per cent. But his most famous haul was in connexion with "Valpy's Dolphin Classics" in 162 large octavo volumes, the whole stock of which, amounting to nearly 50,000 copies, he sold off in about two years. Similar things happen nowadays, though generally on a smaller scale. Lord Avebury's "Seedlings," if we remember aright, was at one time sold as a remainder at six shillings for the set, but you cannot buy it in the auction room in the same form now under fifteen shillings. Even "Omar" has been among the remainders, the first edition of FitzGerald's translation being sold off at any figure. The Illustrated edition of Challenger Smith's invaluable work on "British Mammals and Portraits Described" was originally published at eight guineas a copy, but ten years ago the remainder was offered at 45 each. Last year one of these examples realized twenty-three guineas. Remainders, indeed, have proved to be the making of many a good book. Only the other day we heard of such a work which, after being abandoned by its publisher as a failure a few years ago, was sold under the hammer to the trade, and becoming known simply through being distributed broadcast among publishers, has had a steady sale ever since. As it turned out, the remainder market was the cheapest form of advertisement the book could have had. Another case was that of an excellent volume of Greek history, sold off after a time as a comparative failure; yet a few weeks later it was adopted as a text-book at Cambridge and the publisher had to re-set it. There must be hundreds of similar instances. Sometimes the author himself is responsible for a remainder—especially with a book that has a regular sale. Something has happened to cut his work a little out of date; he insists on a new edition; and the old stock has to go by the board. It is usually worth while making inquiries before buying a remainder of this description; the new edition may make it dear at almost any price.

Some Modern Remainders.

We have just been looking through a new list issued by the well-known Holborn firm which makes a speciality of this class of books—130 closely printed pages. One of the surprises is to find Madame Sarah Grand's "Both Book" among the six-shilling remainder novels—offered at 2s. 6d.—while a little lower down in the list is Miss Corelli's "Cameos," offered at the same price. "The Daughters of Babylon," by Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens has dropped to eighteenpence, while the price of Miss Dickson's "Cross Currents" has fallen as low as a shilling. Even Bret Harte does not escape. "In a Hollow of the Hills," originally published at 3s. 6d., being offered at 9d. The books that have the strangest vicissitudes, however, are found in the general list, a selection from which we give below:—

TITLES AND AUTHORS	ORIGINAL PRICE			OFFERED AT		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
"Cruise of H.M.S. Porpoise, 1879-1882," From the Papers of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales. With additions by Canon Dalton. Two vols. ...	2	12	6	0	6	6
"The Study of English Literature," By J. Churton ...	0	4	6	0	1	0
"The Famers," By the Earl of Dunmore. Two vols. ...	1	4	0	0	10	0
"Words of Truth and Wisdom," By Dean Farrar ...	0	3	0	0	1	6
"Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster," By Sir T. Wemyss Reid ...	0	10	6	0	2	6
"Edmond and Jean de Gournay," with Letters and Letters from their Journals. Translated by M. A. Bell and M. Shadlock. Two vols. ...	1	12	0	0	3	9
"Life of General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley," By Alexander Innes Shand. Two vols. ...	1	1	0	0	3	0
"Gaily Chronicles," By John Hollingshead ...	1	1	0	0	5	0
"The Early Diary of Frances Burney (Madame d'Aulnoy)," Edited by Annie Elaine Ellis. Two vols. ...	1	12	0	0	6	0
"Life of Sir Robert Christison," Edited by his Sons. Two vols. ...	1	12	0	0	4	0
"The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson," By John Cordy Jefferies. Two vols. ...	1	1	0	0	2	0
"History of the County Palatine of Cheshire," By G. Ormerod. Large paper edition, three vols. ...	30	0	0	4	4	0
"Memoirs of the Empress Marie Louise," By Imbert ...						

Books of travel seem to find their way market as soon as anything—largely because subject than most books to the external influence. Public interest shifts rapidly from one quarter to another, and a book of travel, brought out in sudden emergency, soon finds itself stranded as a late candidate for the remainder man's catalogue.

CURRENT LITERATURE

IMPERIAL POLICY.

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS: A Study in History.

By BERNARD HOLLAND.

(Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

Mr. Bernard Holland has chosen an admirable subject, on the whole, worthily treated it. "Imperium et Libertas" is not only a study of the past, a review of colonial policy since the American Revolution, an examination of the forces at present in operation or foreshadowing of the future. It condenses floating loosely in the air. It will reveal to us his convictions as to matters of vital importance drawn towards Liberal Imperialism, but in difficulties surrounding it, the book will reason for it. To the solution of the complex which Mr. Holland discusses he brings one or is fair-minded; he does not dogmatize; he changed his mind as to some matters; he personalities. To speak of the book as perfect either in style or reflections, or to say that it is a reader, would be nonsensical; parts of it are scrappy; but it is an honest and useful discussion of a question which must be solved and must be solved. The argument is always straightforward. It is a striking testimony to the earnestness of the argument that it leaves the reader with a sense of action is fast slipping away.

It is not a reproach to Mr. Holland that his argument is not very precise. He does not see his way to a scheme under which the colonies would be represented in the Parliament of the United Kingdom; and if not for ever, a Federal Parliament for the colonies remain impossible. Mr. Holland's favourite scheme, Imperial Council, not empowered to legislate, but to consult, advise, and recommend. He likens this supposed Federal Council to the Bundestag, a distinct legislative powers and other attributes to those with which Mr. Holland would invest his scheme. Unfortunately the proposal is left in the air, not realized—how obvious difficulties which do not grow of colonial self-government are to be met; we are even left unconvinced of the gradual opening. More promising and more promising are Holland's suggestions growing out of the remainder, and visibly, is a rise in importance of the Treaty of Commerce is the real bond of unity; and, if its power become fainter, its influence has gained in

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We miss in the volume a sense of proportion. About one hundred and sixty pages are occupied with the American Revolution, and about sixty with the Union of 1801 and *Homo Ruler*; and then comes the summing up. We learn nothing as to local government in other colonies than Canada, or much as to the latest phases of the political life of the Dominion. We find no appreciation of the difficulties which must arise when several federated States all belong to the Empire. The conciliation of "Imperium" with "libertas" is more and more difficult, as their number increases, and Mr. Holland does not aid us as much as he might in finding the way out of these difficulties. One part of the book is distinctly impressive. When Mr. Holland speaks of the declension of the House of Commons he is interesting, when he dilates on the political paralysis in the United Kingdom and the vigorous local life discernible elsewhere he is eloquent:—

If in the United Kingdom we are sensible of a certain political malady, and compare our constitution with that of other countries, we find that the federal system in various forms prevails in the most flourishing and advancing States of the present and the future. The United States of America are so constituted, and so is the German Empire, and Canada, and now Australia. The rise and advance in every direction of the German Empire has been the most striking phenomenon of the second half of the nineteenth century. This Empire is far less centralized than is the United Kingdom, and life, strong at the heart, is strong also in every member. There is no dull monotony of system; the German Empire, though ballasted by the great Kingdom of Prussia, much larger than any other, includes every kind of minor State flying its own flag beneath the Imperial eagles; small republics like Hamburg or Bremen, good-sized constitutional monarchies like Bavaria or Saxony. If the Dutch liked to enter the Empire, the Kingdom of Holland could come in without any change in its domestic constitution. There are States dominantly Protestant and States dominantly Catholic; industrial States and agricultural; each with its own government and varying constitution, and each stimulated by a beneficial rivalry in good works with its neighbours. Every State has the power itself to make itself healthy, prosperous, and beautiful. In cities like Munich or Dresden the traveller feels that mysterious something, wider and higher and nobler than the life even of a large and wealthy provincial town, which marks the existence of a real State capital, the heart of a country living a life of its own. His thoughts may turn with melancholy to those fine old streets and squares and public buildings which in Dublin are now but memorials of a political life which did, though imperfect, exist.

Mr. Holland does not write in a sanguine spirit. He is satisfied neither with the men nor the measures of our day. "I am not at all sure but that the time is approaching when foresight will be a positive disqualification in statesmen." Affairs are drifting, and he is able to point to no uninterrupted course of policy leading to the end which he believes the best for England and the colonies. He thinks that we are entering upon a new phase of development in which both will be members of a real partnership. "Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan," said Burke; and in the spirit of that maxim Mr. Holland bids us advance; bids us try to solve the question, "yet unsolved, whether it would not be possible to form a distinct federal Legislature and Administration above the heads of the local Legislatures, both British and colonial, to deal with a specified class of affairs common to the whole Empire, such as foreign and commercial policy, naval and military affairs, and Imperial finance." He does not, we repeat, write hopefully as to the possibility of this being realized. In the controversies which

LADY SARAH LENNOX.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY SARAH LENNOX, 1745-1806.
Edited by the Countess of HAMMILL and LORD SELWYN.
2 vols. (Murray, 32s.)

The letters of Lady Sarah Lennox have for some time been looked for with no little expectation by the increasing number of readers who are interested in the eighteenth century. They will be somewhat disappointed, for though we can appreciate the personal of her correspondence the causes of her charm, singularly little in this life-long correspondence of no personal interest. Nearly 100 pages of the first volume are with a memoir kept by the first Lord Holland during three years of the reign of George III, which has no historical importance, and would have been better published in a separate volume.

By far the best part of the book consists of the early life of Lady Sarah up to the end of the year 1768. The separation from her husband in the following year caused her less time to be too personal for preservation, and a marriage with Captain Napier, in 1781, she cared nothing for society or politics, and except for a pleasant sense of mellowness of view by which they are characterized, her letters would have no more than family interest. George II. and Lady Sarah famous; she was a mere child on his accession, having been born on February 14, 1715, the fourth daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond; she was very pretty and very attractive, and the young King fell completely in love with her; that his suit was encouraged, probably for political reasons, by Lord Holland is now obvious, and it was disapproved by Lord Bute, to whom nothing could have been more unwelcome than that Lord Holland's sister-in-law should be so popular. It is quite clear—and it could not be otherwise—that Lady Sarah was pleased by the King's preference for her. When his engagement to a German princess was announced, she had no love for him, and was more distressed by the death of her pet squirrel than by the news of the engagement. But the affair was the talk of the Court, and every drawing-room in London, and it gave this charming kind of reputation that made her from that moment a personage. Young as she was, she regarded the certainty of an early marriage with amusing *sans froid*, and carried no expectations by marrying Mr. Charles Bunbury in 1768. She became a typical sporting young lady, and seemed at first to have really liked her husband, though, as we know from Selwyn's letters, she and Lord Carlisle had some kind of quarrel which made the prudent Selwyn send his young friend to get Lady Sarah out of his head. All through her life she was frank, brave, and rather heedless, and this recklessness led her to elope with her cousin, Lord William Gordon, in 1771, though her friends presently induced her to separate from him. The seclusion in which she lived for some time after her subsequent happy marriage to Captain Napier, and her life as the mother of the Napiers—a life of some anxiety and poverty, but one of contentment and good-humoured acceptance with fortune—sum up her remaining years.

It may very well be asked where in all this rather ordinary existence is the attraction of Lady Sarah. It lies in the qualities which cannot be depicted by more extracts from her correspondence nearly a century old, though they are few and far between. It is easy to understand through it the inde-

in both at a time. I told him he was too young for such schemes and would fail in both, but he trusted to the ladies' characters and I believe he may succeed.

Stc. and Charles are, of course, Stephen and Charles James Fox. Twenty years later, when Charles Fox was in office as the colleague of Lord North, and when he might very well have helped Captain Napier, Lady Sarah could write of his neglect of her interests with perfect serenity:

I had a great mind to be in a rage, but I have overcome my anger upon the reflection that Charles has good qualities enough to atone for a thousand faults, and I have no right to expect from him an attention which no relation of his ever yet acquired. I am determined not to grow unreasonable and think him ungrateful because he is partial; the first is a crime, the latter is only a weakness. So much for Mr. Charles.

In the tone of her letters are revealed those attractive qualities which made her liked throughout her long life. To watch the growth of a personality such as this through a series of years by means of a correspondence written to a single friend—for nearly all these letters were addressed to Lady Susan O'Brien—is a pleasant study which is not always to be obtained.

There is yet another thing to be said of these letters, they give us another picture of the social life of the eighteenth century. Lady Sarah was one of quite a different set to Fanny Burney, but, just as the diary and correspondence of that lively young lady enable us to understand the feelings and the mode of life of the girl of the upper middle class with literary leanings, so do these letters of Lady Sarah regenerate for us the girl who was one of the aristocratic Court set in the first years of the reign of George III. We know what the men were like from Walpole and Selwyn, and we know a good deal about the ways of the older women from Lady Mary Coke and other diarists. But we have never yet had quite the same thing as we find in Lady Sarah's letters—the sincere and unaffected tale of a girl of eighteen in the Holland House set. There is another word to be said, it is much to be regretted that the possessors of old-world letters and diaries do not take example from Lady Hechester and publish them in the same delightful form—they are an admirable kind of family memorial.

LIVES OF CHRIST.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER. By JOHN WATSON, D.D. (Ian MacLaren). (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS. By W. J. DAWSON. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER. By Various Writers. (Cassell. 6s.)

These three volumes, taken together, are a noteworthy and encouraging sign of the times. Dr. Fairbairn, than whom no writer could speak on such a subject with greater authority, has said that "the most distinctive element in modern theology is a new feeling for Christ. . . . We feel Him more in our theology because we know Him better in history. His historical reality and significance have broken upon us with something of the surprise of a discovery." Whatever significance is to be attached to the phrase "the recovery of the historical Christ," there has certainly been of late years a wholesome tendency to lay stress upon the personality of the Redeemer rather than upon his mediatorial office. The aim of modern "Lives" of Christ has been to bring this personality into direct contact with the needs of men. Hence has arisen a juster estimate of the difficulties of the Gospel records. When the last word of criticism is said upon the primitive element of the primitive

The most striking in every respect of the "Life of Christ" is the magnificently got-up volume of Watson (Ian MacLaren), "The Life of the Master." That this book deserves a very high place in the literature to which it belongs. Ian MacLaren wisely to a careful study of certain aspects disclaims any attempt to discuss chronological points. "We do not," he says, "dare to say that he (the reader) has read the last page . . . a site or a date, but we dare to hope that he has a vision of the august Figure who invites the man's conscience, who lays His hand on each of us." The style of the book is worthy of the subject. It is poetical and yet unstrained; Ian MacLaren as a stylist is obvious enough in his other papers here they are modified to a great extent by the theme. For instance, the tendency to over-keep in due restraint; on the other hand, a deep and genuine feeling, which produces its effect on the mind. The beautiful illustrations, for the work by Mr. Linson, heighten the and tender beauty produced by the book itself. The "Master" will deservedly crown Ian MacLaren's reputation; but beyond this we believe that the book will render a signal service to the cause of religion.

Of the three volumes now published Mr. Dawson's "Christ Jesus" is in some ways the most least satisfactory. It has undeniable merits; an accurate sense both of the impossibility of a biography of Jesus, and of the inevitable critical faculty in dealing with the Gospel. Some faults of the book are obvious. In spite of descriptive passages, the style is much too bare of signs of undue haste in the production of it was only in the spring of 1901 that "the book took final outline, and its general principles were laid down." The main defect of Mr. Dawson's treatment is a familiarity of tone, a want of reserve, and a lack of good taste, in describing the character, aims, and life of Christ and His forerunner. Mr. Dawson was a Baptist that "his mind is commonplace"; "Ecce Agnus Dei" as "an immortal encounter with the retirement of Christ into the wilderness." "Jesus saw in John a truly great man, who had been bred in the school of austerity, and who made a trial of asceticism, &c."; he tells us well of Sychar Jesus drafted the working plan. In one passage he even says that Christ "some two thousand years," when He taught the principles of justice in the womanhood, and the principles of justice in the sexes. Further, in some passages where rest is due, Mr. Dawson gives a loose rein to his unfortunate results. The few photographs in the book (reproduced from certain pictures by others) are singularly unsuited to a life of Christ which is so frankly realistic.

Of a very different type is "The Life of the Redeemer," to which many well-known denominations have contributed. There is a chronological or critical sketch of Christ's life, and a "spiritual portrait" of the Redeemer, and its value may be seen in its

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GLADSTONE.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. By H. W. PAUL.
(Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

This biography is the original draft of the life written for the "Dictionary of National Biography," which was afterwards reduced to fulfil the conditions of that complete but concise work of reference. Even the unabridged version (three times the length, we are told, of the other) reads somewhat like a "blue pencilled" composition, owing to the number and variety of the subjects which it was necessary to touch if not to treat. Indeed, we are not satisfied that the chronological method was, except for the special purposes of the dictionary, the best that could have been adopted for the biography of so great a man written on so small a scale. Separate chapters relating his achievements in separate spheres of activity—in foreign politics, in finance, in theology, in classical criticism, &c.—would probably have produced a more definite as well as a more picturesque impression upon the reader's mind; while a chronological table might have furnished the connecting link between them. As it is, though we gladly acknowledge that Mr. Paul has done his work as well as anybody could reasonably be expected to do it, and has been singularly successful in avoiding the danger of dullness, he necessarily bewilders us by the rapidity of his transitions from Budgets to points of scholarship, and from speeches about jam to pamphlets about Church government. Occasionally, too, probably as the result of the strict chronological method, we find an episode of some importance inadequately presented. The reasons, for example, of the retrocession after the Majuba defeat are only imperfectly stated. The apprehensions of attack from the Orange Free State, which are nowadays generally believed to have been the determining motive, are not referred to.

It is, of course, with Gladstone as a public man, not as a private person, that Mr. Paul concerns himself. For Gladstone *intime* we must wait until Mr. Morley's life appears, though it is not absolutely certain that he will be revealed to us even then. But there are some personal touches, though they are few and far between. As a bachelor, it appears, he "went a good deal into society, especially to musical parties, where he often sang." Of his social accomplishments, in the days when Mr. Paul knew him, we read that "the defect of his conversation was that he could not help being earnest on all subjects, and failed to see that his views on the making of violins were less interesting than his experience of government by Cabinet." Also that "with all his love of poetry he had a literal mind, and was too apt to assume that people meant exactly what they said."

The conditions under which Mr. Paul wrote presumably debarred him from actively taking a side in the multitudinous controversies which the contemplation of the great statesman's career suggests. It matters the less, perhaps, because Gladstone himself, at some period of his life, argued on every imaginable side of every imaginable question not immediately bearing upon the truth of the doctrines taught by the Church in its Creeds and Articles. He was a Theocrat before he was an Erastian, and he seldom carried a measure which he had not previously represented as detrimental to the best interests of the country. To decide which of his many selves was his best self is not so interesting or important as to discover the underlying principle which accounts at once for his inconsistencies and for his belief that he was never inconsistent. This is Mr. Paul's contribution to the inquiry:—

Free Trade was the schoolmaster that brought Peel to Liberalism. With Gladstone it was, rather, the failure of his

TOPOGRAPHICAL BOOKS.

A HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER. Edited
WILLIS-BURN, F.S.A., and H. ARTHUR DOWMAN.
(Constable. £6 6s., four vols.)

It is a pleasure to welcome the first volume of the new the Victoria County History scheme, and to find that it fully the praise that has been bestowed on its two forerunners. The high level of the part devoted to natural history sustained by men of national repute such as Mr. H. Woodward in geology and Mr. Lydekker in palaeontology; and John Amphlett on flowering plants and Mr. A. F. Rees on birds prove that Worcestershire can produce naturalists within her own borders.

No traces of the palaeolithic period have as yet been detected in the county; but man of the three other divisions of historic times begin, has left fairly frequent and obvious traces of his presence. Professor Windle and Mr. Willis-Burn give interesting accounts of the successive incursions of Goidelic, and Brythonic man into this part of the island. The Iberians of the neolithic age have left of their weapons and implements on the highland Malvern Hills and those of Lacey and Brisdon. The Celts who dispossessed the neolithic men in the bronze age, are responsible for the great row of forts or earthworks along the western boundaries of Worcestershire. The Goidelic turn were displaced and driven over the Severn by a new race of invaders, the Brythons of the Iron Age. Of their occupation, which lasted till the days of the Roman invasion, the county is fairly abundant. They have left behind them not only of weapons and implements, but also of personal ornaments. This treatise on early man is made all the more readable and intelligible by a variety of sketch maps of the county showing the successive deposits of these three distinct races. The Romano-British Worcestershire is treated exhaustively and cautiously by Mr. Haverfield, whilst the small and comparatively unimportant traces of Anglo-Saxon settlement are described by Mr. Reginald Smith.

The leading feature, however, of this volume, which will fail to be much appreciated by all historical students, is the rendering of the Domesday survey with annotation and introductory essay by Mr. J. H. Round. His account of Worcestershire, at the time of the survey, marks a distance in advance of anything hitherto attained by students of the period. Professor Freeman, many years ago, found the Domesday survey of Worcestershire so exceptionally full, and so richly illustrated by contemporary church charters, that he devoted to it an appendix in the fourth volume of his "Norman Conquest." Quite recently Professor Maitland, in his "Domesday Book and Beyond," has equally insisted upon the exceptional value of the Worcestershire survey. It has been left for Mr. Round to bring out its leading features in a striking and convincing manner. Problems of assessment, jurisdiction, and tenure of land, with all that illustrates the conditions of rural life from the humblest serf to the noble, are here discussed, whilst touches that occur here and again amongst the records of the county are here brought into the foreground. The respective privileges of the Bishop and the King's Sheriff; the military service of the King, not only by land but by sea, for the question of "ship money" is far older than the days of Hampden; the jurisdiction of the several hundreds; the extraordinary features of the county under Church jurisdiction; the extensive features of the salt industry; the dominant power of Urse, the terrible Sheriff, and the burning disputes between the convents of Worcester and of Evesham are here set forth with a clearness and accuracy never before attained.

The bitterness of the feeling between the church and the lay population of Worcester and Evesham is shown by the story told by the Domesday survey and preserved in Hoving's cartulary:—

According to them the saintly Wulfstan, on the death of the despoiler of their house, Ethelwig, abbot of Evesham, rash enough, in his infinite compassion, to offer up a prayer for the soul of his late adversary.

Droitwich persuades the survey of the shire. The actual ownership of Droitwich was divided in a unique manner between about a dozen tenants-in-chief, each of whom had fractional holdings. In addition to this the tenants of many scattered manors possessed their salt pans, or rights to a supply of salt. There are various other entries in the survey, pertaining to this industry, such as the cartloads of wood for consumption at the salt works, of which the single vill of Deansgrove sent three hundred a year.

The Domesday map, prepared by Mr. Round, gives at a glance much valuable information. The King's manors have a red line under the name; a blue line is under the manors of the church of Worcester; whilst a green line denotes those held by Sheriff Vrese as a tenant-in-chief. The maps of the different periods, as well as those that illustrate the geological and botanical features of the shire, are among the most helpful and distinctive characteristics of these Victoria History volumes. The only quarrel that we have with any one of them is that the blue and green underlinings of the Domesday map are indistinguishable by artificial light.

COUNTY AND TOWN IN ENGLAND. By GRANT ALLEN. With an Introduction by Professor F. York Powell. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

This attractive book consists in the main of reprints from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 1881-82. Mr. Grant Allen had frequently been asked to reproduce them in book form, and such had been his oft-deferred intention. It has been left to his friend Professor York Powell to see them through the press, to offer a useful "prefatory note," and to make a few changes, all of which, however, are noted by brackets. In these chapters Mr. Grant Allen deals with groups of counties, and with towns representing the various districts. It is difficult to exaggerate the amount of information contained in these pages; every paragraph gives evidence of historical study and of close local observation. It is just the kind of book to take from the shelves when any particular district is to be visited on a summer holiday. It can scarcely fail to awaken a healthy inquisitiveness, for it not only imparts substantial information, but awakens a habit of observation.

England (as Mr. Grant Allen observes) is an endless and delightful puzzle; she offers us a riddle to solve, a queer custom to account for, a name or a relic to explain at every turn. Why is Maidstone the county town of Kent, and Chelmsford that of Essex? Why does Oxfordshire lie so oddly to its capital, and Leicester stand so centrally to its shire? Why may we say Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, but not Somersetshire, Cornwallshire, or Cumberlandshire? Why is Old Sarum now desolate, while Shaftesbury still caps its waterless hill? Why is there a Winchester on the site of Venta Belgarum, while Venta Icenorum has died down to a mere provincial Caister, and Venta Silurum to a forgotten Caer Went?

Is hardly any one book yet published have riddles such as these received such satisfactory and intelligent solutions. The brief introductory section, "What is a County?" is a wonderfully concise answer to a question that would puzzle many a fairly capable historian. Mr. Grant Allen naturally pours scorn on the fable that assigns to Alfred the division of England into counties. The truth is that the shires have grown, that no two have grown after precisely the same fashion, and that it is their natural growth and its diversity that makes their history so interesting.

The last fifty pages of this book are occupied with "The Annals of Churnside," an original attempt to set forth a typical specimen of the development of an English countryside from prehistoric days down to the Victorian era. Professor York Powell styles it "a piece of popular scientific exposition." The reader will probably find it stimulating, and it may set him thinking; but we are not sure that it was wise to republish it. The giving fancy names to a part of Dorsetshire, which it is easy to identify, is all very well for a novelist like Mr. Thomas Hardy, but it is somewhat childish to blend after this fashion the functions of a tale teller and an historian.

completed his account of one more county—Cambridge, with which this edition closes. I find that could manage to write so vivid a present of such a county as Cambridge. There is not a superfluous phrase, each paragraph with information, and the whole is well balanced. Intellectual powers were of exceptional width. Cambridgeshire was charming, not only for the man of its University, or the rare beauty of its Cambridges, but even the fens, so monotonous and desolate, were full of attraction. Witness the graph of his essay on the shire:

The Fensland has a charm of its own to the story of its gradual reclamation, and can enjoy of arable land visible from the dykes which the drainage-cuttings. He can see the villages around them, which mark the islets where man to live. He will find in almost all of some architectural interest, built at a time could easily be conveyed by water; and his imagination, think himself back into the melancholy life which human skill has banished.

Mr. P. H. Ditchfield has produced *England* (Methuen, 6s.), an olla podrida upon every possible archaeology and ecclesiology of our English days of paleolithic man down to the lingering the present day. Those who desire to have fairly accurate little essays on such subjects—Dwellings, Anglo-Saxon Villages, Norman Churches, Church Plate, and many other subjects—have this pleasant-looking volume; but it is the antiquary or fairly well-read student. Mr. Ditchfield claims to originality of treatment on any points upon which he touches, and acknowledges to Sir John Evans, Mr. St. John Hope, Dr. Ditchfield, nevertheless he does not show much power in the materials that he has gathered from a wide area. The illustrations are numerous and attractive, but the attractiveness of the volume, but a consideration frequently used in former like works, is rather deceptive; for instance, the imaginary Norman Castle, on p. 138, would lead the uninformed that embattled parapets were used by the Normans.

Mr. George Bourne's *Bettesworth Book* (5s.) is a series of "talks with a Surrey peasant" share of the conversation falling to Bettesworth. Mr. Bourne draws him out and makes him talk, but by the end of the book, we seem to know that he is worth knowing if the author is right as typical and not exceptional. "The true Bourne," he belongs to a strong breed. His equals in serviceable doing. All that he is doing is being done no less well to-day by his village and town throughout the country. The matter of every day occurrence, that we take do not notice the tough breed of men at their work. If their work were to cease, England would be before a week was out." We may recommend one who wishes to know more than is general unpretending but important labourers. Mr. Bourne, well, and is strictly moderate in his use of dia-

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Police.

Almost every subject relating to England has found an historian, and it was time that the police at various periods for maintaining law be brought together to receive historical treatment. The history of police is full of interest. On its serious side it is full of interest. On its serious side it is full of interest. On its serious side it is full of interest.

complete narrative. What he attempts is an outline, and in criticising the book this self-imposed limitation must in fairness be kept in view. As an outline the book seems to us to suffer somewhat from a want of proportion. The author does not always estimate accurately the value of material. He gives us ten pages on the forest police of Norman and Plantagenet times, but not more than a few lines on the important writs issued by Henry III. in 1252 and 1253—the first precise and comprehensive enactments that we know of respecting watch and ward. Cromwell's "Major-Generals" are fully dealt with, but there is not a word on the dramatic passages between Charles I. and the Court of Common Council relating to the police of the city. The lengthy account of the Gordon riots, again, might well have been summed up in a sentence or two, nor, in a book of this kind, do the many pages devoted to the subject of crime and penology seem to be required. Some twenty pages are allotted to the suppression of riots, but there is no allusion to the progress made in the improvement of police stations since the days of Sir Robert Peel, a subject intimately connected with the efficiency of the force. Regarded as an outline history, then, the book is by no means without defects. The two chapters on police reform in boroughs and in counties are in favourable contrast with the rest of the book, for here the subject-matter is cleverly epitomized. With some of Captain Lee's statements we cannot agree. There is little doubt that the Court-Leet for view of frank-pledge, which he regards as a Norman institution, really dated back to Saxon times. The institution of "Conservators of the Peace" is attributed to Richard I. It is true that the "form of oath" issued by Archbishop Hubert in 1195, for the repression of crime and disorder, contains the germ of the new departure, but such officers were not actually appointed until many years later. These are not the only instances which show that our author has not always been thorough in his reading of learned authorities or of original documents. He has, however, done some good service in his endeavour to discover political and social reasons for the periods of stagnation or of progress in the history of police, though these disquisitions carry him somewhat away from the main object of the volume. He may be congratulated on having addressed himself to a subject which is certainly one of those still requiring careful historical treatment; but we think he would have been better advised not to publish the result of his researches in its present form, which is not wholly satisfactory as an outline and does not attempt to give a full view of this very important and interesting subject.

The "F. O."

No one living is better fitted to write RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD FOREIGN OFFICE (Murray, 12s. n.) than Sir Edward Hertlet. His father's service in the office lasted from 1801 to 1857, and he himself succeeded his father as Librarian, only retiring from his post in 1896. His own recollection, therefore, extends some way back before the erection of the present Foreign Office building in 1868, and his father's life was passed in the old office in Downing-street. Sir Edward writes in a pleasant and discreet style, and gives a careful record of the history of the office and of its chief officials during the past century. No one need expect from him any abundance of "racy" personal anecdotes, or matter of any great political importance; but there are some reminiscences of Palmerston and of Disraeli which are interesting, and some curious stories as to the history of important documents. This is certainly one of the oddest:—A labouring man one morning brought to the Foreign Office an original numbered despatch from one of H.M. Ministers abroad written in the eighteenth century. He had seen it drop from the coat pocket of one of the outside passengers on a City omnibus in the Clapham-road. This particular despatch was found missing in a bound volume of despatches at the Public Record Office, and the gap was now filled up, but nothing was ever discovered as to its history and travels.

The Franco-German War.

DIARIES OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK, edited by Margaret von Poschinger, and translated by Frances A. Welby (Chapman and Hall, 12s. n.), is more in the nature of a document than a

the importance which always attaches to information from quarters. We find, for instance, that Jules Favre was prepared to cede Alsace at the very time when he was a his famous phrase, *Pas une pouce de notre territoire pierre de nos forteresses*; and there is an authoritative comment concerning the double-faced behaviour of Napoleon

Napoleon is quietly trying to approach us; modes the conditions of peace, in return for promises of a com against England.

This at a time when the starving population of Prussia had just been fed by English charity. One wonders if Victoria knew the story when she cultivated the friendship of the Empress Eugénie. The Emperor Frederick tells it in comment. Another interesting entry throws light on his attitude towards the Roman Catholics.

Bismarck holds that the evacuation of Rome was an enormous error on the part of Pio Nono, but his Germany might be productive of good results because of the Roman priesthood would cure the Germans.

The pages, however, which will arouse the widest interest are no doubt those which deal with the negotiation of the establishment of the German Empire. They are so accurate and so much that the story cannot properly be followed. One sees in them, however, the beginnings of the animosity between the Emperor Frederick and his Chancellor, and one also finds it made tolerably clear what was Emperor Frederick's cardinal articles of faith. He believed in the Empire; he believed in friendship for England; he believed most profoundly of all in himself. Many passages indeed, might be quoted to show that his faith in the Empire was really faith in himself as Emperor.

I question the sincerity of the liberal constructive Empire, and believe that only a new era, which will reckon with me, will see this. Experiences, such as have accumulated during the last ten years, cannot have been in vain. In the now united nation I shall find a strong support for my ideas, more especially as I shall be the first to come before his people honestly attached to constructive measures, without reservation.

It is the utterance of a true Hohenzollern—Hohenzollern with a difference; and it is as a Hohenzollern with a difference that the Emperor Frederick impresses through the diary. He had not the extravagant and empty piety of some other members of the family. We are sure that he was as able as his son, or would have had the nerve, like his son, to "drop the pilot." But he had a reasonableness in a more notable degree than any other member of his house who has been prominently before the world.

A History of Europe.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF EUROPE (350-1900), by C. Thacker, Ph.D., and Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D., edited and adapted for use in British Universities and schools by H. A. Hassall, M.A. (Murray, 7s. 6d.), is a good book to learn less, though an uncommonly dull book to read. Our principal objection to it is that it might have been made a good deal better by abbreviating the beginning, expanding the middle, and hastening the end. For students who are not "specializing," the history of the Dark Ages can be sufficiently summarized in a short proposition for the honourable purpose of gaining space for adequate treatment of the more momentous period succeeded; while the events subsequent to 1815 are so complicated, and so well-known that they ought to be treated in a separate volume on a larger scale. In this book the scale is kept more or less uniform throughout, with the result that the later chapters are far too sketchy to be of much use to any one. Nothing would be easier than to make the important occurrences to which there is no reference—The Terror, the war between Holland and Belgium, the Swiss War, the Spanish Marriages, &c.; and though it is easy enough to assign reasons for crowding them out, it is to us that it would have been better to have reser-

become a self-governing community by throwing off the yoke of Savoy, but did not become a part of Switzerland until long afterwards. Nor is it exact that, when Calvin first came to Geneva, he was on his way to France. His destination, as a matter of fact, was Basel. These, however, are very small matters after all. On the whole we can applaud the book. The facts are well put together. It has some good genealogical tables, an excellent collection of historical maps printed in colours, and a useful bibliography at the head of every chapter. The bibliography might perhaps have been improved by referring the student to such contemporary authorities as Froissart, de Commines, de Thou, Matthew Paris, &c., instead of being confined to the works of modern historians; but the data, subject to this reservation, are in every way satisfactory.

Print Collecting.

THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK, by S. Whitman (George Bell and Sons), is the latest assistance to the print-collector in his task. The enthusiasm of authors and the diligence of students have provided many volumes on this subject, and there is not much that is fresh to be found in Mr. Whitman's book. It contains too little letter press and far too many illustrations, executed often inadequately; conveying, that is to say, only the subject, and not the technique, of the original prints. Even if the illustrations had been altogether what one would have wished, they cannot go far in promoting the value of a handbook on Prints. Originals themselves require to be seen by the worst, though the purse of the collector may allow only a few of them to be bought; and his real guidance, so far as a handbook can give it, is to be sought in the expression of authoritative opinion and the record of innumerable facts. The use that Mr. Whitman has made of the best critical authorities has been scanty, and he has not been lavish in the expression of his own views. They are sensible when we can get at them, but they seem to lack any very strong *raison d'être*. The faith that is in him—for it is in him, no doubt—wants a little more "justifying." Then, as to facts, his volume does not find room for enough of them. In speaking of some of the greatest masters, he is so brief that he can convey very little. The hungry sleep look up and are not fed. System, Mr. Whitman, we are glad to say, is by no means without. He has planned his work carefully. The skeleton is there, the bony structure well accounted for; what it wants is clothing. If Mr. Whitman was determined to treat a really vast subject on so small a scale, he might have been more interesting by being less systematic. He has been like a train, halting a minute or two at wayside stations, with all the little people crowded in the art of engraving, whereas he might have shot past these, and pulled up longer at the great places, with the great artists. This was the course followed by Mr. Wedmore, in "Fine Prints." Dr. Willshire wrote at great length and did not need to follow that course; but then he only carried the story to the point at which "ancient prints" end and modern prints begin. Moberly, again—who was certainly brief enough—belonged to an earlier generation, when the field of print collecting was smaller. We could wish that Mr. Whitman—if he chose to treat the minor people at all, and the "false gods, mis-legot" especially—had been less timid, and had warned the clumsy, and foolish rich people, against traps laid for them, and fads which do not represent the taste of the connoisseur. The prices given, at the present time, for feeble colour-prints are altogether excessive. They can hardly be looked upon with tolerance by eyes accustomed to Dürer, to Rembrandt, and to the elegance of the great Frenchmen. We do not say for a moment that Mr. Whitman encourages the most recent folly, but he might have spoken out more clearly. When he is writing about lithographs, we can discern, between the lines, a misunderstanding his reference that he thinks it is easy to give too much for the modern ones. And we agree with him, as to the minor men. But his studies in the best modern lithography do not appear to have gone far, for we trace no mention of Fantin-Latour's beautiful, almost invaluable, drawings on the stone.

by measles and other recently imported diseases in fact, is conditioned by the selective action which in England is believed to be the direct cause of 120,000 deaths a year, is a most potent factor. Races such as the Jews and Southern Italians, who have had unlimited opportunities of indulging in alcohol, have tended to become less and less drunk. "A drunken Jew is a phenomenon at the present time." In other words, he is sober strictly in proportion to his past inebriation. The "better-class" to-day, whose ancestors seldom went to bed so late as they were, not because he has more self-control in the course of evolution, but because he has inherited a less inclination to drink. Left to herself, she would not have her own temperance reform. It may almost be said that the course of centuries, England free will be. But the human reformer in all ages has with infinitesimal success. While Nature promotes the drunkard, man has tried either to eliminate the drunkard or to eliminate the drink. All such efforts are predestined to failure, or worse. Can we improve by and watch the cruel and natural selection? Dr. Reid, greatly daring in his way. Artificial selection must come. To this remedy—he admits that it is an unpalatable one. Alas! "Not in our time," he followed; and there is every reason to believe that he is right. Quite apart from alcoholism, the admission of the two great rival theories of evolution opens a well worth reading for its own sake. Quite apart from alcoholism, the admission of the two great rival theories of evolution opens a well worth reading for its own sake. Quite apart from alcoholism, the admission of the two great rival theories of evolution opens a well worth reading for its own sake. Quite apart from alcoholism, the admission of the two great rival theories of evolution opens a well worth reading for its own sake.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's Addresses.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND OTHER AMERICAN SPEECHES, by Frederic Harrison (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. n.). This collection of speeches merely reproduces, without comment, the well-known opinions of Mr. Frederic Harrison on various subjects. The philosophy comes up for examination once a year at the annual encyclical; there is no need, in his reports. We may note, however, an interesting statement that the Dutch Republic is "the modern Europe of the establishment of a free state." The Swiss Confederation was much earlier, and Geneva was somewhat earlier, the Geneva of the Duke of Savoy more than a generation before the Duke of Savoy. For the rest we may note that the ladies of the Women's College, Bryn Mawr, told Mr. Harrison they would rather hear of the celebrities he had met than "listen to a set general or historical subject." The lecture on anecdotal reminiscences of John Bright, George Huxley, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, George Garibaldi, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and Alfred Russel Wallace, confirms in an interesting way the presentation of that great man of letters in our own Hugo number.

He was treated with a deference that is private to princes of the blood; when he whispers, to a political friend the whole room maintains strict silence. "Il parle," though none of us except Naquet, permitted to hear the words. A fervent supporter, present, almost, on his knees, a copy of *Terrible*, and beg the favour of the author cannot honestly say that, in the course of the one word that was interesting or characterful, lips on which France and Europe would have

the youths dragged his carriage through the streets, after his lecture at the University—"a lecture," he said humbly, "that was strictly confined to Russian literature, without one word of politics."

OMNIBUSES AND CABS, by H. U. Moore (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), is an excellent book of its kind. Mr. Moore has been fortunate in finding a subject of a popular kind which has not been dealt with in a similar way before; he has been diligent in collecting information, and he puts it together in a clear and sensible style. The history of omnibuses he traces from the famous Shillibeer—and even still more remotely from the first conception of an omnibus in the brain of Blaise Pascal—to the latest struggle between the blue and orange omnibuses running from Kilburn to Fulham. Of the history of the companies and the development of the motor he gives an excellent account, though he is a little hard on the "Pirates." The development of the cab is illustrated by some capital pictures, and he has much to say that will interest every Londoner on cab fares, cab strikes, and cab accidents. The book is well worth reading.

A capital volume of reminiscences is Mr. Albert Chevalier's *BEFORE I FORGET* (Unwin, 10s. n.). An autobiographical record of stage experiences is not an easy thing to do well. It always has an attraction for certain readers, because it brings them into a kind of personal contact with well-known men; but it is apt to become very wearisome. It all depends on the use made of what Mr. Chevalier speaks of as that "constantly recurring personal pronoun," which has a tendency to lead the writer away from the path of good sense. Mr. Chevalier uses it judiciously; and he never deviates from good taste. As every one knows, his career has been a unique one; and his worst enemy could not accuse him of a lack of humour. The result is a very readable book. The best part of it contains Mr. Chevalier's shrewd remarks on, and amusing experiences in, America. We have the typical Yankee journalist in the man who called upon Mr. Chevalier between four and five in the morning to get a new song out of him there and then. He was full of apologies, but said he, "it is quite unavoidable, as we want to publish a song specially written by you for next Sunday's issue." We need hardly add that he got the song; and not only the song, but a tune for it out of Mr. Chevalier's colleague, Mr. West.

Mr. Horace G. Groser's life of Lord KITCHENER (Pearson, 2s. 6d.) is less perfunctory than most biographical work of this sort. The author has evidently been at some pains to put himself in communication with those who have known Lord Kitchener from his boyhood upwards. He is able to contradict or confirm most of the floating legends of the great general's youth, and he has given particular attention to his work in connexion with the Palestine Exploration Fund. A sound and careful, though hardly a well-written book.

NOTABLE MASTERS OF MEN, by Edwin A. Pratt (Melrose, 3s. 6d.), is dedicated to "youths who aspire," and is a good popular account, with portraits, of such men as Mr. Carnegie, Sir Josiah Mason, Sir Henry Bessemer, Mr. Edison, Sir Henry Parkes, and a good many others, who in one way or another have become famous. Mr. Pratt does not make wealth his criterion of success. He tells many stories of victory ultimately won by brains, industry, and integrity; and he makes it clear that the secret of success is always the same, both in steel-works and sheep-farming. The account of Mr. Tinworth is one of the best; but Mr. Tinworth is not exactly a "master of men"; nor are the labour members of Parliament, whose position in the world Mr. Pratt is rather disposed to magnify.

THE CAPE AND ITS STORY (Nelson, 2s. 6d.) is ostensibly a book for boys, and has three gaudy coloured pictures. It mainly differs from some of the other summaries of South African history that have lately passed through our hands in that the rights and wrongs of a good many subjects of controversy are not explained with much precision. This may have been due, however, to the writer's earnest desire that his work should not be mistaken for a lesson-book. On the title page there is a gorgeous portrait of Sir George White in uniform.

the defeat of the Armada, and the last fight of the *Revenge*. If there is here and there a little writing for writing's sake in the escape of the *Callophe* from Apla during the battle among the Navigator Islands, it can easily be forgiven on account of the fresh material in the book, such as the convincing narrative of the *Victory's* log during the battle of Trafalgar. In the story of the sea there can be so little is not more or less known to Englishmen that every word knowing.

Dr. J. F. G. Sykes' *PUBLIC HEALTH AND HOUSING* (P. and Son, 5s.) deals with the difficulties arising from the tendency to the concentration of population. Perhaps the urgent of these problems are associated with the effect of the conditions upon public health. Even the rich live an unhealthy life in "mansions"; the middle-class has its fashionable boarding-houses and residential clubs; the poor have common lodging-houses and their modest dwellings. A means an immense pressure of population upon available space, and Dr. Sykes has set himself the task of inquiring exactly how and to what extent restriction of space affects health, and how the evils may be reduced to a minimum. The volume, which originally appeared in the form of the lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, of lucidly presented statistics and plans and deserves study, particularly by those who are interested in the housing of the working classes.

FICTION.

The Yorkshire Moors.

Miss Christabel Coleridge has taught us to expect her capable and conscientious work. *THE WINDS OF CAPE* (Isbister, 6s.) justifies her reputation. The scene is laid in Yorkshire fells and one soon begins to share the enthusiasm of the author for the windy freshness of the northern landscape. Character rather than sensation or plot is the book's interest. The hero, Caradoc Crosby, within an ace of being a ne'er-do-well, but retrieved by a good woman's love, is a man of true perception. So are Sir Caradoc, the violent step-mother, and Lady Crosby, the malleable and negligible step-mother, and the true daughter of the fells, and William Quince, the self-sacrificing one, who disgraced himself to save his brother. We forbear from quoting a passage concerning the gentle taste of the reviewer:—

Edward Mason was sitting in his rooms in the City with six uncut volumes, three volumes of poetry by new poets, two biographies in two volumes each, and a book of "Transcendental Ethics" on the table. . . . He did not like casual novels, nor consider that he understood Transcendental Ethics, or even feel quite certain as to what might be. One of the biographies required a minute knowledge of the duties demanded by a bishop towards his clergy; the other was full of military technicalities; but the poetical services of experts, and the reviewer was, of course, supposed to be omniscient. Edward was conscious of some gaps in his knowledge, but he took pains and was on his guard.

This is a slapdash description of a certain kind of reviewer and contains perhaps just enough truth to sting. Was it wise of the author to tempt "the reviewer's revenge"?—title, by the way, for a literary melodrama.

"Cynthia's Way."

Too rarely does one meet with a story so agreeably written as Mrs. Sidgwick's *CYNTHIA'S WAY* (Edward Arnold, 6s.). full of the spirit of comic opera, with its topsy-turvydom and gay humour hovering on the edge of sentiment, and again sentimental shading off into the ludicrous. The idea of a young woman masquerading as a poor governess is not original, but it is here remarkably well done; we cannot indeed cease to be amused by the story.

Correspondence.

ELIZABETH'S TREATMENT OF HER SEAMEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR, In the November number of the *Nineteenth Century* there is an article by Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge on Elizabeth's treatment of her seamen at the time of the Armada, attacking a passage in my "United Empire" on that subject. Sir Cyprian is not eminently calm or courteous. He charges me, Froide, Green, and several other writers on history with having "had it as our object to surpass the originator of the calumnies against Elizabeth." It seems not to have occurred to him that our object, if we had any beyond the proper duty of historians, might be to do justice to the English seamen who, under the greatest difficulties and discouragements, had saved the country. He does not, so far as I can see, traverse any material statement of fact; but he tenders apologetic explanations derived from his nautical knowledge. Writers of history could, of course, only state the facts as they unquestionably appear and as they evidently impressed the Lord High Admiral at the time.

Sir Cyprian Bridge may now undertake to explain the starving of the English Army in the Netherlands, the harrowing details of which he will find in Motley. "The English soldiers," says Motley, "who had fought so well in every Flemish battle-field of freedom, had become—such as were left of them—mere limping half-united vagabonds and marauders. Brave soldiers had been changed by their Sovereign into brigands, and now the universal odium which suddenly attached itself to the English name converted them into outcasts. Forlorn and crippled creatures swarmed about the Provinces, but were forbidden to come through the towns, and so wandered about, robbing hen-roosts, and pillaging the peasantry. Many deserted to the enemy. Many begged their way to England, and even to the very gates of the palace, and exhibited their wounds and their misery before the eyes of that good Queen Bess who claimed to be the mother of her subjects—and begged for bread in vain."*

Sir Cyprian will, I think, also find proof enough that in the opinion of those most concerned the Queen's "sparing humour" was the cause.

Yours faithfully,

Toronto, November 19.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE GOSPEL RIOTS AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Like many others among your readers, I read with great interest and some profit Mr. Rouse's long letter in your last issue. The writer spoke as an expert in Romæic ballad literature, and said much that was true about linguistic "reform" in Greece since the Liberation. But, as he said that and more with unnecessary severity towards a section of Greeks whose aims are of the highest and purest, whatever their wisdom, and in apparent ignorance of what is just in their plea, and further gave a very partial explanation of the recent ferment in Athens, I venture to make a demand on your space.

Experts in Romæic literature always seem to blink the fact that there is not and never was a Romæic dialect common to all Greeks. Indeed, the differences are now so great that in certain parts of the Greek world the popular ballads of other parts are practically unintelligible. The Anatolian Greeks, for instance, could make little or nothing of a Cretan song; and the peasants of the Macedonian valley do not understand the peasants of the

been in continuous use among exiled Greek Venetian and Vienna, a literary language, descended from that used by educated Byzantines. It was written in this were read and understood by all over the world before the Liberation; and the Romæic people was once more in a position to be pleased on its own soil, for the benefit of all a more sensible than that it should adopt the tongue this common written speech, though it was not unfamiliar to any one who attended Church?

That this should gradually make its way also was inevitable among a people with whom it was widely spread and eagerly sought. It has not, I gather, Mr. Rouse is aware. There is no distinction between the newspapers and the vernacular in the Athenian street as he seems to think. Certain common to all the spoken dialects have received influence—e.g., the analytic formations; but some extent yielding. And if there has been a crusade against these, a great deal of conscious Greek purists, and too much anxiety to fit the antiquity on the shrunken limbs of the modern, a similar tendency always in evidence in modern literature. We have seen in our own day an Anglo-Saxon mode of style and personal nomenclature. And in the reign of Edward on our King, have not we, too, seen a similar history?

To ask the Greek men of letters to write in the language would be to ask a lettered lowland Scot to write in dialect to his wife, to write for others in the vernacular; and to translate the Gospels into a language such an outrage as has lately been seen in America, where the Bible has been rendered in the tongue of Wall-street. Those papers which in Athens have about the standing of our *Standard* and *Illustrated* in the vulgar tongue, but drop it as we do when speaking to the educated. The ceremony must be used. It has neither the universality which fit it for a national language. Mr. Rouse, has it the literature. Klephtic ballads and stuff at their best.

The Gospels have not, however, been translated into true Romæic, but into the modern which occasionally appears in the better literature. It is like "modernizing" our own Anglo-Saxon writing it for example in the style of a poet. No more than one such translation, however, has been published in Athens, and the publication of another would be a tithe of the feeling shown in Athens last year. The circumstances made it a symptom of a reaction which the majority of Greek patriots regard as a dangerous disease in their body politic.

For some years a party has been growing in Greece which despairs of the "Great Idea" of Hellenism at first grew and conquered, and accept things in their present state as a final thing. Believing that the race has lived too long in the past to resume the place it had even in the past, this party would at most only claim as a national Turkish isles and Epirus. Some clear head is so much. And all would gladly see another

December 7, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

Bulgaria should further increase her influence there. The Cretan policy of the King inspired, it was supposed, by Russia, very nearly wrecked the Dynasty in 1897.

Since the disastrous issue of the Macedonian attempt the opponents of the "Great Idea" have been reinforced. They are still necessarily very unpopular, as unpopular as those in England to-day who hold that the term of our Imperial expansion has been reached; and they proceed with caution. Meetings and Hyde Park demonstrations are not feasible in Athens, but a good deal can be done in a quiet literary way, by methods similar to those in vogue with the Opposition to the Roman Empire in the second century. But the majority, including and led by the hot-heads of the University, watches jealously for signs of this peaceful propaganda; and when anything which seems to make for stereotyping the existing state of things, and denying the possibility of a greater Greece, is detected, action is taken. This last translation of the New Testament, which would fix religious conceptions in the language of what is regarded as an incomplete stage of Hellenic evolution, and also put dissension between the Greeks of the Hellenic kingdom and their brethren, who live under the Phanariote Patriarch, seemed an acute symptom of reaction. It followed closely on the Queen's effort in the same direction; it appeared in one of the two leading Athenian newspapers and was approved by the other; and it was not condemned by the head of the Church, thanks, it was said, to Royal influence.

Rightly or wrongly, the New Party is supposed to have Russia at its back. The Old Party in Greece, which aspires to protect and absorb all Orthodox Christians in the Levant, finds Russia, on the other hand, claiming to protect what the Porte conceded to her at Kaimarji. She is supposed to be waiting to help the Cretan Church out of the dilemma in which the latter's continued submission to the Phanariote Patriarch places the patriots. Her expansion also is supposed to be the least superable impediment to Greater Greece. The Russian birth of the Queen, therefore, and, without that, the necessary identification, as has been said above, of the powers that be with a diplomatic rather than an extreme national policy, makes them always the objects of attack, whenever popular indignation is aroused by what is considered a symptom of national despair. This lively fear of reaction and not merely a purist sentiment about language (great as is the power of sentiment among Greeks) made this student riot grow to such dangerous proportions—proportions sufficient to call for the most strenuous disavowal of Royal sympathy with the New Party; for the arbitrary displacement of the head of the national Church; and for the summary replacement of a comparatively strong Minister, with whom is the vast majority of the Chamber, by a weak man, with whom stand scarce a score of deputies.

I wish to pronounce no opinion on the truth or falsehood of the popular view about this translation, but merely to state it. Nor again do I say anything about the immediate circumstances of the riot. No longer living in Athens, I do not know them at first hand; but they hang on to much of which I have had personal experience. Nor, lastly, do I here plead for or against either Party, or express any belief as to the future fate of their respective policies.

D. G. HOGARTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The letter which Mr. Rouse has published in your columns on this subject seems to contain several misapprehen-

Greece. For my own part, the sole advantage which gained from an otherwise absolutely useless education at is the capacity to read those Greek journals which Mr. Rouse, unlike Sir Edgar Vincent, the late Mr. Dickson, and so on, a scholar as Dr. Dawes of Corfu, considers to be so ridi-

Again, the political aspects of this question were ignored in Mr. Rouse's account of the matter. This is purely literary affair, a question, as it were, of the rival of Ciceronian or Tacitean prose. There is no concealed unpleasant fact, that Queen Olga, to whom the inspiration of this movement for the translation of the Scriptures is as is regarded in Greece as an advocate of that hated influence which runs counter to the "great Greek Idea." The Queen's unpopularity at Athens I have had personal experience, nor need it surprise one that the hand of "holy" is seen behind the scenes; Russia, which from 1770 has encouraged and then betrayed the Greeks, just as she has Rumania in 1812 and 1878, Bulgaria in 1879, Servia at the of Bucharest, and Montenegro when, at her suggestion, Boeche di Cattaro were abandoned in 1814. The Greeks well aware that—whether they are really the descendant of ancient Hellenes, or no—the more they can maintain a link with classical times, the more they will differentiate themselves from the other Balkan States. It was because of this that the Philhellenes supported Greece in 1821; enthusiasm was aroused by Kara George or Milosh in 1821, nor were the old Bulgarian Tsars names to conjure with in Western Europe in 1877. Knowing these things, the Greeks wish to purge their language of Turkish and Italian and to imitate as far as possible, not, as Mr. Rouse thinks, the language of Leonidas (for he, being a Spartan, probably talked Doric, and Greek newspapers are not written in dialect), but that of classical writers. Nor is this desire of elimination of foreign words peculiar to Greece. In Italy where the old Roman colonization exercised the same force over the modern Rumanians as do the ancient Hellenes over the modern Greeks, the same process is going on; and in Germany *Fuhrkarte* has taken the place of *Billet* and *Rail* has been suggested as a purer equivalent for *Ciguere*.

I am, your obedient servant,

GYDA THE GOTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Re your notice of "Gyda the Goth" in *Literature* on 9th inst., you refuse to accept a fact of Ireland in the eleventh century named Makarose. McCarthy was King of Cork and Desmond in 1172 A.D. perhaps your reviewer knows that no ancestor of his some hundred years earlier. But as to the last remark I think it consistent with your claim to be just in your criticism for an Irish thrall might well have been given the old name of Bjarne (or Biarney as it was probably spoken by captors; and, besides, why "a thousand years ago" when such date is included in the story?

Thanking you, nevertheless, for the rest of the notice

I am, yours faithfully,

E. E. MCBRIE

11, Oakhill-road, Putney, S.W.

(alias Ernest West)

Mr. W. Lapworth sends us another translation of the

Books to look out for at once.

- The Library Edition of Hazlitt. Edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Claver. Vol. I. Dunt. 7s. 6d. net. Contains, in addition to an introduction by Mr. W. R. Inge, "The Round Table," "Character of Shakespeare's Plays," and "A Letter to William Gifford, Esq."
- "The Old Court Suburb." By Leigh Hunt. Edited by Austin Dobson. 2 vols. Freemantle. £3 2s. net.
[With 150 photographs and other illustrations. By Hubert Railton, E. J. Sullivan, and C. A. Shepperton.]
- "Poems." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Preface by Joseph Pennell and introduction by W. Holman Hunt. Freemantle. £1 1s. net.
[With the original illustrations by Millais, Rossetti, and W. Holman Hunt.]
- "Ancient Royal Palaces in and Near London." Lithographs by T. R. Way, with notes by Frederic Chapman. John Lane. 21s. net.
- "Studies in History and Jurisprudence." By James Bryce. 2 vols. Oxford University Press. 2s. net.
[Based on Oxford Lectures, 1874-1893.]
- "The English Church in the Sixteenth Century, from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary." By James Cairdner, Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
[Vol. IV. of the "New History of the English Church," edited by Dean Stephens and the Rev. Wm. Hunt.]
- "Types of Naval Officers: With some remarks on the Development of Naval Warfare during the Eighteenth Century." By Captain Mahan. S. Low. 10s. 6d. net.
[Memories of six British Admirals—Lord Hawke, Earl Howe, Lord Rodney, Earl St. Vincent, Lord De Sanmaraz, and Lord Exmouth.]

We sometimes complain that the English Government does nothing for art, and we are glad to note that the Royal Commission for the art section of the Paris Exhibition of 1900 has issued a sumptuous volume prepared by Mr. Isidore Spielmann, containing illustrations of the British Pavilion in the Rue des Nations, with reproductions of the pictures and details about the painters and their works; a most interesting volume, well turned out. It is not for sale, but we hope the Royal Commission will present a copy to the more important of our public libraries.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

- CHRISTIAN ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY. By W. LOWE. (Handbook of Archaeology and Antiquities.) 8x5, 432 pp. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
[An American book designed to be an introduction to the study of early Christian monuments, architecture, and art. Illustrated.]
- THE ARTISTS' LIBRARY: CONSTABLE. By C. J. HOLMES. 8x6, 64. Faber Press. 2s. 6d. n.
- [This series of slim quarto volumes on artists are well done. Mr. Laurence Binyon is the editor. There are 24 plates.]
- CATALOGUE OF PICTURES AT LORRO PARK. By ER. JEAN PAUL RICHTER. 11x9, 107 pp. Bessmore. 12s. 6d.
- [The collection was made by the late Mr. Drury-Lowe, who died in 1877, mostly in Italy, between 1840 and 1865.]
- THE SAINTS IN CHRISTIAN ART. By Mrs. A. REIL. 9x6, 281 pp. Bell. 14s. n.
- [Study of the legends and history of the saints, their treatment in art, the symbols connected with them, &c. Sumptuously bound in white and gold, with reproductions of Italian pictures.]

BIOGRAPHY.

- CAROLINE THE ILLUSTrious, QUEEN-CONSORT OF GEORGE II. By W. H. WILKINS. 2 vols. 9x5, 388+325 pp. Longmans. 36s.
- [An extensive study, not before attempted, of this Princess, who for many years was, with Walpole, the real governor of England. By the author of "The Love of An Unmarried Queen."]
- MEMORIALS OF DEAN LAKE, 1800-1891. Ed. by KATHARINE LAKE. 9x5, 302 pp. Arnold. 10s.
- [These memorials, edited by his widow, of the Dean of Durham (1800-1891) are autobiographical so far as life at Arnold's Rugby, the Oxford Movement, and Lake's life at Oxford to 1855 are concerned.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- SAINTS OF ITALY. Legends Retold by ELIA N. Noyes. 7x8, 161 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.
- [This is a moderate-sized quarto, printed in some stories of the Saints for children as well as works of the Italian masters. The stories are well copied in line "after" well-known masters, lose a good deal in the process. But the book purpose.]
- THE CASTAWAYS OF MEADOW BANK. By TH. Blue Books for Children. 5x4, 191 pp. Met.
- [A pleasant story of three boys and a girl house in flood time.]
- LIGHTS OF CHILD-LAND. By MAUD B. BOO. Putnam. 6s.
- [Peaceful child-studies—"Firelight," "Gas &c." Illustrations and coloured binding.]
- "ALL ABOUT ALL OF US." By M. C. E. W. 2s. 6d.
- [The country life of a family of small children. A pretty little book in light blue binding.]
- THE GOLD-STEALERS. By E. DYSON. 7x5, 3s.
- [An Australian story.]
- THE FORBIDDEN ROOM. By PHOEBE ALLEN. Gardner. 2s.
- [Boy and girl life in the country. Illustrations.]
- THE GOLDEN RULE. Vol. for 1901. Sunday School.
- THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' COMPANION. Volume of England S.S.I. 2s.

DRAMA.

- SISTER BEATRICE, ARDIANE AND BARBE BLANCHE. M. MAETERLINCK. Trans. by B. Mall. 7s. 6d. n.
- [Sister Beatrice ("A Miracle Play") and Ardiarne (the legend of Bluebeard) are librettos in French and English for which music is being written by Maeterlinck. Most of the music is in blank verse with some variations.]

EDUCATIONAL.

- THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS AND METHODS. By S. S. LAURIE. 7x5, 205 pp. Cambridge U. Press. 6s.
- MACHETH. (Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools.) 6x4, 288 pp. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.
- ALGEBRAICAL EXAMPLES. With Answers. By J. W. L. 172 pp. Macmillan. 2s.

FICTION.

- THE USURPER. By W. J. LOCKE. 7x5, 356 pp. 12s. 6d.
- [The story of a strong and sympathetic character whose fortune to which he knows he is not entitled.]
- THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY. By R. CONNOR. and Stoughton. 6s.
- [A tale of Western Canada.]
- ARDSARHILL. By MELVILLE GRAY. 7x5, 332 pp. 12s. 6d.
- [An Irish story of rather religious tone.]
- THE PORTION OF LABOUR. By MARY E. WILKINS. Harper. 6s.
- [A long novel for Miss Wilkins—of fact giving the story of Ellen Brewster from childhood to old age.]
- THE HOUSE DIVIDED. By MARIOTT WATSON. Harper. 6s.
- [Aristocratic society in the eighteenth century laid at a small harbour town on the Channel.]
- A STUMBLE BY THE WAY. By L. T. MEADE. and Windus. 6s.
- [One of Mrs. Meade's pleasantly-told tales, pleasant and well done, all save the lady who mends, and is far from good enough for him.]
- SPORT AND SPANGLES. By H. WEBSTER. 7x5, 302 pp. Windus. 2s.
- [The racecourse, the stage, &c.]
- GELTA. By SABAGE DORÉE. 7x5, 231 pp. S. P. 12s. 6d.
- [Deals with the treatment of Jews in Russia, espousing their cause, is an American Jewess, singer.]
- BY THE HIGHER LAW. By JULIA H. TWISS. Philadelphia: Coates.
- [A modern society novel of life in America.]
- OUR LADY OF THE ICE. By CONSTANCE SITON. Greening. 6s.

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LITERATURE.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD'S ADVICE. By P. C. PHILLIPS. 7½x5, 266 pp. Macqueen.

[Short stories of modern society.]

JOE WILSON AND HIS MATES. By H. LAWSON. 7½x5½, 331 pp. Blackwood, 6s.

[More of Mr. Lawson's characteristic stories of the Australian bush.]

KING MIDAS. By N. SINCLAIR. 7½x5, 388 pp. Funk and Wagnall, 6s.

[An American story of a girl who is urged to marry for money. A quiet and pleasant tale enough.]

LADY JOAN'S COMPANION. By FLORENCE WARDEN. 7½x5½, 321 pp. Digby, Long, 6s.

[A tale of high society and mystery after Miss Warden's heart, and a pleasant example of her manner. The plot turns, of course, on the identity of the "companion."]

THE COUNTERS OF MAYHURV; BETWEEN YOU AND I. By W. B. MAXWELL. 7½x5½, 312 pp. Downey.

[Lady Maybury discourses on a great variety of subjects, and is not so ungrammatical as the subtitle might suggest.]

THE VELVET GLOVE. By H. S. MERRIMAN. 7½x5½, 315 pp. Smith, Elder, 6s.

[Modern Spain.]

THE FIELDS OF DULDITCH. By MARY E. MASS. 7½x5½, 320 pp. Digby, Long, 6s.

[Quiet stories of a remote country village.]

FLEUR DE CIVILISATION. By MARQUETTE VAN DE WIELE. 7½x4½, 287 pp. Paris: Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.

[A strong anti-féudalist novel.]

HISTORY.

ENGLISH CORONATION RECORDS. Ed. by L. G. WICKHAM LEOD. 11½x7½, 413 pp. Constable. 31s. 6d. n.

[Documents collected so as to form a consecutive history of the coronation from the earliest times. A sumptuous volume bound in red and grey with large illustrations.]

SCENES AND CHARACTERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS. 8x5½, 552 pp. Virtue. 7s. 6d.

[A posthumous work by this well-known ecclesiastical historian, treating of Monks, Minstrels, Knights; with pictures in the text.]

SELECT DOCUMENTS OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. Ed. by G. H. ADAMS and H. MORSE STEPHENS. 8x5½, 555 pp. The Macmillan Company. 10s.

[This, unlike previous similar books, embraces all the history from the Conquest. It is for use in classes, and is clearly and well arranged. Many of the documents, especially the later ones, are abridged, and all are translated. An excellent "source book."]

OXFORD STUDIES. By J. R. GREEN. Ed. by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss K. Norgate. 7½x5, 302 pp. Macmillan. 5s.

[These collected papers are the outcome of Green's favourite idea of a history of Oxford. The bulk of them are a series of papers on Oxford in the 18th century which appeared in the *Oxford Chronicle*.]

LE DERNIER BIENFAIT DE LA MONARCHIE. By the Duc DE BROGLIE. 9x5½, 331 pp. Paris: Calmann Levy. Fr.7.50.

[A posthumous work on the efforts of the French Royalty to secure the neutrality of Belgium.]

ETUDES ET LEÇONS SUR LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE. By ALPHONSE AULARD. Troisième Série. 7½x4½, 313 pp. Paris: Alcan. Fr.3.50.

[Prof. Aulard discusses the diplomacy of the Committee of Public Safety in 1793, the legend of Bonaparte menaced by the poniards of the Cinq-Cents, individual liberty under Napoleon I., the history of *tutoiement* during the Revolution, &c.]

NEW TALES OF OLD ROME. By R. LASCIAST. 9½x6½, 336 pp. Macmillan. 21s. n.

[This gives an account, by the best known authority on the subject, of the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum. Copiously illustrated by photographs.]

LITERARY.

LETTERS OF LADY HESKETH CONCERNING WILLIAM COWPER. Edited by CATHARINE B. JOHNSON. 8½x7, 128 pp. Jarrold. 5s.

[These are hitherto unpublished letters to the Rev. John Johnson and others, with portraits.]

THEORÆ LATINÆ. Studies in Synonyma and Syntax. By the late R. OGILVIE. Ed. by A. Souter. 9x5½, 339 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.

[An exhaustive explanation (for writers of Latin prose) of how to render in Latin 500 English expressions. Authorities copiously given. By the late Chief Inspector of Schools for Scotland, with a memoir by Joseph Ogilvie.]

MORE LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Ed. by W. M. ...

AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE. (Turner House C. Ed. by T. A. COOK. 6½x4½, 315 pp. Virtue. 2s. n.

[From Chaucer to Owen Newman. A handy little book, bound in black and white, well printed, with headpieces. Issued by the Editor.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOUTHPORT LITERARY AND SOPHICAL SOCIETY—SESSION 1900-1901.

[This society is well justified in printing its proceedings first time. It seems to be doing excellent work, and the literary, philological, archaeological, &c.—show a wide and in culture.]

MILITARY.

WITH RIMINGTON. By L. MARCH PHILLIPS. 9x5½, 219 pp. 7s. 6d.

[Based on letters and notes by the author, a captain in the Guides, from Magersfontein, Paarlburg, Pretoria, &c.]

UNOFFICIAL DISPATCHES. By E. WALLACE. 7½x5, 327 pp. 10s. 6s.

[By the *Daily Mail* correspondent, and written from Cape Johannesburg, &c., between December, 1900, and August last.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COCKTAIL BOOK. A Sideboard Manual for Gentlemen. 66 pp. Macqueen.

[The humorous origin of the cocktail; recipes for 62 and many other drinks (10 non-alcoholic); and useful hints serving and choice of wines. Neatly bound in red.]

THE SPINSTER BOOK. By MYRTLE REED. 8x5½, 222 pp. Putnam.

[Eight essays with humorous illustrations on love, courtship, &c.]

THE INTERNATIONAL ANNUAL OF ANTHONY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN. 8½x5½, 351 pp. New York: Anthony. 111s. 2s. n.

[An American annual for the practical photographer, fully illustrated.]

COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By E. H. COUMBE. 2nd 7½x5, 195 pp. E. Wilson. 2s. 6d. n.

[Specimens of terse, business-like letters for junior clerks and foreigners who are learning English.]

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL. Vol. for 1901. Wells Gardner. 3s.

FRIENDLY LEAVES. Vol. for 1901. Wells Gardner. 2s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BIRDS AND MAN. By W. H. HENSON. 8½x5½, 317 pp. Longman.

[Various papers about bird life, partly reprinted from many sources by the author of so many agreeable books on the same subject.]

BEAUTIFUL BIRDS. By E. SELORS. 7½x5½, 221 pp. Dent.

[An instructive and well-written book for children, on Paradise, Humming Birds, &c., by a thoroughly good naturalist. The first chapter is called "Why beautiful birds are killed."]

A TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY. By G. P. MUDGER. 7½x5, 300 pp. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

[By the Lecturer on Biology at the London School of Science for Women, &c. Illustrated.]

PHILOSOPHY.

LA PHILOSOPHIE RUSSE CONTEMPORAINE. By OSSIPOV. 9x5½, 276 pp. Paris: Alcan. Fr.5.

[The first complete survey ever made of Russian philosophy, whole considered as a mirror of the soul of the Slav.]

POETRY.

POEMS OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT. By THOMAS HARDY. 8x5½, 260 pp. Harpers. 6s.

SOMETIME—SOMEWHERE. By A. CLEGG. 6x4½, 48 pp. H. Marsh.

[A story of modern life of a religious type told in a prosaic blank verse "after" Tennyson.]

SAINT COLUMBA. By R. M. BENSON. 8½x6½, 53 pp. Edinburgh: Giles' Printing Co.; London: Stock.

[The unembellished narrative of St. Columba's Life, Spenserian stanzas of some vigour and accomplishment.]

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE AND OTHER THOUGHTS IN VERSE. By HUGH MACMILLAN. 7½x5½, 46 pp. Macmillan. 2s. n.

[Reflective, well-expressed verses of a religious cast.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

STANLEY'S LIFE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D. (Teacher's Ed.) 8½x5½, 720 pp. Murray. 6s.

[This book is now prescribed for the teacher's certificate. The edition is a well-printed one, with portraits and views, and a preface by Sir Joshua Fitch.]

ELEMENTS OF BOTANY. By W. J. BROWN. Fifth Ed. 7½x5, 272 pp. Heywood. 2s. 6d.

[A useful little book for serious students and for examinations. It is brought up to date and enlarged.]

IN OLD VIRGINIA. By T. S. PAGE. (The Dollar Library.) 7½x5, 312 pp. Hammersley. 4s.

[First published 1867.]

POEMS BY JOHN CLARE. Ed. by NORMAN GALE. 7½x5½, 158 pp. Kegan, Paul, Trenchard & Co. 2s. 6d. n.

[A really fine up edition of the unfortunate peasant genius of Helpston, near Peterborough 1795-1864, who died in a lunatic asylum—"a glimpse of the rainbow, a spray of the flowers," as Mr. Norman Gale calls him in an interesting biographical introduction.]

POEMS FROM VICTOR HUGO. By SIR G. YONGE. 7½x5½, 389 pp. Macmillan. 6s. 6d. n.

[With an introduction. More than half of the poems selected and translated with "loyalty and there a touch not fully authorized by the poet" have not, the translator believes, appeared in English before. Sir G. Yonge published a similar translation of Sophocles in 1889.]

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. By CHARLES READE. 8½x6½, 645 pp. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d. n.

[A successful quarto, well bound and printed, profusely and judiciously illustrated by Matt. B. Hewardine.]

THE WORKS OF S. WEBB MITCHELL. 10 vols. 7½x5. Macmillan. 42s. n.

[These contain a well-printed well-illustrated edition, bound in red, of all the poem works of this popular American writer.]

BABY'S BIBLICAL CYCLOPEDIA. New Edition, Revised. 9½x6½, 117 pp. Groombridge. 6s. 6d.

[The well-known Cyclopædia has been revised by Professor W. M. Ramsay and others, and has an Introduction by Professor Sayce, who is one of the contributors. It is designed for "the plain man" who wants biblical facts, and is not concerned with "the higher criticism."]

A NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP BUNTY. By LIEUT. W. HILTON. 7½x5, 140 pp. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d.

[The tale by itself of this narrative, with the charts, &c., as published 1805.]

CINNAMON AND ROSES AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY E. WILKINSON. (Red Leather Ed.) 6½x4½, 405 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. n.

[In this new series of small books, pleasant to hold and to read, and bound in red leather, "In Memoriam" and "Isopod Burners" are also contained.]

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLES DARWIN. The Descent of Man. 6½x5½, 1360 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

[A well-illustrated uniform with "The Origin of Species" and "A Naturalist's Voyage" as revised by Mr. Murray.]

THOUGHTS FROM THE LETTERS OF PETRARCH. Selected and translated by J. LINDSAY. 6½x4½, 117 pp. Dent. 2s. 6d.

[A little book of translated selections with index and introductory notes.]

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH METRE. By J. B. MAYOR. 2nd Ed. 9x5½, 300 pp. Clarendon University Press. 7s. 6d. n.

[The first edition was now added a discussion of the Dr. Skeat's and Mr. Robert Palmer's metrical systems; a chapter on Shelley's metrical system; and a very interesting chapter on the English hexameter, containing the note which is now held that Kingley's "Andromeda" "may be regarded as the most perfect example of it."]

ON THE LOVE OF GOD. By ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Ed. by Canon Kneass. 100 pp. **THOUGHTS OF PASCAL.** Ed. by C. S. JAMES. (The Library of Desires.) 6x4, 216 pp. Methuen. 2s. each.

[As in the other volumes of this little series, both books have good introductions by the editors. The translations are new. The French is a selection, mostly non-controversial, and Mme. Perier's (Grimm's French) life of her brother is included.]

DARWIN'S ORIGIN OF SPECIES. Popular Impression. 8x5½, 432 pp. Murray. 4s. n.

[Small print and bound in green paper.]

SOCIOLOGY.

INDUCTIVE SOCIOLOGY. By P. H. GIDDINGS. 9x6, 302 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s. 6d. n.

SPORT.

THE BOOK OF THE RIFLE. By T. F. FLEMING. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.

[An elaborate volume, historical and up-to-date, with illustrations and tables.]

THEOLOGY.

WHY I AM A CHURCHMAN. By CANON J. HAMMOND. Mowbray.

[The author was a Nonconformist forty years ago. His reasons for conforming are here rewritten from the point of view of the present.]

LETTERS TO A GODSON. By M. C. HICKES. Mowbray.

[Attempt to teach a boy lessons from the Bible consistently with the higher criticism.]

CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. Books IV. and V. By A. P. KIRKPATRICK, D.D. University Press. 2s. n.

[This series, edited by Bishop Perowne, is now approaching completion.]

THE CHURCHMAN'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE. By A. M. MACKAY. 7½x5, 305 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[A volume of the "Churchman's Library" is an intelligent layman the real meaning of the new criticism.]

THE SCRIPTURE WITHOUT A SWORD. By G. MATTHEW. J. Clarke. 1s.

[A little decorative book on the human side of the Bible.]

A GIFT BOOK FOR THE HOME. By the MARQUESS OF ARGYLL. 11x7½, 142 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

[A large well-printed book with drawings and page photographs of views or well-known religious verses of a simple kind.]

THE CORN OF HEAVEN. By H. MACMILLAN. Macmillan. 6s.

[Addresses preached to young people by a pleasant writer.]

ST. PAUL AND THE ROMAN LAW. By W. B. EBBES. 218 pp. T. and T. Clark. 4s. 6d.

[Studies of the intellectual environment of St. Paul and his fathers.]

OUR MODERN CHRISTIAN LIFE. By J. P. WELLS. 211 pp. Wells Gardner. 3s. 6d. n.

[Addresses delivered by the late Vicar of St. Paul's, on Thursdays in Advent and Lent (1896) at the request of parishioners.]

THE CHILD AND THE PRAYER-BOOK. By J. WELLS. 261 pp. Church of Eng. S.S.I. 1s. 6d.

[Lessons to enable children to take an intelligent part in the services. Each lesson is preceded by a short and useful book for the Sunday School.]

BIBLE SCENES AND PICTURES. By the REV. R. WELLS. 216 pp. Church of Eng. S.S.I. 2s.

[Takes each Sunday in the year chronologically (with illustrations) with the lands mentioned in the Bible for the day.]

THE CHURCH-WORKER. Vol. for 1901. Church of Eng. S.S.I. 10½x8½, 135 pp. Company.

GREAT THOUGHTS. Vol. for 1901. 10½x8½, 135 pp. Company.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVELLING. By J. B. HURRY. 10x7½, 214 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

[A largeish quarto, well got up, giving a full and complete account of the Eastern Church from a ruin from its foundation in 1121, with MSS., &c., a plan, and a list of the charters.]

THE NORWICH ROAD: An East Anglian History. By J. B. HURRY. 9x5½, 321 pp. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.

[A popular book intended to stir between the county history, with illustrations, by the author.]

EWENNY PRIORY. Monastery and Portress. T. and T. Clark. 9½x6½, 101 pp. Stock. 7s. 6d.

[A popular book and a contribution to the study of the history of the East Anglian coast.]

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 217. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Our next week's issue will be a special Dickens number, containing portraits of Dickens never before seen by the public, and numerous illustrations of an unfamiliar and interesting character bearing on Dickens' life and work.

The "Personal View" will be written by Mr. George Gissing, under the title of "Dickens in Memory."

* * * *

Books to read just published:

"Studies in History and Jurisprudence." By the Right Hon. J. Bryce, M.P. Clarendon Press.

"James Russell Lowell." By H. E. Scudder. Macmillan.

"In Sicily." By Douglas Sladen. Sands.

"Japan." By Mortimer Menpes. A. and C. Black.

* * * *

A fresh development of the American invasion is expected early in the New Year. It will be a development of the kind which

On this point, however, experts disagree, for on most influential members of the trade assures us experience is that the booksellers benefit by the "Where free libraries have been established in London said, "the local booksellers have told me that it was the best thing that could have happened." There is a book as soon as it gets talked about. The number of each library is limited, and some members will soon tire of and make for the nearest bookseller's shop. This statement, ever, was qualified by a well-known publisher, to whom subject was broached. While true so far as fiction and popular books of the day were concerned, it did not apply to more serious literature, especially to text-books of reference. "It would pay me," he added, the round of the free libraries and buy up all my publications I should probably sell at least half-a-dozen copies of one that finds its way into these institutions." Yet he thought that the libraries did a good work in getting the people as anything done to promote popular education must be in the interests of the trade as a whole.

* * * *

The Nobel prize for literary merit has been awarded to Mistral as was expected, but to M. Sully-Prudhomme. Sully-Prudhomme is a poet, a contemporary of Victor Hugo, Catulle Mendès, and one of the so-called "Parnassians" in 1839, and an Academician since 1881. *La Justice* (1871), *Bonheur* (1888) are the titles of his principal works, philosophic, meditative writer, expressing in verse the ideas and subtleties of metaphysics. The value of the award to him is about £8,000.

* * * *

The British connoisseur, whether of books or of pictures, at last awakened to a fact which for long has been obvious, a large, perhaps dangerously large, proportion of art treasures purchased directly by or on behalf of collectors. Mr. Pierpont Morgan is putting to one side, if possible, what to him are relatively small sums, but to the ordinary man represent a capital far beyond the horizon of his horizon. The series of decorative paintings executed by Fragonard for Madame du Barry, bought by an English collector, is sold, for £50,000; Gainsborough's "Lady Port and Children," sold at Christie's in 1891 for 11,000, the "Stolen Duchess," now valued at perhaps twice as much, 1876, when the picture fetched 10,100 guineas; the Dorchester-house Hobbema, in connexion with which the £25,000 is named—these are a few of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's noteworthy purchases in the domain of pictures. Mr. Morgan, again, is believed to have paid £15,000 for Turner's "Rain and Blue Lights," 1810, which at the Goldsmid sale fetched but 3,700 guineas.

* * * *

But we would direct special attention to a few important book purchases during the past few months.

1. <i>La Mee des Hommes</i> . Paris, 1800. £205
(From Heber's list, 1826, £16 10s.)
2. <i>Genevan Bible</i> , 1585. Signature, "John Milton, B. 6. 24: 1631" 500
3. <i>Byron</i> . Poems on Various Occasions, 1807. Pres. copy to "Edwd. Noel Lang, Golden, Gids., from the Author" 120
4. <i>Kent</i> . Poems, 1817. "To my friends the Miss Reynolds, J. K." 125
5. <i>Shakespeare</i> . <i>Invades</i> , Prince of Tyre, 1619. 4to. 100
6. <i>Stevenson</i> . An Object of Pity, and Objects of Pity, 1892 50
7. <i>Kent</i> . <i>Invades</i> , 1818. "Mrs. Reynolds from her friend J. K." perhaps in the poet's autograph 41

The above list is by no means exhaustive; indeed, several of the items have been taken more or less at random from dozens which might with equal reason be included. Only within the last week or two have definite tidings reached this country of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's purchase of No. 1; but, as a matter of fact, the arrangement for transferring the monumental work from the Piccadilly firm to him was arrived at many months ago. Unlike most book collectors this wealthy American is also a student. At the University of Gottingen, so high were his mathematical attainments that the authorities are said to have offered him a lectureship. Yet we do not part with the *Psalter* without regret—for part with it, and with other treasures bought by Mr. Morgan, we must in due time, when questions of duty have been arranged. Neither before nor since has an equally high sum been paid at auction for a printed book; moreover, not only is it of great rarity, but it has seldom if ever been surpassed as a piece of typography.

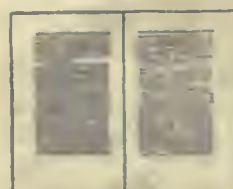
As to No. 2, which was published at 1s. 6d., it is by no means impossible that a second copy with the frontispiece hitherto regarded as belonging to the third edition—and there are those who think that the engraving in the £1,475 copy is an interpolation may be discovered. In 1851 Macaulay said "not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence." Nos. 3 and 8 on our table relate to quartos, published at 6d. each, which early in the nineteenth century were procurable at about £1. They cross the Atlantic to join, in one library or another, many good copies of the first folio recently sold in England. The £125 paid for No. 7 marks *Kent*'s record in the auction rooms—a non-presentation copy, in morocco instead of original boards, fetched £18 15s. in June, 1900. Of the ten entries, connoisseurs in this country are in no way concerned about that which appears last but one; £50 was a ridiculously high sum, surely, for the trifle "An Object of Pity," written by Stevenson and some of his friends at Samoa, with "The Man Haggard's" reply, "Objects of Pity." The two booklets occurred again for sale on July 1, when they made £24 5s.; while on November 27 they changed hands publicly for a third time, bringing £27 10s. The almost inevitable conclusion is that when an American collector desires a particular picture or book he is prepared to out-bid all rivals.

Philosophers in all ages have differed in their definitions of the causes of laughter; and possibly, "Mind," a publication which purports to emanate from an Oxford college hitherto considered respectable, is intended to illustrate the latest conception of *ré-ry-der*. It appears to be an elaborate burlesque of its learned namesake. This kind of thing, if it is to be done at all, ought to be very well done indeed; it is permitted to no one to be only moderately amusing at great length, and when the

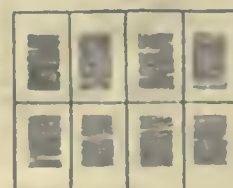
trader und Gottloser, wollte von der so dienstwilligen Priester-Kribbel-Kribbelkel wissen. Als er den Schein nicht lesen konnte und sprach zu seinen Jüngern: Schein! Was soll mir diese "Hindutung auf Schein!"

And so forth. A little more "would" the character of the banquet. As it is, except flashes, the philosopher as humourist is a distinguished success. He is often ingenious; to know when to stop. Thus a good "Limerick" and then is a pleasant thing, and adds to the But 101 solid, consecutive Limericks, none funny rhyme and scansion, and many wantonly and hundred and one of them! It is "a thing in at." Truly, Oxford philosophers must need a not to feel that this form of advertisement no life. Why these rhymes should have been why, being made, they should have been pri—that is a new riddle of the Sphinx.

Nine persons out of every ten have but a meaning of "folio," "quarto," "octavo," therefore reproduce, by permission of Mr. J. Fisher, from Mr. Douglas Cockerell's new volume *Artistic Craft Series of Technical Handbooks*, in another column)—four cuts which explain



Folio



8°

[From "Bookbinding" (by permission of Mr. J.]

A folio book is the largest, an octavo the smallest most people would say. But, strictly speaking, indicate that a given sheet has been folded a times. Prior to the middle of the eighteenth marks on papers at once showed the size smallest sheet, marked with "a jug, was known next had a cap and bells, hence our "foolscap horn," "post," a crown, and soon. To-day the &c., are sometimes loosely used to indicate the irrespective of the number of times the sheets The sketches reproduced give the key to their folio—whether of imperial size, 30in. by 22 1/2in. by 15 1/2in.—is a book wherein the sheets once only; in a quarto they are twice folded; times; in a 16mo. four times. Thus we know

employed for the purpose reports that he found a large number of bacilli, representing nearly a hundred different poisons and disease germs. Fifty books, selected at random, were examined, and all were declared more or less infected. Dry sterilization of the books has been recommended. Bacteriological investigations, like statistics, seem able to prove anything. Last year an authoritative medical opinion was given at the meeting of the Library Association to the effect that the danger of infection from books was infinitesimal. The microbe question reminds us that we have not yet learned the result of the competition for the two prizes for the best treatises on the insect enemies of books, founded by the late Mlle. Marie Pellechet, whose attention was drawn to these destructive parasites during the International Congress of Librarians in Paris last year. Other insects attack books as well as the "bookworm," and as an instance of their ravages it is recorded that in a public library, but little frequented, one insect perforated twenty-seven folio volumes in a straight line, in such a manner that, on passing a cord through the perfectly round hole made by it, the twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once. Hitherto, apparently, no one had studied the subject with the object of checking the development of the insects, but it was hoped that the legacy left by Mlle. Pellechet would produce good results. The prizes were for 1,000 francs and 500 francs respectively. Mlle. Pellechet's example was followed by another book-lover who offered a further 1,000 francs for the best paper on the study of worms and insects which more particularly attack the bindings of books.

* * * *

An Oxford correspondent sends us the following on Undergraduate Journalism :

A writer in *Literature* recently treated of the subject of Oxford's many magazines and journals from the serious point of view which befits a graduate ; this article is an endeavour to throw some light upon the more frivolous magazines edited by undergraduates. The *Pipe* and the *Quad*, both small ephemeral productions were fully discussed in the article just mentioned ; what is perhaps worthy of notice here is that the *Pipe* obtained contributions from several of the senior members of the University, and, although it was edited by undergraduates, it was not strictly speaking an undergraduate paper. The first number of the *Pipe* (there were alas ! but four) contained some verses by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, which afterwards—with a slight addition—formed an introduction to that author's admirable "Conferences on Books and Men." Amongst other articles there have been several by the author of "The Arcadians," a man who has frequently charmed readers of the *Oxford Magazine* by his pleasant articles. Of the new and frivolous class of paper which has lately been the fashion in Oxford, the *X* was the forerunner. It appeared first some three years ago as a threepenny weekly, and, passing through many vicissitudes, it lingered on for two years, when from lack of contributors and advertisements it died. In its palmyest days—with its loud and curious cover—it was decidedly a success, and for a short time was very ably edited. The *X*, however, went the way of all undergraduate papers and fell into the hands of a clique, who endeavoured to prime their readers with washy aestheticism. A curious phenomenon this, and one hard to explain, but it was very noticeable in the case of the *Quad*, and of the *Spirit Lamp*—the product of an earlier generation. The great feature of the *X* was the college notes, scraps of personal news from

decked out like a publisher's art catalogue. The first (Hinz No. 1 as it was called) appeared on the first of the Eights, but owing to rain its sale in the streets was a failure, and so the *May Bee* perished after a butterfly existence of one day. It was originally intended to publish this the *May Bee*, every day in Eights Week, and had its pages been readable—which they certainly were not—it might have been a financial success.

Another paper of the class appeared last January illustrated weekly under the ambitious title of the 'Varsity. This turned out—though rather feeble at first—very different to its predecessors, even to those of considerable age and standing. The usual plan of the paper seemed to be to fill its pages of literary matter—sometimes of considerable value—followed by items of Varsity news and accounts and reports of the various athletic teams, not to mention "college gossip" as in the *X*. The illustrations consist in head pieces and in a full-page cartoon every week ; occasionally, however, when anything important—such as the arrival of the theatre—is happening, the paper is replete with drawings. Sporting matters are invariably dealt with at length by "blues," and all Varsity matches are, of course, reported at length. In the summer an interesting series of articles was introduced, which was intended to give the views of Oxford ; amongst others the Crown Prince contributed an excellent article. University discussion is a rule ignored by this class of paper, the editors are full well that the undergraduate does not care about the acts of Convocation. Let the Proctor infringe the undergraduates' rights, however, and the *Varsity* expresses its opinion with a delightful frankness that must be a relief to many an editor of Society papers elsewhere. Last week a special number of the *Varsity* appeared entitled *Bump*, an astonishing collection of matter which will be "the despair of posterity." The most remarkable in the *Bump* was a general paper "to be set to lead on the first wet morning in Eights Week." It is full of the most obscure Oxford slang, with numerous allusions to celebrities. The *Varsity* cannot, however, claim to have originated the *Bump*, for it had appeared on two occasions during Eights Week. Another of these special productions—which by the way command a large sale when the college is full of visitors—was the *Barge*, which closely resembled other Eights Week papers.

All these would-be literary productions have an immense use, for in a way they influence opinion among the undergraduates who are always susceptible to new opinions, and in providing an opening for budding author's contributions they certainly carry out a useful idea. In this habit of ridiculing anything objectionable the Oxford undergraduate papers may in time come to be of opinion in much the same way as Aristophanes did at Athens, or as Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas have done in England. Up to the present time it represents the undergraduates' paper as opposed to the sober *Oxford Magazine*, which is essentially the Dons' paper.

Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, who passed away last week, was a friend of Sir James Redhouse, the most eminent Turkish scholar of Great Britain. His volume published last year on Turkish poetry, following on a selection from the poetry of the eighteenth century, was a revelation to English scholars.

the early works of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Helen Phillips, and other young men who have since made a noise in the world. Later on, when the *Joker* was started, Mr. Robinson became himself one of Mr. Jerome's contributors.

The late Mr. John Barrow Allen, well-known for his series of elementary books for Latin students, left "An elementary Greek Grammar" which the Oxford Press has in preparation. The new number of Mr. Frowde's "Periodical," states that at the time of Mr. Allen's death about 180,000 copies of his "Elementary Latin Grammar" and 112,000 copies of the "First Latin Exercise Book" had been sold; and the total sales of his books published by the Clarendon Press exceeded 340,000 at that date.

Next week's literary birthdays include those of Mr. C. J. Greville (December 15, 1856), Mr. A. B. Walkley (December 17, 1855), Mr. Stanley Lane Poole (December 18, 1854), and Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson (December 20, 1853).

Mr. M. H. Spielmann has been requested by the family of the late Miss Kate Greenaway to write a memorial volume dealing with her work, containing, besides her memoir and correspondence, chapters from her autobiography, some poems left in manuscript, and many reproductions of drawings and designs hitherto unpublished. Among her friends and correspondents were Lord Tennyson, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, Mr. Randolph Caldecott, and H.E.M. the Empress Frederick.

A copy of the first edition of Dr. Watts' "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" was sold the other day for £110.

Mr. Zangwill has been elected to represent the East-end at the next Zionist congress.

Madame Yvette Guilbert has written and is about to publish a novel dealing with French music-hall life and entitled *La Follette*.

M. Rostand has written a poem on the alleged sufferings of the Boer children in the concentration camps.

D'Annunzio's new play, *Francesca da Rimini*, was produced at Rome on Monday.

Maxim Gorki's new play will be first produced at the Berlin theatre.

"W. A. B." writes to us to say that Mr. Stanley Weyman's "The House of the Wolf" appeared not in *Lantern Magazine* but the *English Illustrated Magazine* (October 1888-March 1889). He adds that "King Pepin and Sweet Clive," July, 1883; "The Dinnery Hall," November, 1883; "The Professor and the Harpy," February, 1884; and "Archdeacon Holden's Tribulation," August, 1884, were first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

An interesting departure is being made by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein to meet the increasing demand for cheaper literature. They are starting several series of penny illustrated booklets, tiny in size, but uncommonly artistic. One series—"Notes on the Cathedrals"—has already begun, and is intended for the use of students when larger volumes are out of reach, and for hosts of visitors to the cathedrals described. The illustrations are particularly good. Another series is called "Biographical notes," and includes a booklet on "Alfred Lord Tennyson" written by Mr. P. E. Johnson, of Oxford, and a little life of King Edward both charmingly illustrated. Other penny biographical volumes to follow are lives of Queen Alexandra, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Napoleon, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Alfred Milner.

Some interesting announcements are made in the new list issued by the Cambridge University Press. Dr. Sandys writes a "History of Classical Scholarship"; Mr. W. H. D. Rouse an essay on the history of Greek religion entitled "Greek Votive Offerings"; the Rev. Edmund Nolan, of Trinity College, Cambridge, edits for the first time "Two Greek Grammars of the Thirteenth Century"; Mr. F. W. Payn contributes a volume on "Crowns and Foreign Affairs," together with four essays on international matters; and Mr. J. E. G. Montmorency "An

James, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum; and of Turlogh," edited, with translation, glossary by Standish Hayes O'Grady, in two volumes.

A rigid supervision and control of men of letters has been the recognized Russian equivalent of the the prophets. Erudition is

Stoning the Government of the Tsars; but Prophets. Imagination has hardly ever fallen

sessors into trouble. Pushkin was place in the remote country. Shevchenko was sent as a private soldier on the Asiatic frontier. To seek safety in flight. Dostoevski was exiled, knouted. Korolenko was condemned to spend frozen Yakut village. Tolstoy was but lately And now there is the case of Gorki, turned out, kept out of Moscow, and only allowed to winter condition that he does not visit Yalta, to be. A book, rather than a note, would be required rights and wrongs of all these cases; but perhaps rights and wrongs are less interesting than cause the Russian police to watch poets and excessive caution. The reason is that imagination is the only medium in Russia for making free comments on matters of public interest. The censor has little power to do anything of the kind. So always, he may criticize English statesmen policy; sometimes, but not always, he may criticize of his village council in some matter of local importance, except with permission and in accordance with, of any matter of real interest to his readers, to lead to suppression of his paper, or to its receipt advertisements for a month or two, gravity of the offence. A good many Russians naturally cultivate obscurity in the hope of eluding but the censor generally sees what they are doing and such disciplinary measures as seem good to him who write a whole book to convey an idea which could crystallize into a paragraph have obvious of running the gauntlet. They do not, of course, with purposes after the style of the late Charles that would be to give themselves over, bound into the enemy's hands. It is enough for them to supply promises, leaving readers to draw conclusions. If the censor is puzzled, there is nothing for him to do but he does not wish to pose as the implacable enemy. So the novelist is allowed to sow the seed, but when the crop comes to maturity. This, if we are not mistaken, is what has happened in the case of Tolstoy. We have read a good many of his stories without they were anything more than very gloomy. We have looked at some of them again in the light of an aphorism has occurred to us, based upon the rule of three sums. As philosophy: political discontent. Evidently, therefore, the books of Tolstoy are so many bitter cries into which political and are being read. And bitter cries cannot be autoeracy. They imply unfavourable criticism preliminary to violent deeds. An autoeracy makes people contented by the same stern method. Keats undertook to make the Eton boys pure of put under restraint all the people who feel mis and against the establishment. So the Russian

Literature Portraits.—XXXII.

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

To compare Mr. Israel Zangwill with other English authors is to note identities, deviations, and contrasts of character and method without explaining them. He is an immigrant alien in the field of English letters, the most striking manifestation of Jewish genius in British garb that has appeared among us since Disraeli. And what renders him the more striking is the fact that he reproduces all the most distinctive features of the Jewish mind as they revealed themselves to the world at the first emergence of the Jew from his long Ghetto seclusion. To say that all Jews are more or less Zangwills is not quite true. The amazing assimilativeness of the race has in the great majority of cases instinctively schooled and restrained their native darling in its literary expression. Ludwig Boerne and Berthold Auerbach, outside the Jewry, and Franzos and Kompert within, were, for example, far more German than Jewish. Where the distinctive features come out most strongly is in the cases of men like Heine, Saphir, Lassalle, and Disraeli. Here we find, more or less modified by environment and especially by a varying remoteness from the Ghetto, that *chulapn*—to use an untranslatable Jewish expression best represented perhaps by the slang word "cheek"—which nearly every Jewish boy illustrates unpleasantly, and which is the parent of the daring wit, the epigrammatic cynicism, the fantastic imagination which the higher Jewish mind unites with an infinite tenderness and an encyclopedic cleverness. It was, I think, Georg Brandes who first noted this in his thoughtful monograph on Lord Beaconsfield.

What renders Mr. Zangwill peculiarly interesting, however, is that this essentially Jewish psychology has received in him an entirely new treatment. Disraeli, who had never known the Ghetto, and whose mild and mediocre father was only one further illustration of that instinctive Jewish mimicry which can don the jack-boots of John Bull and the pig-tail of John Chinaman with like facility and success, was an astonishing frank of atavism. Heine, Saphir, and Lassalle stood also outside the Ghetto, but they were in touch with it, and they began their lives as Jewish *revoltés*. Mr. Zangwill too, is, a *revolté*, but he comes from the heart of Jewry and in a large measure he has remained there. Heine in his early years brought to the gates of the Ghetto the culture he had acquired at Bonn and Göttingen and for a brief moment dreamt of opening a new epoch in Hebrew history; but he found no response and he turned away. Mr. Zangwill has been more fortunate. He is the product of another period when Gentile culture has become available in the Ghetto itself with not over-pleasing results. The Jewish schools, while endeavouring to combine the progressive Occident with the unchanging East, have only thrown the eternal Jewish problem into more tragic relief. They have subordinated the Ghetto to a middle class which has made the unquestioning faith of the old days a fetish and the culture of the new a showy Philistinism. Born and reared in this environment Mr. Zangwill has faced the problem as Heine faced it eighty years ago, but, unlike Heine, he has confronted it with knowledge and enthusiasm, and he has found encouragement to persevere in a large volume of rebellious sympathy. In a word, while Heine, Lassalle, and even Disraeli, with the same strange type of intellect as we find in Mr. Zangwill, were essentially outside

his great gifts would have come to him much more slowly ploughed a more conventional furrow. His destiny was ever, not obvious to him from the first. I imagine that in a rebellious moment he shook the dust of the Jewish School from his feet he had little thought of being a Dickens of the Ghetto, still less of aspiring to reinvent Akiba. His first book, "The Premier and the Painter," in collaboration with a brother ex-usher and rebel, Mr. Cowen, was a bold bid for the ear of the great world. It has no Jewish interest except that in its bewilderment of tantalizing cleverness, its keen satire, its wildly episodic, and its flashy superficiality it reminds one of "Grey." If it is far less refined than "Vivian Grey," it enables us to measure how the accident of milieu had made in its author the Disraelian mental type. But the year in which "The Premier and the Painter" saw the light, another and more serious direction a stirring one for Zangwill. It was the year in which "Robert Elsmere" published, the spiritual unrest of which that book was a sign had also invaded Jewry and was made manifest by the work of Mr. Claude Montefiore's *Jewish Quarterly Review*. Revolted by the air, Amy Levy's "Reuben Sachs" illustrated at its intensity and its dangers. Mr. Zangwill found himself in a sympathetic interest to which his pen not unready responded. Among other things he wrote for the *Jewish Quarterly* an exceedingly clever analysis of the growing spiritual unrest in the Jewish community, which showed that he was a scholar as well as a wit, and for an obscure Jewish Calendar story, "Mekatrif"—afterwards published in "Ghetto Tragedies" republished in "They that Walk in Darkness"—which, conventional enough in its central idea, revealed a wide grasp of Ghetto life and character, and the budding of a sympathy with its "tragi-comedy of sordid and shifty poverty."

A few months later Mr. Zangwill was asked to write a Jewish novel for the newly-started Jewish Publication Society of America. I believe I was in a measure responsible for the proposal. The founders of the society wrote to me that they wanted "a Jewish Robert Elsmere," and asked me to get somebody to do it. At the time I did not know Mr. Zangwill, but I replied at once that there was only one man in London who was capable of the work, and that was the author of "Mekatrif" and of the article in the *Jewish Quarterly*. The proposal was not easy, however, to prevail on Mr. Zangwill to accept the commission. He was then editing a comic paper, *Ariel*, and considerable success, and he felt the big world tugging at him. In *Ariel* he wrote "The Bachelors' Club" and "The Maids' Club," two of the wittiest books published for many years. Their chief fault is, perhaps, that there is too much drollery in them. But they are not all fooling. There is a great deal of excellent satire in both, and even the jokes have the charm of originality, for it is impossible to say that they borrowed from any familiar school. I remember one reviewer congratulating Mr. Zangwill on his independence of American models. If that reviewer had read Moritz's *Humoristische Erzählungen* or the sparkling buffoon Hector Crémieux and Albert Milhaud he would have had a different view of Mr. Zangwill's originality, though I doubt whether "The Bachelors' Club" owed anything to these models by way of unconscious Hebrew atavism.

But these were trifles by the side of the work that was coming. Mr. Zangwill accepted the American proposal, and the result was a really great book, "The Children of the Ghetto." It was the first time the real heart and soul of Jewry

Mr. Zangwill's *Jewry* was a *terro incognita*. Some people knew the "Halb-Asien" of France and Kompet and Miss Gerard, but this was a "Halb-Asien" in an entirely new setting—the setting of the strenuous and storm-tossed life of London with social contrasts almost unknown in Galicia and the Bukovina, and soul-wrestlings touching the deepest notes of tragedy. But the book not only revealed *Jewry*, it also revealed Zangwill. The *calculus of Ariel* threw off his mystery and made his bow as a constructive artist, a master of human emotion, pursuing a high intellectual and ethical purpose. The book was not without grave faults. Artistic perspective often suffered through the wealth of subsidiary incident and a one-sided slantness of realism. The excursions into the Jewish Philistia of the West-end were crude and unconvincing. The ethical aim was obscured by the pity excited by its own pathos. But the pulsating life, the marvellous local colour, the wonderful panorama of new types of character, the strange world to which it introduced us with so clear an insight and such dazzling alternations of tears and laughter, remained and compensated for every other defect. The book was, in short, a great book and at once placed Mr. Zangwill—then in his twenty-eighth year—in the front rank of English novelists.

"The Children of the Ghetto" is so typical of Mr. Zangwill's Jewish work that it is scarcely necessary to examine very closely his other efforts in the same direction. In the following year (1883) he published "Ghetto Tragedies," chips from the workshop in which the larger work had been fashioned. Although several of these stories are early efforts their merits are exceedingly high. Essentially poetic in treatment, and more monographic in scope, their artistic presentation is more perfect than in "The Children of the Ghetto." These stories were republished, together with a further collection under the title "They that Walk in Darkness," six years later. The chief interest of this volume lies in the comparisons it enables the reader to make between the author's earliest efforts and his work a decade later. The material and the old qualities are the same, but the material is handled with greater delicacy, and the old qualities bear distinct traces of a maturer judgment and settling convictions.

Meanwhile, two other volumes of Jewish tales had issued from Mr. Zangwill's pen, the material in both cases being chiefly sought in the Ghetto of the past. "The King of Schnorrers" is a study of the typical Jewish beggar in an eighteenth-century setting. It is a droll piece of work with a conscientiously constructed historical background. In it Mr. Zangwill's Jewish humour finds its legitimate milieu, for it is the "schnorrer" who is the peculiar embodiment of that Jewish quality of *chutzpa* of which his own genius is in one direction the refined offspring. The other volume, "Dreamers of the Ghetto," is in some respects the most remarkable of all Mr. Zangwill's work. It is a book with a purpose, the presentation of that tragic problem of Judaism which had struggled feebly and ineffectively through the crowded and picturesque sociology of "The Children of the Ghetto." In the interval of the two works Mr. Zangwill had become a Zionist, and his views of the destinies of Judaism had shaped themselves with a strong pessimistic bias. He had convinced himself that "the time had come for a new religious expression, a new language for the old everlasting emotions, in terms of the modern *exile*," and that the only safe alternative was a return to nationalism. The idea would have been a striking one, however presented, but the dramatic form chosen by Mr. Zangwill was unconvincing, even daring. He transferred the Jewish problem from the field of spiritual and exalting activities to

insufficiently objective. It starts with a partial analyzing character, it synthesises it to a very partial synthesis, the Zangwillian image. None the less it is a portrait and a fine presentation of the problem in terms of moving romance.

Besides these Jewish books Mr. Zangwill published ambitious novels of Gentile life, a volume of poems and a large number of poems which will show a collected form. The two non-Jewish novels, "The Master" and "The Mantle of Elijah," are of unequal merit. "The Master" was evidently intended to be a masterpiece, many of Mr. Zangwill's admirers regard it as such. There can be no question that it possesses the elements of an exceptional novel, but these elements are in a less developed form. The two elements of character and plot are less developed than in the Jewish books. All the work deals with second-hand material, and there is no escape from obvious over-elaboration. Still it is a work which an exceptionally gifted man could have written, which few could have achieved with so profound problems of conduct and human destiny, and of more successful work in the same direction has not been fulfilled—and perhaps was not intended to be. "The Mantle of Elijah." That work is a political tract, a counterblast against modern Jingoism, light and airy, but less convincing as a work of art. "The Master," but less convincing as a work of art. The characters are very carefully studied and satires, but on the whole the book has a flatness. As a work of a Jewish writer of Mr. Zangwill's type, it is a comparison with Disraeli's "Sybil." So it is a confession that, with all his wider intellectual range, he is only a parvenu Disraeli. He has, however, gone so far in ten years that he may be reckoned as a parallel more exact.

For my part I should prefer that he should have been a "Dreamer of the Ghetto." This is his most characteristic work. He knows his people as few know them, and he knows no one else can. The Ghetto appeals to him, and his soundest knowledge. But he is too restless and omnivorous an intellect—to rest on a single aspect of human life, however rich. Perhaps he is right. Literature will be a loser, for even as a minor poet he has yet to be reckoned. Here are some verses, "A Winter Morning" from a magazine long since dead which will show his abundant metrical gift, the while they picture of his own mental struggle at the parting of the ways.

Heart-sick I step from out the dusky
God! What a burst of brightness
Blue, frosty sky, still streets grown new
Beneath the sacred splendour of

Strange music swells, dear faces flash
God's face resurges in the lining
God's love a moment seems no hope
Nor immortality an old wives' tale

I have written of Zangwill the novel, something to be said of Zangwill the poet, twenty years hence will be time enough to write his literary portrait, for the lesson he has taught the world is still only limned in uncertainty, however, must be said: Richly endowed, a great artist, he is essentially a moral teacher.

paper), and an anonymous Jewish novelette, which he published as a penny booklet, sharing the expense of production with a friend. The booklet sold well, especially among the East-end Jews, and one portion of it—the description of market-day in Jewry—was transferred bodily to “The Children of the Ghetto.” Flushed with success, the two partners published a long comic ballad which Mr. Zangwill had written after the style of “Tab,” and prepared elaborate posters to advertise it all over London. How the action of his colleagues temporarily put a stop to his labours Mr. Zangwill has described in “My First Book”:

It transpired that Y., had suddenly been taken with a further happy thought. Contemplation of those gorgeous tri-coloured posters had turned his brain, and, armed with an amateur paste-pot and a ladder, he had sallied forth at midnight to stick them about the silent streets, so as to cut down the publishing expenses. A policeman, observing him at work, had told him to come down, and Y., being legal-minded, had argued it out with the policeman *de haut en bas* from the top of his ladder. The outraged majesty of the law thereupon haled Y. off to the cells.

The partners were fellow pupil-teachers, and the committee of their school required Mr. Zangwill to publish nothing which had not passed the censorship of the committee. “This,” he writes, “was a blessing in disguise; for, as I have never been able to endure the slightest arbitrary interference with my work, I simply abstained from publishing. Thus, although I still wrote—mainly sentimental verses—my nocturnal studies were less interrupted. Not till I had graduated, and was of age, did I return to my inky vomit. Then came my first book—a real one at last.” This was “The Premier and the Painter,” written in collaboration with another fellow-teacher, Mr. Louis Cowen, and published under the name of “J. Freeman Bell.” It was brought out by Mr. Spencer Blackett in 1888. It was well received by the critics, but it took six years to work its way into a third edition. It is now published by Mr. Heinemann in a fourth edition, uniform with the majority of Mr. Zangwill’s later works. The “first book” of which Mr. Zangwill can claim the sole authorship is “The Bachelors’ Club,” published by Messrs. Henry and Co. in 1891, and now—after running through at least six editions in separate form—bound up with “The Old Maids’ Club” in the volume published by Mr. Heinemann in 1898 under the title of “The Celibates’ Club.”

Chronologically arranged, Mr. Zangwill’s bibliography is as follows:—

Fiction.

- 1888.—“The Premier and the Painter” (with L. Cowen). (Spencer Blackett, now published by Heinemann, fourth edition.)
 1891.—“The Bachelors’ Club.” (Henry and Co., now published by Heinemann in “The Celibates’ Club.”)
 1892.—“The Big Bow Mystery.” (Henry and Co., out of print.)
 „ “The Old Maids’ Club.” (Heinemann, now published in “The Celibates’ Club.”)
 „ “The Children of the Ghetto.” (Heinemann, eighth edition.)
 1893.—“Merely Mary Ann.” (Tuck and Sons.)
 „ “Ghetto Tragedies.” (McClure and Co., now published with additions under the title of “They that Walk in Darkness,” Heinemann.)
 1894.—“The King of Schnorrers.” (Heinemann, second edition.)
 1895.—“The Master.” (Heinemann, third edition.)
 1898.—“The Dreamers of the Ghetto.” (Heinemann.)
 1899.—“They that Walk in Darkness”: “Ghetto Tragedies,” with additions. (Heinemann.)
 1900.—“The Mantle of Elijah.” (Heinemann, second edition.)

Essays.

- 1896.—“Without Prejudice.” Reprinted from the *Pall Mall Magazine*. (Fisher Unwin.)

Plays.

- 1893.—*Six Persons*. Comedietta—Haymarket.
 1899.—*Children of the Ghetto*. Four-act drama—Adelphi.
 1900.—*The Moment of Death*. One-act tragedy—Wallack’s.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWING. II.

A “Personal View”

By HARRY QUILTER.

We come to the second of our divisions—the review of the public and the restrictions imposed by the nature of the review in a periodical. These are more than might be supposed. Space, *par exemple*, is wanting; for, from an editor’s point of view, critic the comparatively unimportant thing, and the *Pro* method is frequently applied thereto. Nor will the bear—I am trying them hard at the present moment long and connected argument, under ordinary circumstances. You cannot presume for readers either sufficient interest in the reviewer’s endeavour to render his accurately. And this difficulty is obviously increased when we remember that in proportion to the importance of the matter is the reluctance of the general reader to spend his consideration. Where ten people will read a column about Miss — of the Gaiety Theatre’s conversation, his pirouettes, there is scarcely one who will get through space on a famine in Ludlow, a strike in the iron-trade, or a departure in religion or metaphysic. And since newspaper written for the many and not for the few, the many rule the action of the editor. This is the reason why the intel of all the Universities in England is crammed into two in a corner, while there are perhaps a dozen columns devoted to personalities, sport, and the drama. Such may be the general periodical restriction; to which has to be added that of the special journal. This, again, depends upon conditions of its *clientèle*, plus the personal views of the proprietor which have to be, to some extent, taken into account. So in one organ, your review must not be too frivolous, in another, too staid; in this, your common sense must be to the nth power of purple journalese; in that it must be lowered to absolute commercial precision of epithet; in this it need only hint at the author’s meaning; and in that it must drive that meaning home, with stolid repetition, to a dull class of readers. The power to bear all these obligations, whilst the criticism is being written, comes, to some extent, with practice, but by no means to everybody in the same degree. Personally, though I have had as much experience as most, I could never acquire properly this portion of a journalist’s business. There are many men in London who possess the almost incredible knack of striking exactly the right note with regard to their public, their paper, and their editors. Such are quick to discern the signs of the times, to adapt their work in consequence; they seem to smell a topic, and abandon a played-out one, while others are ignorant of approach or dissolution. Lastly, there are subjects, methods of treatment, and turns of thought which are taboo to the periodical critic; not for any essential objection, but simply because of a Dr. Fell-like determination on the part of the public, that they shall not be introduced. The critic must learn to distinguish these and keep them out of his “memorial.” He must learn, since space is so brief, to strike a quick, pleasant road to the comprehension of his subject, to limit himself to the two or three most important points of connexion therewith; to leave something unsaid, for his readers to track out for themselves; and having delivered his

out of place that I should state plainly what my own practice has been, and the alternatives which, as it appears to me, are placed before any young critic who wishes to do his duty.

My own practice has invariably been to regard all artistic or literary work, whether done by friend, enemy, or stranger, entirely apart from the personality of the doer. In saying this, I do not mean that I have regarded it apart from the conditions in which it has been done, when such conditions have been brought to my notice. Nor have I, as is generally the case nowadays, refused to admit, as a factor in my judgment, the object of the work. To fully explain, much less defend, such method would be quite out of place here. I adopted it only because of necessity; it appeared to me the only manner in which it was possible to do the work at all. Taking the work in such isolation, my next attempt was to find a class to which it rightly belonged; and I estimated the value of that class by such general principles as were recognized, or as I had discovered and adopted for myself, from experience of nature and by comparison of books or pictures, one with another. I am quite aware that this is a very elementary and rough-and-ready proceeding; but it does appear to me to afford some secure foothold for critical judgment. You may rank your classes wrongly, you may make an error in the placing of the work therein; but you at least avoid being led away by emotional impulse; you are forced to give yourself chapter and verse for the verdict given; and, if your opinion is challenged, you can at least show the ground on which it has been formed. More than this, I think, *what* the public, nor the author of any work of art or literature, has a right to demand. And for the rest, the value of the opinion must be judged partly by the reasons given, their adequacy of proof and intrinsic probability, and partly by the verdict of subsequent years. The last only can prove or disprove them. The alternative which lies before the periodical critic is to judge, not by the underlying and eternal principle, but by the superficial and ephemeral taste of the moment. At any given time, certain methods of thought and opinion are "up," and others "down"; certain artists and authors can do no right, others no wrong; in fact, the world provides a variety of labels for lazy judges to stick on person, picture, or book. Any fool can say that Mr. S. is a great writer if he is sure that ninety-nine fools out of a hundred will echo his opinion. He need give no reason for the faith that is in him; it may controvert alike common sense, tradition, and probability. And criticism of this kind runs no risk of being unpopular at the moment; it is only refuted on the day after to-morrow! By that time the critic has turned round, accompanied by his ninety-eight or like kidney, and is shouting wildly that Mr. S. is a detestable author, and that salvation is only to be found in X., Y., or Z. Whatever may be doubtful, this one thing is absolutely certain, that when a large number of diverse individuals unite without qualification or distinction in cracking up or running down any single author, artist, or person whatsoever, the main reason for appreciation or condemnation is not to be found in the excellence or defect of the work produced, or the person who has produced it, but in the sheep-like fashion of the moment—in other words, is founded upon no objective excellence in the work produced. I have promised by all the gods to whom I pay reverence to name no names in this connexion. Let readers look around for themselves; they will find many examples of *unhappily* common-sense of judgment amongst recent criticisms.

So far of the reviewer's duty to his journal and the public; let us not forget them he owes to his author. Owing to limits of space they can only be indicated here with utmost brevity.

forgotten by the old—moreover, it is an practically beyond redress. The only practice in the classification of reviews, a subject too common here, but one upon which an extreme might well be written. Again, a primary criticism should be to judge the work from the author's aim, not to blame it for being so evidently sought that it should be—nor vice versa or woman succeeded in the proposed endeavour preclude the consideration—Was the endeavour? How rarely is this done! The avoidance of slipshod offensive criticism is by no means difficult if the critic himself to dispassionately consider the production the author's idea. A book should be praised or it is—not for what it is not, and has had no in-

And readers would do well to remember this—easy—degradingly easy—for a reviewer to make an expense of his author. A few words from the removed from their context and perhaps set others similarly treated from some other source this would make a fool of Shakespeare, a scold whenever I see a review so pieced together and a critic's occasional comment, I think, not (and I think) that the author is an ass, but that a fraud! Certainly he is avoiding a clear duty by substituting for that duty a proceeding elsewhere. Another method strongly to be deprecated is one of constructing a bogey personality for the review to the Aunt Sally-ing (if the pardoned) of this scarse-crow in lieu of essence. "Who," cry such critics, "is Mr. So-and-so then Mr. Blank or differ from Mr. Dash when they Blank and Dash are the vilest or noblest? What egotism, what vanity, what audacity!" Indignant shrillness many a reviewer who has or Dash at the "common or garden" valuation as not will to-morrow reverse his order of hearing the truth? Good criticism is difficult as and, like many difficult and dangerous things, doing and the having, and but rarely done. Writers are indolent, many ignorant, and timid—fearful of "putting their foot into it," accepted opinion, of leading the way. That least resistance" is so often taken. That popular criticisms echo one another—are but variations of a common theme. Still, if he will set a great duty lies beneath the hand of the reader discharged, is of inalienable service to the honestly attacked will certainly render his and value. I believe that he will discharge himself learns that the public will stand no shirking. say to his heart *Populus vult decipi* he will. Editors can do little, the gist of the matter majority—they ought to appreciate and fix the

THE DRAMA.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING E"

To analyse a farce is to commit the naïveté of a joke. Yet the reader would justly hold it I dismissed *The Importance of Being E*

Fourberies de Scapin, say, and y (quality be) for *The Importance of Being Earnest*. But pending the invention of that useful laughter-gauge, I am compelled, willy-nilly, to use the vague language of the ordinary dictionary in the attempt to account for the pleasure afforded by Oscar Wilde's farces. (I mention the author's name studiously ignored in the playbill—because it is high time that literature resumed recognition of his existence, especially as the latest volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" devotes several columns to his career.) The first element, then, of this delightful farce is the element of what may be called Palace-of-Truthfulness. It is a childlike and bland frankness, which Mr. Gilbert was the first to import into the theatre from the nursery. Everybody in the piece is purely selfish—but pleasantly, because undisguisedly, selfish. Thus a servant, being asked why he drinks his master's champagne, attributes it "to the superior quality of the wine." Algernon casually assumes that he is going to dine with his friend Jack:—

Jack.—I haven't asked you to dine with me anywhere to-night.

Algernon.—I know. You are absurdly careless about sending out invitations. It is very foolish of you. Nothing annoys people so much as not receiving invitations.

Jack is stammering out a confession of love to Gwendolen, who replies:—"Yes, I am quite aware of the fact. And I often wish that in public, at any rate, you had been more demonstrative. For me you have always had an irresistible fascination. Even before I met you I was far from indifferent to you." This element is derivative; it was originally, as I have said, Gilbertian. The next element is original, a true Wildism, but unfortunately the easiest thing in the world to imitate, with the consequence that its minor appropriators made London drawing-rooms in the later nineties unbearable. I refer to the element of inverted commonplace, the substitution of black for white in simple statements. Examples:—Divorces are made in Heaven. The truth is not quite the sort of thing one tells to a nice, sweet, refined girl. Algy, you always adopt a strictly immoral attitude towards life; you are not quite old enough to do that. A girl with a simple, unspotted nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country. I hear her hair has turned quite gold from grief. In married life three is company and two is none. It looks so bad for a woman to flirt with her own husband; it is simply washing one's clean linen in public, &c., &c., &c. A third element of delight in this farce is its inconsequence, its illogic. Thus:—

Algernon (to Jack).—Please don't touch the cucumber sandwiches. They are ordered specially for Aunt Augusta.

[Takes one and eats it.]

Jack.—Well, you have been eating them all the time.

Algernon.—That is quite a different matter. She is my aunt.

Cecily pouts at her German lesson. "It isn't at all a becoming language. I know perfectly well that I look quite plain after my German lesson." Cecily's governess directs her to read Political Economy. "The chapter on the Fall of the Rupee you may omit. It is somewhat too sensational. Even these metallic problems have their melodramatic side." A common black bag, lost for a quarter of a century, is unexpectedly restored to its owner, who says, "It has been a great inconvenience being without it all these years."

But all this, it may be said, is only witty talk, and witty talk does not make a farce. True, but this is not the case.

when his friend Algernon has brought *Reveries* to life, by in that character himself. Altogether, this is an example of fooling. Mr. Alexander resumed his old post of Worthing. Mr. Graham Brown was particularly good. Moncrieffe, and the ladies concerned—Miss Margaret, Miss Lilian Brathwaite, and Miss Talbot—contrived fantastically droll, without ceasing to be ladies.

A. B. WALKER.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CARE OF BOOKS.

THE CARE OF BOOKS: An Essay on the Development of Libraries and their Fittings, from the Earliest Times to the Eighteenth Century. By JOHN WILLIS CLARK. Cambridge University Press. 18s. n.)

This book represents research extending over fifteen years, and it is not too much to say that the result is fully worthy of the labour devoted to it. Mr. Clark, when delivering the Sandars lectures at Cambridge, dealt mainly with the history of monastic libraries, and traced back their close relation to the presses and pigeon-holes of Greece and Rome. He gives us a complete history of library economies, extending on the one hand to the record-rooms of Assyria, and on the other to the end of the eighteenth century. He stops at the point when the old order in library fittings was giving place, and when most of the appliances used in medieval libraries had been abandoned. He has gleaned a vast amount of information on his subject, as he says, is entirely new; and its presentation is interesting both by reason of its novelty and its erudition, whilst its value is much heightened by the number of admirable illustrations which accompany it.

The earliest known arrangement of documents occurs in the library of Assur-bani-pal. The tablets were in the charge of a special custodian and grouped according to subjects. They were probably kept on shelves; this was certainly the case with those discovered at Derr, where slate slabs were used. Mr. Clark has collected all the allusions by classical writers to libraries of early Greece. Yet when all is done we have but surmise to guide us as to the existence of any considerable collection of books. Definite knowledge begins with the libraries of Alexandria and Pergamon, and in the latter at least the books were probably stored upon shelves with desks below them on which they might be read. It is when Mr. Clark comes to the libraries of Rome that he begins a continuous story. We know something of the arrangement of the Augustine libraries, where new books as soon as they were issued were displayed to the public, and where they seem to have been used as a kind of literary rendezvous. In Rome, too, we find the earliest use of the "armaria" or presses, which, with but little modification, served as receptacles for both books and rolls (volumina). One woodcut given by Mr. Clark of the desk used to retain a roll in a convenient position for reading shows that there was no need of supports as were necessary with the Jewish "megillah." The Vatican collection, the type of an old Roman library which Mr. Clark gives an excellent account—makes a transition from Roman to monastic times. A photograph given of an armarium which differs but little from those of the Middle Ages, and which is now in the Vatican, shows the transition from Roman to monastic times.

stored wherever room could be found for them, as at the monastery of Cluny, where 740 volumes were scattered over the house, in no less than a dozen different places. The need for a special library was now recognised, and it became imperative to render the room habitable. Hitherto the book-room had served only as a place to take books from; with the advent of the book-desk the library was accepted as the place to read books in. The early adjustments to bibliography in the shape of library fittings and furniture are well pictured by Mr. Clark, who was fortunate in having at hand libraries which, in respect to fittings, are probably identical with those of the fifteenth-century monastic libraries. So much detailed information is supplied us about the collegiate libraries of Oxford and Cambridge that it hardly needs plates to reconstruct mentally the fashion of the rooms described. And Mr. Clark brings before us a most interesting and unique survival of what he entitles the lectern system of fittings, e.g., that in the church of SS. Peter and Walburga at Zutphen, in Holland. The collection dates from 1563, and



COPY, SLIGHTLY REDUCED, OF A SKETCH BY MICHELANGELO FOR ONE OF THE BOOKCASES IN THE MEDICEAN LIBRARY, FLORENCE.

(From "The Case of Books," by permission of the Cambridge University Press.)

the books are chained to a double desk or bookshelf somewhat resembling the modern newspaper stand. Between each desk runs a seat, so that the reader has a row of books behind as well as before him. The illustration we give of a bookcase in the Medicean library, Florence, shows a later modification of this. From the lectern system we pass to the stall system, when the sides of the lectern were separated and the gap filled by shelves which rose above the desk. The result was a bookcase proper, with desk attached, whence was developed the bookcase of modern type.

Of chained libraries Mr. Clark gives us much information, especially in connection with the great Continental libraries, such as that at Geneva, the Medicean library at Florence, and the Vatican library. In doing this, he tells us, like no part in his subject,

century. In England the suppression of monasteries in France the persecution of the Huguenots, factors in the destruction of much that would have value. John Bale, "that bitter Protestant," a man who bought two noble libraries for his own use, "shame it is to be spoken"—and used the parchment for wrapping paper. Yet as London sprang up after the Fire, so the libraries recovered when the old ones were consumed, and the old desks and chairs were replaced. The new bookcase was practically unknown, and it was filled with specimens of the old. Moved by the dearth of books, benevolent persons began to build libraries in central situations, and thus the custom of chaining books was no longer, and not until the eighteenth century did it fall into desuetude.

In his concluding chapters Mr. Clark discusses the variations which library fittings

underwent during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and also with the methods of binding in private libraries. The initial change in 1563 was due to Philip the Second, who gave several illustrations of the library at the Vatican, the Mazarin library, and the library at Rheims give examples of this. The study of many illuminated manuscripts brought to light one illustration of a library. Of bookmen at work at the desk, all of them from manuscript types of the small book desk. Throughout all these illustrations the dominant note—the respect with which they were regarded. In not one of the pictures there is apparent any signs of disorder, and the solemn, and severe, befitting the time. In modern times much advance has been made. The steel press enables us to save space for a larger number of books. The reader is studied as never before. Attention is paid to questions of ventilation. But it was impossible without some sacrifice, and we must wish that the public library was architecturally, to the public hall. We miss as we enter it the atmosphere of tradition which so many of the old libraries even yet retain. We are too ready to regard books as mere tools to be put aside—the mediæval idea recog-

element in them, treated and cared for. But the books of old time were, of beauty to an extent rarely even aimed at in a volume, and for much that sees the light a fitting lot can be imagined than the old. The one fault we have to find with Mr. Clark's ideal and external one. All who are interested in books will at once notice the doubtful quality which makes a heavy volume, necessitates good desk or stand imperative for the reader.

Barely a year has elapsed since Messrs. Doves and Emery Walker started the Doves Press, and already their publications are at a price

AN ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

CHAMBERS' CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. New Edition by DAVID PATRICK, LL.D. Vol. I. (W. and R. Chambers, 10s. 6d. n.)

It is with great pleasure that we welcome the appearance of a new edition of Chambers' well-known "Cyclopedia of English Literature." From what we have seen of this first volume—there are to be three in all—we believe that the new work will deserve to be placed on the same shelf with "Chambers' Encyclopedia" and one can hardly give higher praise to a work of ready reference. The task of preparing this new edition has been entrusted to Dr. Patrick, who edited the last edition of the larger Encyclopedia, and who again displays the same qualities of accuracy and proportion which made such a triumph of that work. He has enlisted a number of his old contributors under the same banner, with very good results. We need only mention the names of Dr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. A. H. Bullen, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Dr. S. R. Gardiner, and Professors Saintsbury and Hume Brown to show that the best specialists of our day have been called in to aid in a work which, sixty years ago, was entrusted to the taste and reading of a couple of men. We have no intention of disparaging the work of Robert Chambers and Robert Carruthers; it has been of the greatest service to several generations of students—Robert Louis Stevenson notable among them—and, although its historical part is largely superseded by the work of the last half-century, its critical remarks are still instructive, and its extracts were so well chosen that they still form the backbone of the new work—for to call Dr. Patrick's book merely a new edition is to under-estimate his labours. We are not at all sure that every one will allow the new edition, indeed, to drive the old one out of his library, though one is always reluctant to waste space on duplicates. There is a considerable value in a contemporary estimate of great authors, when it is due to men so sensible as Chambers and Carruthers. One may learn a good deal from such a pronouncement as that (in 1843) "among our secondary living poets there is no one of whom higher expectations may be found than Mr. Tennyson. . . . He reminds us at times of Leigh Hunt, but his spirit is more searching as well as expansive." It is wholesome to remember that a critic who could foresee Tennyson's greatness was yet capable of comparing him to Leigh Hunt. And there is a great deal in the first edition of the Cyclopedia that must of necessity be devoted to the gods of shipwreck to ensure the success of the new one, yet which is worth retaining when one has shelf-room to spare.

Nowadays we are so accustomed to anthologies that it is difficult to recall the destitution of our literature in that respect sixty years ago. In the preface to the first edition, which is dated 1843, Robert Chambers reminds us that the only serious attempt at a comprehensive anthology of our literature up to that time was a work whose title has long been a by-word for amiable inanity.

The "Elegant Extracts" of Dr. Knox, after long enjoying popularity as a selection of polite literature for youths between school and college, has of late years sunk out of notice, in consequence of a change in public taste. It was almost exclusively devoted to the rhetorical literature, elegant but artificial, which flourished during the earlier half of the eighteenth century, overlooking even the great names of Chaucer and Spenser, as well as nearly the whole range of such, though not faultless, productions extending between the

these, which he called "The Library of English Literature." Both works deserve to be humbly remembered, neither of them is much used at present. The truth is "time has fled for ever" at which a single man, or couple, could be an adequate guide to the whole of English literature. The modern anthology must, like Mr. Knox's excellent "English Poets," be the work of coöperative personal preferences of the most conscientious of men, and must lead him to allot a disproportionate space to his favourite authors. By dividing the work, and having a supreme authority with the omniscience and impartiality of Dr. Patrick,

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,

A hero perish or a sparrow fall,

it becomes possible to attain a reasonable proportion of space allotted to various authors. We have only praise to say in which this difficult task has been managed in this volume, and if the same success attends the second and subsequent volumes we shall be prepared to commend this anthology as the best thing of its kind that has yet been achieved in our history. As for the general scale of the work, it is enough to say that the present volume, containing 832 double-columns of text, brings us down to the Restoration, and ends with the great work of Dryden. In the first edition the same period—as now we can allow for the different arrangement—occupied 532 pages. One great improvement the editor has made; he has abandoned the old plan of grouping together the poets, dramatists, essayists, &c., of each period, which led the work of such authors as Dryden to be entered under three or four different heads, severing Milton's verse by many pages from his prose, and with which all quotations have been verified, the excellent portraits, and the trustworthy, though not always concise, bibliographies also demand a word of praise.

So far we have spoken of this volume in special relation to Robert Chambers' first edition. Perhaps it will be well to add a few words for the benefit of those who do not know his earlier work. The book is a combination of an anthology of English literature and a biographical history of it. One might call it, again, a literary history working by example. An extract from the preface will best show its scope.

It is not, and is not meant to be, an anthology of perfect models of our prose and verse, a chest of purple patches, a collection of elegant extracts. An acknowledged gem should be there, if the man known by some one noble passage, one sonnet, one aphorism, or sententious saying; but something there, as a rule, to illustrate his average achievement, by which he may be fairly judged. Nor does it profess to be a marrow of our literature, or to give the quintessence of the several authors; still less does it render its readers independent of the authors themselves, or relieve them from the duty and pleasure of studying the original works. In no case will one rise from an article flattering himself that now he knows his author, and consider that subject settled. What we give him is more than a *catalogue raisonné*, an illustrated conspicuous finger-post to the best books, a guide to that of which he needs, to what will interest him, to what he can read with pleasure and profit. The very shortness of the excerpts is a security that they shall be taken as samples; they are meant to whet the appetite, stimulate curiosity, to be stepping-stones to the books.

December 14, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

the other to the union of the old and new companies in 1708. Five volumes were projected, the author's intention being to relate the rise, as distinguished from the maintenance in recent times, of the British dominion. Just as Gibbon has said the last word on the Roman Empire, so Hunter would say the last word on the rise of British India. The idea had been in his mind for a long time, discouraged and thrown back by the loss of a quantity of original documents in the wreck of the *Nepal* in 1830, but carried out as far as the first two volumes were concerned just before the end of his life. He died when his greatest and best work was less than half completed. And even this history, minute and extraordinarily careful as it is, was not his only occupation. For some years he was a regular contributor to *The Times*, and at the very last was making arrangements for a revised edition of his *Gazetteer*, and was looking forward to tours in Baluchistan and in Upper Burma for that purpose. In such a life as this there is some justification for Mr. Skrine's opinion that he was overworked. We can only add that, with the help of Lady Hunter and some of Sir William's friends, Mr. Skrine has been able to perform, and to perform well, the whole duty of a biographer.

MR. FURNISS' REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Harry Furniss—who gives us in two fairly substantial volumes, at a substantial price, *THE CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST* (Fisher Unwin, 32s.), with a promise of still more to follow—certainly possesses one prime qualification proper to the caricaturist, or indeed to the artist whether of the pen or the pencil. He sees the interesting and amusing side of things where it might have escaped other people. He makes the most of his matter, and, though he gives us a good many reminiscences which are of much more importance to Mr. Harry Furniss than to the public, he has certainly produced two very entertaining volumes. His limitations as a draughtsman are well known to all who take an interest in draughtsmanship; but no one can deny his wonderful resourcefulness and vitality, to which almost every page of his book bears witness. The innumerable drawings he reproduces are as varied as they are vivacious, and they make a lively running commentary on the story of his career in Ireland, on the staff of *Punch*, and on lecturing tours in England, America, and Australia. A man, who contrived to slip, by a mere accident, into the presence of a Cabinet meeting at Downing-street at a moment when Mr. Gladstone was addressing his colleagues, and was seized by an alarmed official "just as the Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Hartington) pushed by me into the room," is not likely to be a man of lost opportunities. This agreeable self-assertiveness is what makes the book readable, even if it goes to unnecessary lengths. We really do not much care nowadays who was right or who was wrong in the quarrel between Mr. Sala and Mr. Furniss, nor are we moved to great excitement over the history of *Lika-joko*. We prefer to hear Mr. Furniss tell his own jokes, such as the consolation which he offered to the Irish artist who painted a picture of Milton in his garden at Chalfont. The critics complained that the flowers were all modern and were not known in the country at the time of the poet.

"Oh don't bother about the critics," I said; "they know nothing. Milton was blind, don't you know; so how could he tell whether the flowers were correct or not?"

"Begorra, Furniss, you're right. Oi never thought of that. It's just like them ignorant critics to upset a fellow

platform, on board ship, and in a hundred other places. Even his relatives contribute to the fun, and he tells the capital story of his brother-in-law, "an inveterate raconteur," who let off his imaginary travelling valve as a fellow passenger on the Brighton line, assuring him of other things that in dealing with big game such as tigers was a mistake to watch their eyes. You should watch their tails. "It mesmerizes the animal and you have him for the mercy." At the hotel he found his companion's name in the visitors' book. It was Richard Burton. Burton, I would listen to no apologies. "I was more entertained than you can tell me," he said. "You really ought to have taken you lie so well." For Mr. Furniss, life is a series of amusing incidents in which he himself plays no inconsiderable part, and his record of it will certainly add to the gaiety of the Christmas season.

WESSEX.



through a acquaintance at once with Wessex itself, its people, and its customs, and with the works of its chief historian. It is not easy to realize how entirely the revival of the old name of Wessex is due to Mr. Hardy's genius. Mr. Windle quotes a passage from the introduction to the last edition of "Far from the Madding Crowd," which, by the way, was the first of his novels in which he made use of the ancient name. "Fording," he wrote, "that the area of a single county did not afford a canvas large enough for my purpose, and that there were objections to an invented name, I disinterred the old one. The Press and the public were kind enough to welcome the fossilized plan, and willingly joined me in the anachronism of imagining a Wessex population living under Queen Victoria—a modern Wessex of railways, the penny post, mowing and reaping machines, strong workmen, labourers who could read and write, and National School children." But, until the novel in question was first published in 1874, it is probable that the term "Wessex" would never have been taken to refer to anything later than the Norman Conquest. Mr. Hardy's dream-country has, by degrees, solidified "into a real district, and the names by which he has chosen to christen the towns and villages of his Kingdom are scarcely less well known than the real names. Mr. Windle's work is thorough and conscientious, and gives as much information as any one can desire about the various localities. The book is perfectly illustrated, and some of the drawings by Mr. E. H. New are very happy, especially in the treatment of architectural subjects. The plate we have chosen for reproduction represents the Abbey Gateway at Cerne Abbas—the "Abbey's Cerne" of the novels.

ECCLESIASTICAL BOOKS.

The Prayer-book.

Fifty years ago Mr. Procter wrote a history of the Prayer-book which at once became the standard work upon the subject. "Procter" passed through four editions in the fifties, four more in the sixties, six in the succeeding decade, and so on through the century. Its author is still alive, but with a modesty that is not always found among successful authors he has stepped aside and given his name and work into the hands of a younger man, Churchmen, who have long been grateful to Mr. Procter for a book that has done so much to make their services intelligible to them, owe him now a double debt for the publication of *A New History of the Book of Common Prayer: with a Rationale of its Offices*, by Francis Procter and Walter Howard Fraser (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). "Procter and Fraser" bids fair to be to them what Coke upon Littleton is to lawyers. The last half of the nineteenth century has revolutionized most sciences, and that which is called liturgical has not escaped. A crowd of diligent students and a multitude of historical discoveries have stirred many accepted ideas about the worship of the Church of England, and a new standard history of the Prayer-book has come to be badly wanted. Such a book is this, "on the basis" as the title-page tells us, "of the former work" but "revised and rewritten" by Mr. Fraser. It is in fact a new book, and as such deserves a special notice. Nor is it merely a history of the various Prayer-books and a description of the older rites and uses from which they were developed; it is also an analysis of all the services in the present book, an explanation of their meaning, a description of their ceremonial, even of their music, for Mr. Fraser, liturgiologist and historian, is also an authority on Church music. Any one who wishes to know about any point in the Prayer-book will find it in "Procter and Fraser," correctly set forth with clearness and fairness, fortified with abundant quotations and with references that place every source of information at the reader's disposal.

on page 151 that he regards the one service as Now, the authorities tell us that the Litany is Holy Communion; and we find the direction Litany in Canon 18, and not in Morning Prayer orders a pulpit to be kept in every church for Mr. Jackson need not have wondered that in the pulpit. In another edition Mr. Jackson necessary to modify his now unqualified remarks points as the position of the minister for the exact meaning of the Ornaments Rubric.

Church History.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE ACCESSION OF EDWARD I. (1066-1272). By V. B.D. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

This is the second volume of the History of the English Church from the Norman Conquest to the present time, edited by the Dean of Winchester. It appears later than the first, which we reviewed last year. It is the work of the Dean himself, and an excellent author, as we know from the books he has already published, a trained historical student, and we know too from his biography of Mr. Freeman that he is a follower of the Norman Conquest, as also—so his expressions—the friend and disciple of the two whom Oxford has recently lost. Thus we should be glad to show, as it does, a thorough acquaintance with the original authorities for the whole period. The Dean has closely studied, for example, Lanfranc, the theology of Anselm (which is strangely neglected), as well as the chronicles of Malmesbury to the historians of Canterbury, edited with such mastery of knowledge. He is abreast with modern knowledge, as is shown by Mr. Round's view of the dispute between Becket at Woodstock and of Professor Maitland's view of the Constitutions of Clarendon. In judgment the Dean is remarkably impartial. His true historical insight the characters and of Anselm, Becket, Grosseteste. His article on us for the admirable lucidity with which he through the tangles of the Saint's dispute Henry I., as well as for the clear summary of the Prædication, and the Cur Deus Homo. In his time he is equally good. He seems to us thorough the man and his times. Among his references subject we should have wished to see one so singularly able article in the "Dictionary of National Biography." It may be observed too that the Dean in rank as below the justiciar and the treasurer differ authorities, who without exception speak of Becket as "secundus post regem in quatuor."

The book, we have implied, is in no way nothing extenuates, though certainly it set malice. If we may differ as to the treatment of subjects, it is never without feeling that the Dean, for his own view. To our mind, for in Winchester plays too slight a part in the mentioned that he was a Cistercian; and, his monasticism during Stephen's reign is hardly true at least in connexion with the reign itself. Of the years 1160 to 1171 would gain by a more position of Roger of Pont l'Évêque, Archbishop most of the writers of the time, notably Gaimar, Maxence, regard as almost the most important dispute between Henry II. and Becket. So might be said of John of Oxford, the "Becket's friends"; and no reference is made consequences of the synod at Würzburg. might be said of the importance of the reform of the English Church and the Churches abroad in the when English priests held office in Sicily and as in many French States, and when the Canterbury came to be known in distant

here and there a misspelling, as of the name of Dr. Jessopp. There are several mentions of Ireland and Irish Bishops in the book, but practically none of Scotland and Wales. Do we rightly infer that the Dean regards the Welsh Church as separate from the English in the twelfth century, and disregards the work of Archbishop Baldwin? We miss, by the way, a full account of the delightful *Heraldus Cambrensis*. The Dean will remember that when Adam Bishop of S. Asaph continued to dwell at Abingdon, where he was Abbot, and declined to visit his diocese, Henry II. gave him the choice of surrendering either the See or the Abbey. He chose to keep the latter, says *Henedictus Abbas*, "for fear of the Welsh." Does the same reason explain the Dean's omission?

Wolsey.

THOMAS WOLSEY, LEGATE AND REFORMER. By FREDERICK L. TAUNTON. (Lane. 10s. 6s.)

We have learnt to look for books from the hand of Mr. Taunton with a pleasant anticipation of unconventional treatment of themes in which Romanists are specially concerned. His present work is to some extent a disappointment. Probably he intends it for no more than a "drawing-room book": it has a number of well-drawn and interesting illustrations, and it is produced with the taste for which Mr. John Lane is renowned. The illustrations—new drawings from old sources—are a valuable help to the realization of the scenes and the men among whom Wolsey moved. But the book itself, though it claims to be "a slight addition to the study of the causes which led up to the Reformation," adds nothing to our knowledge of that subject or of the life of the great Cardinal. It is derived almost entirely from Mr. Brewer's masterly calendars of State papers, with necessary references to Bergenroth, Fiddes, and such well-known books. It is a pity that Mr. Taunton did not make further investigation—at Rome, for example. The facts with which we have been long acquainted are quite insufficient as a basis for a new reading of the Cardinal's character as an ecclesiastic. What Mr. Taunton tells of his work as a statesman and of his energy as a Church reformer we have long known, though the significance of his reforms has doubtless been under-estimated—and indeed a stronger case might have been made out had Mr. Taunton traced the connexion between Wolsey, Colet, More, and Erasmus in more detail. We may even go so far, perhaps, as Mr. Taunton when he says that had Wolsey "been spared to complete his great foundations at Oxford and Ipswich they might in the event have proved of profit to religion, as least as much as those great works of Julius II. on St. Peter's and the Vatican that were destined to be paid for at so fatal a cost to the Christian world." We may agree with our author, too, in his description of the relations between Wolsey and the Observants, and think that "he would have had but little sympathy with those who try to exalt the Papacy at the expense of the Episcopacy." We notice, too, with interest the view that "The Benedictine element in the English Church is the key to Wolsey's plan of reorganization." With regard to the Lutherans and Wolsey's action in the Legatine Court, Mr. Taunton should have gone deeper into the matter, which can be illustrated fully from the writings of More. With the severe criticisms of the sixteenth-century Papacy, of the Roman greed for gold, and of the Italian policy towards the Universal Church we cordially agree, and we should not be inclined to minimize the significance of the following statement:—

Since Wolsey's days only Italians have sat in Peter's chair and the government of the Universal Church has been practically in the hands of that nation. Although the principle of nationality is vehemently decried as being opposed to the Catholicity of the Church, it can hardly be denied that never has a more striking example of that principle been shown to the world than at Rome for the last three hundred years or more.

But when Mr. Taunton comes to glorify Wolsey as a great Churchman, great in character and "head and shoulders above all his ecclesiastical contemporaries," we must part company with him. His letters as here quoted are sufficient to prove his

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

War Books.

Most of Mr. Edgar Wallace's UNOFFICIAL I. (Hutchinson, 6s.) appeared in the *Daily Mail*. The prose style is that of an imitator of Mr. Kipling whom not imitate very successfully; but there is nevertheless about his criticism which conveys the impression, well or ill founded, that there is something in them. Our observation has gone, he is the first war correspondent to raise an indictment against what he calls "Lord Kitchener's incapacity" to deal with Afrikaner sedition. Indictment is spirited; but the facts before us hardly us in either supporting or opposing it. On the other Mr. Wallace's complaints of the severity of the Press do seem to be substantially justified. His book is but the average of war books, though not to be ranked with the best of them.

WORDS BY AN EYEWITNESS, by "Linesman" (Blackwell) is a reprint of certain papers on the Transvaal War to which we have frequently drawn attention when reviewing *His Magazine*. It is one of the best books that the war has forth—we are not sure that it should not be hailed as a bit, of course, it is not quite fair to compare narrative impressionism. This is impressionism, and it ranks as impressionism in Stevens' "London to Ladysmith." The impressions of big battles, and little battles, of night attacks of boredom on the lines of communication—all are graphic. Personalities as a rule are avoided; but the sketch of General Buller strikes us as brilliant:—

Huge, heavy, solid, and reliable to look upon, he gave to the imagination something of the comfort derivable from the sight of a big gun or a strong intrenchment. . . . A man could do anything with soldiers if he could but do anything to do. . . . A man who could by a short and glib address send his defeated and diminished army and confident back to camp as he did on that Monday (after Spion Kop) is an anomaly of no small military value. Brilliant, too, is the description of the demeanour of the men under fire:—

Is it credible that rough jokes, loud inquiries as to the welfare of friends next door, or rather next heap, could sound from anthill to anthill from jolly red faces against them behind? It may not be credible, but it is. Then the pom-pom heard for the first time—it was a sound that keen-eyed watch-dog of a gun that its awesomeness should be imitated to the very life by its intended themselves. But alas! British soldiers have no dignity; they are never dignified themselves or beforehand, and if that busy piece had listened, they would have heard "pom-pom-pom-pom" from many throats of steel. These are but skimmings, mere drops of the ocean of incidents, but, as Mr. Pecksniff said, "they

We should like to quote more if our space allowed, nothing but praise for the book.

WITH RIMINGTON, by L. March Phillips (Arnold), deals mainly with Methuen's advance to Kimberley operations against Cronje and Prinsloo. The style is but vigorous. The word "bag," considered so reprehensible when Lord Kitchener employed it, is quite good enough author when the surrender of Boers has to be recorded does not use it derisively, but, as we gather, because of expression that seems most natural to him. His metaphor often graphic, as when he writes that our mobile "have about as much chance of catching Boers on the a Lord Mayor's procession would have of catching a high on Hounslow Heath." His pessimism—for he comes to pass in the end—is that of a level-headed man; and he indignantly against the ideas that "any measures are justified so long as they are likely to end the war." The illustrations, however, by the author, played this game fairly.

French Convict Settlements.

At the present day when every one goes somewhere and promptly makes a book out of what he has seen, it is useless to complain that even those books which have a distinct value are far too long. The chapters, for instance, on the United States and Australia in Mr. George Griffiths' work *IS AN UNKNOWN PRISON LAND* (Hutchinson, 12s.) are not badly written, but they have no real connexion with the main theme, which is that of the French convict settlements and prisons in New Caledonia and the neighbouring islands. How Mr. Griffiths got there and how he came away are, properly speaking, entirely irrelevant. Yet much may be forgiven him for his account of the French prison system, which makes one almost regret that there is now no English system of transportation. Had the French occupied Australia, it is quite possible that they, too, would have made the mistake of using it as a "prison-land." Owing to the fact that they did not occupy it they were compelled to adopt the right course, that of employing islands of limited area to dispose of their incorrigibles. A system such as exists in France by which habitual criminals and men of the *souteneur* class could be condemned to *relégation* may be a boon to a civilized country. The system, as it is explained by Mr. Griffiths, shows that New Caledonia cannot be classed with Norfolk Island or Macquarie Harbour, the historic infamies of which are a blot on the English flag. Except for those criminals who are entirely hopeless, there is a good chance of regeneration; the discipline, though severe, is not, it would seem, cruel, and by now the rigours of the pitiless *cachot noir* have been greatly mitigated. Nevertheless, the book, though intensely interesting where it deals with its subject, is anything but cheerful reading. It will prove useful to criminologists, and to those who know the dry bones of the French convict system overseas.

THE LIFE OF HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR, SAILOR AND JESUIT (Longman, 6s. 6d. n.), has been written by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. He was the second son of the Rev. Lord Henry Kerr, rector of Dittisham, who joined the Church of Rome in 1852; and three years later, being then a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Vengeance*, he followed his parents in their change of religion. He rose to the rank of commander, after service in the Crimea, and quitted the Navy in 1867, to become a novice at the Jesuits' establishment at Rochampton. In due time he received priest's orders, and was sent first to India, and then to South Africa, where he died in charge of a Jesuit mission in Northern Rhodesia in 1895. He was an exceptional man, both for the manliness of his character and for his influence over others. It is well that there should be a record of his unselfish life. Perhaps the detailed account of Schomberg Kerr's training at Rochampton is the most interesting part of the book; but the memoir is all worth reading, though it abounds in pious expressions which, if Father Kerr had been an Evangelical, would be regarded, in these days, as of doubtful taste.

THE BRIDE'S BOOK, by Mrs. E. T. Cook (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), need not be taken very seriously. Externally, with its limp vellum cover and silk ribbons, it resembles the love letters of the unhappy Englishwoman who somehow did not become a bride. Internally it is less impressive. These short papers on proposals, engagements, honeymoons, homes, calls, servants, and so forth are in fact very slight, though sometimes entertaining.

THE FOREST SCHOOLMASTER (Putnam's, 6s.), by Peter Rosegger, is essentially a book for a quiet hour or two. The reader may be interested, but cannot be much excited, by the imaginary autobiography, mixed perhaps with some of the author's own experiences, of a humble schoolmaster in the forests and valleys of the Austrian Tyrol. It affords pleasant reading of a somewhat original kind, and has been well translated by Miss Frances E. Skinner.

Miss Agnes Giberne, who is not unknown as a writer of books on the light side of science, in her last volume, *THE MIGHTY DEEP* (C. Arthur Pearson, 3s. 6d.), treats of oceanography in a pleasant and popular manner. The subject is one which gives much opportunity for the amateur to take a part.

The book is not about the war or the constitutional question which the war involved, but about the condition of the during its continuance. It tells us how the silver of war procured, how much paper money was floated, to what extent it depreciated, and to what prices various commodities rose or fell in consequence of the Northern blockade. The last month a paper dollar was only worth five-eighths of a penny, and coffee cost, in currency, about £40 a pound, while the 100 dollar eight per cent. bonds fetched shade over two dollars each. Many other out of the interesting items of information are brought to light. There are strange stories of large bands of deserters congregated in North Carolina, and defying all attempts to impress them into the trade being carried on between North and South in the face of hostilities, because the Northerners wanted cotton as much as the Southerners wanted bacon, and of moral decadence due to an inflated currency. Nobody believed in the currency, so even tried to invest his paper dollars in property that would not depreciate, with appalling effects upon prices. The most startling statements made are fully substantiated by references to authorities, and the book is a really valuable, as well as exceedingly interesting, contribution to economic history.

FICTION.**A Virtuous Puritan.**

Miss Edna Lyall's new novel, *IN SPIRE OF ALL* (H. Blackett, 6s.), is a pleasant story, though not very dramatic, convincing, and in the same way it is obtrusively careful historical research, but not a living interpretation of the past. Her tone is one of studied moderation, which hampers presentation of that age of superb and hazardous extremes. At the same time, though she is laboriously just to the Royalists, she is cheerfully and consistently for the Puritans. The framework of the story is simple: Gabriel Harlow and Hilary Unett, child-playmates, are parted by the war, holding to the King, while the impeccable Gabriel enlists in the "Roundheads." It requires nearly 400 pages to tell them, and much happens in the interval. Some of the sufferings of Gabriel's many sufferings are given with great force, that of his terrible ordeal in Marlborough church; while of the lighter episodes are gracefully conceived. The battles, recounted with great composure, and there is no old-world dialogue, with an invincibly modern accent. The book, one may gladly admit, is full of ideals of high and earnest purpose.

Miss Florence Warden.

Given a man of parts who indulges in magnetic spiritualism of the Peckham Rye variety, undue influence, hypnotic suggestion, murder committed alternatively by poker and with beef tea flavoured with colchicum, who takes a flying leap through the window of a railway carriage (alighting on his head) cheats the gallows of its prey, who also an artificial bust attached to a beautiful woman whose wig is either gold or black (for here Miss Warden leaves us in doubt); let these variegated miscreants be in juxtaposition with a maiden lady who possesses a large and two nephews—and you will get as you get in *A FINE FIGHT*, by Florence Warden (Chatto and Windus, wonderful run for your money. It is due to Miss Warden that she does exactly what she undertakes to do: she labels her prize-fighters in chapter one and they fight to the finish in the twenty-fourth, and last, chapter, and the betting is 100 to 1 on the nephews all through, the sturdy lot of rounds. The book is confessedly melodramatic. Miss Warden knows her limitations, and by keeping with has turned out another breezily thrilling, if wholly impossible story.

Anglo-Indian.

Mrs. Croker has written in *ANGEL* (Methuen, 6s.) a

disappointed. It is after marriage that the trouble comes, but, fortunately, the trouble is never very serious, and Mrs. Croker sends her readers off contented with a happy ending. She has provided a handsome gallery of Anglo-Indian men and women, and she knows the terminology of the district. The last scene is not badly contrived, and the undesirable characters are disposed of with a completeness that leaves little to be desired.

THE ROMANCE OF A HILL STATION (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), by Mrs. H. S. Layton, is a creditable first attempt. There is nothing fresh or striking in the little sketches of Anglo-Indian life, but they are at least harmless, and the illustrations by F. M. Munn are decidedly good.

Mr. W. S. Maugham.

Like all the other work of Mr. William Somerset Maugham his latest novel, THE HERO (Hutchinson 6s.), will give the reader food for thought as well as entertainment. Colonel Parsons, the father of the hero, has closed his career of honour by a blame-worthy action. The son has reinstated the good fame of the family by gaining the Victoria Cross and other victories, moral and military. He returns to his old-fashioned, narrow parents, to the village of his boyhood and to the love, Mary Clibborn, of five years ago. He has been through change and stress and here, at home, every one is expecting him to follow out engagements almost forgotten in the heat of battle and the glories that have been. Here is the making of a vivid novel. Colonel Parsons has to face the situation fairly. What he does and why he does it is the chief interest of a powerful story. The result may not delight those who turn to the novel merely as an anodyne for life, but those who can approach the subject from a purely intellectual point of view will find in this book a handsome reward for careful attention, and an exceptional display of vision, talent, and narrative power.

Maxwell Gray.

Maxwell Gray (Miss M. G. Tuttle) calls her last book FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER (Heinemann, 6s.) an every-day romance, and, if one allows that romance can be commonplace, it is certainly that and little more. The commonplace character is shown in every chapter, the people are well-enough drawn, the diction is clear, the situations thought out—but all on an every-day plane. There is a little comedy, a good bit of melodrama, and "quivering nostrils," plenty of old-fashioned intrigue neatly arranged for every-day people. "Four-Leaved Clover" will be popular, no doubt, among Maxwell Gray's admirers, but we feel that we are entitled to ask something more genuine, something more observed and truer from this gifted lady than anything her latest book has to offer.

The Miracle Crane.

The strong, solitary man has been a favourite character in fiction for some time. It is the fashion now to make him an inventive mechanic, and it is almost essential that he should fall in love with a lady of title. This is what happens with Enoch Strone, the hero of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's novel MASTER OF MEX (Methuen, 6s.), who invents the miracle crane, is taken into partnership with his employer, and rises afterwards to even more giddy heights than these. Mr. Strone is an interesting study, and the book has several strong scenes, notably that in which Lady Maltingcourt rescues the inventor and his model from a cowardly attack by some of his fellow workmen. And Mr. Oppenheim has nobly resisted the temptation to marry off the ex-mechanic and the lady—a match that could never have been a success, even on paper. Nor is there so much crude Socialism as is customary in books of this kind; while at the end there is an excellent little touch of sympathetic feeling. Altogether a novel considerably above the average.

Detectives.

Each new story by Mr. Edmund Mitchell helps to justify the great expectations based upon "The Lone Star Rush" and "Plotters of Paris." His latest, ONLY A NIGGIN (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), is an unhalting story of detective work which recalls Du Val's day at his best. Not the least original touch is that the reader's interest is chiefly with the pursued and, not

other is to draw a hero who is easily duped of the enemy may not require much imagination. In *Four Love on Onions* (Hutchinson, 6s.) a young bearded is suddenly acquainted with the fact private individual, but the heiress to a crown groundwork to a story which the author uses a number of exciting incidents. But the hero is easily taken in by his not overskilful antagonists.

True romance and something of the hero in Mr. James Prior's powerful and engrossing *Folk* (Heinemann, 6s.). It is planned on a large details of the life of the people of Sherwood characters become our intimate acquaintances may be like that, as we close the book. The "felt," as the painters say. For those who atmosphere "Forest Folk" is, *par excellence*, the

Mr. J. S. Fletcher can unquestionably tell and we did not feel inclined to skip a single *Gottman Stern* (John Long, 6s.), though we discuss for the title in any incident in the story a penniless hero who has been cashiered from regains his character in devoting himself to a German princess whose person and jewels are a conspiracy against her centres round an old I she is awaiting her lover; and it is very clever though in the culmination the author gives a scope to the gruesome and the sanguinary.

The Dreyfus case provided matter too a novelist to neglect, and it inspires a pleasant John Oxenham, called *OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE* (6s.), in which Monsieur Lamont, a well-to-do English undertakes the protection of the beautiful Comtesse and the salvation of her soldier brother imprisoned in a remote island by the machinations of enemies. The guardianship of Mademoiselle is love-making, over which M. Lamont (who redwells with a little too much gusto. But his brightly told, and the book is full of varied incident.

THE GODDESS OF GRAY'S INN, by G. B. 6s.), gives us the story of Lillian, who was lawyer's rooms in the Inn. It is a superficial but harmless one, and we would not dissuade any mildly interested from reading it.

IN A BLIND MARRIAGE (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) R. Sims presents to his particular public exact story for which they have learned to look to his stories—there are fourteen between the boards a massy type, and all are workmanlike and complete, entitled "In the List of the Killed," each for commendation on the score of some original

Mr. Reginald Turner, in *CYNTHIA'S DAMAGE* gives us, with a little wit and a good deal of story of Cynthia Walpole, who "does" song and at the "Colonial," her love for Toby, the relations with a young Lord Gillie. The style is often slangy and a little long drawn out, but similar books, it is not without merit.

The anonymous author of *THE LOVER'S* (6s.) would appear to be a leisurely writer, a character who tells the story of his loves in shows a fine persistence in narration. "The Lover" is dedicated "To all who love." We rather of Lotis, Salta, and Hesperis will appeal to class. But "The Lover's Progress" is not gives good pictures of life in Paris and in "Be

Mr. A. J. Dawson is always an excellent JOSEPH KHAMAS, HAGE-CASTE (Heinemann, 6s.). In the beginning, but, as the interest in the N science of Mary Whately—entangled with the temperament of the blackly-coloured half-caste

Wellington's officers." Like some other elderly gentlemen, these three have their troubles, and one has a love affair. The story of their doings after their return home is not striking, but it is certainly readable, and no one need be frightened by the design on the cover of three wicked-looking gentlemen, which is, we fancy, a joke of the artist.

NO VINDICATION (John Long, 6s.) begins with a pretty setting—a Cornish coast, an elderly recluse and his granddaughter, and a young walf, who has been rescued from shipwreck. It seems a pity that so idyllic a scene should have been disturbed, but presumably Mrs. Coulson Kernahan felt the necessity of putting some stronger meat into her book, and consequently her little Cornish village must be thrown into confusion by Captain Graham, ex-convict, and his abduction of Minnie Herryman. Thence forward the story descends to a lower level, half-farcical, half-melodramatic. It is readable, but hardly one of the author's most successful efforts.

WOMEN MUST WEAR, by Sarah Tytler (John Long, 6s.), is not a cheerful book—perhaps cheerfulness could hardly be expected with such a title. The author had it in her mind, apparently, to tackle a social problem of the customary kind—a married man with an ante-nuptial entanglement. But her male characters are essentially those of the lady novelist, and it is not easy to feel much faith in Captain Hepburn as the young and blustering husband, or in Colonel Hepburn the reformed and broken-down rake. Some of the women are better drawn, and the injured wife is an amiable character enough, but the book lacks vitality. The dramatic opening apparently exhausted the author's powers; even when Mrs. Bridgnorth reappears upon the scene (as Lady Cumberbatch) the story cannot be galvanized into life again. It gives the impression of being dull and long drawn out.

A stolen manuscript—especially when, as in A STOLEN OPERA (Pearson, 6s.), by Clarice Danvers, it is the manuscript of that *rom uris*, an English operatic composer of genius—is a theme to make the head ache with possibilities. Mr. Danvers has not treated it in quite the most exciting manner conceivable. But the book is based on an American play called *Heartcase*, and the author is not therefore altogether responsible for his plot. We would have laid heavy odds on the person who was going to steal the opera very early in the book, and it is actually stolen much too soon. If not too well planned, the story is well told, Mr. Danvers being much better at narrative than at drawing his characters. These are too conventional, and one at least, Mr. Pudbury, a man who, after making a fortune, turns to money-lending in order to get a footing in the drawing rooms of his clients' families, is highly improbable.

Those who revel in plot and counter-plot will find Kate Andrews' STEPHEN KYRLE (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) to their liking. It is concerned with the Australian goldfields in the fifties, when the fever possessed men's blood, and when many a crime was committed and many a life sacrificed to the lust for the yellow metal. The character of "Stephen Kyrle," who is physically a fair imitation of John Ridd, but without that hero's immaculateness, is not unhappily drawn, and the same is true of Delia de Carle. But this is pre-eminently a novel of sensation. As a literary effort the book is not remarkable. But there is ingenuity in the construction of the story and the interest is well sustained.

THE REAL CHRISTIAN, by Lucas Cleeve (John Long, 6s.), is not badly written, but it is a little dreary. The people in it wander confusedly among the creeds and the emotions, succeeding finally in making chaos of most of their lives. The author, we are afraid, writes too often and too copiously. We note that three books, at least, bearing the name of Lucas Cleeve have lately appeared.

THE FORTUNE OF CHRISTINA McNAUL, by S. Macnaughtan (Methuen, 6s.), can be unreservedly praised. Christina is delightful; her adventures are most humorously given; the pictures of modern society are not the usual caricatures, and the interest never flags for a moment. Miss Macnaughtan is to be congratulated on the advance which

Hetty Oswin precipitates her own death and seeks to do the man she had hoped to marry—strides us as improbable the book is above the average and will give pleasure to the of the West country.

Mrs. Charles Marten affects long words which she misunderstands, while there are several pearls of novelist scattered through her chapters. Miss PATTERSON (John Long, 6s.) is a commonplace story, and judges Press notices of Mrs. Marten's other works it must be way below her former efforts.

THE WORK OF HIS HANDS, by Chris Healy (Hutchinson) is a romance of the wild and undisciplined type, dealing with the career of one Robert Barry, journeyman worker in the architectural career, who rises to fame as an artist. Healy professes his intention of drawing a faithful picture of the working classes, but his hero reminds us of the baron of the penny novelette, partially redeemed by a for music and some skill as a craftsman.

Mr. Albert Kieross is an experienced novelist, and his work, THE EARLY STARS (Arrowsmith 6s.), displays the good hand and acute brain of the ready writer. The character of Philbrick, whose fortunes between the loves of the Helen and the passionate Sinka engage our attention, is admirable; the story interests all the way; it is life-like, sincere, often amusing and not infrequently really touching. If "The Early Stars" is not a great novel, it is which is more generally appreciated, a good one.

We referred in our last issue to the great improvement observable in the illustrations to boys' books. It is noticeable in the half-tone drawings, and we are glad to reproduce a picture in Mr. W. A. Fraser's capital about the life of the Canadian trappers—MOOSE AND OF THE BOUNDARIES (Pearson, 6s.)—which we recently re-



BOOKS AT AUCTION.

The six days' disposal of important books, &c., partially dealt with in the last issue of *Literature*, was concluded in Wellington-street on December 7. The following table indicates a few of the outstanding lots:

Saint—Waverley, Woodstock, Chronicle of Charlemagne, and Anne of Cleves. First edition, bound. Condition not fine	£118 0
Wycliffe, John, with, in vellum, early fifteenth century MS.	80 0
Longman and Brown, <i>Illustrations and Letters</i> . Ser. XIII, XIV. MS., on vellum, of vellum	50 0
Vallart, <i>Histoire de Port-au-Prince</i> . Sixth edition, 1745, corrections and emendations in author's autograph, the word "déprouvé" on title	41 0
Morris, William, (1870) <i>University College</i> . The Hallowing of Hall, 1870. Two illustrated copies of play, one containing Morris' original MS.	32 0
Trenton, 1841, printed by T. H. Zed, to this letter, c. 1750-2	25 0
Sumner, An Oration of Duty and Objects of Duty. 1822. (In March £20 was paid for these books)	24 0
Lamb, Charles— <i>Essays of Elia</i> . First edition, 1833, original boards, bound, with half-title	21 0
Scobie, R. <i>The Christian Hero</i> . First edition, 1701, original calf	18 5
Ser. XIII, MS., on vellum, of vellum, inserted title engraved "Petraeus Petrarque Petrarque" with annotations	17 0
poems in Petrarque's handwriting	17 0
Whitcomb, Charles— <i>Letters</i> , 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS.	17 0
autograph letters, portraits, &c.	13 5
Trenton, 1841, printed by T. H. Zed, to this letter, c. 1750-2	13 5
Whitcomb, Charles— <i>Letters</i> , 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS.	13 5
autograph letters, portraits, &c.	13 0
Whitcomb, Charles— <i>Letters</i> , 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS.	13 0
autograph letters, portraits, &c.	12 5
Whitcomb, Charles— <i>Letters</i> , 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS.	11 15
autograph letters, portraits, &c.	11 15
Whitcomb, Charles— <i>Letters</i> , 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS.	10 5
autograph letters, portraits, &c.	10 5
Whitcomb, Charles— <i>Letters</i> , 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS.	10 0
autograph letters, portraits, &c.	10 0
Whitcomb, Charles— <i>Letters</i> , 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS.	9 0
autograph letters, portraits, &c.	8 15
Whitcomb, Charles— <i>Letters</i> , 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS.	7 10
autograph letters, portraits, &c.	7 5

In another kind were portraits, reputedly contemporary, of Sir Hugh Crompton, the builder and one-time owner of New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, and of Lady, wife of Sir William, Clarendon. These two pictures realized £200, and a miniature portrait, on ivory, of Shakespeare, £25. They were from the collection of Major W. Crompton-Wingfield. The 1,475 lots disposed during the six afternoon's show an aggregate of £6,210 11s. 6d., this taking eighth place among the totals of the year.

The most notable paper in the *Contemporary* is the "History of the Natal Campaign" by Dr. Raymond Maxwell, a Johannesburg physician who served on the Boerside under the neutrality of the red cross. He tells us how the battles of Dundee, Klondike, Colenso, and Spion Kop looked from the Boer trenches, and occasionally throws fresh light upon an incident previously misinterpreted. He, Maxim Gorki, whose works are attracting

Correspondence

THE LIMITATION OF DRAMATICS
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, I am sure your readers must feel the gratitude, I am proud myself to have been the of the amusing article in which Mr. Walkley letter. No man, however, can be all things at If Mr. Walkley's arguments had been conveyed have amused us less. As they stand in your ber 7, they win smiles enough, but scarcely the

The real difference between Mr. Walkley to me to lie deeper down than the question of miracles, and the contrast between Christian Christian practice, are or are not fit subjects for the larger question. What do we go to the theatre we hope to see some grouping of characters, some opposite views and opinions, some selection of the life around us, which will stir emotion, stir and give food for reflection? Or do we see a contrived patchwork, calculated to tickle our admiration for the neatness with which its together? For my part, I confess myself to thinking. What is Mr. Walkley's case? I am akin to that of the policeman who stands at the to keep order. Mr. Walkley, sitting at a play falls into the frame of mind of an intellectual there to see that dramatic law and order are infringement of the Code must be at once proprieties sanctioned by custom must be observed forth indignant protest, such as Cato and Dante entered into the realm of Purgatory

Son le legge d'abisso così rotte?

O è mutato in ciel nuovo consiglio?

which we may irreverently adapt into theatrical

Are the Pit's laws thus openly transgressed?

Or have "the Gods" aloft new codes?

Does a playwright step outside the province assigned to him, he is told firmly that that again. Does an unmannerly fellow in the crowd against such ruling, Mr. Walkley pelts him with belabours him with Lessing and the Laocoon.

Well, I am more than content to be pelted so deftly and wittily, but, after all Mr. Walkley I am still impenitent, still contumacious.

My head is bloody, but unbowed

All that Mr. Walkley said with delight week confirmed my opinion that he has fallen with the stream of tendency in Drama. There he stood among the sharpshooters of the theatre. Now he seems to hold that the time has come quarters. His present mood is that of the old man can look back through the ages and imagine with pathetic insistence upon laws and formulae turn of the successive blows that have stricken playwright's limbs. He would have reproached his innovations in stage arrangement, rebuked encouraging actors to study rather express condemned Euripides for his realism and his

the moment it quite unhinged his syllogistic faculty. Example : this strange syllogism that he invented to damn my argument.

Fyfe says the whole of nature is open to the artist's choice. "Whitaker's Almanack" is in nature.

Therefore Fyfe says the artist can make a novel out of "Whitaker's Almanack."

Oh ! Mr. Walkley, M.A. Oxon ! Oh ! Shade of Jowett ! Tell it not in Oxford, nor publish it in the courts of Balliol ! What does "choice" mean save this : that the good artist is he who knows what materials are fit to use, and the bad artist he who knows not ? If I were to say that all edible substances are at Mistress Cook's disposal, Mr. Walkley would, I am afraid, at once ask with triumphant visage whether you could make omelettes out of nutmegs or flavour soup with asafetida.

Selection and treatment, these are the secrets of the artist's calling ; upon these must his success depend. He may seek his subject where he will, but he must choose according to the number of his talents, he must so deal with his materials as to make it interesting, and he must recollect that Art is the presentation of passages from life with the object of arousing emotion. The greater the artist, the wider the field of choice over which he may range. Is it impossible that an artist should possess so powerful a mind, so noble an imagination, as to be able to treat even subjects which seem to us to be subjects of "sheer horror and disgust" ? No one but Shakespeare could have made a beautiful play out of the subject of *Measure for Measure*. No one but Shelley has ever dealt poetically with the theme around which *The Cenci* is constructed. Only a poet of Webster's quality could make *The Duchess of Malji* even tolerable. You cannot set limits to the choice of themes in drama any more than you can in other dominions of art.

Nor do I believe Mr. Walkley really means to suggest that you can. All he says, in effect, is that one method of treating themes in fiction is suited to the printed novel, and another method to the acted play. This is undeniable. When he goes on to ask whether the subject of *The Comedy of Errors* could make a good novel, or the subject of *L'Éducation Sentimentale* a good play, he is, I think, confusing subject with treatment. Many novels have been based upon the "exchange of personality" idea—"Vice Versa," for instance, and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." If Flaubert had possessed the dramatic gift and had decided to exhibit Frédéric Moreau in a drama instead of in a novel, Frédéric and Sophie Arnoux and the rest would have served his purpose equally well. He would merely have been obliged to treat his theme in a different way. When a painter fails, or a sculptor, or a novelist, or a musician, it is not because they have chosen a subject essentially unfit for the artist's handling, but because they have not handled it in an acceptable manner. And the dramatist is in exactly the same case. He knows of no subjects essentially unfit for dramatic treatment. You can say, of course, that he has failed to justify his selection of theme by his manner of treatment, or you can say that some subjects never have been treated by the playwright with good effect. But to go beyond this, and to say they never can be, is to enter the realm of prophecy, which is to give a hostage to futurity with the hope of losing it and being found in a ridiculous position.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

Cheltenham, December 10.

THE GOSPEL RIOTS AT ATHENS. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Hogarth has had better opportunities than I have

found it difficult, after a few experiments, to understand or to myself understood in Crete, Rhodes, Cos, Lesbos, Asia Minor, the Greek mainland. But that is not the point. I never met a dialect but I found it was only one female dialect ; but that a literary genius could develop a literary modern Greek from the popular speech, I found the same varying dialects in England ; his speech from the Northumbrian as much as any two Greek dialects yet he created a literary English, and so might a Greek do. The comic papers, such as that of *Souris*, are intentionally vulgar, and they do not express the capacity of female. There is nothing vulgar in the best Greek ballads, and, for instance, as the *Bridge of Andromeda*, which I published in *Folk-Lore* for 1898, or many others. I am not coming with the measure of M. Pallis' success in his *Gospels*, for the principle. Nor is it, as "W. M." assumes, a question of getting rid of foreign words ; *εὐφραίνω* is as truly Greek as *εὐφραίνω* again, can the Athenian commons be taken into account ; Athens the influence of the artificial dialect is stronger ; everybody is more or less affected by it. The Byzantine is not a bad parallel ; and a fearsome dialect it is. Precisely the same results as we see in Byzantium, the loss of sense, the divorce of feeling from words, must come about in proportion as the modern Greek does violence to the natural method of expression.

But, Sir, it is easy to test one of the rivals. I gave examples from the prospectus of a society which believes to be moderate ; take up any Greek newspaper, and you find plenty more. Here is the first sentence of the first *Acropolis* I lay hands on :—*τὸ ζήτημα τῆς ἐκ τοῦ φρενοκομίου ἀποδείξεως ἰατροῦ κ. Κ. Ὀρμερίδου ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀπλῶς τυτυποῦ ζητήματος οἱ τοῦ τριτοῦ ἀδελφικοῦ, ἤρξατο νὰ προσλαμβάνῃ μετὰ τὰς ἐπιτηδευτικὰς ἀποδείξεις, δασυρῶν δασυρῶν ἐπιδόξου, οὐκ οὐκ ἡ μελέτη καὶ ἡ ἱστορία πρὸς τὴν ἀλλοῦ καὶ οὐκ κατὰ τῆς φιλαδέλφου γυναικός, ἥτις μὴ τρεφῇ ἀγγλικὴν, μὴ θάρρος τὸ ὅποιον μόνον ἡ ἀλήθεια, ἡ δικαιοσύνη, φιλανθρωπία ἐμπνέουσιν ἀπὸ τῆς μετὰ τὰς ἀνθρωπίνων εὐαὶ ἔχει φέρει ἐκλεισθέντα δ' ἐν τῇ φρενοκομίᾳ τίς οὐκ ἔννοια τίνος μὴ ἀκριβῶς ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ, οὐκ οὐκ οὐκ τὴν προστασίαν ἐγὼ παρὰ τὴν οὐκ οὐκ. Shades of Plato and Sophocles ! What have we here ? Did any one ever see such a string of genitives ? What is the upshot of it ? The Greek would, perhaps, understand most of the nouns ; but he does not know *ἥτις* and *οὐκ* and *οὐκ* says *τοῦ* for these and for *τὸ ὅποιον*, he uses *ἀπὸ* with the accusative he never brackets phrases between article and noun, the *ἀποδείξεως*, *δασυρῶν*, *ἐπιδόξου*, and *ἐκλεισθέντα* would be unknown to him, he uses no augment with *ἀπὸ τῆς* and *ἥτις*. The word reminds me that in conversation with a Greek M.D. of 1898, who used the most stilted expressions, I used the same form, thinking it would probably suit him ; but he did not understand me until I had repeated my sentence with a different form. It is absurd to call this jargon a style, or to think it has literary possibilities. English manuals of chemistry are full of it. And, as I have shown, in conversation the words which pass in a printed book are often unintelligible. The particles *καὶ* and *ἐν* are found in no spoken dialect ; here they are rampant in newspapers. In common speech *καὶ* is often used for *ἐν*, and we are not to know whether the speaker means yes or no ? The participles have disappeared, leaving only one of the form *ἐν* indeclinable like the Italian gerund. But enough ; give me space, and I will not leave the purists a leg to stand on.*

Yours faithfully,

W. H. D. ROUSE.

"SHAMELA."

Before his "Joseph Andrews" (hints and names taken from that story with a low and ungenerous engraftment) the poor man wrote without being read."

This may not be absolutely conclusive evidence, but written, as it was, a few years after the publication of the parody, and speaking of the authorship as an undisputed fact, it is, I think, a fair justification for assuming that Fielding was the author.

Faithfully yours,

ETHEL M. M. McKENNA.

22, Portland-place, W., Dec. 7th.

AUSTRALIAN VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is difficult to keep up an argument at such long range as this, but Mr. Canney's letter in your issue of Oct. 19 deserves a word or two of reply.

His claim to speak for the bushman of to-day, because he spent "some years" in the bush more than eight years ago, is self-refuting for any one who knows how easy it is to lose touch with Australia. But his quotations alone would condemn him. The second is "pretty" enough, but it is no Australian's talk; the whole phraseology is modelled on what was then thought correct in English versifying. And Gordon's Dedication, fascinating as it may be to the romantic globe-trotter, is a libel on the country he tried to describe, for Australia has song-birds to match most English ones, and her flowers are more delicately, not less sweetly, scented than ours.

Gordon explained a good deal of Australia to its native-born no doubt; but he did not, and does not "voice" them, for he did not speak their tongue.

For my own part, after eighteen years spent almost entirely up-country in four colonies, I do not claim to speak emphatically or authoritatively for the Australian-born, and this letter (like my article) is a "personal view." But I am ready to take the judgment of my mates on it.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Lucknow, Nov. 18, 1901.

ARTHUR W. JOSE.

Books to look out for at once.

"A History of the Mayne Islands and Country, 1780 to 1901." By J. L. Randall. Sampson Low, £2 2s. net.

[Photogravure plates and other illustrations.]

"The National Portrait Gallery." Edited by Lionel Cust. Cassell, £6 6s. n. [Uniform with "The National Gallery."]

"Scottish Men of Letters of the Eighteenth Century." By the Rev. H. Grey Graham. A. and C. Black, 18s.

"Art Sales of the Year." Compiled and Annotated by J. H. Slater. Virtue, 30s. net.

[A record of the prices obtained at auction for pictures and prints sold during 1901—a companion volume to "Book Prices Current."]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART.

HOLBEIN'S PICTURES AT WINDSOR CASTLE. By ERNEST LAW. 29½ x 15½. 22pp. 16d.

[Note the inches of measurement. This fine volume is a companion volume to Mr. Law's book on Van Dyck's pictures in the Castle. It contains ten large photogravures of portrait paintings, with introductions and notes on the pictures. It does not touch the drawings.]

BIOGRAPHY.

HALL CAINE. By C. FRED KENYON. (English 7½ x 5½, 224 pp. Grosvenor, 3s. 6d.)

[A readable biography by an enthusiast English writer past or present who evinces so much sympathy with all mankind as does Hall Caine.]

BY ALLAN WATER. The True Story of an Old Stuart. 8½ x 6, 310 pp. Andrew Elliot (Ed.)

[Adopts the original plan of tracing the fortunes of two Scottish families (1632–1783) from parish to parish, weaving the history and changes in social manners.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR HARRY SMITH. Addition of some supplementary chapters, by M.A. 8 x 6, 381 + 431 pp. Murray, 21s. n.

[Reminiscences of the Peninsular War, the Crimean War, the Waterloo Campaign, and various Kaffir wars.]

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE. By W. D. 294 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[Dr. Killen is President of Belfast Presbyterian Church.]

MARY BOYLE, HER BOOK. Edited by Sir Colman. 8½ x 6, 282 pp. Murray, 10s. 6d. n.

[Reminiscences of Court and social life in the eighteenth century to about 1800, introducing Dick Landor, &c., with illustrations. Edited by the late Sir Courtenay, and, after his death, by Lady Boyle.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

VALOUR FOR VICTORIA. By JAMES A. MANSON. 1s. 6d.

[A dozen Victoria Cross stories, including Boer war.]

THE BOYS OF ST. ELMO'S. By ALFRED T. S. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

[A story of camping out on the Coast of Wales.]

TALES OF THE SPANISH MAIN. By MOWAT. 357 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[The story of the discovery of the New World.]

JOAN'S TRIP TO THE WEST. With five illustrations. 9 x 7, 108 pp. The Chiswick Press. 2s.

[A pleasant story telling how Joan with her mother and sister went to the West.]

LEMO. A New England Village Boy. By N. B. Newnes, 5s.

[A well-illustrated story for boys.]

TALES OF GREYHOUSE. By R. S. WARREN. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

[A school story with plenty of fighting, ending with a storming of the school by strikers.]

BEAUTIFUL MAMMA AND OTHER STORIES. GRAHAM. 7½ x 5½, 253 pp. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

[These are delightful stories about, rather tales of social life in which a child is the hero by a true child lover; and also well illustrated.]

THE COWSLIP. Stories in Verse. (New Ed.) Poems. By MARY ELLIOTT. (New Edition.) THE DAISY. By J. E. M. (New Edition.) THE THREE M. WILLIAMS. (New Edition.) THE THREE W. WOMAN AND HER FIG. 6 x 3½. Cornish (

[Sent little reprints of those early Nineteenth century rhymes with the old-fashioned wood-cut illustrations.]

HAND AND HEART, 1901. 10 x 7½, 240 pp. 10s. 6d. Dent.

[A collection of poems.]

CLASSICAL.

ANECDOTA OXONIENSIS. Classical Series. Part I. C.M.U. 9 x 8, 62 pp. The Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.

[Collations from the Codex Chelnicensis, a thirteenth century MS. of Cicero in Lord Leicester's Library.]

DRAMA.

KIARTAN THE ICELANDER. A Tragedy. By 7½ x 5½, 107 pp. Dent, 4s. 6d. n.

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Vol. III. 9 x 6, 401 pp. A. and C. Black, 12s. 6d.

[This is the concluding volume of the work which was published in 1900. The author is

EDUCATIONAL.

- BOYS AND GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS.** By JOHN PINNEMORE. 7x4, 215 pp. Black. 1s. 6d.
[A reader for upper standards.]
- HISTOIRE DE HAYARD.** Abrégée et modernisée. Par W. G. HAMTON, 7½x4, 73+xxiii pp. Black. 1s. 6d.
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- THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION—1901.** 12x9, 812 pp. William Hein. 7s. 6d.
- NATIONAL EDUCATION.** Edited by LAURIE MAGNUS. 8x6, 300pp. 7s. 6d. n.
[A "symposium" dealing with the various educational questions by Professor H. E. Armstrong, Sir Joshua Fitch, Professor Howden, Mr. Storr, Mr. Eve, and others, with a bibliographical note by the editor.]
- SCHOOLS AT HOME AND ABROAD.** By R. E. HUGHES. 7½x5½, 34pp. Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.
[Addresses, delivered before various audiences, on the English and Continental systems.]
- DOMESTIC ECONOMY.** By ETHEL R. LUSH. 7x4½, 251 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
[This is briefer and somewhat less closely scientific than the Cambridge University Press Manual recently published. It is written "for scholarship and certificate students." It is very clearly printed and arranged, and is well illustrated. A good book for private study, with questions at the end of the chapters.]

FICTION.

- A CORNER IN BALLYREG.** By N. P. MURPHY. 7½x5, 256 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.
[Sketches of Irish life, many reprinted from magazines.]
- RAY FARLEY.** By J. MOFFAT and E. DUCK. 7½x5½, 295 pp. Unwin. 6s.
[A Comedy of Country Life " (in England), giving part of the "life story" of Mr. Ray Farley, Scholar and Millionaire.]
- BACK TO LILAC LAND.** 7½x5½, 320 pp. Greening. 6s.
[An agreeable story of theatrical life in London, and of the separation and subsequent reconciliation of an actor and his wife.]
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[A study of life in south-east London, from real characters.]
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[A briskly told and original story of the search for a snow leopard in the Himalayas, and an Englishman's love for an Indian girl of high caste.]
- LA PRINCESSE LÉNA.** By MARKEVITCH. 7½x4½, 320 pp. Paris, 1901. Ollendorf. 3fr. 50c.
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- THE REAL WORLD.** By ROBERT HERRICK. 7½x5½, 358pp. Macmillan. 6s.
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[The author wrote "The Ainu of Japan" in 1889 and since then has been engaged in missionary work among this race, the aborigines of Japan, and treats fully of their customs and religion, with many illustrations. After January 1 the price will be 10s. 6d. n.]

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[Mainly from Miss Castelle's *Rose Garden of Persia* (1894) an introduction explaining Saffian, &c.]
- PÈRE CORHOT.** A New Translation. (Turner House Classics.) 300 pp. Virtue. 2s. n.

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- DEIRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE.** 8½x6. 1,112pp. Dean. 31s. 6d.

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CHESS.

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BLACK. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 11 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 279, by
Dr. PAUL ...
BLACK.



WHITE. 11 pieces.
White to play.

PROBLEM No. 280, by R. L'Hermet. —
K at Q R 4; R at Q 8; pawn at K 7. B
Three moves.

PROBLEM No. 281, by C. Hartlaub. —
K at K 3; Q at Q Kt 7; pawn at Q 7. Black
moves.

PROBLEM No. 282, by Otto Würzburg, Gr.
(7 pieces) — K at Q Kt 8; Q at Q B 2; R at
Q 4 and Q R 6; Kts at K B 4 and K 3. M
K Kt 6; B at K Kt 7; Kts at K Kt 2 and
K B 3, K B 6, and Q Kt 2. Mate in three

M. Janowski on "British Chess" in an
by Lasker recently at Manchester, M. J.
alia:—I had announced my intended visit
beforehand. I must confess, to my regret, to
disappointed. Of course, you know that
Club has the reputation of being the leading
manner of my reception in that club was quite
one of its members seemed to take any hint
I nearly had the impression of being in no way
was only asked to play Kriegspiel or whist.
in the North where I found such cordial
great interest in chess. I am very glad
Manchester. The manner of my reception at the
Club and, in fact, by all chess players who
have made here, has quite delighted me. I
quite depressed after my cold reception in
Club. We quite understand M. Janowski's
impressions need not be taken too literally.

GAME No. CXV.—Played in the match at
St. George's and Manchester:—

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED		WHITE
BLACK.		A. J. Mackenzie.
1. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	19. K-R 1
2. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	20. P-B 6(e)
3. P-K 3	P-Q 5	21. Q-K 3
4. P-Q 3	Kt-Q 3	22. Q-R 1
5. Kt-K 3	Q-B 3	23. R-Q 7
6. Q-K 2	P-Q 4	24. B-Q 1
7. P-R 3 (a)	B-K 1	25. K-K 7
8. Kt-B 3	B-B 4	26. K-B 1
9. Q-K 3 (b)	K Kt-K 2	27. P-R 4
10. P-K 3 (c)	Castles	28. P-B 6
11. P-P	Kt-Q P	29. Q-R 6
12. Q-Q 3	Kt-K 3	30. B-B 3
13. Kt-K 1	Kt-P	31. Q-K 1
14. Q-B 2	B-K 1	32. R-B 3
15. B-K 2	P-K 4 (d)	33. K-Q 3
16. B-B 4	P-K 4	34. K-K 1
17. B-K 1	B-B 4	35. P-K 6
18. Castles	P-K 5	

NOTES BY MR. MACKENZIE.

(a) If Kt-K 3, B-K 1; B-K 1, P-B 6; followed by Kt-P. 5. P-Q 4 allows of B-Q 4.

(b) To enable the K P to advance; but

BLACK.



Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 218. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

* * * *

Lovers of Dickens will note with interest the five portraits of the novelist which we are able to present with this issue—one of them in a photograph plate—and which have never before been seen by the public. Of the other illustrations the larger number are taken from "Pictorial Pickwickiana" and from the pamphlet "Charles Dickens; some Notes on his Life and Writings"; and for permission to reproduce them we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Those from the former volume are marked [A], those from the latter [B].

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

- "Types of Naval Officers," By A. T. Mahan. Sampson Low, Marston.
- "Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-Places of Mary Queen of Scots," By M. M. Shoemaker. Virtue.
- "Kiartan, the Icelander": a Tragedy. By Newman Howard. Dent.
- "Confessions of a Caricaturist." By Harry Furniss. Fisher Unwin.

* * * *

With very few exceptions, Charles Dickens bequeathed the collected MSS. of his important works to John Maclean, a

from the printed version. Messrs. Sothe ran bought the of this minor work for £400, though in 1884 a London valued it at no more than £100. Even trifles in this worth literally much more than their weight in gold. Instance, £35 was paid for a single 4to. page of an unpublished "Travesty of Othello," penned in 1832-33, and deemed the earliest preserved dramatic composition by Dickens. A three-and-a-half pp. 4to., "Mrs. Gamp with the Strolling Players," fetched £78 15s.; the original agreements between Dickens, Macrone, and Chapman and Hall for the publication of "The Pickwick Papers," £20; similar agreements relating to "The Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," and the second series of



CHARLES DICKENS, 1836.
From a Sketch by MARCEL LAWRENCE.

respectively £39, £26, and £27; and, on November 21, "Holiday Romance," 1808, for long supposed to have appeared, £105.

originally issued, that the two suppressed plates by Bus are not essential, and that one only of the twenty wrappers need be preserved. As a fact, the difference in value between a set bound with one wrapper only, and lacking the Bus plates, and another set, unbound, in parts as originally issued, may be approximately indicated as that between £10 and £30.

Perhaps the most interesting set of "Pickwick" original numbers in existence was that bought for America, on June 13, 1850, forming part of the unexampled Dickens collection brought together by Mr. William Wright, well-known in sporting circles. The first fourteen numbers were presented to "Mary Hogarth. From her's Affy., Charles Dickens." The recipient died suddenly on May 7, 1837, and so profound was Dickens' grief that for two months the effort of writing was impossible, and the publication of "Pickwick" interrupted. This identical set was taken some years ago to a Reading bookseller with the request that the parts might be cheaply bound for nursery use. In 1850, against an issue value of £1, the series realized 100gns. On the same day in 1890, a presentation copy of "The Village Coquette," 1836, uncut, in original grey boards, initially priced at under a shilling, if we mistake not, brought £36 10s.; "Sketches by Boz," complete in original parts, 1839, £46, against a published price of £1, while another example fetched £26 last year; the edition princeps of "The Strange Gentleman," 1837, containing, however, the original drawing of the frontispiece by "Philz," and with remarks in Dickens' autograph, £84; a presentation copy to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, of "Oliver Twist," 1838, first edition, £50; the edition princeps of "Nicholas Nickleby," with inscription to "J. P. Harley" and an autograph letter, £60; the earliest issue, 1842, of "American Notes for General Circulation," to "Thomas Carlyle from Charles Dickens, Nineteenth October, 1842," having, too, the signature of Carlyle, £61; the "Christmas Carol," 1843, the earliest issue, given by the author to Mr. Henry Austin, £71; and a unique example, by reason of certain details, of "The Chimes," 1845, £66. This last has an unpublished drawing by Leach which shows a dissipated Trotty Veck. The mistake was evidently discovered by Dickens prior to publication, for the plate was altered.

Books associated with the novelist are greatly prized. The copy of the "Highland Journal," presented to Dickens by Queen Victoria, who inscribed the novelist's name therein, fetched, in 1893, 30gns.; on November 22, 1890, it made 100gns., and, we believe, is now in the library of Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C. A potty cash book kept by Dickens when he was in the office of Mr. Edward Blackmore, lawyer, Lincoln's-inn-fields, the first entry dated January 5, 1828, has realized 49s under the hammer—13s. 6d. a week was the salary he then received; the despatch box, alluded to in Forster's "Life," vol. 3, p. 304, £45; and a sun-dial, fixed on the top of a stone column made of one of the balustrades of old Rochester Bridge, from the garden at Gadshill, £48.

Some time ago the foundation of a "Boz Club" in London was notified in the Press. Its establishment was due to that well-known and learned student of Dickens, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has just published an interesting account and commentary on the famous trial "Bardell v. Pickwick" (Oxford, 8vo, 6s.). The Club's headquarters were at the

summer. Its members, according to the list which has kindly sent us, are as follows, those marked known Charles Dickens personally:—*Lord (President), *the Marquis of Dufferin and Rosebery, Lord Acton, *Lord Brampton, *Ham Austin (Poet Laureate), Very Rev. Dean Bradburn, Hon. Judge Bompas, K.C., *Sir Squ. Professor T. Bonney, F.R.S., Augustine Birrell, Burnand, Osear Browning, *Arthur & Beckett Baynam, *Francisco Berger, Sir J. Crichton, Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., Professor J. Chute, Brudenell Carter, F.R.C.S., *Henry Fielding, *Edward Dicey, C.B., Frederick T. Dalton, *I. *William P. Frith, R.A., *William Farrow (Pr. Club, Birmingham), *Otto Goldschmidt, Georg Percival Graves, Robert Holmes (King's L.), *John Hollingshead, George Herbert, *Very I. *Sir Henry Irving, *Frederick A. Inder, Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G., Jerome K. Kent, *Frederick G. Kitton, Sir Joseph K.C.B., F.R.S., Andrew Lang, Sir Lewis Mor, Right Hon. Mr. Justice Madden, *Right Otway, Bart., Walter Herries Pollock, M.A., *Joseph C. Parkinson, *Marcus Stone, R. *George Storey, A.R.A., Alexander Innes S. Sterry, Hon. William Warren Vernon, *Drummond Wolff, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., W. Sackville West, Rev. Francis Waugh, M.A. and the Honorary Secretary, *Percy Fitzgerald.

On Saturday last Messrs. Sotheby sold seven graph letters, &c. Five from Dr. Johnson to M. the longest and most important dated from £46 15s.; one from Boswell to Johnson, Ed. 1772—in which he says: "I am convinced I push you for a private correspondence with must therefore look upon you as a Fountain whence few rills are communicated to a dist. one from Garrick to Mrs. Thrale, £14; and a "American Rights and Wrongs," in Steve £14 5s., (bought for America). In the same 117 examples by the Guild of Women Ho Hampstead Bindery, protecting volumes more brought £1,203 odd, against about £720 for December 10, 1900. For £310 there was kn Service book on vellum, designed, written, Mr. Frank Harding after study of splendid p. and 14th century scribes and illuminators. T. apart from designing, is said to have occupied and at £310 this was recompensed at about Before the sale, his Majesty the King bo elaborately bound books. Five supplement aggregate of £54, comprised two water-colour Frederick, a portrait of the King by E. T. presentments in water-colour of Queen Vi Albert by R. J. Lane and Sir W. C. Ross.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, the well-known are publishing a new edition of the novels of ing 600 steel engravings and etchings, in tw at a cost of six shillings each, with an h E. P. Whipple. The standard English author losing their hold on the American public, announce a complete edition of Shelley w sketch and notes by Professor Woodberry, of

their tour in the Colonies, will shortly publish an account of his impressions and observations.

Among the literary men who obtained votes for the Nobel prize are, Ibsen and Tolstoy with three votes each; Mistral, Sienkiewicz, Ossip-Lourie, and Hauptmann with two votes each; and Rostand and d'Annunzio with one vote each.

Mr. Zangwill addressed a meeting at the Shoreditch Town-hall last Saturday night in support of the Zionist movement.

Only one or two books remain to be published before the end of the year. One of an interesting kind is "The Lady Poverty," which Mr. Murray is bringing out—the first translation into English of a thirteenth-century allegory, which was the first book ever written about St. Francis of Assisi, and was completed within a year of the saint's death. The busiest publishers at the present moment are those in charge of the new edition of the Prayer-book, who are working night and day to cope with the demand. The new edition came in the nick of time for the Christmas season, and everybody seems bent on buying a copy as a present for somebody else.

Publishing will begin again in earnest on the first day of the New Year, when George Sand's "Mauprat," in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance," with an introduction by Mrs. Craigie, will appear. Mr. Murray will also have the fifth volume of poetry ready shortly in his new edition of Byron, which will leave the sixth volume—containing "Don Juan"—to complete the work in the spring, the final volume of the letters having already been published. Another interesting reprint which Mr. Murray has in hand is Professor Baldwin Brown's book on "The Fine Arts"—an old "University Extension" volume, which is being entirely reprinted and brought up to date. It is worth noting, too, that the title of the new work by Professor E. H. Tylor, announced by Mr. Murray under the title of "The Natural History of Religion," has been changed to "Animism: A Treatise on the Natural History of Religion." The volume is based on the Gifford Lectures, delivered in Aberdeen in 1889-90 and 1890-91. Canon Moberly's volume of sermons, entitled "Christ our Life," is expected early in the year.

Mr. Murray also has two anonymous novels in the press for early publication, one being entitled "High Treason"—a story of the Jacobite days—and the other "The Trial of Man: An Allegorical Romance." Another volume which he may have ready next month is Mr. Basil Thomson's "Savage Island: An Account of a Mission to Niue and Tonga, in the Pacific Ocean," describing the negotiations which led to the establishment of a British Protectorate over these latest additions to the Empire. The book is, to some extent, a sequel to Mr. Thomson's "Divisions of a Prime Minister," and is said to contain much native lore which is new to anthropologists. January, too, should see the publication of Miss Rickards' memoir of "Felicia Skene, of Oxford"—whose friendship with Scott is recorded in the dedication to the 4th canto of "Marmion"; an illustrated volume on "Greek Coins and their Parent Cities," by Mr. John Ward; and the "Speeches and Correspondence of Henry, 4th Earl of Carnarvon, on the Affairs of British North America," edited by Sir Robert Herbert.

The volume on "Cromwell on Foreign Affairs," which the Cambridge University Press is about to publish, has been written under the conviction that the speech with which it mainly deals, though delivered some 240 years ago, "may appear to some of us to contain infinitely more significant matter than can be found in the political speeches of the present day." The author, Mr. F. W. Payn, wishes to show the true meaning of the Anglophobia in Germany. "At a time when the English Press," he writes in his preface, "is slowly recovering from a severe attack of Kaiser-mania (brought about by a cleverly-timed visit to this country), it is as well occasionally to look ugly facts in the face." The volume also contains essays on "Neutral Trade in Arms and Ships"; "Intervention Among States"; "The Burning of Boer Farms and the Bombarding of Coast Towns"; "The Extent of Territorial Waters," and "Nelson and the Admiralty."

mate fashion, correspond with the history of Christmas institutions. Originally Christmas day was only, or religious anniversary, suggesting few of the ideas to modern times. But the religious observance of the Church—a Church which frankly recognized the pagan promise—became gradually not wholly unrelated with the elations of the pagan Saturnalia, giving a spiritual as it were, to various indulgences of a more worldly kind. Against this the Puritans revolted, with the result that Christmas as a social and even a religious festival passed under the ground. Then, in the early Victorian period, came the literary revival of Christmas, which our special Dickens number, appearing at the beginning of the Christmas season, naturally invites us to remember. It was a revival which had only the most indirect connexion with religion. The traditions of the Saturnalia were the traditions that really appealed to those who had little in common with his religious contemporaries, whether Tractarians or Revivalists, but had a richer life than any other novelist that the world has seen. His natural gaiety, however, was tempered by an equally natural benevolence. The amazing procession of the amazing house party at Dingley Dell were evidently a part of him of a comprehensive scheme of peace on earth and good will towards men. He developed the symbolism more than his more serious works. It became a confirmed habit to write Christmas stories in which gloomy misers, after being reformed characters, and descended from riches to rattle to upset all the wise calculations of the Charity Commission Society. From his writings, and from those of Walter Pater and one or two others, date, we imagine, some of the peculiarities of the English Christmas by which the foreigner is puzzled. Abroad, whether in Roman Catholic or Protestant countries, the rule is to keep the feast reverently and decorously, with or without Christmas trees, but without any frantic secular excitement. With us, the Christmas according to Charles Dickens, is associated with all sorts of deviations from the norm—with ghost stories, haunted moated granges—the "moated grangist," we believe, considered a necessity on the artistic staff of an ill-tempered weekly—and volcanic outbursts of romping, feeding, and geniality. The English Christmas, in fact, has been one of the most characteristic monuments that have kept alive the memory of that man of genius. Certainly it would be difficult to find in any other case in which a novelist has exercised an equal influence over the manners and customs of his countrymen. Now it is true, that influence is waning, if not altogether dead, but it lasted a wonderfully long time. It is quite within the memory of many that a kind of cynicism asserted itself, and in the fashion to vote Christmas a bore, only tolerable on the ground that the holiday should be treated like any other holiday, and made the occasion of a trip to Bournemouth or Brighton. Whether even those of us who are not cynics would have been able, were it possible, to restore the Dickens Christmas is a question. No doubt it was sometimes very amusing, but it depended for its success upon conditions which no philosopher would wish to see revived. Chief among these conditions was the difficulty of obtaining rational amusement in early Victorian days. The annual Christmas eruption was somewhat of a revolt against the dullness of middle-class life throughout the remainder of the year. Dickens, as a man, obeyed a sound instinct in making the most of it, and so created a gaiety not only by amusing people, but by encouraging them to amuse themselves.

CHARLES DICKENS.



Drawn by N. KATZNER, Junr., express ly for "Every Saturday," No. 15, April 9, 1870

MR. PICKWICK'S RECEPTION.

"Sam Weller introduces to Mr. Pickwick the leading characters in Mr. Dickens' novels.

Published by Messrs. Field, Osgood and Co., 1873. [A]

DICKENS IN MEMORY.

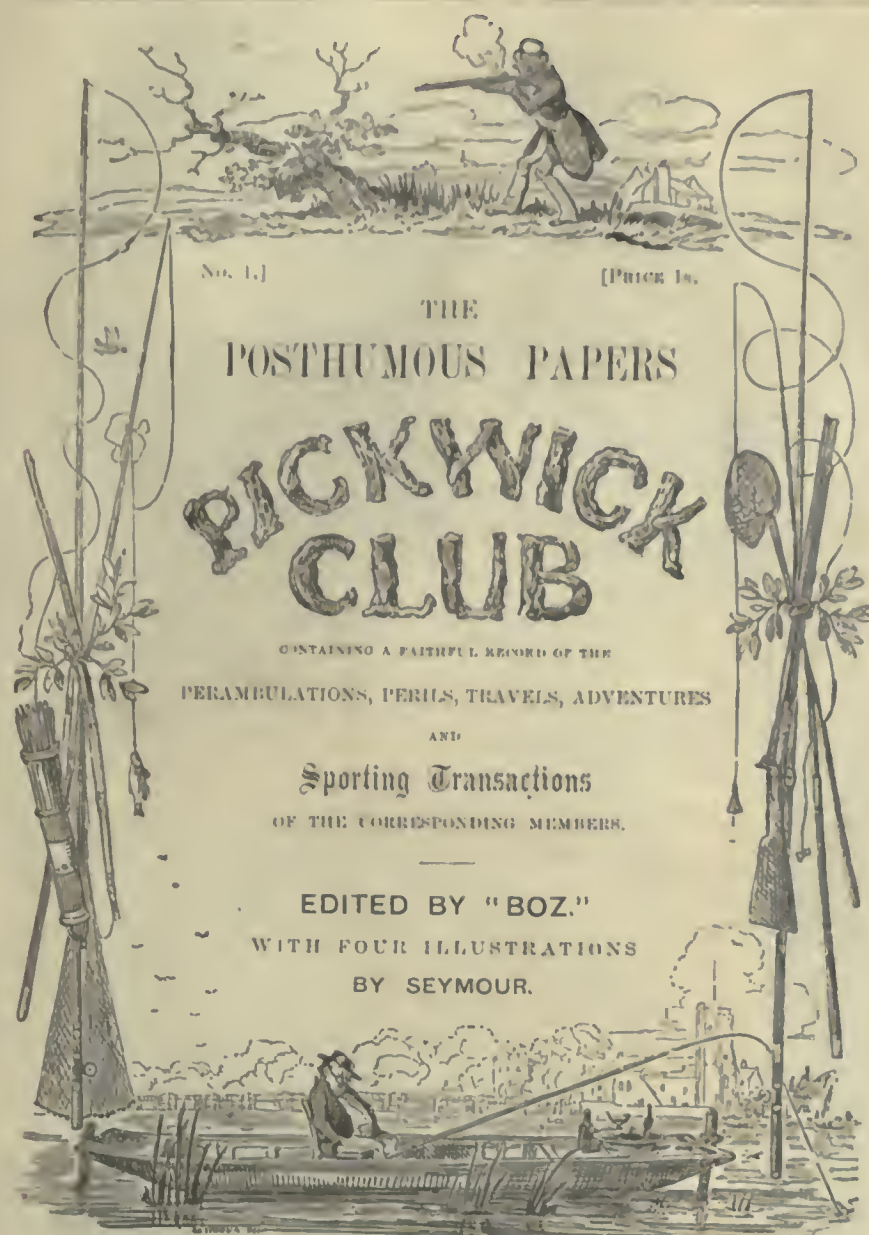
A "Personal View"

By GEORGE GISSING.

IN one of those glimpses of my childhood which are clearest and most recurrent I see lying on the table of a familiar room a thin book in a green paper cover, which shows the title, "Our Mutual Friend." What that title meant I could but vaguely conjecture; though I flung open the pages, I was too young to read them with understanding; but this thin, green book notably impressed me and awoke my finer curiosity. For I knew that it had been received with smiling welcome; eager talk about it fell upon my ears; and with it was associated a name which from the very beginning of things I had heard spoken respectfully, admiringly. Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson—these were to me as the names of household gods; I uttered them with reverence before two of the framed portraits upon our walls.

Another glimpse into that homely cloudland shows me a bound volume, rather heavy for small hands, which was called





LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, STRAND.

MCMXXVI

This shows the drawing on wood executed by ROBERT SEYMOUR.

Designed for the wrapper of "The Pickwick Papers," issued with the first number, March 31, 1836.

Engraved on wood by J. JACKSON.

Mr. Winkle missing a robin; Mr. Pickwick asleep in a punt moored on the Thames off Putney Bridge; Putney Church in the distance.

[A]

remote, had begun to play the neeromancer in my brain. Moreover, the poor bareness of that garret, and the wistful gazing of the lonely girl, held me entranced. It was but the stirring of a child's fancy, excited by the unfamiliar; yet many a time in the after years, when, seated in just such a garret, I saw the sunshine flood the table at which I wrote, that picture in "Little Dorrit" has risen before me, and I have half believed that my childish emotion meant the unconscious foresight of things to come.

picture of the room which now was tenantless; I remember the curiosity which led me to look closely at the writing-table objects upon it, at the comfortable, round-backed chair, at the shelves behind; I began to ask myself how books were made and how the men lived who wrote them. It is my last of childhood. Six months later there was an empty chair in my own home, and the tenor of my life was broken.

When, seven years after this, I somehow found my way to the room which now was tenantless, I remember the

a younger imagination, and contains is beyond its scope. Dickens' however it may distress the reader of our later day, is not in whole some, events in this story, address the enough to feelings unclouded by. His quality of picturesqueness is in its best, with little or nothing of drama which makes the alloy of "Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist" only of the early books. The open that dim lighted storehouse of this grotesque, is the best approach to world, where sights of every day figured in the service of romance. The new of the author's spirit, his sympathy with poor and humble folk mind to a sort of music which it is live with; and no writer of more showed triumphant virtue in so cheer as that which falls upon these homes when essentially has got its desert. good, too, whether for young or an atmosphere of rural peace breathed in pages of this book; I know that it make conscious in me a love of the and lane and village, one day to solacing passion. In "The Old Shop," town is set before you only of contrast; the aspiration of the the country road winding along under sky. Others have pictured with fidelity the scenes of English rustic who succeeded better than Dickens in a charm upon the wayside inn and church? Among his supreme merit of having presented in abiding form the best of our national ideals—rural life by the way of happiest emotions, reader takes this ideal into mind and and perhaps it is in great part Dickens' books are still so much read one sees edition after edition scattered town and country homes, that on wholly despair of this new England tries so hard to be unlike the old.

Time went by, and one day I saw a picture newly hung in the children's room. It was a large woodcut, published by *The Illustrated London News*, a "The Empty Chair." Then for the first time I heard of Dickens' home, and knew had lived at that same Gadshill of which the spear spoke. Not without awe did

no matter the distance, to see and delight myself. At times, when walking with other thoughts, I would come upon a discovery; the name at a street-corner would catch my eye and thrill me. Thus, one day in the City, I found myself at the entrance to *Rev's Marks*. I had just been making an application in reply to some advertisement—of course, fruitlessly; but what was that disappointment compared with the discovery of *Rev's Marks*? Here dwelt Mr. Brass, and Sally, and the Marchioness. Up and down the little street, this side and that, I went gazing and dreaming. No press of busy folk disturbed me; the place was quiet; it looked, no doubt, much the same as when Dickens knew it. I am not sure that I had any dinner that day, but, if not, I dare say I did not mind very much.

London of that time differed a good deal from the London of to-day; it was still more unlike the town in which Dickens lived when writing his earlier books; but the localities which he made familiar to his readers were, on the whole, those which had undergone least change. If *Jacob's Island* and *Folly Ditch* could no longer be seen, the river side showed many a spot sufficiently akin to them, and was everywhere suggestive of

in *Marylebone-road*, where he lived and worked for many years. But Forster did me another and a greater service; from the purchase of his book dates a second period of my Dickens' memories, different in kind and in result from those which are concerned with the contents of the novels. At this time I had begun my attempts in the art of fiction; much of my day was spent in writing, and often enough it happened that such writing had to be done amid

circumstances little favourable to play of the intentness of the mind. Then it was that I came to my help. When I was tired and did not spur the brain to work, I took down *Forster* at random, sure to come upon something which spirits and renewed my intellectual zest. *Forster's* narrative of a wonderfully active, zealous, and in this book scarce has its equal; almost any it exhilarating; but to me it yielded such spirit in those days, I could not have found elsewhere



DICKENS IN HIS GARDEN AT GADSHILL.

(An enlarged Portrait from the negative in the possession of Mr. H. E. Smith, of Watford.)

(Brought to Great Britain and America.)

Dickens; I had but to lean, at night, over one of the City bridges, and the broad flood spoke to me in the very tones of the master. The City itself, Clerkenwell, *Gray's-inn-road*, the *Inns of Court*—these places remained much as of old. To this day, they would bear for me something of that old association; but four and twenty years ago, when I had no London memories of my own, they were simply the scenes of Dickens' novels, with all remoter history enriching their effect on the great writer's page. The very atmosphere declared him; if I gasped in a fog, was it not Mr. Guppy's "*London particular*"?



From "*Martin Chuzzlewit*."

MR. PECKSNIP, HIS DAUGHTER, AND TOM PINCH.

TOM PINCH.

Designed by "Phiz" for the title-page of the first edition, 1859-1860.



December 21, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

which, I should perhaps have failed by the way. I am not referring to Dickens' swift triumph, to his resounding fame and high prosperity; these things are cheery to read about, especially when shown in a light so human, with the accompaniment of such geniality and mirth. No; the pages which invigorated me were those where one sees Dickens at work, alone at his writing-table, absorbed in the task of the story-teller. Constantly he makes known to Forster how his story is getting on, speaks in detail of difficulties, rejoices over spells of happy labour; and what splendid sincerity in it all! If this work of his was not worth doing, why, nothing was. A troublesome letter has arrived by the morning's post and threatens to spoil the day; but he takes a few turns up and down the room, shakes off the worry, and sits down to write for hours

and hours. He is beside his desk at a window overlooking and there all the while writes with gusto, again bursting into his own thoughts. method, too, with the theory of action; fine artist as goes to work regularly; one hour or advanced by a quarter of an hour, that the morning may be more fruitful.

Well, this it was to me, not to imitate a novelist, but to take off his example as From this point of debt I owe him is in Among the best of my are those moments lowering sky when light in the page biographer, and ran in vain.



[From "Nicholas Nickleby."]

MRS. NICKLEBY RECEIVING THE ATTENTIONS
OF THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR.

Designed by "Phiz" for the title-page of the First
"Library Edition," 1858-1859. [B]



DICKENS HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

There is no personality in the whole world of letters so
 satisfactory English in every respect as that of Charles Dickens :
 there is scarcely a name of a writer in the
 whole history of English literature so
 universally familiar to everybody. To call
 his name a "household word," although
 hackneyed, but indicates the far-reaching
 extent of his influence. Every person in
 the street not only knows his name, but is

The first large building
of the new town of 1880
was the Hotel built by
Dr. W. H. H. H.

And although it was supposed to be a fashion a little time back, we hear little of it just now—to profess to be unable to read Dickens, there never has been a period since his death which showed any want in his popularity so far as the demand for his works is concerned.

Dickens is for all time and for all classes; wherever the English language is spoken, his books are read and his name remembered; the fact cannot be blinked. There is absolutely no parallel—excepting Shakespeare—in our history. Mr. Glasning, in another part of this issue, deals with the influence of Dickens in a "Personal View." In this article we shall confine ourselves to a general and bibliographical details.

Charles John Huffam Dickens—to give him his full name—was the second child of John Dickens, a clerk in the Naval Pay Office at Portsmouth Dockyard, and was born at Landport on February 7, 1812. The house is in the main street out of Portsmouth. Up to a short time ago there was nothing to show that there was born England's greatest novelist. Now a plate let into the pavement in front of the railings publishes to the world the fact that "In this house Charles Dickens was born, February 7th, 1812." But as the family resided there for so short a time the associations with the place are as nil. The household was removed when he was two years old to London;

and when he was four years old his father was Chatham. Charles must have had a marvellous, could remember the house and front garden at the lodgings near the Middlesex Hospital where he before going to Chatham. It was where he first after a period with his mother as his teacher, in health, he did not take part to the same extent of his fellow scholars, but preferred the association of his father. Consequently, it is not so that he took to writing, and whilst a child perpet called *Misaur, the Sultan of India*.

Dickens was only nine when his father left. Charles had become by that time so interested in the surroundings as never to forget it. As every one returned later, the one great ambition of his life was to get back to Gadshill Place. From Chatham to London and back things became so bad as to enforce little Charles to earn a mite to help sustain the rapidly diminishing fortunes. He started in Warren's Blacking Factory, taught his business by one, Bob Fagan, whose name is immortalized in "Oliver Twist." Dickens's six shillings a week, and the joy of taking home the money on a Saturday was soon outweighed by the removal to Marshalsea Prison for debt. Charles, however, near by, and he contrived to exist on his weekly blacking warehouse.



CHARLES DICKENS.

[An unpublished Portrait from the negative in the p
Mr. H. E. Smith, of Watford.]

(Copyright in Great Britain and America.)



not to earn a livelihood, entering a collector's office. Being an ambitious youth, this humdrum, mediocre life was not appreciated, and he determined to follow in his father's footsteps and become a reporter. Whilst studying Gurney's system of shorthand, he filled in all his spare time at the British Museum, diligently satisfying his love of reading and desire for knowledge, and attempting to fill in the gaps of his education. He soon attained his object, and became the reporter in the House of Commons for the *Morning Chronicle*, earning the reputation of being one of the best reporters of the day. He continued his journalistic work until near the end of 1836 after the publication of his first book, and when "Pickwick" had commenced to spread merriment throughout the land.

The account of Dickens' life has been presented to the world in such a minute manner by Forster that one sometimes loses sight of the man himself in staring at a detail. But at any rate we are thankful to Forster for the picture of his hero's early struggle with life, the trials he had to endure, and the determination shown to overcome them. Dickens had no education, in the sense in which one talks of an educated man to-day. The time he devoted to reading at the British Museum was probably of little help to him in his after-life. No; Dickens went through the world with open eyes and keen intellect, both of which worked together with the strength and application of a resolute man.

The earliest exemplification of this is seen in "Sketches by Boz," his first published book. These sketches are solely the outcome of his great power of observation. Some of them appeared first in the pages of the old *Monthly Magazine*, during 1834 and 1835, and others in the *Evening Chronicle*, whilst he was on the staff of the latter. They were collected and published in

1836 in two small volumes, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. A second series appeared in 1837; and in 1839 the two series were issued with forty pictures by the same artist, in the familiar octavo form, and all subsequent editions contain the same amount of matter. About this time Dickens was imbued with the idea of becoming connected with the stage, and although circumstances pre-

vented him from being an actor—except in private in which he always shone—he nevertheless was much in things theatrical, and wrote a farce, *The Strange*, and the libretto of an opera entitled *The Village*. At the end of 1836. Subsequently, *Is She his Wife*, plays emanated from his pen.

This brings us to *Pickwick*—the immortal *Papers*. The story of how it came to be written is familiar to bear repetition here. It is set out himself in the preface to the book itself. One wonders whilst reading it what the success of the work would have been had Dickens not been obliterated on the plates of Seymour illustrating the text, and the text should be written to the pictures. Seymour died—by his own hand—before the series was issued, whatever fear existed of disagreement was dispelled. The first part appeared in April, 1836, and he received £14 for each part, and he seemed to be satisfied with the payment, for he wrote concerning his dearest Kate, the work will be no joke, but the is too tempting to resist." Almost simultaneous publication of Part One, Dickens married (April) Catherine Hogarth.

The early parts of "Pickwick" were surrounded by various troubles and difficulties, so much so that the publishers wondered if it would not be more satisfactory if it were abandoned altogether. Only the first two parts were first bound of the initial part. Before Part Three came the trouble of finding a man to replace Seymour's place. Amongst the many who offered to do the work was Thackeray. In a speech at the Academy banquet he related how he walked up to the "Inn" with two or three drawings in my hand, which to say, he did not find suitable." R. W. Buss, who was not unfamiliar to the publishers, was given a chance but failed to please. Part Three should have appeared but did not do so until July, owing to a family bereavement which prevented Dickens from working on the



[From "The Pickwick Papers,"
YARD OF THE "BELL INN," WH
Designed by "Phiz" for the title-page
the First "Library Edition," 1836.]



Hall, and of Dickens too, for that matter—for he received at least £3,000 over and above what was mutually agreed upon—was turned into confidence, for the demand became so great it was as much as the publishers could do to cope with it. The rest everybody knows. There is no book in the English language like "Pickwick." There is no book, we venture to say, which has sold like it, and, having been once bought, read like it. It would be difficult to discover how many different editions have been issued; it would be absolutely impossible to tell the number of copies that have been printed and exported. It stood out pre-eminently as the book of the nineteenth century, and at the end of the present one we doubt if there will be a book to compare with it in any of these respects.

To dwell at proper length on the topic of "Pickwick" would be to occupy more space than has been allotted for this article. Allusion can only be made to the innumerable spurious imitations, continuations, plays, farces, which came blundering on the work—"The Penny Pickwick," "Pickwick in America," "Pickwick Abroad," "The Pickwick Gazette," to name a few. These parodies annoyed Dickens, but, as he could get no satisfaction from the law, he looked upon the other side of the picture, and prior to the publication of his next book, "Nicholas Nickleby," issued a proclamation on February 28th, 1838, beginning "Whereas we are the only true and lawful 'Boz,'" and continued in his usual good spirits and "sportive playfulness," to the end of the document.

Dickens was always a hard worker, but at this period of his career the amount of work he was accomplishing was almost stupefying. Early in 1837 "Pickwick" did not finish until November; he became editor of "Bentley's Miscellany," and the second number under his care contained the opening chapters of "Oliver Twist," which did not end until 1839. Yet in April, 1838, came the first part of "Nickleby" and continued its monthly issues up to October, whilst in the same year he published "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," as a companion to a similar book on "Young Ladies," which his publishers had previously issued. Later, he wrote still another companion volume, "Sketches of Young Couples."

"Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress, by Boz," was the title of Dickens' third book as it appeared in three volumes in 1838, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. The second

edition bore the plain title, "Oliver Twist; by Charles Dickens," whilst the one volume 8vo. edition of 1846 had for title-page, "The Adventures of Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress, by Charles Dickens, with twenty-four illustrations on steel by George Cruikshank." The book must have come as a great surprise to Dickens' public in those days. Hitherto its author was known as a humorist, pure and simple. Here the tragedy of life was shown with all that power, whose full extent and catholicity were each succeeding book.

In his next book Dickens set himself to expose neglect of education in England, and the disregard of education as a means of forming good or bad citizens or happy men, by showing up as an example the schools which were in existence at the time. In fact that in the books ostensibly written by him for the purpose, we do not find the moral or purpose where. It is so particularly in "Nicholas Nickleby," appeared in 1839, after its issue in the familiar form of a periodical, *Master Humphrey's Clock*. It was short stories, essays, and miscellaneous papers



[From "Oliver Twist"
Designed by "Phiz" for the
"Library Edition,"





THE CHALET AT GAINSBILL, IN WHICH DICKENS DID HIS WRITING.

[10]

chiefly by himself, after the style of Addison's *Spectator*, and to be issued in weekly numbers. But the public, finding the title was not that of a complete continuous narrative, would have none of it. Dickens tried many ways of making the weekly numbers "go," by bringing the inimitable Sam Weller and his father, Mr. Pickwick, and other good old friends on to the scene, as he had planned to do originally, but without success. Eventually in number four, "The Old Curiosity Shop" commenced and continued, with but slight interruptions, until the story was finished. Then came "Barnaby Rudge; A Tale of the Riots of Eighty," which had been causing him such perturbation before and whilst he planned the ill-fated periodical. *Master Humphrey's Clock* ceased its ticking with the publication of the issue containing the last chapter of "Barnaby Rudge." "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" were issued respectively in 1848 and 1849, in book form, with the illustrations of Cattermole and Browne. Dickens' other contributions to the periodical were afterwards added to his published works under the title of "Master Humphrey's Clock."

Immediately after the abandonment of the periodical, Dickens started on his first tour of America. With what success he met, how he was feasted as "the guest of the nation," the excitement he caused, and the admiration displayed by the Americans for him—all this has been well told at length in a familiar volume. What his own impressions were are to be found in his "American Notes," published soon after his return (in two vols., 1842), and later on in "Martin Chuzzlewit," which began to appear in the usual shilling parts in 1843. "Martin Chuzzlewit," at the time was considered by Dickens to be far and away the best book he had written. But, when "David Copperfield" came later, he shifted his affection to the new "child of my fancy." Yet "Martin Chuzzlewit" was not so successful as the preceding books, much to Dickens'

and his ways; with an Historical Record of what he didn't: showing, moreover, who inherited plate, who came in for the silver spoons, and who for tiddles: the whole forming a complete Key to the Chuzzlewits. Edited by Boz."

Whilst "Chuzzlewit" was appearing in serial form wrote and published that masterpiece "A Christmas Carol" (1843). Nothing need be said of it here; it took among the classes of English literature long since, and for its author the sobriquet of "The Apostle of Christmas" was the forerunner of others—"The Chimes" (1844), "Cricket on the Hearth" (1845), "The Battle of Life" and "The Haunted Man" (1848).

In January, 1846, Dickens started the *Daily News*, occupied the editorial chair, but only for three months. He had but recently returned from a sojourn in Italy, and his new paper his "Pictures from Italy" appeared, and his biographer succeeded him in the editorial chair. "Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale and Retail, and for Exportation," begun at Rosemont, Lausanne, in 1846, and did not complete it until early in 1848, which time it was appearing in parts. The description of the death of Paul quite electrified Thackeray. He declared it was "no writing against such power," and characterized it as "unsurpassed, stupendous." "Dombey and Daughter," a spurious imitation which came out in penny numbers at the same time, was announced as a "production of exalted genius," written to sustain moral example and virtuous precept.

"Of all my books," Dickens wrote of "David Copperfield" (1850), "I like this the best . . . like many fond parents I have my favourite child, and his name is 'David Copperfield.' There is no doubt that 'Copperfield' brought him to the height of his fame. To-day it appeals to readers not only on account of the personal, the autobiographical, which go to the filling out of the story. 'I seem to have put some part of myself into the shadowy world,' he wrote to Forster at the time, although the public then was suspicious of it. But apart from this, it is a great book."

Before "Copperfield" was published as a volume



launched the first number of *Household Words* (1850), which practically became *All the Year Round* in 1859. Among the most noteworthy features of these enterprises were the famous Christmas numbers, comprising "Mugby Junction," "Seven Poor Travellers," "The Wreck of the *Golden Mary*," "No Thoroughfare," &c., all written by Dickens in collaboration with Wilkie Collins, Hester Stretton, Amelia B. Edwards, and others. In the pages of *Household Words* appeared the "Child's History of England," "The Uncommercial Traveller," and "Hard Times"; whilst in *All the Year Round*, "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations" first saw the light.

"Black House," issued in parts, came in 1852. In two of the characters Dickens, it is known, drew upon his friends for models—Lander being Heythorn and Leigh Hunt Skimpole. It is also in this book that his early acquaintance with law and lawyers was made much use of.

Dickens' next book, "Hard Times" (1854), was dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, under whose influence he had more or less come. Eighteen months elapsed before the first part of "Little Dorrit" appeared. The volume was published in 1857, and was dedicated to Clarkson Stanfield. Dickens originally intended calling it "Nobody's Fault," and did not alter it until the eve of publication. It was at this period he purchased Gadshill Place—the abode of his life—and made it his final home. At this time also he was fascinating everybody who was lucky enough to hear him with readings from his own works, filling halls, causing speculations in tickets for admission, and coining money, so to speak. But he was also writing another book—a book which was destined to be one of his best, and one, too, entirely different in style from any of his others—"A Tale of Two Cities." It commenced in *All the Year Round* in 1859, and was simultaneously issued in the usual parts and appeared as a volume all in the same year. In it he hoped to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding the terrible time of the French Revolution; "though no one," he said, "could hope to add anything to the philosophy of Carlyle's wonderful book." To-day it is one of the most popular and most read of all his works.

In 1861 "The Uncommercial Traveller," a series of papers from *All the Year Round*, appeared, and was enlarged from the same source in 1868. In this latter year also came "Great Expectations," the only other one of his books for which the orthodox three-volume form was chosen. In it, as in "Copperfield," he used the incidents of his boyhood to such an extent as to make it autobiographical.

"Our Mutual Friend" was published in parts, as in the case of the former works, but two volumes were chosen for the book form in 1865. It was illustrated by Marcus Stone.

Dickens died on the 9th of June, 1870, leaving "Edwin Drood" unfinished. What he had written of it appeared in the usual green paper parts and afterwards in volume form. In October, 1871, a continuation entitled "John Jasper's Secret" began to appear, and occupied eight monthly parts produced exclusively with "Drood"; and recently a gentleman in Holland sent the publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, a completion written by himself. There were other attempts of this nature, but Dickens' book must always remain as he left it.

It is curious and extraordinary that, although none of Dickens' works were completed before they began to appear—as a matter of fact each part was published immediately it was written—it cannot be said of any of them that they are disjointed, or show any signs of having been written to spend

appeals in a realistic and convincing way to all who read them. They stand for types to-day—Mark Tapley, Sam Carton, Mrs. Gamp, Scrooge, Bob Cratchett, Fagin, Little, Bob Sawyer, to name a few.

Most of Dickens' minor writings from *Round* and *Household Words* have been collected and called "Reprinted Pieces." Among the most notable of these is "A Child's Dream of a Star," issued in several delightful reprints; and we know of a pocket edition in this country used in place of a Christmas card.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* shortly after his death said:—"Were all his books swept by a catastrophe out of the world, there would be left in the world some score at least of people, with all their sayings; we are more intimately acquainted than we are with our brothers and sisters, who would owe to him the knowledge of what life is. While we live, Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller, Mrs. Gamp, the Micawbers and the Squeezes die. . . . They are more real than we are, outlive and outlast us, as they have outlived him. This is the one proof of genius which no critic, no carping and dissatisfied, can gainsay."

There is little fear that the works of Dickens will be forgotten. At the present time, of all the writers he is still the favourite, whether judged by the view of the interest taken in his personal life or the interest taken in the writings he has left us. He is one of the many great writers the period produced, and years after his death—his genius shines brilliant light on our modern stars.



DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS.

The relations which existed between Dickens and the artists who illustrated his books were most intimate. To-day it is the publisher who chooses the artist and approves or disapproves of his work. But Dickens was more particular, and superintended the choice of subject for illustration and the manner of the treatment of it in his books. Sometimes the artist was happier than at others, and produced Dickens' own ideal in his drawings. But at other times he did not. At the very outset of his career we find Dickens insisting that Seymour should illustrate his text and not introduce ideas of his own. And many of the original pictures of "Phiz" and Seymour in "Pickwick" had to be considerably altered at Dickens' suggestion. The suggested amendments would be conveyed either in a letter or by writing on the original drawing. We are able, through the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to reproduce one of these original drawings so marked, with the steel plate as it afterwards appeared (see next page). In "Oliver Twist" is found another early instance of the importance Dickens attached to the pictures. He writes describing how he came to town and found that he had not seen the plates to the last volume, and how he objected to the one "Rose Maylie and Oliver," begging Cruikshank to do it again. Later, he became almost abusive to poor "Phiz" over "Dombey," notwithstanding the pains that famous artist took to please. And so it was throughout all his books; he knew what he wanted, and insisted upon having it. It is this working together of author and artist which makes the work of the latter so valuable, particularly at the present time, when so many attempts are made by the artist to re-create some of his characters.

The one artist since Dickens' death whose work stands out prominently as depicting the true spirit of the master is Fred Barnard. He became associated with Dickens' writings in the



MR. WINKLE SHOOTING.

By WILLIAM HEATH. *Pickwickian Illustrations*

2. "Not the Man" (Chap. II.)

Published 1837.

(1)



"Household" edition, and illustrated several volumes. His style was very different, yet not inferior in technique of "Phiz" and Cruikshank, both of whom realized ideal, it is nevertheless thoroughly and truly in sympathy with the humour and pathos of the author. At times he was masterly, and nothing better of the kind has been done. A series of character studies published some years since.

"Pickwick" has always been a fascinating book to the artist. At one time everybody who could draw attempted to illustrate it. Indeed, the number of artists who made such attempts are legion. "Pickwick Papers" has been more favoured in this respect than the others. At the time of its first publication in 1836 and 1837, several artists issued sets of engravings to be used as "extras" for the monthly parts as they came out. The best of these were Onghyn, who used the pseudonym "Sam Weller" on some of his engravings, William Alfred Crowquill (A. H. Forrester), and T. Gilbert. We reproduce a characteristic one by Heath, and one by Gilbert (p. 583), whose series on wood appeared later. This is a fascinating one, and could be dealt with at length, if only as a specimen of each artist's work. That, of course, is impossible, in fact. But of the "authorized" artists



*are Sam and the housemaid clearly made out; and
 then if he were looking on with his arm round
 I rather question the accuracy of the housemaids*

HAROLD KNIGHT BROWN—Facsimile of the original drawing by "Phiz," with
 remarks and suggestions written by Charles Dickens in the margin.

MR. WINKLE, DISCLOSING HIS MARRIAGE ON HIS KNEES.
 Chap. XLVII (Part XVII) [A]



plates carefully tied up, and in
 Dickens' portraits." They are a
 forerunner as showing Dickens as
 real life and without the effect of th
 of an artist, and form valuable
 already large collection of Dick
 pictures. The small vignette pictur
 575, 577, 578) are from water-color
 which were so delicately engraved
 title-pages of the first issue only
 Library edition. There were twen

It would be superfluous to ente
 respecting the illustrations to th
 books of Dickens. "Pickwick" a
 comparatively, that created any
 speak of. And as nearly every ed
 issued by Chapman and Hall con
 illustrations, they have become famil
 Those of our readers, however, w
 more of the wonderful collection
 which "Pickwick" has inspired
 mend to add to their library
 wickiana," edited by Joseph Grego
 brought together nearly 400 drawing
 from all over the world, illustrating

There were others of the work
 plates were published, includin
 "Barnaby Rudge," "A Tale of
 besides collections of portraits of th
 in the novels. Among these shou
 "Phiz's" set to, "Dombey and Son

Not the least interesting pa
 issue of Dickens' works were the
 blue paper covers. These were d
 illustrating the book, and depicted
 characters therein. We give
 Seymour's design for "Pickwic
 page 573.

Dickens Topography.

Of the topography of Dick
 said, much written, and much pu
 there seems to be no finality to th
 have observed already, Dickens ha
 took in everything he saw. Havin
 his mind's eye, his marvellous mem
 It is not strange, therefore, that
 houses, inns, streets, private roo
 scenes which figure in his novels
 their prototype in reality. Most
 the same manner, but perhaps n
 Dickens had so many confident
 great men all of them who survi
 have helped in identification an
 facts. But time, the ravisher, wi
 all traces of association with D
 London is concerned. Every new
 our thoroughfares destroys somet
 connected with Mr. Pickwick
 (particularly the old hostleries, of
 in London now), Oliver Twist, Di
 the Marchioness and of scenes
 Boz," "Copperfield," "David,"

December 21, 1901.]

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and Jingle started their coach ride to Rochester, and where later Copperfield and his friend Steerforth stayed at one time; one could stroll through the dark arches of the Adelphi, as Dickens did, and then into the Temple to Fountain-court and observe the rooms where Dickens lived and the spot where Ruth Pinch went to meet her lover; one could discover where Pip lodged in Barnard's Inn, and then find oneself in Holborn wondering where Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig once resided. The Kent districts would require much time. One could see the house in which Dickens spent his honeymoon; the house where he lived as a boy in Chatham, and where he died at Gadshill. One could visit the hotel where the Pickwickians stayed at Rochester, and even the bed room in which Mr. Winkle slept. One could discover the pond on which the Pickwickians disported themselves when it was frozen that famous winter's day; and if one's imagination be keen enough, one could see Mr. Pickwick sliding; the Leather Bottle, Cobham, could be seen, where Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass inquired "for a gentleman of the name of Tupman." The cricket ground where



MR. PICKWICK.

[From "Pickwick Characters" (*Bella's Life in London*, 1838). Drawn by KENNY MEADOWS.]

From an Original Drawing in *Boz Hall* (*Bell's Life*, Sunday, March 25, 1838).

Offspring of Boz's fertile brain,
Whose bright creations never fail,
Enter our gallery with thy train--
Sire of the Pickwick Club, all hail!

Welcome, thou man of Goswell Street,
To warm and kindly feeling true;
And in *Bell's* sporting journal greet
Old friends this day with feature [new?]

Enlarged in form, as thou in heart,
A gallant race well braced to run,
With thee, old boy, we'll make a start,



Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"The Fat Boy" (Chap. LIV.) [A]

the historic match took place is not difficult to find, and, if we were so inclined, there is delightful Broadstairs with many associations. Dickens lived and wrote there, in the house on the cliff's side, and one of his most charming pieces ("English Watering Places") is devoted to it. There are a thousand and one places and things to see. There are a thousand and one things to write about, had we not come to the end of our space. The subject of "Dickens" is gigantic.

B. W.

The Various Editions of Dickens.

Admirers of the great novelist have been well looked after in respect to editions of his works. New ones follow each other nowadays in an extraordinarily rapid succession, and no classic makes its appearance without at least three or four editions of Dickens' works finding places in its list. In the following table we give an account of the various collected editions which have issued from the press since the original octavo edition. Wherever mention is made of the "original" illustration refers, of course, to those which were done for the first editions. The date given is that of the year the particular edition was commenced. No Continental or American editions are included.

1847.—The Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo. This was issued in halfpenny weekly numbers, and green wrapped parts, with type set in double columns. At the completion of each work



Executed by R. W. Hux.

Original illustration for the first edition (Part III.) of "The Pickwick Papers" as issued in monthly numbers, May, 1836.

(This is one of the designs described as the Hux "Suppressed Plates," as they were omitted from subsequent issues.)

THE CRICKET MATCH—DINGLEY DELL AGAINST
ALL MUGGINGTON (Chap. VII.)

N.B.—The design by "Thia," Mr. Wardle and his friends under the influence of the salaried, was substituted for this plate in the collected edition. [A]

issued with the original illustrations, but minus the vignettes, and extended to 30 volumes by the addition of the remaining works of the author. The price was 7s. 6d. per volume, but was afterwards raised to 8s. (Chapman and Hall.)

1855. The People's Edition. Crown 8vo. This edition was a reissue of the "Cheap" Edition above, in green paper boards, at 2s. each, with a picture on the cover, in 25 volumes. (Chapman and Hall.)

1867. The Charles Dickens Edition. Crown 8vo. This is the well-known red-cloth edition which contained the autograph of Charles Dickens on the cover. Each book was illustrated with eight pictures chosen from the originals and the whole of the series was revised and amended by the author. The edition was complete in 21 volumes, at 3s. and 3s. 6d., but in the early eighties the prices were raised sixpence a volume. As this edition was the one revised by the author shortly before his death, it has been the standard edition from which all subsequent ones have been printed. (Chapman and Hall.)

1871. The Household Edition. Crown 4to. This

in cloth at 2s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. Subsequent prices were raised to 3s., 4s., and 5s.

1873.—The Illustrated Library Edition. This edition occupied 30 green cloth volumes in library form and contained all the illustrations printed from the steel plates and woodcuts, were priced uniformly at 10s. each. (Chapman and Hall.)

1878. The Popular Library Edition. This edition was printed from the stereo plates of the Household Edition and contained 16 illustrations selected from the "Household" Edition in 30 dark green cloth volumes at 3s. 6d. afterwards raised to 4s. each. (Chapman and Hall.)

1880. The Pocket Edition. 16mo. 30 volumes without illustrations, price 4s. 6d. green cloth. (Chapman and Hall.)

1880.—The Diamond Edition. 16mo. 30 cloth volumes, printed from an American stereotype, illustrated. (Chapman and Hall.)

1881.—The Edition de Luxe. Royal 8vo. This edition is indicated by the title "The Works of Charles Dickens" and contained impressions mounted of all the original illustrations limited to 1,000 numbered sets of 30 books each, with paper label, issued at 10s. The price was raised on the day of publication. It was dedicated to Queen Victoria. (Chapman and Hall.)

1885.—The Cabinet Edition. 16mo. 30



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stereo plates of the "Pocket" Edition, extended to 32 volumes, each containing eight illustrations reproduced from the originals. Bound in half cloth, paper slides, 1s. 6d. a volume.

Subsequently reissued—1893—in scarlet cloth with gilt tops. (Chapman and Hall.)

1880.—The Two-shilling Edition. Crown 8vo. In 21 red cloth volumes with frontispiece only. (Chapman and Hall.)

1890.—The Crown Edition. Large crown 8vo. In 17 maroon cloth volumes containing reproductions of all the original illustrations, 5s. each. (Chapman and Hall.)

1890.—The Pictorial Edition. Royal 8vo. This edition was a reprint of the famous "Household" Edition with the double rules round the page of type omitted. It contained all the illustrations of the "Household" Edition, and was issued in 38 monthly parts (including "Forster's Life"), and 17 red cloth volumes at 3s. 6d. each. (Chapman and Hall.)

1892.—48-volume Edition. Crown 8vo. This edition was imported from America and issued in this country without illustrations. (Chapman and Hall.)

1892.—The Half-crown Edition. Crown 8vo. In 21 blue cloth volumes containing reproductions of all the original illustrations. (Chapman and Hall.)

1896.—The Shilling Edition. Crown 8vo. In 21 crimson cloth volumes with frontispieces. (Chapman and Hall.)

1897.—The Gadshill Edition. Square crown 8vo. This edition is noteworthy as containing several stories and sketches which had not been included in any previous collected edition of Dickens' works. They comprise several stories and sketches which were hidden away in periodicals, and such pieces as "Sunday under Three Heads," "The Mudfog Papers," "Sketches of Young Couples and of Young Gentlemen," &c., which had hitherto only been issued in independent separate form. In addition to the original illustrations it contains entirely new ones by Charles Green, Harry Furniss, Jules Goodman, Maurice Greiffenhagen, and others. To this edition Mr. Andrew Lang contributed an introduction to each book and a general essay on Dickens. The illustrations were printed from an unused duplicate set of plates in the possession of the publishers. It is in 34 scarlet cloth volumes, 6s. each. (Chapman and Hall.)

1899.—The *Daily News* Memorial Edition. Large crown 8vo. This edition was issued by the proprietors of the *Daily News*, whose first editor was Charles Dickens. It contained, in addition to the complete works, Forster's "Life" and "The Dickens Dictionary," comprising nineteen volumes with all the original illustrations. Issued on the instalment plan, but sold in sets, only £2 cloth, £3 10s. in leather. (The *Daily News*.)

1900.—The Authentic Edition. Square crown 8vo. This edition is in 21 olive green volumes and is as complete in respect of text and illustrations as the "Gadshill" Edition above. The frontispiece to each volume is printed in colours, and the price is 5s. each volume. (Chapman and Hall.)

1901.—The People's Edition. Large crown 8vo. This edition, issued by the Dickens Society, was printed from the same type, comprised the same number of volumes, and contained the same illustrations as the *Daily News* Memorial Edition. Issued on the instalment plan and sold in sets, only £2 cloth, £3 15s. in leather.

1901.—The Oxford India-paper Edition. Foolscap 8vo. This edition is now in course of publication, and is issued jointly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall and Mr. H.

still copyright, Messrs. Chapman and Hall are the publishers who can issue complete editions of his works. But there are various editions, of the non-copyright, notably:—

Macmillan's Three-and-sixpenny Edition, crown 8vo. Charles Dickens the younger contributed bibliographical introductions to some of these volumes, which contain also reproductions printed with the text of the original illustrations. (Macmillan and Co.)

The Temple Edition. Foolscap 8vo. The works in this occupy, as a rule, three volumes and contain frontispieces by modern artists, each volume costing 1s. 6d. net in cloth, 1s. in leather. (Dent and Co.)

The New Century Edition. Foolscap 8vo. Printed on paper and containing a frontispiece by a modern artist, 2s., leather 2s. 6d. and 3s. (Nelson and Sons.)

The Rochester Edition. Crown 8vo. The works in this edition are chiefly in two volumes, and contain an introduction by George Gissing and topographical pictures and notes by F. G. Kitton. They are published at 3s. each volume. (Methuen and Co.)

The Imperial Edition, with new illustrations by artists and including a literary character study by Gissing, illustrated by F. G. Kitton. (Gresham Publishing Company.)

In addition to these, many cheaper and more inexpensive editions have been issued, and there are at least two being prepared in America—one from Mr. Sproul, now recently in our columns, and one from Messrs. H. Mifflin, and Co. If there still remains a taste unquenched doubt not it will be satisfied some day.



THE DRAMA.

THE LIMITATION OF DRAMATIC THEMES (continued).

I read Mr. Fyfe's letter in reply to my previous article with something very like despair. He had misapprehended the point at issue and contradicted himself with so blithe an unconsciousness, misrepresented me with a shamelessness so childlike and bland, and reiterated his old fallacies with a dogmatism so pontifical, that I felt inclined to let him go as an incurable case. This kind, I felt, eschew not out but by prayer and fasting. But the truth is that the matter in dispute is too serious to be dropped merely because Mr. Fyfe does not understand the A B C of it. For it is a matter affecting the future of our drama, which will assuredly cease to be drama if it ceases to mind its own business. Has the drama a business of its own, which limits its stock-in-trade—that is to say, its choice of themes? I say it has; Mr. Fyfe, on the contrary, says it is a Universal Provider, unlimited in choice of themes. I return to these questions, then, because of their intrinsic importance and not, as I say, with any hope of converting the incorrigible Mr. Fyfe.

He himself is evidently aware of their importance, for he calls my treatment of them "amusing" and even "flippant." That is to say, conscious of the weakness of his case, he abuses the plaintiff's attorney by representing him as a *farceur* in a discussion which ought to be serious. This style controversial device from a professed champion of "novelty" is somewhat unexpected. Now, I am not fond of the "You're another" retort, which belongs to the Fifth Form stage of mental development, but when my adversary tries to score a point by crying "Oh, Mr. Porter, what a funny man you are!" I must answer him in his own schoolboy fashion. And so I say that the "flippancy" is on his side, when he apostrophizes me with

"Oh, Mr. Walkley, M.A. Oxon.!"—

a line manifestly inspired by Coleridge's burlesque invocation quoted in my previous article,

"Inoculation! Heavenly Maid!"

By the way, it will probably matter little to him to know that he has made an error in a capital letter, for a man who can repeat fallacies with his cheery confidence would evidently undertake command of the Channel Fleet at a moment's notice, so that he may well make nothing of repairing a little oversight on the part of a mere University. But of course his "flippancy" is only a red herring. I met him quite seriously, with facts and arguments. Let us examine what he has seriously to say in reply.

It will at once be seen that Mr. Fyfe belongs to that distressing class of reasoners who, starting with an undeniable truth, proceed to state a falsehood as though it were an amplification, instead of a contradiction, of that truth. He does this in his letter twice over, and I am going to number the cases—he shall not accuse me of "frivolity" this time!—and nail each to the counter in order.

(1.) He likens me, at the play, to an "intellectual policeman." I am "there to see that dramatic law and order are preserved." Well, there he pays me to be sure, without intending it a great compliment, for he testifies to my due performance of my proper duty. Critics are the "policemen" of the arts. They are "there" to preserve artistic "law and order." But mark how Mr. Fyfe proceeds to amplify this statement. "The proprieties sanctioned by custom must be observed. Innovations call forth indignant protest. . . . Does a playwright step outside the province which convention assigns to him, he is told firmly that this must not occur again." Mr. Fyfe, you see, has already accepted "law and order" as the

—the law that the dramatist is limited in his choice by the conditions of his medium. That is not in itself of "custom" or "convention." It is not a "custom" that prevents a painter from painting the awe-inspiring subjects of aerial flight and poised the sculptor in marble. It is not a "convention" that prevents the clash of wills, say, a peculiarly "poetic" subject, and the gradual progress of the "realistic" subject peculiar to the novel. It is not a "custom" which banishes scenes of mere "stage" from the playhouse, or subjects of "stable equilibrium" from the course of true love always running smooth to the happiness of any sort. No, all these things are "law," the law which limits the artist's choice of subjects to the peculiar conditions of his artistic medium.

(2.) Mr. Fyfe offers us an explanation of the "law" that "the whole of nature is open to the choice of the artist." "What does 'choice' mean," he asks, "to a good artist is he who knows what materials the bad artist he who knows not?" The italics are very important they are, for the phrase immediately shows away. I might lay down my pen and say, "my case." For it is an admission that certain materials are for the artist to use and certain others are not. In other words, the dramatist's choice of themes is limited. He chooses subjects "unsuitable for dramatic treatment" and supposes that Mr. Fyfe sees that he has in his position and come right over to mine? No, he proceeds once more to apply his familiar method of disguised amplification. "Selection and restriction are the secrets of the artist's calling; upon them the drama depends. He may seek his subject where he chooses according to the number of his talents, but he must deal with his material as to make it interesting. He must recollect that Art is the presentation of passion, the object of arousing emotion." So that depends solely upon the artist's talent and is conditioned by the nature of his medium! And he tells me, a moment before, that, within the limits of his medium, "certain materials are fit to use and certain are not fit to use! Could there be a more hopeless self-contradiction?"

This is the pass to which all controversy comes when they start incautiously, like a sweeping proposition. Certain obvious exceptions which destroy their case, they are driven to make with false reasoning. But I leave Mr. Fyfe. He has fallen out of sympathy with the stream of tendency. He calls me a "tired reformer." Well, he is a "reformer" so-called "reformers" do make no sense; because I very much doubt whether they really know what they are driving at, because they see drama "reformed" into something which is not drama, call that abolition, not reform; ending, not the "stream of tendency" is in that direction against the stream with such strength as I can command. Is it in that direction? I think not. I do not demand among intelligent playgoers for a drama that shall take over business materials unfit for its use. And in particular, my objection grew out of my comment on an episode in Björnson's play I do not think this playgoer (except Mr. Fyfe) will demand that Mr. John Morley's words, "imitate the method of historic failure, the church pulpit."

A last word (for the present) about the drama, its limitations of subject; and it shall be to the effect of the "law" that the dramatist is limited in his choice by the conditions of his medium. It is not sufficient for the artist to produce an effect upon us; the effect must be a work, by reason of the species to which it is applied. You don't sink mines in order to blow up away, or light a faggot to burn a fly. What voting yourself to the painful labour of the dramatist, the aim of building a theatre, showing a

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FAMOUS "BLUE" SCHOOL.

ANNALS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. By E. H. PEARCE, M.A.
(Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

In view of the removal of the famous "Blue" School to Horsham and the appointment just announced of a new Headmaster, Mr. A. W. Upcott, Mr. Pearce's volume comes with a special appropriateness. A former "Grecian" and assistant master at Christ's Hospital, and now the vicar of Christ Church, a church at which the "Blues" have for the last quarter of a century formed a very large proportion of the congregation, Mr. Pearce is peculiarly well qualified to write such a history. Owing to the allegiance of Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, Christ's Hospital is unusually blessed among public schools with literary associations. Mr. Pearce has not aimed at presenting a *rechauffé* of literary allusions, or compiling a series of notices of famous old boys. That has been done before. He has broken new ground in constructing a continuous record from "the voluminous and carefully preserved minutes of the Courts and Committees, whose benevolent work has never ceased since the foundation." A strange difficulty has offered itself, however, in the construction of this record. "The annals of Christ's Hospital cannot be arranged in periods christened with the names of successive Headmasters." The gradual evolution of the Headmaster has only been witnessed by the last half-century; it was begun by "the impetuosity of Dr. Jacob," it was developed by "the natural aptitude of the present Master of Marlborough," while the Headmaster's assured position to-day is the result of "the cool judgment and long experience of the Rev. Richard Lee." The Rev. G. C. Bell, so we are assured by Mr. Pearce, "was the first Headmaster who, when he visited a colleague's class-room, ran no danger of being bowed out or even less ceremoniously disposed of." It might have been possible to group the annals in periods by taking for chronological units the committees, or the Councils of Almoners, in whose hands have rested the smallest details that regard the fortunes of the Hospital, only these "bodies will not serve for chapter-headings, as they never died."

Christ's Hospital entered into the labours of the Grey Friars, who came to England flushed with the apostolic zeal of their founder, St. Francis of Assisi, and finding the neighbourhood of Cornhill too salubrious for their self-denying energy were delighted to acquire a property in Stynkyng Lane, and in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles, the very names of which must have made the mouths of the Franciscans water with the possibilities of sickness and smells. When the property of the order was sequestered, part of it was re-granted, with that vicarious generosity which was so marked a feature of the Tudor character, for the purposes of a Hospital. What Henry VIII. conceded for one purpose, his son confirmed for another. Christ's Hospital was established as a foundling and a scholastic establishment. The Christ's Hospital of to-day "has one medical officer and thirty masters," but in 1553 there were two surgeons as well as a not inadequate staff of masters. The Court Book shows that the Governors were willing to give all manner of medical assistance. In 1559 a boy "being almost blynde, at the sute of his mother was admitted." Another, "being lame on one legge, was admitted for surgerye." There is some excuse

same lines as the Tudors. He claimed to rank as a layman because he granted to the Hospital a sum of money which really part of the legacy of a former Governor, one Aldworth, invested in what might be described at that "Government insurances." But the Court conceived a deep impression on the course of "Hospital" development because it originated that Mathematical School which up so wide a sphere of activity for old "Blues." The "mats" were intended to feed the Royal Navy and the Marine. They not only did that, but they supplied the Guinea Company, the African Company, and, on a still liberal scale, to the East India Company, while a letter served in the Governors' archives from "Stephen G. Richard Grice, the two Mathematical boys, that were sent into the Czar of Muscovy's service, giving an account of their safe arrivall at Archangell and of their being might used there by Mr. Woolfe."

Mr. Pearce has done full justice to Christ's Hospital as possessor of "a richer store of quaint ceremonies than the Public Schools." He writes of the dress of the "Blues" "Blew-coats, Yellow-coats, Shirt, Shoes, Stockings, Girdle, and Badge," with some curious research into the original pattern and eventual disappearance of the "Hally-Blags," which took their rise in a donation to at least sixty children, after attendance at the Church of St. James in Lumber Street, of "a penny apiece and raisins," of the Public Suppers, of St. Matthew's Day, of Public Lotteries, at which some of the boys were to assist in the drawings. The idiosyncrasies of an essential school are dwelt upon. One of these idiosyncrasies "when the bell rings," the masters "are not only but, the sooner they are off the premises, the higher the reputation stand." Another caused the Governors much trouble from the imperfect aspirations to celibacy which were headles, nurses, and the tradesfolk who occupied the under the Writing School, and were to be "single persons as may be." Mr. Pearce's memorials of the "walled cloisters pale" may justly take rank with Mr. Stow's "Annals of Westminster" and Mr. Fisher's "Annals of Shrewsbury."

THE UNITY OF ITALY.

THE ROMAN THEOCRACY AND THE REPUBLIC, 1846-1849.
JOHNSTON. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

The struggle for the unity of Italy, which attracted so much sympathy in England half a century ago, is now pretty enough off for the historian to form a just estimate of the course of the movement, and of the character of the actors. Mr. Johnston has taken as his subject what is perhaps the most important episode in that movement—the disastrous opening year of Pius IX. But the lessons which those years taught Italian patriots who were striving to free their country from a stranger were of the utmost significance. And it is the merit of this volume that these lessons are clearly brought to the reader, as they doubtless were to those who were in the fray. In all such movements the ground is strewn with chimerical projects, which have to be cleared away after fruitless experiment, before much progress can be made. At the beginning of the struggle two such schemes bore influence in Italy. One was that of the priest Gioberti, who dreamed of a league of Italian States for the expulsion

contingency had arrived. The Pope appointed a Ministry, in which the laity were preponderated; and in 1848 he granted a Constitution, which was to include a popular assembly. For a time, too, it seemed as if he favoured a coalition with Sardinia for the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy. But when in March, 1848, the decisive moment arrived, and Sardinia declared war against "the foreigner," the Pope, after some hesitation, abandoned the national cause. The "Supreme Head" of Catholicism could not bring himself to join in a warlike combination against a Catholic State; and his desertion, when it was followed by the glorious campaign of Cavour, left much bitterness behind. It is but pretended that the small forces of the Pope, if they had been freely, instead of involuntarily, employed in the work of liberation, would have sufficed to turn the scale; it was his moral support that was all-important, and this, under the influence of his retrograde advisers, was resolutely withheld. The utter failure of Gioberti's scheme, just at the moment when it seemed to be succeeding, brought Mazzini and his party to the front; the Pope's Minister was murdered and his Government overthrown; and the disillusioned Pontiff had to seek refuge at Gaeta. But the six months' Republic, in which Mazzini was virtually dictator, had from the first no chance of success. The sovereignty of the Pope at Rome, like that of the "Sick Man" at Constantinople, seemed necessary to limit the mutual jealousy of the European Powers; and Pius was rehabilitated in the arms of France and under her protection. Here Mr. Johnston's history closes; and the fulness and impartiality of his narrative make it superfluous for him to point a moral.

To one thinking the main blemish in a most interesting book, which is based upon a careful comparison of authorities, lies in its peculiar title. The originator of the term "Theocracy" was Josephus, who invented it to describe the Jewish commonwealth under the Law of Moses. Strictly speaking, it applies only to that commonwealth before the time of the Kings, when the people had no visible ruler; but in a sense it can be used of the later period in so far as the Kings were forced to obey the accredited messengers of the Most High. And without much impropriety it may be applied to the empire which Hildebrand and Pope of his class aspired to exercise over the whole European society; because, selfish as their aims may appear in practice, yet in theory the authority which they claimed for the Church over all civil States was supposed to derive directly from God. But to speak, as Mr. Johnston does, of "the Roman Theocracy," meaning thereby merely the rule of the Pope and his elected advisers over the States of the Church, appears to us a misuse of the term, which has no good authority in English, though French examples might perhaps be quoted. We do not think that the Popes have ever based their claim to the civil rule of Rome upon their supposed position as God's viceregents. The term "Pontifical Government" would seem to meet Mr. Johnston's needs; and we are glad to note that the "Century Dictionary" lends no countenance to this restricted use of a word, which has its own proper meaning and a most instructive history.

FICTION.

Mr. Seton Merriman.

"Drawing-room melodrama" usually describes the work of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman. It certainly describes *THE VILVER GLOVE* (Smith, Elder, & Co.). The scene is laid in Spain, and the

ances are not always very clear. The whole is rather like the choros of the conspirators in *Madame Angot*. But, as it is well constructed and the people for whom it is intended will not mind read it with pleasure, though not, if we may say so, in Mr. Mil's view that pleasures can be qualitatively different, pleasure of the highest sort. It confirmed in which we have long held. The first is that Mr. is decidedly the best of the novelists whom it take seriously; the second that our theatrical chance in not producing dramatic versions of his

Winchester and Cambridge.

CHRISTOPHER DEANE (Elkin Mathews, 6s.) is his first work of fiction by the agreeable essayist of *Bohemia*. Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson. It is based on the author's own impressions of Cambridge, but without any of the tedium associated with autobiography. Mr. Watson has forgotten his "notions" or any other of the am school, whether "up to books" or in New F ever, have athletics been turned to such good Mr. Watson's description of a match between Eton challenges comparison with the account of M.C.C. match given in "Tom Brown." Deane, part in the contest of which his friend Ridley author himself is the anxious spectator. The highest point when Ridley, strolling nervously re encounters the cricket professional, Hurter. " was too full for words; he turned and spat on the simple net was perhaps more eloquent than all harangues of the energetic Chapman, the described rowing coach who afterwards exhorts from the banks of the Cam. But Mr. Watson's athletics. A very pretty comedy of rural life an Inn runs through the book. Without the help of incident the author impels attention by his quiet study of familiar characters. Most of Mrs. Venables, the querulous wife of a count regards "atheism with almost as much horror as Clare Venables is an excellent study of a flirt, tr good-humoured tolerance and insight.

Stevensonian.

Mr. Neil Munro is an author from whom considerable things, in spite of his subjection of the late R. L. Stevenson. He has done past, and no doubt he will do still better work in *THE SONS OF FORTUNE* (Isbister, 6s.) is not all. It begins admirably, and we are prepared for Scots romance in the Stevensonian manner. nephew of Andy Greig gets over to France speckle "red shoes of his uncle) the interest of a sad eclipse. There are adventures enough, it do not wholly convince. Father Hamilton, it has a touch of real character, but the other pe are not remarkable.

Melancholia of the Southern Cross.

But for the convenience of classification whether one should consider *MY BULLIANT CA* (6s.) to be in the ordinary sense a novel. The Franklin," addresses her "dear fellow-Australian

This is not a romance. I have too often f life to the time of hardship to waste time gushing over fancies and dreams; neither simply a yarn—a real yarn.

Her book is crude, overwrought, and often d same time, deeply marked with the rare qu It deals with the commonplace as well as the r life and the emotions of a passionate woman a young and powerful people. The best critic doubtless, its introducer, Mr. Henry Lawson "While the Billy Boils," who says of it, "the

dance, and the smoke of club life and drawing-room gossip all contribute to the atmosphere of a strong story. It is a careful study of a man with rare gifts of persuasion and oratory, but inwardly indifferent to purpose. His brilliant qualities make for success in politics, but his weakness allows him to enjoy a too great success in love. Confront this man with two women—one vagrant, goodhearted, but unconventional, the other cultured, romantic, and innocent—and we have the problem. The dialogue is amusing, but the hero is a little too prone to indulge in monologues and unnecessary definitions. There is an old recipe of the St. James's Theatre. Take a well-known word—the more obvious its meaning the better; insert "Ah," repeat the word and define flippantly. Let us not forget the importance of being earnest. Mr. Hendlam, whose style is much above the average novelist's, has no need to cast about for these pretty definitions. He describes most amusingly the pangs of a young writer's first attempt, and the laughable attitude taken up by country folk to their prospective M.P. His book contains plenty of perspicuous comment and more than one dramatic scene; and Ted Bowness, the honest, uncompromising young squire, his Aunt Doreen—as forbidding and as good natured as Betsy Trotwood—and Monekton, the club cynic, are distinctly well-drawn characters.

American Stories.

The scene of Mr. R. H. Savage's *CAPTAIN LONDON* (Ward, Lock, &c.) is laid in Rome. Otherwise there is nothing to justify the author in describing it as a story of modern Rome. His characters are taken almost without exception from the little colony of Americans, official or pleasure-seeking, the counterpart of which is to be met with in any European capital. The hero is a young officer, who, for reasons that remain mysterious till the last chapter, has left the United States army and drifted into the Consular service. Stationed in Rome, he promptly falls in love with an acquiescent heiress from Philadelphia, and thereby incurs the bitter hostility of a wealthy compatriot, an absurdly exaggerated type of the American millionaire. The rivalry between the two men sets the American colony by the ears, and furnishes the theme of the story. Despite several effective situations, the tale is much inferior in every way to "My Official Wife." All the old peculiarities of style appear again, and the author's habit of sprinkling his pages in season and out of season with scraps of foreign languages seems to be growing upon him. As a master of the art of periphrasis he remains inimitable. Here is the description of his hero's arrival in Rome:

The shades of night already invited rest, and the white stars sparkled like diamonds over the dusky ilex shades under the Pincian when the friends counted up all the disjuncta membra of their luggage rescued from the Fra Diavolos of the customs and the Robert Macaire of the Universal Brotherhood of Insolent Railway Porters.

MEMORY STREET, by Martha Baker Dunn (Jarrold, &c.), is an American tale, which, if it occasionally lapses into sentimentality, is saved by the undoubted humour of the heroine, who tells the story in her own person. As a child she is delightful, and spends her church hours in constructing a little personal scheme of the Deity, which, despite its quaintness, her parents are sensible enough to see contains no irreverence. It is an attractive book.

SISTER CARRIE (Heinemann, &c.) bears upon its back the American eagle with outspread wings, and contains within its green covers a larger assortment of Americanisms than we have seen for a long time in print. Mr. Theodore Dreiser is the author, and he has given us a picture of a young girl who tries to find work in Chicago, but finds instead two young men. The first, Drouet, a "drummer" or commercial traveller, ruins her; but she equalizes matters more or less by most effectually ruining Hurstwood, the second. There is cleverness in the contrasting of the two men's characters, and the gradual descent of Hurstwood from a successful business man to a ragged loafer in the streets of New York is well done. The book is not exactly a masterpiece, but it is a very good one.

strates again his poetic grasp of the elusive but spirit of the South.

Miss Jessie van Zile Belden's *ANTONIA* (Murray) with a quotation about " Dutch tulips." It then proceeds to a dedication

To Holland
Silent—Sturdy—Indomitable—
Who wrested a Nation from the Sea, and

and to a "Publisher's Note" about new Amsterdams a page or two of historical matter brings us to the preface. When at last we get to the story we fairly entertaining account of life as it may have been world in the seventeenth century, told in a careful, and, as it seems to us, somewhat insincere style.

THIRTYMISTRESS, by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. and Edinburgh (Macmillan, &c.), has its scene in A deals with a clever adventures and the people who affects. The good women of the story present by no usual insipid contrast. They each have a strong which holds the reader. The flirtatious Kluy is a study. The book is printed on thick, shiny paper which defect of its quality. It is not heavy to read, but heavy to hold.

BERGEN WORTH (Fisher Unwin, &c.), by Mr. Weir is a powerful story with a pronounced American flavour story opens in Chicago and the dénouement takes Monte Carlo. But the main incidents occur at the line—a highway between two towns, most of which swamp in which unwary travellers were engulfed. I were rough and given to profanity and pugnaciousness there were one or two delightful people in the Bergen Worth, the blacksmith, and Nera Delavan, melodramatic story is told with a good deal of originality.

THE CONTINENTAL DRAGON (Ward, Lock, &c.) is a powerful story with a pronounced American flavour. It tells the tale of the American Rebellion. Mrs. Philips, a handsome young lady of fiery temper and loyalist, but fate throws her into the company of Harlan an officer in the Rebel Army. By a stratagem not quite honourable he disarms her animosity and in the end is his own petard. Mr. Stephen does not sacrifice facts

In *THEY THAT TOOK THE SWORD* (John Lane) Nathaniel Stephenson takes us to Cincinnati, at the Civil War. Amy Golding is "sweet seventeen" and her cousin, Captain Vincent Kainson of the Federal Army she will never marry a man who has worn the "blue uniform." So there is a battle royal in her heart between politics and love, and with her warmth of affection and intellect she is charmingly portrayed. Some of the battles fought on the Ohio are given with great skill. There is a simple and pretty ending to this third

How, exactly, can one describe reminiscences, or the form of short stories? The facts of Marion Harlan's life (Cotter's Putnam's Sons, &c.) are vouched for, yet over the fiction hovers a novelist's imagination. However they are described, these garnered memories of old Virginia are a very agreeable reading. For a really absorbing, most unexplainable ghost-story we recommend "The Lethal But the tales are mostly simple sketches of the Virginia of half a century ago, with its culture and its Puritanical hospitality, its paternal attitude towards colour so well illustrated in "Marthy," the most pathetic stories. By a happy thought the stories are illustrated with photographs of the normal scenes of the book.

LORE OF THE NORTH, by A. C. Laut (Heinemann) is another specimen of the capital little "dollar" American fiction. The series will give this country an idea of home-grown American novels than it will ever find in the writers who enter as much for the English market as their own. The present book is a little difficult to get it repays the reader who perseveres with its vivid picture of great rivalry of the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company. Every page in it is stirring, and it persuades one

LIBRARY NOTES.

A year ago the University library at Aberdeen was opened to the public subject to the payment of a small fee. Full advantage, it was thought, would be taken of this privilege, but it now appears that only twenty-four readers have availed themselves of it. Shall we take this as a second-rate compliment to the public library? It may be that Aberdonians are so well satisfied with the knowledge obtained for one penny in the pound that with proverbial caniness they decline to pay five shillings for further enlightenment. However, the experiment is to be continued for another year in the hope of some better result.

The youngest organized body of library workers—the Northern Counties Library Association—has issued its first annual report. The number of libraries or societies represented is thirty-seven, and during the year successful meetings were held at various centres.

The Kensington Borough Council have accepted an offer by the committee of Leighton-house for the transfer to the public of the building and its valuable art collection. This step of the Kensington Council is an advance towards the day when library, art gallery, and museum shall everywhere be formed into a triune academy.

The reports of the Cardiff public libraries are usually of interest, and the thirty-ninth, just issued, is no exception to the rule. The books in the libraries number over 95,000, and the new branch lending libraries have not caused a decrease in the loans from the central institution. The circulation of 450,000 divides roughly into—fiction 105,000, juvenile literature 200,000, and other classes (non-fiction) 145,000. The acquisition of the Scott collection of Welsh manuscripts and books we noticed at the time. The efforts at Cardiff for a closer union between library and school have resulted in school libraries, comprising 9,000 volumes, under the direct control of the teachers, supervised by the librarian. We believe that the system is more complete than any even in America. It includes visits of scholars to the reference libraries and the grant of a borrower's ticket upon leaving school.

An article on early magazines in Victoria is continued in the third issue of "The Library Record of Australia." Nearly all these periodicals came to a premature end. A pregnant commentary is supplied by an editorial note complaining of the failure of librarians in Australia to support their association, and, through that, their journal. We trust that precedent will not be followed out too far, and that colonial craftsmen will appreciate the use of having some corporate and articulate voice of their own.

Dundee has again been favoured with a munificent gift. Following Mr. Carnegie's offer of £37,000 comes a valuable local collection, comprising paintings, books, pamphlets, coins, and charters, all relating to the town, and comprising some 10,000 items. They were gathered together by Mr. A. C. Lamb during thirty years, but upon his death were acquired and presented by Mr. Edward Cox, son of the first chairman of the public library committee.

These invaluable friends of the forgetful, Messrs. Charles Straker, send us their varied series of "Pettitt's Diaries" for the new year—the large "Folio Diary" (1s. 6d.), the small "Octavo" (1s.), and the "Narrow Foolscap Diary" (1s.), each with three days on one page, and the "Quarto Diary" (1s.), each page taking the entries of a week. These are, as usual, supplemented with almanacs and a wilderness of informing tables—including the New Companies Act—and interleaved with blotting paper. For the richer diarist there are more sumptuous editions of the "Octavo Diary," increasing to 3s. 6d., and of the "Folio Diary," devoting a whole page to one day, and swelling to 3s. 6d. "Blackwood's Three Days' Diary" (3s.) is a quarto

Correspondence

"SHAMELA."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In her valuable study of Richards September last year, Miss Clara L. Thomson called I believe for the first time in print—to the notice of his letters to which your correspondence Thomson also pointed out, as supporting her. Fielding wrote "Shamela," that "Mr. B." is in the pamphlet (which preceded "Joseph and Mr. Booby." There is other evidence believed Fielding to have written "Shamela" also other internal evidence in support of this. Still, Richardson's hostility to Fielding's rate and so unreasoning that I should hesitate to take "Shamela" as Fielding's "famous parody" as a firmatory testimony from the other side. Still, testimony, at present, I have failed to find. The question is, of necessity, discussed in my forthcoming Richardson in the "Men of Letters" Series.

Faithfully yours,

AUS

75, Eaton-rise, Ealing, W., Dec. 10.

THE GOSPEL RIOTS AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Rouse replies more courteously than fairly to the Greeks. He evidently knows the monuments of Greece better than its very large and in his sympathy for the rougher elements (my northern blood leads me fully to share) the real representatives of the nation. The passage from the Acropolis is in the stilted style of journey often enough in English leading articles; but it was understood in every part of the Hellenic world spent last spring in the remotest district of the days' ride from a town or port of any consequence near which I was encamped, has never seen head man and its schoolmaster wear the hat with the poorest hind. It suffered a great stay, and, on behalf of the Cretan Fund, I offer This is in part how it expressed itself in nekno

Εὐχεται προσέειπε ὁ Πανάγαθος Θεὸς σὺν τῇ
τῇν κραταίαν Αὐτοῦ προστάσαν τὸ Εὐχόμενον
τὰ φελλήνικα αἰσθηματά διπλοῖ ἐπιδειξάντα δὴ
τῇν σκληρῶν δογματίων Πατριὰ μου.

Now this was written, of course, by a Demareh, the schoolmaster, and the priest; I take to say that, when read to the company in house, before being sent to me, it was perfectly by every one present. The villagers do not converse and stately words, but neither do I, nor does any write.

It really seems worse than futile to attack this matter. If ever a nation has a right to determine itself it has absolute right to determine its language chosen, not in Athens only, but in the Aegean, and on the isles and coasts of Asia, to displace the language for their common literary language.

December 21, 1901.]

LITERATURE.

"VARSITY JOURNALISM." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Although 'Varsity Journalism is not a subject of very much importance, it is a pity it should be treated by anonymous Oxonians writing in amazing English and with considerable inaccuracy. As one of the founders and editors of the *X*, I should like to protest against the suggestion that either the staff or the staff's opinions suffered much change during its career. Of the four original editors, one resigned after the second number; of the other three, two continued to edit the periodical till its death; the third, while resigning his editorial duties a year before the demise, always kept up a fairly close connexion with the paper. The vacant place caused by the resignation of one of the founders was immediately filled by two gentlemen, who remained on the staff till within a year of the burial of the *X*; and it was certainly under the government of this Ministry of all the talents that the *X* flourished most in popularity and finance. Why your contributor should bring against either the *X* or the *Quad* (which was edited, as its title-page could have told him, by the same gentleman from its birth to its untimely and accidental end) the charge of aestheticism is a mystery as obscure to me as the English which he uses to convey his accusation. How any one, who knew anything about 'Varsity journalism could state that the *X* fell into the hands of a clique, when its staff had no addition made to it since the second number, except for its last summer term, when it received the extremely able support of a business-like assistant editor; or how any one with a ghost of the critical faculty could find aestheticism in the *Quad*, I cannot conceive; and if he knows nothing of 'Varsity journalism (as I suspect), and has no critical faculty (as I am certain), why in the name of the 'Varsity did he send you his notes on Undergraduate Journalism?

I am yours faithfully,

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

St. John's College, Oxford, December 14, 1901.

P.S.—I should just wish to add that of course the *X* has no claim to rank as the "forerunner" of light journalism in Oxford. While the *Isis* is still with us and the *J.C.R.* (with the inimitable H. B.) a fragrant memory, such a claim would be absurd.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Lady Poverty: A Thirteenth-Century Allegory." Translated by Montgomery Carmichael. Murray. 5s.

[See under Notes.]

"Cromwell on Foreign Affairs." By F. W. Payn. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

[See under Notes.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART.

RELIGION IN RECENT ART. By P. T. FORSYTH. 9x6½, 316 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. n.

[These are lectures, not for students of art but others, on Rossetti, Burnes-Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt, and Wagner: which attempt to apply the methods of expository preaching to art and music.]

REMBRANDT. By MALCOLM BELL. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) 8x5½, 136 pp. Bell. 5s. n.

[Reduced for this well-known series of handbooks from Mr. Bell's large work on Rembrandt published in 1899.]

ART SALES OF THE YEAR 1901. Ed. by J. HERBERT SLATER. 9x5½, 534 pp. Virtue. 30s. n.

[The first volume of an annual issue on the same principle as "Book Prices Current," by the same editor, with extensive notes and references.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

FIRST MAKERS OF ENGLAND. By LUCY MURRAY. 1s. 6d.

[Stories, for children, of Julian of Clugny, Anselm, and Henry II.]

THE LAST FORWARD. By M. L. M. 1878 n. 7½x5, 144 pp. Johnson. 3s. 6d. n.

[A collection of stories of school life.]

IN MEMORY OF W. V. By WILLIAM C. 7½x5, 144 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d.

[Recollections, partly by Mr. Canton himself in memoir, sketches, and poems, partly by a girl—his little daughter, who inspired his charming "W.V."—Her.]

LA PONTAINE'S PAULERS. Illustrated by M. B. De M. 10 pp. S.P.C.K. 6s.

[Adapted for children on a large descriptive and lightly-coloured illustrations.]

DRAMA.

THE LIONS. By HENRY ARTHUR JONES. 6½x4½, 120 pp. Millan Co. 2s. 6d.

[Run at the Criterion from October 6, 1901, till November.]

THE PARTING and WAITING FOR THE TRAIN. By FITZGERALD. (Carpet Plays.) 5½x4½, 44 pp. Brimley Jo.

[The Parting was produced under Mr. Alexander's in 1899, and Waiting for the Train at Terry's Theatre in 1900.]

JEAN. By H. TROHL. 7½x5, 92 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.

[The scene is a Swiss monastery where Jean's mother where he discovers his father in the person of a Canon written in prose.]

EDUCATIONAL.

THE TEACHERS' MANUAL OF COMPOSITION. By H. Vol. I.—Junior Course. 7x4½ in., 154 pp. Macmillan. 1s.

[For elementary school masters.]

VIRGIL: (GEORGICS I. (Blackwood's Classical Texts.) SARGAUNT. 7x4½, 76 pp. Blackwood. 1s. 6d.

[Pictures, notes, introduction, and an appendix on the lower boys.]

VIRGIL'S AENEID. Book II. Ed. by M. T. TATHAM. 7½x5, 118 pp. Arnold. 1s. 6d.

[As in Book I, the new Oxford text is used, with extensive vocabulary, and an introduction on Virgil's life and the metre, and subject of the Aeneid.]

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY. By R. ABERG and W. HERZ. H. T. Calvert. 7½x5, 118 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[This translation from the German purports to supply a beginner with a guide based upon modern physical chemistry.]

FICTION.

THE NEW AMERICANS. By A. HODDER. 7½x5, 472 pp. M.

[A quiet and leisurely tale of American upper class and life.]

A PARISH SCANDAL. By Mrs. C. MARSHALL. 8x5½, 144 pp. Stock. 6s.

[The story of a typical London congregation, of the affairs and encounters with his parishioners.]

THE CIGARETTE SMOKER. By C. R. GILL. 7½x5, 150 pp. 2s. 6d.

[The gradual tragic fate of a slave to cigarette smoking.]

THE ROMANCE OF AN EMERGENCY. By Mrs. G. 394 pp. Drane. 6s.

[A novel of quiet country life a generation or two ago the hero and his family are Quakers.]

HISTORY.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE. By F. FENCK-BRENTANO. H. S. Edwards. 8x5½, 350 pp. Macqueen. 6s.

[A translation of the book based on recently discovered which was reviewed by us on August 10.]

YEAR BOOKS OF THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD VIII. Edited by L. O. PIERCE. 10x6½, 661 pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

[Another volume of this important issue under the title of the Master of the Rolls, with full introduction by the Editor.]

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS BY A MENDANA IN 1568. 2 Vols. Ed. by LORD AMHERST and H. THOMSON. 9x5½, 428 pp. The Hakluyt Society. (Second Series, No. VII. Two volumes translated from original Spanish MSS. Introduction and notes.)

LITERATURE AND BELLES-LETTRES.

NEW GLIMPSES OF POETRY. By J. A. HARRISON. 8s. 5s. 10pp. The De la Mare Press.

[Composed in honour of De la Mare by a Professor at Virginia University, where a De la Mare Memorial Association has been started.]

THE TRAGEDY OF SIR FRANCIS BACON. An appeal for further investigation and research. By H. BAYLEY. 8s. 5s. 274 pp. Grant Richards. 6s. n.

[Assesses the historical authorship of Shakespeare, the cypher, and Queen Elizabeth as the mother of Bacon. The argument is largely founded on the use of Hieroglyphics, by John, in watermarks, &c., in the printing of Bacon's and Shakespeare's books.]

MORAL SERVE AND THE ERROR OF LITERARY VERDICTS. By F. JONAS. P.R.C.S. 7s. 5s. 141 pp. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. n.

[The author is consulting surgeon to the Queen's Hospital. His claims is that all human character and activities are explicable only as the result of nerve force, and applies the thesis to typical men and periods of history, showing that the moral verdicts of writers such as Tennyson, Mel, and Carlyle ignore it and are, therefore, erroneous.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL FOR 1902. H. H. Watson, and Viney. 3s. 6d. n.

[With a large number of new articles.]

A CALENDAR OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH (1902). 7s. 5s. 364 pp. Berwick. 1s. 6d.

CHENTY COURT PRACTICE MADE EASY, OR DEBT COLLECTION SIMPLIFIED. By a Solicitor. 7s. 5s. 152 pp. Ethingham Wilson.

CLAUDE MONET. 1902. 7s. 5s. 86 pp. Phillips. 1s. 6d.

[The cheapness of a new issue.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

INSECT LIFE. By J. H. FAHNE. Translated from the French by the Author. 2s. 5s. 240 pp. Macmillan. 1s.

[Fahne is one of the most famous of insect observers and a graphic and convincing writer. He writes about very highly of him, though he is an unqualified biologist. He here deals mainly with the instinct of Hymenoptera. Many illustrations.]

THE UNDERGROUND WATERING OF PLANTS AND GARDENS. By J. GILBERT. 7s. 5s. 77 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s.

[A small pamphlet. The author has invented bamboo water pipes to let the water to the ground, the water to be poured through the bamboo to the ground beneath the surface.]

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

TYPES OF NAVAL OFFICERS. By A. T. MARSH. 8s. 5s. 47 pp. Simpkin, London.

[The period is from 1701 to 1815, and the types are Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, and Pellew. There is an introductory chapter on the "Conditions of Naval Warfare at the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century."]

ESSAI DE PSYCHOLOGIE MILITAIRE INDIVIDUELLE ET COLLECTIVE. Par DR. M. CAMPENON. 7s. 5s. 214 pp. Paris, Flammarion. 1s. 2.

[An interesting study of the moral of an army from a psychological point of view by an "ancien militaire."]

PHILOSOPHY.

THE ART OF LIFE. By R. DE MAULDE LA CHAVERIE. Translated by G. H. LANE. 7s. 5s. 312 pp. Sonnenschein. 6s.

[General reflections on various aspects of everyday conduct, partly suggested from the *Monthly Review*.]

THE WORLD AND THE INDIVIDUAL. By JOSHUA ROYCE. 8s. 5s. 80 pp. The Macmillan Co. 12s. 6d. n.

[Based on the second series of the author's Gifford Lectures (1900) bearing "Nature, Man, and the Moral Order."]

THE CAMBRIDGE PLATONISTS. By E. T. CAMPAGNAC. 7s. 5s. 22 pp. Clarendon Press. 1s. 6d. n.

[The edition with biographical introduction—extracts from the writings of Descartes, Whitehead, John Smith, and Nathaniel Calverley. The author is Assistant Lecturer in Classics at Cardiff.]

POETRY.

SONNETS OF EMPIRE. By LAURA AKEBOYD. 6s. 5s. 63 pp. Brimley Jones. 2s.

[Sonnets and lyrics of such merit, many from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, recommended by a Preface by Sir Frederick Young.]

POLITICAL.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN. A Study of Twentieth Century. L. AUSTIN. 8s. 5s. 375 pp. J. Clarke. 6s.

[Lectures delivered in 1901 before the Lowell Institute and the Brooklyn Institute on the rights of man in Society, and the fundamental principles of government reference to the United States.]

COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF FOREIGN NAUTICS. (Methuen's Commercial Series.) 7s. 5s. 1s.

[A companion volume to Mr. Lyde's book in the Commercial Geography of the British Empire.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

NOTHANGER ABBEY. By JANE AUSTEN. (The 6s. 5s. 274 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n.

[As in the other volumes, there is an Introduction by Lucas.]

THE FLOWERING OF THE ALMOND TREE. Poem. BURKE. 8s. 5s. 153 pp. Blackwood. 1s.

A BOOK OF SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION (Institutio Brevitas. Trans. from the Latin by Bertrand A. V. 10pp. Art and Book Company.

[First Ed., March, 1900. With Cardinal Vaughan's Commentary.]

THE COMPANIES ACT, 1900. With Commentaries and SIMONSON. Second Edition. 10s. 6s. 151 pp. E.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. DICKENS AND SON. (Ed. of Dickens' Works. 7s. 5s. Chapman and Hall.

[Two more volumes in this handy little edition and printed on fine paper. The volume contains also "Reprinted Pieces," "The Lamplighter," "Dusk," and "Sunday under Three Heads."]

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH. ANNE OF GEORGE WALTER SCOTT. (New Century Library.) 8s. 5s. 2s. n. each.

LOVE POEMS OF SIR J. SICKLING. (The 5s. 5s. 120 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d.

[Another of these diminutive and decorative volumes.]

IN MEMORIAM. By ALFRED TENNYSON. ISOPE GEORGE BURROW. (The Red Leather Library. 303 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. n. each.

[In Memoriam "has a commentary and preface by Thomas Seeombe.]

SCOTT'S MARMION. (Blackwood's English Classics.) A. MACRIE. 276 pp. Blackwood. 1s. 6d.

[Introduction, notes, and frontispiece portrait.]

THE NEWCOMES. By W. M. THACKERAY. 7s. 5s. 3s. 6d.

[With facsimiles of the original wrapper and title.]

HOW WE ESCAPED FROM PRETORIA. By C. A. T. 7s. 5s. 231 pp. Blackwood. 5s.

[A new edition giving a fuller account of Haldane 2nd Barr. Gordon Highlanders. Maps included.]

THEOLOGY.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE. By D.D. 6s. 5s. 17 pp. S.P.C.K. 2s.

[The Bishop of Gloucester's charge to the Clergy last October.]

IN HEAVEN'S PORCH. By H. CLEMENT. 7s. 5s. 1s.

[A religious fancy. Paper bound.]

INNS OF COURT SERMONS. By the REV. H. C. 228 pp. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

THE TEACHING OF JESUS. By GEORGE B. STEVE. The Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d.

[A text-book for Schools and Bible classes private study.]

THE SECOND ADVENT AND PRAYER. By A. P. 51 pp. Skellington. 1s. n.

[A little book founded on four sermons on prayer.]

A STUDY OF MODERN ANGLICANISM. By C. 223 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

[A candid examination by a moderate Churchman of Anglo-Catholicism.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

FAMOUS HOUSES OF BATH AND DISTRICT. 10s. 6s. 214 pp. J. and H. P. Moorman. 10s. 6d. n.

[Mr. Moorman's interesting articles in the *Bath and* their famous inmates, with admirable volume.]

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 210. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature Portrait* next week will be
SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

* * * *

Books to read just published :

- "The Mission of Margaret." By Adeline Sergeant. John Long.
- "Rural Life in Hampshire." By the Rev. W. W. Capes. Macmillan.
- "Luke Delmege." By Father Sheehan. Longmans.

* * * *

A rush of reprints of "The Mill on the Floss" is expected next Spring, when the copyright of the work expires. "I am grateful and yet rather sad to have finished," wrote George Eliot to John Blackwood in sending the last pages of the book on March 22nd, 1860, "sad to think I shall live with my people on the Floss no longer. But it is time I should go and absorb some new life and gather fresh ideas." "The Mill on the Floss" achieved," she wrote in her journal, "a greater success than I had ever hoped for it. The subscription was 3,600 (the number originally printed was 4,000); and shortly after its appearance, Melville having demanded a second thousand Blackwood and

her £300 for publishing rights in America, and Tausch £100 for the German Edition. Already several published reprints in hand for the coming expiration of copy withstanding the several new editions of George Eliot published by Messrs. Blackwood this year. The reprints, which have sold well, did not prevent publishers from issuing "Adam Bede" as soon as the copyright work expired at the beginning of the year.

* * * *

Herr Lutz, the Stuttgart publisher, writes to us :

"People are great readers in Germany and a great matter is printed; nevertheless the output of books, especially novels, is comparatively astonishingly small. We have editions of novels in England, France, and in the United States of America of editions which often, in a very few years, run to hundreds of thousands. Thus like this in Germany. Our most celebrated novel attains in the course of several decades to anything as varying from 10,000 to 50,000. The largest sale at novel—Scheffel's 'Ekkehard'—in the course of the years reached 180,000 copies. Among new novels authors an edition rarely reaches 10,000 in the first and second years.

"But it is not about German publication that I write, but of the sale in Germany of celebrated American works in German translations. Their fort corresponds to the very small sale of our own authors. As an admirer of English literature, I have made an introduction into Germany by means of the best translations of the best novels which may rightly claim to be admired in all cultured lands, and I should like to result to your readers. I published in 1850 the translation of Barrie's 'Window in Thrums' and have reached in a sale of 202 copies. Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone' appeared in 1894—sale 825 copies. Miss Corelli's 'Romance of Two Worlds' also appeared in 1894—sale 688. Crawford's 'A Maker's Romance' appeared in 1893—sale 513 copies. I published an excellent selection of Mary Wilkin's 'Stories'—sale 417 copies. Miss Howard's 'Guinevere' in 1880—sale 307. Finally, Hawthorne's famous novel 'Scarlet Letter,' which appeared in 1897, up to now has sold 507. From the financial point of view the result is just covered costs with two of the above works; that I have got back the capital spent on them. On most of them has been a loss so far, and at the best I can only break back my money in the course of a few years. I shall be myself lucky if I make any money on any one of the books. The reader will agree that the choice I have made of books for translation leaves nothing to be wished for; they are well known in the aggregate are sold in England and America and which are dear to all friends of literature. We have been wanting in recognition in Germany; several new translations which gave them the highest praise. This was the case with 'Lorna Doone' (The first translation)

Yet the sale of the German translation of this book is no greater than that of those which have appeared in the Tachnulta edition.

"It is sad that in Germany the finest novels, as well of our own literature as those of foreigners, should be in such a bad way. Good taste, or in other words, literary culture in the land of poets and thinkers is not widely spread. Otherwise it would not be possible for second-rate books to have so much larger a sale than good literature."

Last week there took place two interesting book sales. The art library of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, and some volumes from the collection of the late Mr. Samuel Pope, K.C., attracted attention at Christie's; in Wellington-street the final book dispersal of the year comprised 197 lots of old books, many dating from the fifteenth century and most bearing a label printed "Ex Libris Lezidis, S. Olschki Bibliopulæ Veneti," knocked down for an aggregate of £1,200. Some of the outstanding items in these sales and in one or two others are given below:—

1. Flemish Horse, on fine white vellum, 220ll., 3½ by 2½ in. ...	£	s.	d.
2. Goldsmith. Vicar of Wakefield, 1st edn., Salisbury, 1769. 6½ by 4in., original calf. Inscribed "Mary Ann Williams, 1810." One catch-word missing. Record price, comparing with £94 for a perhaps taller example, May, 1892 ...	150	0	0
3. Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette, 1822-8, 13 vols. Plates ...	126	0	0
4. Pope. The Rape of the Lock, entirely uncut, 8½ by 5½ in. 1st edn., 1714. Record price ...	82	0	0
5. Dati, Guco. La Sfera. Sicc. XV. Florentine MS., on vellum ...	50	0	0
6. Petrarch. I Trionfi. Venice, 1490. Unmentioned by Hain. Woodcuts. First and final blank leaves lacking ...	38	0	0
7. Dante. Comedia. Giunta, Venice, 1529. At the Gainsford sale, 1890, this volume made £19 ...	37	10	0
8. Livius. Decades cum Notis. Venice, 1495. Woodcuts ...	35	10	0
9. Tory, Geoffrey. Champs Fleury. Paris, 1529 ...	35	10	0
10. Fueros de Aragon, 1496. From the first Zaragoza press ...	29	10	0
11. Westmacott. The English Spy, 1825. Cruikshank illustrations ...	27	10	0
12. Savonarola. Operetta. Florence, c. 1496. Two outline woodcuts ...	22	10	0
13. Propert, J. L. Miniature Art, 1887 ...	22	0	0
14. Eliot, George. Romola, 1st edn., orig. cloth, uncut. "To Mr. Fred Burton, with high regards from George Eliot" ...	19	10	0
15. Officium. Bologna, 1498. A rare liturgical volume, soiled ...	19	0	0
16. Oviedo Y Valdes. Historia General de las Indias. Seville, 1535 ...	14	10	0
17. Beckford, W. Hare and Fox Hunting, 1st edn., 1781. Engravings ...	13	0	0
18. National Gallery. 3 vols., edited by Sir E. Poynter, 1890. Every picture reproduced. Publ. 6 guineas, price now asked 14 guineas ...	13	0	0
19. Armstrong, Sir W. Gainsborough, 1898. Plates ...	10	0	0
20. Wadmore, P. Catalogue of Whistler Etchings, 1886; Laboune, Etchings, 1890, with plates, 2 vols. ...	7	12	0
21. Lister, R. J. Catalogue of Edmund Gosse's library, 1891. One of sixty-four copies ...	5	17	6
22. Gower, Lord Ronald. Historic Galleries of England, 3 vols., 1891-4 ...	5	0	0
23. Armstrong, Sir W. Reynolds, 1900. A work about whose contents there has been a dispute. Published £5 ...	4	7	6
24. Swinburne. Atalanta in Calydon, first edition ...	4	4	0
25. Strang, W. The Earth Fiend, large paper, 1892. Proof etchings ...	4	0	0
26. Williamson, G. C. John Russell 1894 ...	3	0	0

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

The sunset is not sad; its gold is worn,
Its faded glories crumble to their doom.
Beyond, in phalanx behind phalanx,
The phantoms of innumerable morn.
The Autumn is not sad; in woods forlorn
Down desolated avenues of gloom
There float the future fragrances, the
Of all the infinite Springs that are not born
Around the ceaseless perishing of things
The circle of eternal being runs.
We see, when Winter grips the cold
A Life more lovely than the life of Spring
A Light diviner than the light of sun
Along the ways that radiate from

ETHEL

A remarkable example of American bookselling of a poem, which New York critics say should "Omar shelf," composed by Lee Fairchild, a well-known orator, and published by Messrs. Croscup and York. It is called "The Tippler's Vow," and of that the vow is one of temperance. It is worth illustration of American publishing methods. The limited edition of fourteen impressions on imperishable paper, priced at \$500 (£104 3s. 4d.) each, with twenty by Jean Palmelogue in triplicate, one set suitable for 1,025 impressions on Holland hand-made paper numbered, and as the type is broken up no further can be issued.

Lord Wolseley, we understand, has just published memoirs, which deal not only with his own career but also with the question of civilian control of the War Office.

Among the literary birthdays of next week are those of Carmen Sylva (Dec. 20, 1833), Mr. (Dec. 20, 1857), Mr. Rudyard Kipling (Dec. 30, 1865), and Selous (Dec. 31, 1851).

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, with their children, sailed for South Africa on Saturday last.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is about to issue a new volume of letters by Sonthey. They will probably appear in book form.

The Town Council of Cambridge has decided to invite the University in inviting the British Association to meet in 1901.

Several French libraries are adopting the plan of the Library of St. Genevieve, of permitting borrowers for a term not exceeding five years to retain books shown by the borrower that their retention is necessary for work he has in hand.

A new statue to Voltaire is going to be erected near Secaucus by the Society of Aronettists.

A site has been chosen for the late M. Eugène Balzac at the corner of the Rue Balzac and the Rue de la Harpe. Balzac died in a house at the other end of the Rue de la Harpe.

The death is announced from Cologne, of Heinrich Düntzer, the well-known commentator on Schiller and Herder.

An American counterpart of the Pearson v. The Corporation is shortly to come before the courts. The parties are called the *Defiant* and Messrs. Stokes, and the case is called the American rights of "The Secret Order."

"Audrey," by Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "The Old Dominion" and "By Order of the Company," is shortly to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

because the name of Dr. Smiles recalls to most of us interesting memories of the books we read in the days when we were younger. A man of letters, indeed, in the highest sense of the words, Dr. Smiles never has been and never, so far as we know, has claimed to be. Such importance as he has had and he was at one time a really important writer—depended almost entirely upon what he said and very little upon the way in which he said it. It might be affirmed of him that he was always dull except when he was preaching—a strange inversion of the usual order of things. But he preached so much that a good many people never discovered that he was dull; and his lay sermons had most of the attributes by which the discourses of most popular preachers are distinguished. His range was narrow and his energies were concentrated. He did not want to prove too much, and he did not mind repeating himself, but returned to the charge over and over again, re-establishing his thesis with fresh relays of anecdotes and illustrations. Moreover he was desperately in earnest. The revivalist's desire that his hearers should pass from a state of nature to a state of grace was not more intense than Dr. Smiles' desire that the readers of his books should walk into towns with half-crowns in their pockets, attend to orders with punctuality and despatch, merit a continuance of esteemed favours, become proprietors of great "concerns," subscribe generously to the local charitable institutions, relate the stories of their rise in life over the dinner table, and challenge the community in general to "look at them now." It was difficult to read his recommendations without being inspired with the idea that "push" was a virtue to be ranked with faith, hope, and charity, and that to add field to field was a religious exercise. In the circumstances it is not surprising that his books ran through many editions, that his name became a household word, and he himself the chosen prophet of the religious people who wanted to know how to make the best of both worlds. His position was, indeed, a proud one; and one feels a certain diffidence in estimating the exact value of his books. They have been described as "the most mischievous books ever published" a gross exaggeration. The truth which underlies it is that the ideals of Dr. Smiles are those of the middle-class materialist, and that he has but an imperfect appreciation of ideals which bear no reference to the creation, distribution, and exchange of wealth. Decidedly it is impossible simultaneously to accept the gospel according to Samuel Smiles and the gospel according to Matthew Arnold. Decidedly too, if we had to choose between the two gospels, it is for the gospel according to Matthew Arnold that we should vote. But, though the ultimate ideals conflict, neither of the gospels cover the whole of the ground, and consequently, for the practical purposes of ordinary people, they do not clash to any great extent. What may be described as the junior form work of Dr. Smiles' teaching is sound enough. He teaches energy, zeal, perseverance, attention to detail, and these are all things which should be taught. He also teaches that these qualities are causes that may be relied upon to have effects advantageous to the material interests of their possessor; and that idea also is one which should be well hammered into the heads of the young. The Law of Causation is a most consoling law to meditate upon when one is doing good work and does not quite see how it is going to be rewarded. Up to that point, therefore, Dr. Samuel Smiles has been a very valuable lay preacher. It is more difficult to follow him when he writes as though the successful business man were to be regarded as the noblest work of God. When we find him taking that line,

Literature Portraits. XXX

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON

Frederic Harrison belongs to a class of men becoming rarer and rarer as the years go on. He is one of the elect ones who can take a large view without becoming too broad and shallow. He knows both men and books; can live in the past and in the present; is able to enjoy what is in English without a touch of insularity, to imbue himself with the thought and literature of other countries without a contemptuous eye on home products. He is an amateur in amateurishness, a scholar, but no pedant. That he has a deeper mark upon the age is due to the very versatile gifts, to the extent of ground over which he has run, most of all, perhaps, to the fact of his having been an authority in most of the subjects of which he has treated. The list of his works is long, and he would be the first to say that it is his own.

To the great public Mr. Harrison is the Positivist, the man who fills up with his luminous manual a vacant space in Newton Hall an interesting column or so in the newspapers. It is this which he regards as his real mission in life—the gospel of Auguste Comte; the rest are but *paraphrases* of this gospel, except in its esoteric developments, is no more; it touches and plays upon every human interest. The cardinal doctrine is the service of humanity. Mr. Harrison parts from John Stuart Mill when he exalts individualism. Matthew Arnold's doctrine of culture is to him without value. He only accepted Comtism very gradually, specifically religious side last; what took him first was the social side, which most will think the strong side of the system. His conception of history as a grand systematic whole. Comtism, the pupil of Dr. Arnold, was Frederic Harrison's tutor at Wadham. It is a pity that men with such a grasp upon history as were H. Bridges and other Positivists like Cotter Morison have left such scanty fruits of their powers.

Mr. Harrison was singularly happy in what he calls his "formative influences." He passed his childhood in a village within easy reach of London. He witnessed the coronation procession at the Palace of Westminster and then first began to conceive what living history was. "There, too," he adds, "I first heard the roar of the crowd." So impressed was he, that half-a-century later he could recall every separate scene of the day like a historical picture. At King's College the curriculum was catholic; he was taught Italian by Mazzini's friend Saffi; he had opportunities of seeing Chartists and debating in Parliament. As a schoolboy he passed three years in France, which country he continued to visit almost for forty years. By the time he was twenty-five he had also the principal cities of Germany and Northern Italy. He knew something of the language and contemporary history. At Oxford he spent some six years as undergraduate, fellow and tutor of Wadham; but though he was awarded a first class by examiners who included Mark Pattison and John Addington Symonds, he congratulated himself that he was never "put through the mill." His tutors taught him to read for his mind's sake and not for the sake of the schools, to use his common sense and not to be misled by systems. He read what he enjoyed, and enjoyed

After leaving Oxford Frederic Harrison was called to the Bar and read for some time in the chambers of Sir Henry Maine. He practised in the Chancery Courts for some fourteen years; and afterwards was for eleven years professor of Jurisprudence and International Law to the Inns of Court. Meanwhile he had been a member of the Commission on Trade Unions in 1867-69, and also acted as secretary to the Commission on the Digest of the Law in the two following years. He had made himself intimately acquainted with social and economical questions by attending congresses both at home and abroad; studying questions, as he says, "on the spot," and by means of personal converse with leaders of all parties and sections. He had talked with Mazzini, Garibaldi, Piorini, and their allies in Italy; with Gambetta and the Socialist leaders in France; and had intimate relations at home with the Rochdale Pioneers and their successors. France and Italy were the dominant influences with him; Germany was, comparatively speaking, neglected, and America, I believe, he never visited till quite recently, though he always commanded a certain amount of attention across the Atlantic. In London he assisted Maurice in teaching at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street; he often examined both there and in Oxford. In public life he took up a semi-independent position, but generally acted with the Radicals; he stood as a Home Ruler for London University against Sir John Lubbock in 1886, and he sat for four years as an Alderman on the first County Council. But in "Order and Progress," his first important work, he severely criticized Liberal methods and ideals during the period between the Conservative Reform Bill and the return of Disraeli to power in 1874.

"Order and Progress" is made up of articles contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* under the editorship of Mr. John Morley. Its central thought is the maxim, "Society without a Government is no less impossible than Government without a society," and there is contained in it the first attack on culture. Frederic Harrison caught the ear of a larger public by the collection of essays which took their title from the subject of the first four, "The Choice of Books." The volume includes most of his characteristic notes as a historian and literary critic. Of the other pieces the dialogue on "Culture" seems to find out many of the weak places in Matthew Arnold's armour, but is perhaps based upon the misconception that what he meant by the word was a system of thought and not a temper of mind. Mr. Harrison, who puts Plato at the head of all prose-writers, has a great fondness for the dialogue, and displays no small skill in its management. He uses this form in later works to defend Ruskin against the mere art-critic, and in lighter vein to ridicule the butterfly-like habit, prevalent among the youth of Oxford and elsewhere, of taking little sips from the flowers of literature without any attempt at discrimination or desire for deeper draughts. The defence of the eighteenth century against the diatribes of Carlyle is effective and typical. It also shows the power of detachment of a man, who, strong in his disapproval of the Imperialism typified in Burke's epitaph on Chatham ("who made commerce to flourish by war"), could yet calmly estimate the deeds of Empire-builders like the elder Pitt. The consideration of this century, so great in music, affords him an opportunity of stating his view that music ranks next to poetry as a touchstone of civilization. In this same volume, again, we have in the essay on "Histories of the French Revolution" a penetrating conspectus of a mighty subject. Who that has read Taine's book could better the description of it as a "scintillating mosaic" which gives the

described as Carlyle's conclusions modified by a worship. It was remarkable for a lucid arrangement of little or nothing to historical knowledge. The model of the Silent is a model of this species of work exemplified the author's notions as to history. Some six years were devoted to its preparation, a thousand documents consulted in Holland, Belgium, Germany, as well as in London and Paris. In the entitled "The Meaning of History" he expounded the gospel; but he returned to the subject in the *Fresman* and *Froude* which are included in "Ten Literary Estimates," published several years ago. Most nearly among the moderns attained to his level before the age of sociology. Fresman and Froude as the two types of the modern historian; an admirable balance between them with admirable skill. In Frederic Harrison as a literary critic I must pause to glance at that fascinating but somewhat perplexing "New Calendar of Great Men." The scheme was it was his English disciples who carried it out. He edited the publication but wrote many of the biographies as those of Molière, Corneille, Madame de Sévigné, Madame Roland among the French; Benvenuto Cellini and several operatic artists among Italians; Voltaire, to whom he thinks Milton owed the germ of "Paradise Lost"; besides Fielding and Richardson. Noteworthy of all, however, are his articles on Palestrina, Gluck, Weber, Handel, and Mozart.

Mr. Harrison's work as a literary critic is contained in the two volumes called "Studies in Early Victorian Literature" and "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Victorian Writers." The former work is almost entirely taken up with Tennyson, but contains chapters also on Macaulay and Carlyle. The general high level of mediocrity which he finds in the Victorian age he considers to be that we have over-trained ourselves. A most characteristic passage, perhaps, of the early Victorian age in which he talks of this "lady-like age," in which all their own way with their stories of social refinement and waverings of the heart. The social romance is the true poetic function of women, he asserts. The vague possibility that an age of colour, movement, and passion may come again—"some day we know not how."

Two things are particularly striking in considering Frederic Harrison as a man of letters. One is his regard for the older style. "We of the older age," he writes, "are heavy writers like Corneille, who had nobility of tone whose realism carries you away with him, but who lacks the core." The other thing is his extraordinarily keenness comes out in his minute analysis of those harmonious melodies which he so greatly admired; and it emblemizes not only the defective melodies of Matthew Arnold, Eliot, but even to find flaws in the almost perfect

Of his particular verdicts I cannot say much. Frequently contain illuminating remarks, such as that of a true song, in a criticism of Kingsley—it shows a familiar, musically suggestive of a single tone of nothing more."

Trollope and George Eliot Frederic Harrison had heard that rather celebrated discussion between their respective modes of writing. In George Eliot took a peculiar interest. He read "Felix Holt" and advised upon the point of law. In fact not

epoch. The severities which the critic has allowed himself towards a poet, for whom he has such a high regard, he justifies, rather ineffectually, on the ground that he has been unduly exalted by indifferent and uncritical admirers.

I cannot leave Mr. Harrison without a word about his "Annals of an Old Manor House." That charming book is itself a refutation of his disclaimers as to being a man of letters. Sutton Place, Surrey, was leased by the Harrison family in 1874. Here his father, mother, and brother successively lived, and here he passed his leisure hours. The place had memories of old Tudor and Stuart days, and the servant of humanity held it "a sort of social duty to those whom chance has thrown it in their path to preserve such wreckage of old things as the tempest of change has left." In this sentence it seems to me that we have revealed the whole man—Positivist, historian, lover of good literature.

II. LE GRYS NORFOLK.

A complete list of Mr. Frederic Harrison's writings is obviously impossible in the space at our disposal. We have limited our bibliography to a selection from the seventy or so items entered in the British Museum catalogue.

Literature.

- 1886.—"The Choice of Books." (Macmillan.) Seventh impression.
- 1895.—"Studies in Early Victorian Literature." (Arnold.)
- 1896.—Introduction to Carlyle's "Past and Present."
- 1897.—"Louisa Shore's Poems, with an Appreciation by F. Harrison. (Lane.)
- 1899.—"Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates." (Macmillan.)
- 1901.—"The Writings of King Alfred." (Address delivered at Harvard College, March 1901.) (Macmillan, 1901.)

History and Biography.

- 1862.—"The Meaning of History"—two lectures. Republished with other historical pieces by Messrs. Macmillan in 1894.
- 1888.—"Oliver Cromwell." (Macmillan.)
- 1892.—"The New Calendar of Great Men: Biographies of the 558 Worthies of all Ages and Nations in the Positivist Calendar of Auguste Comte." (Macmillan.)
- 1893.—"Annals of an Old Manor House" (Sutton Place, Guildford). Now in an abridged edition. (Macmillan.)
- 1896.—"William the Silent." (Macmillan.)
- 1897.—"The Millennium of King Alfred." (An address delivered at Birmingham.) (Osborne and Son, Birmingham.)
- 1900.—"Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages." (The Rede Lecture, 1900.) (Macmillan.)

Politics.

- 1867.—"Martial Law." Six letters to the *Daily News*. (No. 5 of the Jamaica Papers.) (Published by the Jamaica Committee.)
- 1868.—"The Political Function of Working Classes."
- 1875.—"Order and Progress."
- 1880.—"Martial Law in Kabul." (Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*, with additions.) (Chapman and Hall.)
- 1882.—"The Crisis in Egypt." (An address forming No. 2 of the Anti-aggression League Pamphlets.)
- 1886.—"Mr. Gladstone! or Anarchy!" (Pamphlet advocating Home Rule in Ireland.) (National Press Agency.)

Philosophy and Religion.

- 1878.—"The Soul and the Future Life." (Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*.)
- 1879.—"Science and Humanity." (Virtue.)
- 1885.—"The Controversy between Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison in the *Nineteenth Century* and *Pall Mall*. (An unauthorized reprint under the title of "The Insuperable Book," with comments by Gail Hamilton. (Cassino and Co., Boston, U.S.A.)
- 1880.—"The Positivist. Library of Auguste Comte." (Translated

THE IMPORTANCE OF "ADOLPHE" A "Personal View"

One is apt to think of Benjamin Constant more as a friend and appanage of Madame de Staël. One is not to say that it was in this capacity that he served the part of his apprenticeship to life. For the rest of his ship he loved Madame de Charrière, the *Neuchâtel* Madame Talpa, Madame Récamier, Madame Constant and Madame Constant the second. To have loved as women (with the possible exception of the last two) was liberal education. Benjamin Constant, therefore, was inconstant as the women of his period called him. He had liberal educations. It cannot, indeed, be said of him that only books were women's books "since he had also a ship at Edinburgh, at Oxford, and at certain Belgian and German universities of learning; but it was indubitably the liberal education which qualified him to do the one bit of work with his name which lives. It is forgotten that he was a politician and led the Liberal opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. It is forgotten that he was the only man ever fought a duel in a bath-chair and declared himself satisfied when the bath-chair was hit. But it is not forgotten that he wrote "Adolphe." The book marks a distance forward in the history of fiction in France—more especially those who look to the novel for the criticism of life. Editions of it continue to appear with introductions by such men as Paul Bourget and Anatole France. And "Adolphe" is a book that Benjamin Constant learnt to write by love and getting tired of them.

This statement is no idle conjecture, but an established fact. A few years ago there was published Benjamin Constant's diary—his *Journal Intime*. It is a running comment on love affairs, and the emotions which they caused him, names and dates. The tone, almost invariably, is that of a man whose emotions have tired him out and whose inability to control the emotions which he would like to feel, and whose clamorously demanded from him, is an abiding tragedy. Madame de Staël; he tired of her; he left her; he loved her. When she died, he spent a night of mourning in his chamber. Knowing those things—as well as other things there is no space to recapitulate—we see clearly how in "Adolphe" there is in "Adolphe." It may not be true of any of his love-stories; but it is partly true of "Adolphe."

As a story, no doubt, "Adolphe" is rather a failure. The stage management and even the stage itself leave much to be desired. Not only do our moderns know more about these matters than he did. The novelists of his own time, and of still earlier times, were also better men. They knew how to present a story in pictures, and could only relate one. His little narrative is perhaps a work of fiction than like a statement of a case drawn from counsel's opinion. But that does not matter; or at least it does not matter much. Benjamin Constant was doing his best though he did it clumsily. He set the conventional side, and plucked his own heart out of his breast, and he told the world, in the form of fiction, not what he observed, or what he had imagined, but what he had felt at this or that moment of supreme emotion, but what he had felt on the whole, during his life of disillusion. He was, in short, the pioneer of the modern analysis, or rather of analysed experience. It is a common genre nowadays. The novelists more particularly the young novelists—who are bitten with the passion for self—are like the sands of the sea-shore for multitude. Benjamin Constant who set them the example. He was the side (as the favourite phrase used to be) at the very end of the century.

It was the most natural thing in the world that he should have a candid and careful attitude of the novelist towards

always ready to hand. Men were deceivers ever; women had been the victims of their deceptions through the ages.

To have read "Adolphe" when saturated with these conventions must have been like entering a dark room with a guide carrying a lantern; or like hearing a new witness whose unexpected evidence, abounding in "new facts," upsets the calculations of the Court. We have, at once, a new point of view, a new emotional situation, a new psychology. It is seen and shown that a love affair may involve many other tragedies besides that of loving in vain, and that the man who, according to the conventions of fiction, is merely a heartless deceiver may be quite innocent of any guilty intention, and may himself be the principal sufferer from the failure of his emotions to answer to the call upon them.

The story is merely the story of a young man who contracted a *liaison*, and got tired of it, and was then divided between his desire for freedom and his sense of responsibility to his mistress. It ends with her death which brings him no joy in his emancipation, but only self-reproach and sorrow at having first wasted and then lost the precious treasure of a single-hearted love so freely offered. He has squandered his emotional substance in riotous living which he has not even enjoyed. He is an emotional bankrupt, dazed and dumbfounded by the sense of his inability to begin his emotional life again. So that at least three tragedies, then new to literature, are involved: the tragedy of fighting with society, which is strong enough to prevent lovers from attaining happiness by the violation of the rules which it prescribes; the tragedy of trying to love and failing, of fanning a fire that cannot be made to blaze; the tragedy of the sense of futility and wasted effort which comes to the lover whose love has flickered out, and who reflects that he has missed what was, perhaps, his last chance of finding happiness in love.

Benjamin Constant did not invent these tragedies; he lived through them. In fact he lived through them twice—once as the lover of Madame de Charrière, and once as the lover of Madame de Staël. The diary proves it amply. His incapacity to love with the constancy and devotion of a paladin was obviously a very real tragedy to him; that is why his analysis of the situation is so poignantly convincing. One does not suppose, of course, that he was the first man who endured the mental agony of which he writes. He was no more the first than he was the last. Love being, as even the earliest novelists knew, the most intense and absorbing of all kinds of happiness, it seems obvious that no man who had once tasted it would put it away from him deliberately and of malice aforethought; he would be no more likely to do this than deliberately to deafen or blind himself. It seems obvious too that the *cœur sensible*—as they said in those days—must have felt that there was tragedy in ceasing to love no less than in ceasing to be loved, and have suffered further pain from the belief, erroneous though it may have been in many cases, that the extinction of his passion would make a woman miserable for the remainder of her days. But the feeling had not yet been rendered in literature—partly because it was not perceived to be either romantic or dramatic, and partly, one suspects, because those who felt it were ashamed of themselves. In "Adolphe" this aspect of love appears in fiction for the first time; and it was discovered by the new method of critical introspection, by means of which many other "new facts" of the same order have since been brought to light by novelists. In this consists the importance of "Adolphe."

The book made no immediate stir. In a preface to the third edition the author states that even he has ceased to take much interest in it; and its influence did not begin to be very perceptible until after the romantic movement had run its course, and the gaiety of the *capricieux Gaulois*, exemplified by Paul de Kock, had flagged. But its hour came. Critics like Paul Bourget, and Anatole France, and Maurice Barrès have recognized in Benjamin Constant the great anticipator of the most "modern" of their contemporaries—those, notably, with whom self-analysis has developed from a habit to a disease. M. Bourget himself obviously owes much to Benjamin Constant's methods. Some other famous French writers have actually retold his story and refurbished his ideas. Flaubert, for

ABELARD.

Abelard the lover of Villon's "*tres saige* H. known than Abelard the founder of medieval and the avant-courier of rationalism in Theol with the personality than with the intellectual, this brilliant philosopher that Mr. McCabe. Perhaps his familiarity with scholastic logic and claims the acquaintance of all that scholastic thirteenth century to the present day have writte of "Universals"—has induced contempt for the he was afraid that his exhaustive learning treatment with the *academie* faint. Certainl Abelard's teaching is as sketchy as the least readers can desire. He even, in his desire discussion, attributes to Abelard a psychology is alien to his exclusively logical outlook. To ill idea of generalization by the composite ph guilty of the commonest and worst fault in philosophy—anachronism. Abelard did n approaching the controversy between Nominal how we are able to form a general conception predicating a general term, we predicate som a real existence. His solution was only the sol revived. The Universal has existence, but no ence. It exists only in the individual, which alon In his assumption, however, that the Universal ence, though not separate existence, in the exteri it is found in the mind, Abelard laid the foundatio metaphysics. Like the *Naturphilosophie* of Schelli thought that it held the key to Nature in the n concepts. Abelard's Aristotelianism is less moment in philosophical thought than its r Church is as a religious phenomenon. The J and metaphysics, at their first introduction mo of heresy, came to be regarded as the test of O notable phase of the perpetual conflict betw Faith.

The personality of the great dialectician even to-day. Mr. McCabe's preference for the is excusable. This scion of a noble family his hereditary rights for the precarious career who confronted and overthrew, in the happy a the most subtle and learned doctors of his charm of his manner and the magic of his crowds of ardent disciples to follow him mazes of that arid sophistry which pas was a figure worthy himself to fix the w even if he had not stood out against the l tragle a history. That history has taken romance of all time.

The enthusiasm of learning had quenched th in Abelard during the most susceptible years seemed to have reached the end of his un "thought himself the first philosopher in ascetic devotion to study relaxed, and the desir born in him. He, the famous Master, the s became the favoured lover of Fulbert's niece, of Paris ring with songs of their illicit passio secret could no longer be kept from the un carried her off in the garb of a nun. Ful

afterwards, as he recalled the bitter humiliation. He was thrown into prison by the Abbot of St. Denis, for quoting in jest a passage of Bede which denied the identity of the patron Saint of the Abbey with Dionysius the Areopagite. When he sought refuge from a hateful world in the lonely Abbey of St. Gildas, perched on a granite crag overlooking a dark and angry sea, the unruly monks sought his life with poison and dagger. The last days of his life were made miserable by the polemical zeal of St. Bernard. Even his intercourse with Heloise, whom he had established with her nuns in his oratory of the Paraclete, was probably a source of more pain than comfort to him. The fire of her love terrified him. Her letters, thrilling, under a stiff disguise of formalism and psaltery, with untameable passion, have been the subject of rhetorical imitation from the seventeenth century till now, and the imitators have met with a success that their cold-blooded simulation did not deserve. A selection from the correspondence of the lovers may be read in a new volume of the *Temple Classics*, which is well edited with biographical and other matter by Miss Honor Morten.

Mr. McCabe is rather too prone to sneer at the things which belong to the Church which he has left. His attitude to the monastic life is peculiarly misleading. The most bigoted Protestant cannot believe, in the moments of reflection, that the monastic life is alone responsible for the suppression of the joyous side of human nature. Charles Nodder voiced the despair of the generation which had seen its youth made sombre by the storms of the Revolution in the appeal "give us back our monasteries." The monastic life was as often a protest against the inherent unhappiness, as against the inherent sinfulness, of human life. The cloister was perhaps a less offence against the ideal than a loveless marriage. When the religious houses were most thronged, there were more aged mothers left destitute of affection by the selfish marriage of their sons than by their sons' vocation.

Abelard stands for the type of the conflict between Intellect and Faith, and for the type of the unhappy lover. He stands no less for the secular spirit of the Middle Ages. The Heloise idyll is a Troubadour's song clothed with reality. "If the name of wife is holier, the name of mistress is sweeter," Heloise scorned the "compulsion of the marriage vow," she desired to be united "by love alone" to the man who was as a god to her. Abelard is a Gallicized "Clerk Saunders."

And in the shame and suffering of his later days Abelard turned to the consolations of religion, and found them, perhaps, unavailing. If in his youth, before the awakening of his passions, he incurred the censure which the Church ever holds in readiness for innovators in things intellectual, in the last period of his life, when passions had been ruthlessly extirpated, he encountered the persecution which the Church will always extend to those who try to modify her dogma. Alone of all mediæval thinkers

LONDON-BRIDGE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

"Women and bridges always lack mending," was Middleton in "The Blacke Booke," 1601. If, however, he made aware of the contemplated outlay of tens of thousands of pounds on the widening of London-bridge, Middleton might modify his facetious statement that a man could "with keep London-bridge in reparation every fall than Bridget his wife." Yet the projected outlay on the part of the City authorities appears to be necessary; for, during the construction eastward of the Tower-bridge, an increased number of boats will pass annually over the Thames.

But, in the hastening life of the twentieth century, let us pause for a moment to evoke the past! A bridge has spanned the river hereabouts for many centuries; Mr. Roman indeed, has produced plausible, if not conclusive, arguments in support of the theory that the Romans could have carried a bridge from Middlesex to the Surrey side at this point otherwise than by boat. An old proverb has it that "if London-bridge were to fall, it would see better." On the other hand, a number of historic incidents are connected with it. On London-bridge battle has been waged; it has been a place of torture for heads of traitors have been there exposed on spikes; glorious pageants have crossed it; one of the most beautiful of Elizabethan mansions stood thereon—



OLD LONDON-BRIDGE, LOOKING WEST.

From an old print drawn in Queen Elizabeth's time, but not published till 1634
[By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

has answered to the pulse-beats of the metropolis on the eleventh century.

In 1008 was fought the Battle of London-bridge. Olaf, the saintly king of Norway, assisted Ethelred the Great to defeat the Danes. A thirteenth-century Icelandic chronicler, Snorri Sturluson by name, describes how Olaf fastened his vessels to the piles of London-bridge, and thus dragged the structure—an event the memory of which is perpetuated in the name of Tooley-street, a corruption of Olaf or Olave, decades thereafter, a mighty whirlwind "from Africa" blowing into Florence of Worcester—caused the Thames to rise so rapidly that London-bridge was swept away; the

structure, and hundreds of folk were drowned or burned, wedged in between flames from houses on either side. Moreover, a *Poetical History*, comp. Edward I., mentions "innumerable people dwelling" on the bridge. The bridge of Peter of Colechurch—which stood some seventy yards east of the present one, in a line with Fish-street hill—survived in more or less its original form until the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1757-60 the picturesque, if dilapidated and unhealthy old houses were removed, including Nonsuch House, a pile of four storeys, with elaborately carved galleries, cupolas, and turrets. Shakespeare in *Henry IV.*, causes a messenger to announce to the king that "Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge," nor is this by any means the only allusion to it by Elizabethan dramatists. As we have seen, the piles from the first withstood but imperfectly the force of the waters; hence repairs were constantly needed. In *The Journal's Stipple of News* Shunfield says—

He minds
A courtesy no more than London-bridge
What arch was mended last.

At least flood and obb-tide it was hazardous for boats, not only because of the narrow passages between the piers, but because at one time corn-mills were permitted to obstruct the openings. One of Hay's proverbs is to the effect that "London-bridge was made for the moon to go over, and fools to go under." There is a quaint passage in "A Chronicle of London," relating to the year 1429:—

This same yere vijij of November the Duke of Norfolk with many a gentelman squyer and yoman, tok his barge at myght Marye Overseye, between liliij and v of the belle ayens nyght, and purposed to passe thorough London brigge, where the forward barge through mys-governance of steeryng, fill upon the pyles and overwelhyrd, the whiche was cause of applyng of many a gentelman and othere, the more ruth was, but as God wolde, the duke hymself and too or lij othere gentylmen scenge that myschief, leped upon the pyles and so were saved thorough helpe of them that weren above the brigge, with castyng down of ropes.

The premature birth of Charles I.'s first son is attributed to the Queen's excitement in shooting the bridge on her return from Greenwich after hearing Mass; and one of Anne Killigrew's poems is entitled "On my Aunt Mrs. A. K. Drown'd under London Bridge in the Queen's Barge, Anno. 1641." There were those, again, who took advantage of the dangerous passage between the starlings to commit suicide; among them Sir William Temple, Secretary of War, and, in 1737, Eustace Budgell, who left on his desk a slip of paper bearing the words "What Cato and Addison (the poet was a cousin of Addison) approved cannot be wrong." Canning, in his "Loves of the Triangles," alludes to the steersman who

Stiffs the thin oars, the fluttering canvas drops;
Then with closed eyes, clenched hands, and quick-drawn
breath

Lies at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.

For long it was held that Peter Paul Rubens, during his visit to London in 1629, was captured under London-bridge; but a letter from Lord Rochester to Isaac Wake proves that the Flemish painter was not of the company.

According to Walpole, Hans Holbein once lived on London-bridge. "The Father of Lord Treasurer Oxford," says Walpole, "passing over London-bridge, was caught in a shower, and seeking into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, found there a picture of Holbein (who had lived in that house) and his family. He offered the goldsmith £100 for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately

facing the Thames, towards the spires and beautiful churches, dominated by old St. Paul. Johnson wrote. The southern gate, as shown, decorated with a score of human heads on spike fact that in 1305 the head of the Scottish Wallace, was here exposed, and 230 years Thomas More, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester middle of the eighteenth century Canaletto he left behind several faithful, and not so charming and individual, pictures of the Bridge may be seen, too, in works by Samuel Sec swinging signs of tradesmen must have added to appearance of the narrow thoroughfare. The "Three Bibles," whence in 1660 was Issu Merchant, or the Peerless Pearl," and the " where the second edition of " Crocker's Dietie printed. Of many quaint shop bills here is example:—" John Allan at the (Three) Locks Bridge. Sells all sorts of Hair, curled or uncurls . . . with all goods made use of by P the lowest prices." There is extant, again, Herbert, who continued the researches of a occupier of one of the Bridge houses when the in the middle of the eighteenth century.

A FORGOTTEN BOOK.

THE "BOTANIC GARDEN" OF DR. ERAS

In the second half of the eighteenth century Dr. Johnson was still the recognized arbiter of there had sprung up, in his native town of band of singers whose verses made no small st Indeed, these were great days for the poetical tables were in vogue still—the easiest of a respectably—and any gentleman who had cul smooth versification had as good a chance of flun perhaps, even a better) in rhyme as in plain p sadly changed now; and it would surprise us Lord Avebury, for example, were to choose rhymed heroics to expound his views upon ant grown rather intolerant of unnecessary orn sophical writings. If a man has anything of im in these degenerate days—anything important, point of view of science—we should regard him than a madman if he attempted to gain our ear theories in verse, as one might conceal pow Dr. Erasmus Darwin, happy man! living in an with materialism, found his masterpiece receive tion enough, and paid for by the publisher stands) at the rate of ten shillings a line. I been worse paid, before and since the time physieian.

Erasmus Darwin, born of a good Lincoln educated at Chesterfield school, graduated at St Cambridge, in 1750, thus adding one more to poets hailing from the mathematical University Dr. Dodd had but just gone down from Cla common with him and the majority of poets in time, Darwin found himself inspired by the dea Prince of Wales, to add his contribution t lamentation called forth by that unhappy e

on intimate terms with him; and he became acquainted with such prominent scientists as Boulton, Watt, and Wedgwood. The Doctor himself had no small share of inventive genius, tending perhaps to rather impracticable directions. He invented an aerial machine, in which he proposed to use wings similar to those of a bird, worked by high pressure steam. Kindred tastes led to a correspondence with R. L. Edgeworth, the father of the famous instructress of our youth, and hence came an introduction to Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," who was then busied in his long quest for a model wife. He met, and disliked, Johnson. Perhaps these literary acquaintances stimulated his fancy, but he displayed no indolent haste. It was not until 1778 that he bought the few acres near Lichfield, and formed the botanical garden that was to make him famous. Eleven years later, after his second marriage, he published the part which now stands second—"The Loves of the Plants." It was of a piece with his eccentric character to publish the second part first; probably he thought it the better of the two. The first part, "The Economy of Vegetation," did not come out for three years more.

It is to Miss Seward (whom, by the way, Miss Mitford called "a Dr. Darwin in petticoats") that we owe the conception of the "Botanic Garden"; and, indeed, some of the introduction was actually written by her. She wrote a short poem about his little wilderness at Lichfield, which so pleased him that he declared it ought to form the exordium of a great work. The lady gracefully declined to undertake it—"the plan was not strictly proper for a female pen"—but she felt that such a scheme was eminently adapted to his own fancy. Accordingly, after some further polite correspondence, Darwin began his task, opening with the very lines that the lady had sent him. No acknowledgment was made of their source, at which the fair author was justly offended, and a certain coolness sprang up between the two. The doctor had added to his crime by making a few alterations, which were not altogether improvements, in her lines.

The general design of Darwin's poem, as he himself phrased it, was to "inlist Imagination under the banner of Science; and to lead her votaries from the looser analogies, which dress out the imagery of poetry, to the stricter ones which form the ratiocination of philosophy." He embellished his work with numerous notes, which, indeed, were sufficiently necessary to the uninstructed, for his passion for grandiose language was so remarkable that he could never deliver a plain statement in a comprehensible form. Endowed with a good ear for rhythm, and a fertile fancy, he crowded his work with tropes and personifications, and polished his couplets until their smoothness became monotonous. It was his custom, like another celebrated physician, to compose in his carriage, while driving to the houses of his patients, and for that purpose he had contrived a vehicle fitted up with paper, pencils, and books—and also with light refreshments. He had theories about poetry, of which one was that every line should present a finished picture to the reader, and this unfortunate conviction tended, as was only natural, to produce a sadly artificial effect in so long a poem. His lines are overloaded with epithet; they are all cut to the same pattern; and after a time we long for more freedom and less ingenuity. Yet he was undoubtedly an ingenious thinker and a clever versifier. In part he may be said to have anticipated several of the theories subsequently identified with the name of his more celebrated grandson. The "philosophical notes" are filled with curious information. The glorification of the

And to this passage he appended a note predicting that the cheapness with which a very perfect steam engine soon to be manufactured from rejected material may probably in time be used to save machinery, and so the use of steam."

He is more fortunate in his predictions about his friend Boulton had lately constructed "at S. Birmingham, a most magnificent apparatus for raising water by an improved steam engine, which he describes at length with a noble command of language, thus:—

Descending screws with ponderous fly- wheels
The tawny plates, the new medallion round,
Hard dyes of steel the envious circles cramp,
And with quick fall the massy levers stamp.
The Harp, the Lily, and the Lion join,
And George and Britain guard the sterling coin.
Soon shall thy arm, Unconquer'd Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the fields of air.

When we recollect the date of these lines, published but known to have been written at least ten years ago, must be admitted that Darwin displayed no inferior powers of discernment. On electricity, then but a novelty, he touches immediately afterwards, but on this point nothing remarkable, except to suggest that rain might fall from the clouds, as Franklin with his kite had done with lightning. He is prettily descriptive on the beauties of experiments in vogue at that date. Here, one might see a drawing-room experiment in *excelsis*:—

Or, if on wax some fearless Beauty stand,
And touch the sparkling rod with graceful hand
Through her fine limbs the mimic lightnings dart
And flames innocuous eddy round her heart;
O'er her fair brow the kindling lustres glare;
Blue rays diverging from the bristling hair;
While some fond Youth the kiss ethereal sips,
And soft fires issue from their meeting lips.

Things of this sort interest our genial philosopher. It is not, at first sight, easy to see what steam, or gunpowder, or electricity have with the botany, and the Linnæan system, but the learned sweeps them all into his capacious net, and cannot withhold from the "sympathetic inks made by Zaffre."

I confess to a kindness for "The Loves of the Plants" now standing as the second part of the "Botanic Garden," which, as I am aware, by Canning and Moore, "Loves of the Triangles," but surely a parody of such magniloquence was unnecessary. The luxuriance of this poem is incomparable; the personification of it is sublimely ridiculous. "The Linnæan system," wrote to Miss Seward, when suggesting the subject for her unexplored poetic ground, and a happy subject for it. It affords fine scope for poetic landscape; it suggests morphoses of the Ovidian kind, though reversed. O men and women into flowers, plants, and trees. You shall flowers, plants, and trees into men and women." A correspondent modestly refused the task, it may be, but what gusto Darwin carried out his Ovidian idea. I fancy that the fair damsel of this passage is a species of (*Anglicæ sen-wesli*):—

Night's tinsel beams on smooth Lock Lowmond dross
Impatient AEGÆA views the bright expense:—
In vain her eyes the passing floods explore,
Wave after wave rolls freightless to the shore.
—Now dim amid the distant foam she spies
A shining wreck—" 'tis he! 'tis he!" she cries.

THE LIFE OF THE SAILS.

"La Vie des Voiles."

(From the French of Dr. F. T. Marinetti.)

Our readers will, we think, be interested in the following attempt to render into English verse a poem by one of the most noticeable of the younger French poets. Dr. F. T. Marinetti, though of Italian parentage—he was born in 1878—and at one time secretary, at Milan, of the Franco-Italian review *L'Anthologie Revue*, has identified himself with French thought and expression, particularly as regards the *vers-libre* or Symbolist school, to which he has brought his pronounced individuality in poetic style. Most of his lyrics have appeared in *La Revue Blanche*, *La Vogue*, and other Parisian journals, and two years ago his "*Les Deux Marins*" was selected by M.M. Catulle Mendès and Gustave Kahn for recitation at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. The translation of the fine poem "*La Vie des Voiles*," which we print with the author's permission, has been made by Mr. F. G. Bowles, whose poetical work will be known to many of our readers, and who is engaged in the work of presenting the production of other contemporary French poets to the English public in a similar way.

I love the sighing melancholy life
Of the Sails, the beautiful Sails. They rise
Cold and timid at day-break, and shake off
Between the mists, the damp and golden dust,
The wonderful starry gems of the night.
They rise humbly, like young servants, silent
And diligent, moving softly at morn;
Then they depart into the curling blue,
Love and Tragedy beckoning afar
Under the reeling sky of cloud and gleam.
Headless are they of what the morrow brings,
Careless of all th' encircling wings of birds,
And with no envy of the tow'ring ships
Whose tall ambitious masts, full rigged and set,
Loom into sight, stand stricken by the sun,
Then pass transformed, like white cathedrals built
On all the flowing splendour of the sea.

Amid the summer lightnings of full noon,
(Pale on the far horizon's long low bridge),
The drowsy Sails hang hopeless at the mast,
Or, with the short hoarse rattle of the ropes
Sudden they sink like corpses 'neath the sun
Engulfed within the silent, spacious sea.

Later, when comes the lazy breeze to sigh
Of secrets that are known to it alone,
The trembling Sails awaken and are glad—
They climb into the sweetness of the wind
With playful toases, shy coquettish ways,
And then, as though o'er-burdened with the heat
They grope with plaints and sighs, uncertain, weak,
And stumble, fall and quiver, till the gust
Shakes ev'ry fold to one expanding sheet,
And drives the boat across the laughing waves
That break in silver and anshle in song!

Now glows the humid verdure on the hill—
A precious stone in heaven's exalted blue,
And as for feast prepared the dazzling bay
Lies dreaming in the sun. Cloud upon cloud,
Like sumptuous marble which the Western wind
Has sculptured into spirals, stained with fire,

(Energized with the sapphire, set with
Renders again the Heaven's rich mosaic
Reflects in trembling fusion all its cloud
Its bubbling crucibles of molten stars.

Behold the Sun, a fiery chariot, rolls
Along the distant sands of molten gold,
Like some great ear with vitrages super
Which overflow and colour all the tide
The Sails turn from his setting, for they
The strange mirage, the sorcery of light
Then Night's foul Shadows leap across
(The dismal brooding spectres of the D
And wildly run before the waves that s
And snap like dogs that once have fast
But ever innocent the Sails speed on,
Their light wings from the conflict swif
Leaving the wreck of cloud and sea beh

It is the solemn hour when darkness flin
Her inky pall above the confined world,
And Night, a mournful Sexton, slowly c
Within the vasty hollows of the deep
His nameless graves beneath the vacuum
Tossing the rolling spadefuls of black s
From side to side, the while he mumble
A bitter canticle of Death. Fearful,
The Sails escape from their impending
And tread the unseen pathway of the w
In silent horror, and with suppliant air
Like frail old women who with timid sto
In twos and threes keep doleful compan

Amid the pomp of newly risen stars,
With noiseless motion as to Evening pr
The Sails sweep slowly to the harbour-
And pass along the darkened aisles of r
(Their shadowy outlines black against t
Like pious priests, who, robed in pullin
Commune awhile in silence with their C
Then in the distance sweetly chime the
Above the tidal voice, the blue waves'
And ring their rosary of silver sound
Athwart the heaving waters of the worl
"To prayers! to prayers! O wandering
And on the ancient pathway of the sea,
Lapt in deep peace the tired Sails knee
With jibs close-clasped, like hands in
Then one by one the boats with pensive
Move to the land, each black and stre
Stretched like a bare and supple arm th
A chaplet luminous with dropping bea
Or wantons playfully with precious stor
Sudden the keels grate softly on the sa
And the rough sailors leap into the sur
Walk-deep they stand within the rollin
And haul the boats upon the shelving l
Till the sharp cry of pulley and of yard
Sinks into silence and the sea's sad voi
Alone complains, a weary monotone.

Along the wild horizon's unknown rene
Black mouths are whistling their fierce
And the waves break upon the sullen s
Like clashing swords that giants wield
The sailors pause, appalled, for in their
Now that the day's long duty is fulfill
Comes the loud rumour of the sea's un
The roar of billow and the raucous sho
Follow them home like hammers madly
Upon the stalwart anvil of the heart.

At last, at dead of night, beneath the
The Sails lie spread on thwart and p
And beneath the dark lamentation to the

THE DOVES PRESS.

Since, in 1891, William Morris founded the Kelmscott Press, increased attention has been paid to the production of beautiful books. Fifty-three works in all, notably the great *Chaucer*, bear the imprint of the Kelmscott; of the many volumes issued by the Vale Press, one of the most eagerly sought is Mrs. Barrett Browning's "*Sonnets from the Portuguese*," published in 1897 at 6s., whereas last year a copy fetched £9 5s.; again, there is the Essex House Press, conducted on a similar system of limited editions, printed with specially designed type. The Doves Press is the latest comer, with Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, the well-known binder, and Mr. Emery Walker, who was all but a partner in the Kelmscott, at its head. The name of this adventure is of some literary interest. At the Doves Coffee-house, a few yards from the headquarters of the Press, James Thomson was wont to rest when he walked from London to his cottage at Richmond; it was in a room overlooking the river, not now part of the coffee-house, wherein, according to Faulkner, "*Winter*" was conceived and written; and from the Doves, it is said, the poet took the boat journey to Kew which issued in chill, fever, and death.

The aim of the Doves Press is to produce books whose beauty shall depend upon simplicity. In effect it is a protest against the riot of ornamentation and pseudo-ornamentation which menaces us. William Morris delighted to design initial letters and borders for his books; the Doves Press makes no attempt to follow him. It is impracticable to carry on a tradition so idiosyncratic as that of the Kelmscott; and Messrs. Cobden-Sanderson and Emery Walker desire neither to imitate on the one hand, nor to abandon, because already used by Morris, certain methods of craftsmanship sanctioned by their own taste. Eccentricity, too, is sternly eschewed, and if, as is hoped, the books have character, it is a character attaching to an ensemble where each contributory part is subordinated to the whole. So far, a Roman type only has been designed. It is based on that used by Jensen in Venice for a folio edition of Pliny, issued in 1476. This type is considerably larger and less heavy than the Kelmscott Golden fount; moreover, it is a purer Roman, without that tendency towards Gothic which Morris loved. There is some thickening and thinning of the line, absent alike in the Kelmscott type and in that of Jensen. Scrupulous heed has been paid to spacing. There are no leads between the lines, save at the end of a paragraph, and in order that the page may have as rhythmic an appearance as possible the space between the words is as small as legibility will permit. Book-making is regarded as a vehicle between the author and his audience; and anything, whether it be decoration, insistence on this or that character of type, or what not, which tends to make this vehicle as such less perfect, however beautiful in itself, is deemed a blemish. As to the paper, it is of linen, "laid," and about half the weight of that ordinarily used by Morris—a similar paper is to be found in a Tasso printed by Giunta four centuries ago. The ink, suitable for use only on hand-presses, is the blackest procurable. Like many of the old craftsmen, and like Morris, the Doves Press adopts two pages as the unit of space to fill decoratively. The exact position of the matter on these pages depends upon the length of the lines, the character of the type, whether or not there be paragraphic breaks, and other things. The margins, however, are always considerable; that at the bottom widest, then those at the sides, afterwards that at the top, the inner margin reaching the minimum. The bindings are

on William Morris, delivered at Kelmscott. It consists of 27 pp. of text printed solid—that is to say, paragraph breaks—the 300 paper copies of which are at 15s. In this booklet red as well as black ink was first used. High as are these issue prices—*War*, the Kelmscott "*News from Nowhere*" would have cost £15 as against an actual 2 guineas—the "*Tactius*" at £4 12s. at auction; "*The Ideal Book*" has changed hands about £4; and the last of the issues cannot be purchased three or four times its initial cost. It will be interesting to see whether or not these are permanent valuations.

Two important works are in progress at the Doves Press. The first is Milton's "*Paradise Lost*," each of whose two volumes to have a rubricated initial. The second is a folio edition by 9in., of the Authorized Version of the Bible, which will be in five parts, and it is intended that the text on unbrokenly, not only as far as the verses, but also the chapters, are concerned. Again here it is intended to rubricate initials. Probably the Doves Press, for at least, will not go farther in the direction of decorative Roman fount now in use will serve for these forthcoming

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SOME RECENT POETRY.

Mr. W. E. Henley.

It is pleasant to welcome another volume of Mr. Henley's verse. He is a writer of lyrics with a strong and sure note, whose mastery of form is considerable (it is means perfect), who has something to say (that is worth saying) and is the possessor of a remarkable and compelling power. He is not a great poet, but he is certainly something more than a minor poet. There are pieces in this volume, *HAWK LAVENDER* (Nutt, 6s.) that come very close to perfect kind, but there are many more that seem purposely to do so. Mr. Henley loves strange flowers of speech; he loves sudden and discomposing change of metre. To our ears one of the finest poems in this collection is deliberately an unexpected break of this kind. And let us take, by way of example, this ode on p. 49:—

There was no kiss that day?

No intimate Yea-and-Nay,

No sweets in hand, no tender, lingering touch

None of those desperate, exquisite caresses,

So instant—O, so brief!—and yet so much,

The thought of the swiftest lifts and blessings?

Nor any one of those great royal words,

Those sovran privacies of speech,

Frank as the call of April birds,

That, whispered, live a life of gold

Among the heart's still sainted memories,

And lark, and thrill, and ravish and beseech,

Even when the dream of dreams in death's a-catch

No, there was none of these,

Dear one, and yet—

O, eyes on eyes! O, voices breaking still,

For all the watchful will,

Into a kinder kindness than seemed due

From you to me, and me to you!

And that hot-eyed, close-throated, blind regard

never have run his train off the rails in that sixth line. A jar of this sort will perhaps be excused on the ground of excess of emotion, but no amount of authority can render it artistic. The reader, thus early, is brought to a dead stop, perplexed and confused: when he gathers himself again to resume, he has lost his sympathy with the poet. And this is what Mr. Henley is perpetually doing, in one form or another. Sometimes it is an unusual and ugly word. "Monunklus," we notice, and "distrimus," and "dowle," and a fondness for certain words such as "soveran" and "lirk." These are little things, but they mar not a few poems which it is a sin to spoil. Mr. Henley will certainly live among the lyrical poets of the century. He has the genuine gift: he is strong and sincere and his range is wider than that of most. There are poems in this volume that would disgrace no anthology. By turns he is tender, passionate, humorous, inflamed with patriotic sentiment, and in all alike he has the note of a dominant personality.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Mr. Hardy's new volume of verse—*POEMS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT* they are called (Harpers, 6s.)—is in many ways a remarkable book. It is the work of a poet at heart, but of a poet who has not yet obtained complete mastery of the method he would employ. Now and again, as if by accident, metre and rhythm and the choice of words seem to flow naturally, and the result is very nearly a flawless poem; at other times we are confronted with lapses from the true rhythm, with strange and uncouth words, with curiously clumsy turns of expression. Mr. Hardy's lines come with difficulty; they have the air of being rough-hewn; but they are tense because the writer has something to say, and something that demanded to be said in verse. The ideas are those of a poet. They force their way into poetical expression, and occasionally emerge from the struggle in rather a battered condition, but they are always recognizable. War poems in all kinds we have had frequently enough lately, but "The Going of the Battery" will outlast the most of them. It has verses in it that are worth any amount of patriotic jingle in Cockney dialect:

Great guns were gleaming there, living things seeming there,
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, unthought to the night;
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to fellow,
Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.

Anthologies will include that poem (we have seen it in one already) if only for the sake of that single verse. But Mr. Hardy has a wide range, and writes in many moods. Now he is frankly architectural (and not a little encumbered with the terminology of the trade) as in the sonnet on "Rome"; now he betrays a gaily mocking spirit, as in the rhyming exercise called "The Respectable Burgher—on the Higher Criticism"; or he is once more the chronicler of old Wessex stories, or again he writes a little poem breathing the weirdly melancholy spirit of Heine, as in "The Dream-Follower":

A Dream of mine flew over the mead
To the halls where my old Love reigns;
And it drew me on to follow its lead:
And I stood at her window-panes.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse.

The verse of the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, whose *PARTIALITY THE FLIGHT* has just been published by Mr. Brinsley Johnson (5s. n.), is the verse of a critic rather than of an inspired poet. That is to say, it is cold, clear, and classical in expression, but seldom arousing the reader to enthusiasm. There can be little doubt, as Mr. Austin Dobson admits out in his

men of cultivated taste. To quote once more from "He knew—no one better—that verse cannot exist but that an informing conception, a defined purpose, all, a genuine and overmastering impulse, are indispensable to have any chance of ultimate survival in our style, the informing conception, and the defined Cosmo Monkhouse possessed; but we doubt if overmastering. These poems have the air rather of experiments, pruned and polished under the critic's were worth making, and printing, but they do not poetry.

Dr. Weir Mitchell.

THE SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF S. (Macmillan, 5s. n.) contain the work of a cultured man stored with memories of earlier and greater poets, turned out a verse prettily. Sometimes the echo of Browning, sometimes of Tennyson; once across a frank imitation of what may be called the "lover" school:—

Give me thy thoughts, my gentle man,
And I will lend them wings
To soar elate above this world
Of transitory things
Alas! Alas! the trumpet calls;
God help thy tender tears!
Ah, love would not be half of love
Had it not also tears.

This is perhaps Dr. Mitchell at his weakest. "Villon," a clever exercise in the Brownian "Francis Drake," a long dramatic poem in blank verse, the most important in the book so far as length is concerned, are distinctly well composed; the stories are well told. Dr. Weir Mitchell is essentially a poet. He pleases by judicious selection; he and resets them; but there are one or two real poems. "The Magnolia Flower" and "The Sea gull," which are real poems, though not a great one. He is apt to be in "The Centurion," for example, the note of and too long drawn out. Even "The Seagull" is worse for compression, happy as are many of the

Then silent raider of the abounding
Intent and resolute, ah, who m
What primal notes of gladness thou
In this vast loneliness!

The sonnet, one would imagine, would be the work of a poet of this stamp. But the selection confirms this. This is a book that no lover of minor verse should read now and then to the level of true poetry, not remain at that level for any length of time.

Mr. S. Lysaght.

Mr. Lysaght's little volume is worthy of the *POEMS OF THE UNKNOWN WAY* (Macmillan, 4s. n.). In these lyrics we have the sense of the sea, an undiscovered shore at which no prow has touched with the outreaching spirit, ready to go "at sunset," comes the inevitable ache for boundaries.

Vast, we saw, when the sun was low,
A trackless forest where none may ro
But 'twas not so vast as a wood we know
Across three fields from the house at
We saw the peaks of eternal snow,

often, but the note is so wistful and sweet that the complaint would be thankless indeed. Mr. Lyngb's book is one for twilight hours with their

Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed.

Mr. A. Symonds.

If, as Mr. Alfred Noyes told us in these columns the other day, we are all of us haunted men at Christmas time, Mr. Holmemann has chosen a very apt moment to publish a collected edition of Mr. Arthur Symonds' Poems, in two volumes. Mr. Symonds is a prince among haunted men. "The Loom of Dreams," a new collection of poems now printed for the first time, opens thus:—

I brooder the world upon a loom,
I brooder with dreams my tapestry;
Here in a little lonely room
I am master of earth and sea
And the planets come to me.

As he sits, apart from the world, in this "little lonely room" and "the world as a cloud drifts by," his ghosts come to him—the most melodious of any that visit our poets at present. Sometimes it is a grey wolf which he cannot rid himself of—it is seldom anything more cheerful—and, whatever the impressions may be that reach him from a far-off world, they are generally of a shadowy, symbolical kind. But there is nothing shadowy about Mr. Symonds' grip of the reader, and in "The Loom of Dreams," though there may be nothing quite equal to "Wanderers," or "The Villa Emilia," there is still the same swift succession of images and subtle melody as in his previous work.

From a pile of minor verse it is refreshing to extricate THE BOOK OF THE HORACE CLUB (Blackwell, Oxford, 5s. n.). The club was founded in 1808, and on its short list of members are several well-known Oxford names. Of nineteen contributors no single one has more than half a dozen short poems, but whether written in English, Latin, Greek, or French, from the opening dedication to Horace to the final "Thorfinn Karlsefni's Dream," it all bears the same stamp. It is the verse of cultivated men writing for pleasure and in good camaraderie, and there is little or none of the self-consciousness that clings to so much of our minor poetry. Mr. John Buchan has a breezy, tuneful romance or two; Mr. Belloc writes with feeling and effect in his stanzas on "The South Country" and vigorously in the "Sussex Drinking Song"; while among many landscape pieces this picture of "Bembridge Harbour in January" is very delicate:—

The air, a liquid crystal, flowed
O'er sea and land, till pure from stain
And jewel-clear their colours glowed,
As in a glass of Claude Lorraine.

The water, like a sheet of steel,
Mirrored the moveless swans afloat,
The solemn Sabbath-keeping wheel,
The masts of many a fishing boat.

Around the harbour, spire and tree
Were etched against the vaulted blue;
Across the strait were plain to see
The trees and spires of Portsmouth too.

So still the scene was, so refined,
It seemed a sleight of magic art,
Till in a gust of sudden wind
The scent of coltsfoot cheered my heart.

There are many clever social verses, too, while a madrigal from Mr. Herbert Warren's pen on "The Triumphs of Victoria" is remarkable for its tuneful flexibility.

TRANSFIGURATION, by Catherine Bunt and John Fielding (George Allen & Unwin, 1901, 1s. 6d.) is a collection of poems

Mr. Rudland writes, however, in a somewhat heartless manner; in pieces like "The Song of 'Australasia,'" or "The Pioneer Fathers," the latter is vaunted "with great gusto, and it is all healthy enough.

To dip into Mrs. James Henry Wilson's *Best* (Stock, 2s. 6d.) is to enter a quiet and real world. —of Rangitikei, New Zealand. Is well known as the of a volume named "Themes and Variations," from many of the pieces collected here are taken. Others reprinted from various Australasian and English journals. Wilson's themes are never beyond her capabilities, has breadth and tenderness, and she is completely of her smoothly flowing metres.

Miss Nellie B. Badeock is, we think, a younger in her prettily entitled book, *By Gully Oak* (Grant Richards, 5s.), she sings a few short songs with a earnestness and spirit. As an instance of many a happy to quote the opening quatrain of the little poem on "Orchard,"

I was small, but you were smaller,
So I held you down the bough,
And my pride in being taller
Stirs within me even now.

Miss Badeock is not always quite sure of her are many echoes of contemporary poets, and perhaps her best when leaning for support on some one or herself. But one or two careful little studies of words evidence some talent and independence of thought.

We chanced to open *Songs of Lucilla* (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d.) in the middle, and lighting upon a little piece "Caudles" reminding us, in common with many another in this part of the book, of Herrick—went on dipping further into the volume without tiring. The authoress, we will not commit ourselves—has an able and a very pretty pen, and though many of his ideas too slight to be enshrined in verse, there are some that the reader is kept pleasantly awake and Some rather longer pieces, inspired by antique remarkable for poetical feeling, and six sonnets from of fine workmanship. But, alas, that on the very last we should have come upon this:—

Pearls that are chosen to suit beauty's sea
Before each precious stone.
Are not the work of magic or sea elf,
But of the oysters' moan.

The italics are ours, but can a moan be an oyster's?

The title poem of Mr. Gascoigne Mackie's *MAS* (Grant Richards, 5s. n.) relates a sufficiently weird dream, in which the dreamer, confronted with Judas expressing his abhorrence of the arch-betrayer, cannot at first see, suddenly finds that he has been a vision of himself. Dream poems of this kind are successful execution, but Mr. Mackie handles his considerable skill, neglecting neither its agony nor "The Herdsman of Admetus" is, perhaps, the most (two or three blank-verse poems).

THE OXFORD YEAR AND OTHER POEMS, by J. Williams, 3s. 6d. n.s. is a pleasant and scholarly book of the twelve sonnets on the months display a tender and the charm of the year's waxing and waning. They are the best of Mr. Williams' sonnets, but they hardly level of excellence, while some of the others, notable Blenheim, might well have been omitted. The time the bard can pretend with any decent show of simile he is moved by the real and irresistible affluence of glories of Marlborough in Addisonian fashion, with allusion to the woods of Blenheim. But the Coleridge

Williams, too, has scored a success, and his abbreviated rendering of "Aquam memento" is excellent:—

Bring hither all that makes life fair,
Cool wine and roses delib'rate,
The while the sisters three
Allow such things to be.

'Tis certain that thou soon must cease
Thy rooms that look on Christ Church mead,
And thy scout bow the knee
To one more rich than thee.

We travel all the self-same way,
June laughs at lecture notes of May,
So all alike we bow
Our necks before the plough.

Mr. Williams is less successful in his imitations of Dante, and it shows an imperfect knowledge of the art of parody to associate with Dante such a marked phrase as "the tainted wethers of the flock" or the Miltonic allusion to "Ternate or Tidore."

As a poet of languorous love lyrics in several metres, all manipulated with graceful ease and occasionally with vigorous intensity, Mr. Laurence Hope is extremely successful in *THE GARDENS OF KAMA AND OTHER LOVE LYRICS FROM INDIA*, (Heinemann). Though an artist in words, Mr. Hope never allows the vivid colouring and subtle music of his verse to clash with his gift for direct and powerful narrative. His book is impregnated with the fascinating atmosphere of the land of the Moghla and Oleander flowers; and at the close of almost every lyric we feel that the artist has achieved his purpose. But many readers will doubtless quarrel with the purpose of these extremely erotic poems derived from Oriental romance. In more than one instance the themes are as unpleasant as their treatment is skillful.

COMTE.

LA PHILOSOPHIE D'AUGUSTE COMTE. By L. LÉVY-BRUHL. Paris. (Alcan. Fr.7.50.)

ESSAI HISTORIQUE ET CRITIQUE SUR LA SOCIOLOGIE CHEZ AUGUSTE COMTE. By F. ALENGRY. Paris. (Alcan. Fr.10.)

PASSAGES FROM THE LETTERS OF AUGUSTE COMTE. Selected and arranged by J. K. INGRAM, LL.D. (Black.)

The editor of Stuart Mill's letters to Auguste Comte, M. Lévy-Bruhl, has published a very lucid study of Comtism. There is perhaps in the nineteenth century, so rich in philosophers, none that can vie in importance with the founder of the Positivist Church and at the same time none whose doctrines are so imperfectly known. His most famous disciples, both in England and in France, almost immediately wrested his theories from their original meaning, which goes far in explaining the neglect into which some of his works have fallen—for instance, the early *opuscules*. M. Lévy-Bruhl very properly applies to the study of such a thinker the so-called "historical method." His object is to throw out in bold relief the origin and the unity of Comte's system, and he gives a striking picture of a mind arriving almost at once to the main conclusions, the dissemination of which constitutes the work of a lifetime.

According to M. Lévy-Bruhl, Comtism is the necessary outcome of the French Revolution. The ideal of the eighteenth century, a negative one, inasmuch as it strove to overthrow existing beliefs and institutions, culminated in the wave of fanatical destruction that swept away old France. Comte opposed to it an ideal closely resembling that attained by the mediæval teachers. His was the task of "reorganizing destroyed beliefs." This system falls into two separate parts.

social dynamics. On this basis the apostle that lurk temperament endeavoured to rear a structure compared with that of a Gothic monastery, the man is the philosopher himself. There was in Comte a bias towards over-regulation. Napoleon would have been a good prefect in him. We need not dwell on Comte's genius in this second part of his career. As a teacher he is followed only by a small and to disciples, at least in the old world.

There is between M. Alengry's work and that of Bruhl a curious contrast. The latter insists on Comte's life, the former lays stress on the break which came after the famous meeting with Madame de Vauvenargues was fifty at the time. He had up to then no reason in his scheme of reorganization. Suddenly he had to tread on unknown ground. The hidden regions of his mind unfolded themselves before him and henceforward he was given to sentiment, and a sentiment that is not always to be called taste. Thanks to a woman—in his early days he had a principle the utter intellectual inferiority of women. He came back from the stage of Positivism to the stage of humanity called fetishism. We find him also trifles to which are attached souvenirs of his "Church of Humanity." The religious observances of the Positivist Church resemble a compromise between the ceremonies of the Catholic Church and a familiar fetishism. It is to be remembered that M. Alengry, while studying sociology in Comte's school, deemed it advisable to include in his work the funeral of the Positivist Church since Comte. What Comte is to be the founder of a religion—a need for religion to his early studies of philosophy—as M. Alengry will have it, or whether his teaching represented the outcome of a sentimental adventure, and even if we believe M. Alengry, a rousing of the tender passions. The element of mystic ideal arose merely from Comte. In any case the organization of a new Church of humanity must be the test of the value of his theories. Comte's discovery of the law that the individual man is to society what the cell is to the body frame consigns to decent oblivion the social contract which Rousseau from a mere judicial fiction, a historical fact. Another title of honour is conceded to Comte is based on the impulse that led to his historical studies. In making history the basis of sociology and the study of man the object of history, he has a vein rich in ore. What is Taine's "Origines de la littérature contemporaine" but an unexpected development of Taine made biological law the mainspring of his history. Of course Comte did not foresee all this. It is excellently stated by M. Alengry as "an effort of political science by founding it on the general laws of humanity."

One point is overlooked both by M. Lévy-Bruhl and M. Alengry. Montesquieu, Condorcet, the French Revolution, not account entirely for Positivism. Romanticism is responsible both for the classification of sciences and for the positivist calendar. As M. Lévy-Bruhl says, philosophy, Comte, was an individual and abstract science, concrete and social science. Instead of considering the general, he studied the several transformations of the course of centuries. Now this idea is the grandchild of Romanticism. In the eighteenth century a member of a polite society was the sole object of the *littérature*, as well as of the philosophers. The

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LITERATURE.

volution, so Positivism seems, at times, a reactionary movement. The grain of catholic, counter-revolutionary spirit in Comte is probably the cause of the dislike entertained towards Comtism by most liberal minds. His city of the future was after all only a generous scheme of tyranny.

Many such reflections will be suggested to the reader by these two works. M. Lévy-Bruhl's is the more admirable, because the more lucid. It is a masterpiece of clear and methodical exposition. A professor alone, loving philosophy, could have clothed philosophy in so attractive a dress.

In Dr. Ingram's book we are not concerned with the historical development of Comtism. The philosopher appears here solely in his pontifical character as head of the Positivist Church. Just as the young ladies who subscribe to monthly magazines are advised how to bring this too bashful young man to the scratch, and how to send that too audacious young man about his business, so, it appears, the rising young Positivists of the fifties used to open their hearts to the inventor of Positivism and consult him about the choice of a profession and a wife. In this little book, therefore, we see the Pontiff sitting, so to say, "Over the Tenebris," receiving confidences and dispensing counsel. As regards the choice of a profession there is little to be said, as Comte seems to have wanted all his followers to be doctors. His views about matrimony are more interesting. "I believe, as you do," he writes to Mr. John Metcalfe, "that a worthy marriage is indispensable for you to render your moral culture more determinate, and even to give more steadiness to your social progress—both political and industrial." It is a delightful picture this of passionate youth repairing to the altar for the high purpose of rendering moral culture more determinate; but it transpires that the ideal is less easy of realization than it looks, for we read:—

Whilst recommending to you a condition of happiness and improvement to which you appear to me spontaneously inclined, I cannot too seriously warn you to proceed with great circumspection in the principal event of private life; gloomy and painful as celibacy is, a bad marriage is much worse.

What is the nature of the danger? That also is explained:—

A recent incident in our body shows how dangerous it is to form a connexion by marriage with a family incurably revolutionary. . . . Under the influence of a father, stupidly devoted to the doctrines of the school of Rousseau, the bride thinks and says that human life has no need of being systematically regulated.

The conclusion is that "many worthy Positivists will probably be forced to abide by celibacy, notwithstanding its sacrifices and its dangers."

ACTA SANCTORUM.

St. Gilbert of Sempringham.

ST. GILBERT OF SEMPRINGHAM AND THE GILBERTINES. By ROSE GRAHAM. (Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.)

St. Gilbert of Sempringham is famed as the founder of the only monastic order of English origin. He was born about 1089 at Sempringham, on the border of the Lincolnshire fens. Young Gilbert was presented by his father, who was a considerable landowner, to the livings of Sempringham and West Torrington. The fame of his devotion to his parishioners came to the ears of Bishop Becket of Lincoln, who attracted him to his

with secular women. This led to the serving maids lay sisters under a rule and dress of their own. The community attracted a good deal of attention, Gilbert's feudal lord granted him land at Sempringham to build a priory. Soon other lands were offered where, and ten other monasteries, chiefly in Lincolnshire, like plan were built by him in the course of the next thirty years. Gilbert, shrinking from the responsibilities he had resolved to ask the Cistercians to take charge of his communities. For this purpose he visited Cîteaux in 1132, was allowed to state his case to the General Chapter, the abbots declined to accede to his request, his journey a momentous one; for at Cîteaux he formed a close friendship with that great man Bernard of Clairvaux, with whom for some time on the dispersion of the General Chapter in conjunction with Bernard, Gilbert drew up the institute of the Order of Sempringham, which the Pope insisted on being put into his charge.

By the remarkable scheme then adopted, canonesses were appointed to live side by side with nuns, to act as chaplains, and to administer the outside and financial management of the house. In the main the nuns, who were strictly followed the Cistercian rule, whilst the canonesses approached that of St. Austin. Several, however, of the Sempringham canonesses correspond to those of the Premonstratensian Order, thorough and somewhat complicated arrangements for the two sexes apart were of necessity original.

Miss Graham gives a fairly good summary of the life of St. Gilbert, though she has omitted certain incidents, such as his connexion with the saintly Bishop of Lincoln. The curious Sempringham rule was given in the original *Monasticon* of Dugdale, and has been reprinted in the modern extended edition. Hitherto, however, there has been no translation or analysis of the Gilbertine statutes. In this volume they are given in an abbreviated and simplified form with certain important omissions and some mistakes. The nuns and the canonesses had entirely separate cloisters and a common church. The church was divided lengthwise by a partitioned wall which was arched at the top, so that the nuns hearing the canonesses' daily high mass, and of hearing the same sermon on certain festivals and other occasions. On the days of a general procession of the whole house the mass was made round the nuns' cloister as the more convenient. Curtains were hung around the colonnades on all four sides, other hangings suspended at the four angles, through which the procession had to pass. By these means a common chanting the litany, could be made, without the one interfering with the other. The main part of the cooking and washing was done by the nuns; but all communication with the canonesses had to be strictly confined to the *fenestras* or window-houses, where a turn of the wheel arranged of strictly defined proportions. To this approach on each side by a long passage, admission was restricted to certain of the older nuns and canonesses. The rules that we fail to find mentioned in this book are curious one on the provision of beer. It is therein stated that if the nuns, having no beer, are obliged to drink water just that the masters of the house, who provide the support, share in their deprivation. Whenever the nuns, through negligence or carelessness of the proctors, have to drink water, four proctors are to associate themselves with them in the drinking, even if on a journey, as short from the

letters from the incumbents of the different parishes. It is a great pity that this book was published before each site had been critically investigated by some competent archaeologist. The peculiarly interesting results of the excavations on the site of Watton Priory, recently undertaken for the East Biding Antiquarian Society by Mr. St. John Hope and the Rev. Dr. Cox, whet our appetite for the further examination of Gilbertine houses.

The Saints in Art.

Mrs. Arthur Bell's aim in the *SAINTS IN CHRISTIAN ART* (Bell, 11s. 6s.) is a good one—to focus the work of the numerous workers in the same field by gathering together, in an accessible form, the known facts and the legends about early Saints, and the results of the most recent researches into symbolism, with an account of the treatment of the Saints by artists. She starts with a full account of the Apostles (it is odd, by the way, that she omits the Cerinthus story under John the Evangelist) and confines herself to the first three centuries. Looking to the object of the book, we cannot but think that its value would have been much increased by a considerably larger selection of pictures so that the student would have a better opportunity of comparing the treatment of the Saints by different artists and different schools. The pictures given are chiefly Italian; there is one Rembrandt, two Meadlins, and four English pictures. Mrs. Bell has gathered a great amount of information which she puts well together, and she has studied the most recent authorities. It is at least curious that her only reference, apparently, to Clement of Alexandria is in the index, where the life of *Clement Romanus* is indexed under *Clemens Alexandrinus*.

Lives of the Saints.

It seems to be the privilege of sinners to have adequate biographers. The saints suffer from their friends, who, lacking the humanity which is a characteristic of every great Christian, have a terrible habit of remembering eccentric fables and forgetting essential facts. St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Catherine of Siena, for instance, are great characters and have no mean place in the world's history, but the author of the "Short Lives" gives us no impression of their position in theology and literature, while she tells us of St. Catherine that Christ "descended to her the mysterious favour of the exchange of hearts and the impression of the sacred stigmata, and of St. Thomas that "the words Ave Maria were the first which his lips then were heard to utter." The very first page of the book relates of Blessed Gonsalvo of Amarantia that at his baptism "the bystanders observed that the infant fixed his eyes on the crucifix with a look of extraordinary love." Yet what a chance does such a volume offer! What a fascinating and edifying collection of stories might have been made of the Dominican Saints! Hagiology ought to be so interesting that we feel a constant disappointment at finding it so dull. Father Prester promises us "an album of Dominican pictures," "Word-painted and not limned in crayon or oil, they are drawn with a graphic pen and not painted with an artist's brush." Fortunately the author's style is simpler than her editor's, but it is just the "graphic pen" that we miss.

As for St. Jerome, as he is presented to us by Father Largent, he certainly needs the apology which Father Tyrrell provides by way of preface. Yet, when we emerge from the dreary pages of his biography, our memory goes back to many an old picture (not "word-painted"), and we wonder whether the popular mind had not seized a truer conception of the Saint. The

character into too high relief. Father Largent the credulity of the Dominican Sister, and Jerome's lion with some contempt. Yet surely stood for something, and was an attempt to humanise the learned disputant's character. Unfortunately that some saints should have for meaningless stories of infantile piety, while and deprived of the legend which found for him a place of mankind. But such is the common lot of saint

Two other volumes in the same series are by Nicholas I." is a valuable contribution to it. E testaments will no doubt quarrel with some of Mr. Roy as when he tells us that the conception of the Papacy of priesthood, of doctrinal authority of royalty," was carried to its highest point, was in fact "John Christ himself and is no doubt a fundamental rebuilt His Church." We have here a graphic of the most remarkable pontifices in the history. The reign of Nicholas I. ushers in the first great revolt of the Curia against the secular power and attempt to assert the spiritual independence of a papal authority. Imperialism having failed to of the Christian world, it was a grand conception Nicholas to bring it about on the basis of the make the Rome of St. Peter the centre of a unity. To this end the autocratic pontiff spared shrank from no sacrifice. The very stars in the in his favour, both in Italy against John of Rava against Hincmar. He did not live to enjoy th his ideas, but he had laid the foundations of took many centuries to weaken. The most in Mr. Roy's book is the chapter in which he deals use made by Nicholas of the pseudo-Isidorian De

When one has said that "Saint Domin from the Roman Catholic point of view, one has that it is necessary to say. Miraculous stories w events, do not seem conspicuously credible a respect, and without much regard to the laws o the persecution of the Albigenses is justified on "the triumph of Albigensianism would have r Christianity, of which it constituted the ra Readers who are not Roman Catholic will i premiss nor allow that the conclusion follows syllogism depends, of course, upon a "suppresso is suppressed because it is shocking to modern book is learned, though illogical; and we cannot it is the fault of the writer or the translator tha

St. Francis has been fortunate in his biog because he was so intensely human, in fact so t that mankind has easily grasped his characteri has received the further tribute of finding a bri In a Protestant, M. Paul Sabatier, who com enthusiasm with literary skill, and is a historic t rank. Mr. Adderley has set himself t English the results of M. Sabatier's researche so in simple fashion but with a sympathy Francis very near to our times. An A mission, Mr. Adderley believes in the need brotherhood that shall be of the people as th was, and he sees in the humble poor man of Ass that are needed for the restoration of religion m masses. It is significant, as he points out, that of the Salvation Army is a biography of St. Fran

DRAMA.

KIARTAN THE ICELANDER, by Newman Howard (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.), is a play which no one interested in the modern "literary drama" should overlook. The writer has chosen for his background the wild and romantic scenery of Iceland and the hall of the Norse Chieftain, for his period the age at which paganism clashed with Christianity—a Christianity wielding the sword of division which its Founder foretold, and working in a spirit of subtlety and intrigue little in accordance with its Founder's spirit. It is mainly, in fact, on this that the story hinges, ending on a note of fragile sorrow with the death of Kiartan at the hands of his friend, who had connived at the deception of Gudrun, the maiden to whom he was betrothed. The merit of the play lies not so much in the delineation of character—it is a little over-laid with characters not always strongly defined—but in its construction and its virile diction, a diction not smooth and classical, but full of Elizabethan reality and vigour, rising into fine poetry in the mouth of the chorus-like blind Skald, Idol.

Very prettily got up is **APHRODITE AGAINST ARTEMIS** (Unicorn Press, 2s. 6d. n.), a little play on the Greek model by Mr. J. Sturge Moore, whose poems "The Vine-Dresser" showed him to possess a gift of distinction rare among minor poets. There is real talent and individuality of expression in this little drama, dealing with the love of Phaedra for her stepson Hippolytus. Mr. Moore takes an essentially modern view of the young wife of Theseus—she might almost be the childishly inconsequent heroine of a modern novel. This is how she narrates to Hippolytus the story of Ariadne's desertion:—

PHAEDRA. I care not. On the ship I sailed with them :
My sister was the yielding-natured sort,
Taking me when I begged agog to see
The world. I caught small fish and fed the gulls,
Flinging them silver shining through the air ;
The greedy birds swung strident down and gulped
Them ere they fell. Still Ariadne smiled
Leaning on Theseus' shoulder, though his eyes
Never sought hers but followed me about,
As I would chalk white dolphins on the sail,
Till all the rowers laughed and called me queen.

HIPPOLYTUS. Ha !

PHAEDRA. He kissed me once while Ariadne slept.
How proud I was !—unkind to her as well,
Making my power over him appear. . . .
He left her on that isle, thou knowest which,
And claimed my love ; I was afraid of him,
But pleased to be a queen ; and, as for love,
I never dreamed of such a thing as love.
Till I saw thee. . . .

There is something divertingly original in rendering so modern a spirit into the heroine of a Greek myth. Yet Mr. Sturge Moore has caught much of the true classic spirit. He handles his blank verse decidedly well, with dignity and variety, and there is plenty of fire in what may be termed the choric ode at the end, although no chorus figures in the list of *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Moore has a touch of true poetry in him, and if on one occasion he chooses to rhyme "dawn" with "mourn"—well! better-known poets have erred in his company. "Aphrodite against Artemis" is a considerable achievement, and augurs well for Mr. Moore's poetical future.

Intellectual. The central motive of *King Lear* is not that of Gloucester, but Gloucester may perhaps be likened to a version of *Lear*, in which the suffering of Gloucester was culminating point of the tragedy. The physical "beautiful hands" of Sylvia, in trying to save a sick husband's creation from destruction by his mistress, is painful rather than purely pathetic. Seriously dramatist would have ventured from that point upon ending than a definite reconciliation between husband and wife, but D'Annunzio's pessimism is of a harder mould, and involuntary sacrifice is proved useless by her husband's desertion of her for Gloriosa. The book is written in an easy style, with many passages of beauty ; but at the close behind it a sense of dissatisfaction and must be regarded as an attempt rather than an achievement.

Björnson's play **LABOREMUS** (Chapman, 3s. 6d.) is of antithesis to Ibsen's last work, "When We Dead Awaken." The latter depicts work shattered by love ; the former work the redemption of the lover. Longfried Kann, a composer, is not redeemed when the curtain falls. In indignation of Dr. Kann, his uncle, he is going to seek redemption by grinding to paint his recent experience into a celebrated lady pianist, and so obtain colour for his new work. Lydia, the lady pianist, is introduced to us in the first act, a German hotel, as the one-day old wife of an elderly gentleman named Wisby. The marriage is already over, for that very night the old gentleman has died, and his wife in a dream, and the vision has pronounced these words, "She whom you left just now has taken her life." In point of fact, Lydia had been engaged to another man, Mrs. Wisby by her playing, and, instead of doing so, she succeeded in playing her to death. No one who has been next door to a professional pianist will doubt the possibility of this, but it is a new *motif* in fiction. The crime is undetected, and Lydia stepped into Mrs. Wisby's shoes as a murdered lady, with the strange impracticality of a woman makes no sign until it is a few hours too late for a husband to be of use, and the information which she now gives cannot save him, but only serves to cast him into a condition of the blackest despair. This renders him a dull companion for the young and lively Lydia, and we find her in Act II. turning her attention to Longfried Kann, a fellow composer staying at the same hotel. She has become the inspiration of his opera *Undine*, and, while they discuss the work, Wisby sits alone bewailing his mad infatuation. To his old friend, Dr. Kann, Longfried's uncle, and he brings him Wisby's daughter Borgny, a young lady who, at "seventeen years three months and five days," never has already seen life in America, and displays an amount of aplomb and worldly wisdom for her youth. Kann set themselves the congenial task in Act III. of casting Wisby from the fetters of his second marriage, and of driving the wretched little adventuress, as Lydia is called, with hisses from the scene. Björnson never publishes anything without a good sound moral attached, and the moral here is so obvious and so trite that one would have found the courage to write a whole play in order to state it. The first performance of *Laboremus* took place in Copenhagen last May. There is a very good portrait of the author in the piece to the book.

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT ON THE LINES OF MODERN EVOLUTION (Langmuir, 11s.) contains much that is interesting and instructive. The volume appears at a wide interval after the first, and before the second, which falling eyesight compels the author to postpone. It suffers somewhat from the inappropriateness of the title, for its connexion with intellectual development is very slight. It really aims at giving advice to practical statesmen in England, France, and America for the reform of their national institutions and character. In the execution of this ambitious plan Mr. Crozier has won a very fair measure of success. He has a good deal of first-hand knowledge of England and America and has used it acutely, while his generalizations are ingenious and sweeping. Many of them, indeed, seem to us remarkably flimsy, but sometimes they are true and usually they are interesting. Literary style is not Mr. Crozier's strong point. Still his style is perfectly intelligible and not so dull as one might expect, considering its monstrous verbosity. The section which will attract most notice is that on America; those who read it will wait with curiosity to see if President Roosevelt, who has a unique opportunity before him, will adopt any of Mr. Crozier's counsel.

The evils of American political life, which are held to be superficial, he traces first to the want of publicity and rational system in the elections to Congress and to local offices; and, secondly, to the clap-trap doctrine of abstract equality which forces the franchise upon voters who are totally unworthy of it. His remedies for the first are excellent—more publicity with greater stability and dignity in the minor offices; President Roosevelt could not do better than adopt them. The remedy for the second evil is peculiar and leads us to notice a very strange feature in Mr. Crozier's doctrine. He holds that to do away with the mischievous clap-trap of abstract equality America must give up the rights-of-man gospel of Rousseau and Jefferson and adopt in its stead the Evolution of Civilization as the "National Bible." Very good, we reply, but in what volume is the new Scripture to be found written? Mr. Crozier speaks strongly of the inadequacy of all extant history books and thus points us to an unmistakable inference. It is his own "History of Intellectual Development" which, when completed, is to become, in his own phrase, the "Bible of the Nations"—that is, the canon of national institutions and basis of European education. To impose this new Sacred Book upon the American people is an enterprise to tax the powers of the most innovating of Presidents; and Mr. Roosevelt (or Don Quixote) might well be excused if he declared the task too hard for him.

Ost Friesland.

FROM SQUARE TO PRINCE, by Walter Phelps Dodge (Unwin, 10s. 6d.), is the fanciful title of a book about a little known German district, its sub-title being "The Rise of the House of Aiksem." We can certainly say that the subject was well worth undertaking; but equally are we certain that it was worth better treatment. The history of Ost-Friesland has never been written in English. It has a romance of its own, and yet it is also thoroughly characteristic, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, of familiar features of German life. At many points it seems to crave the touch of Meinhold or Goethe. Mr. Dodge would claim no such powers; but still he could surely have taken more pains. As it is he has given us an involved and scanty summary, in which facts are thrown about at haphazard, authorities are used in very unscholarly fashion, and very little information is in the end conveyed to the reader. From the town hall at Aurich and from the collection of Mr. John Chester Eno, of Connecticut, some excellent illustrations of portraits and coins are given; but we learn practically nothing about the originals. Is it possible that some association is claimed with the Counts Euno by Mr. Eno of Connecticut? Grote's *stemmata* illustrating the history are conveyed by the author, with acknowledgment, in his book; but they only serve to whet our appetite. The great Kaunitz appears in the pedigree. What an association! What an opportunity! But there

mistaken nor states uncritically what he believes. It is true from the false in the miraculous parts of his career, and, as regards Christian miracles, is content to point out weakness as a basis of proof, without either denying or decrying the Founder of the religion. It is a brief sketch of the life, travels, and work of the great Greek antiquities (as, for instance, Trophonius and Iphigeneia). Mr. Mead is not deeply read; his scholarship is not for he writes *ipyges* (p. 81) for *lyges*; but he uses his knowledge with care and judgment, and gives exact references. Suggestions are made in the book. The Gymnosophist pretis metaphorically, on a hint from one of them who resigned my patrimony, and naked I sought the naked truth. He regards as a corruption of Arhat, which is quite Parava of Bharata, also possible in view of the common pronunciation of μ and π . The style is lucid and terse in a translation from the Greek *Life*, which is just consisting of scraps of lamble verse written as prose containing the tiresome split infinitive, "no more to be before." We regret to see Mr. Evans' labyrinth error here; it spreads like tarax.

Calus.

CALUS COLLEGE (Robinson, 5s. n.) by Dr. John Veitch of the College, is added to the series of College Histories. It is nothing dishonouring about the author's manner. It is a fault that the history of the College he writes a picturesque; he makes it as picturesque as he can. Remarks on the haphazard University ways of the century are strong and graphic, and show that what Calus College, about Magdalen, Oxford, might have been said, with equal truth at the same period of Calus, Cambridge. "No place was recommended for my use," says Gibbon, "and at precious season of youth whole days and weeks were to elapse without labour or amusement, without account." Compare the ease of Francis Blount, the historian.

At any well-conducted college of recent years energetic tutors who had secured such a student would have coerced him into a tripe. As it was, he has been left entirely to himself, and to have spent a term in his first term in transcribing MSS. in our libraries in noting and copying inscriptions in all the villages, and in like desultory work.

Another graphic picture of this period is as follows:—

The Georgian student has, indeed, one merit which should not be overlooked. He dressed for his college dinner. Those days dinner was early—probably about one. Etiquette rigidly demanded that for this he should have a hair, and should wear silk stockings and pumps. The barber accordingly became an important person, at daily visits to his employers. . . . In 1738 it passed that the barber should not come into the college upon Sundays.

On the whole, Calus College hardly seems to have had a fair share of illustrious alumni. Perhaps some may say that Dr. Veitch might have made his list longer by including of Mr. Max Pemberton.

Colonel Biddulph's memoir of GENERAL STRUNGER (Murray, 5s. n.) describes him truly enough as the faithful Indian army. He was in command of the forces of the India Company when that company thought only of trade, hardly alive to the much greater possibilities of the East. He may not have been a genius Macaulay, indeed, but he had no more than common sense but he rendered services at a critical time, and brought the home Government to recognize the importance of our interests in India, though he was eclipsed by his brilliant subordinate, Clive, he was one of the makers of British India. A

ethical development of female student life. Among the volumes of short tales and sketches we note with pleasure "Syyslehtiä" (Autumn Leaves), by Pärsti Pälvirinta, a famous narrator of old standing, who has long been silent; "Tienhaarassa" (At the Parting of the Way), eighteen short tales by Santteri Alkio, bearing on moral questions of the present day; and "Kovään ajoilta" (From the Times of Spring), a set of captivating stories, by Samuli Suomalainen. Vilho Andelin, in his "Tyynen meren rannikoilta" (From the Shores of the Pacific), gives sketches of Finnish life in North America, vividly drawn, if somewhat hastily filled in. Johan Henrik Erkkö, the best known living poet of Finland, has, in his "Pimeän tullen" (The Approaching Gloom), brought out a collection of pieces, in poetry and prose, and some of the verses are in his best style, although of a rather mournful cast.

Of the many volumes of poems we can especially notice only "Lauluja ja runokirjia" (Songs and Poems), by Ilmari Calamnius, short lyrics and patriotic songs written in a popular and pleasing manner; "Hiihtäjän versit" (Songs of a Snowshoe Runner), by Eino Leino, poetical effusions evincing much depth of feeling, arranged in groups according to their subject, and concluding with a few love-sonnets; also "Primoletta," by Hilja Liinamaa, a bouquet of "Primroses" as the poetess calls them, "for village youths and maidens." The poet Leino has also published two dramas, *i.e.*, "Johan Wilhelm," in three acts, and "Sota Valosta" (The Contest for Light), in five acts. The latter play takes its subject from the Kalevala. Kaarle Halme's "Purjemoona" (At Purimol), a drama in five acts, presents a curious but exaggerated picture of Finnish provincial life.

We cannot omit to notice the "Dictionnaire Finno-Français," by E. S. Yrjö-Koskunen, lately published under the auspices of the Finnish Literary Society. It will be most useful to foreign students of the Finnish language. The society is continuing its series of translations, by Cajander, of Shakespeare's dramas, *Timon of Athens* having been added to the repertory in 1900, and *Cymbeline* and *King John* in the present year. These versions in Finnish are very faithful and show much elegance of style.

FICTION.

The Irish Peasant.

The quaint charm of the Irish peasantry is not easily reproduced in words. Thanks to her keen perception of the varying moods of the Celtic temperament, Miss Grace Rhys essays the task with no little success in *The Winding of Shelia* (Melboon, Ga.). The title suggests the nature of the story, which contains several scenes of distinct dramatic power. Shelia herself is a child of nature, the embodiment of grace and winsomeness, and effectively contrasted with her rugged and masterful lover. Here we have for once a picture of the Irish peasant free from exaggeration. But the feature of the book is undoubtedly the character-study of Jack-a-Dandy, a half-witted village Mercury, whose folly masks his goodness of heart. Miss Rhys severely resists one temptation to which too many writers of Irish tales succumb, and does not "spatch-cock" into her narrative irrelevant anecdotes of more or less hoary antiquity. The tag from the "Agamemnon" which appropriately prefaces the story might as well be correctly quoted in later editions.

On a Desert Island.

AN EPISODE ON A DESERT ISLAND (John Murray, 3s. 6d.) is told in a series of letters, written in a style charmingly simple and dainty. Louise Mamsyn's idealism is counterbalanced by a keen sense of humour. She is twenty-eight and every one is expecting her to make "that suitable marriage for which the whole bringing-up of girls is the preparation." Cyril, with his "dear, stupid, ailing wife," Janette, the eldest sister, married to a widowed lord and determined that there shall be no old maid in the family, and various other persons, join in

shop-girl and the "gentleman," who, after a's his passion and better self, persuades the girl the first happy days, the gradual estrangement rupture of relations are familiar episodes of "Eva" of Mr. Will Payne. Puritan, practical and things, and a woman to the core—in her pur is a real heroine. Philip, too, appeals to us. There is a fine scene in which he becomes all ness and lack of moral refinement—defects app in the male sex—and his redemption comes to seriousness of the woman's generosity and un lesser characters, the Bohemian Mrs. Hollingshe supercilious Miss Worthington, and Sarah, w devotion to her friend, form a well-drawn pic grumble less at the "American Invasion" if it like the "Story of Eva."

Scotch Stories.

THE SKIPPER OF BAUSCHATO (Constable, of the sea, full of the tragedy of a man vocation. Lawrence Russell is a lad of a high temperament, with an artist's soul and a wh the sea. He is wedded to his violin, which in becomes the expression of his inmost soul. His old sea-dog with a contempt for land-lubbers and fiddlers. Fate is against the fisher lad; the the father carries the day. The pathos of the by Phloos, the philosopher, and his companion's natives of the "kailyard." Scotch humour Scotchmen. But even Southerners will derive Mr. Seton's whimsical humourists.

Mr. Duncan Macgregor's novel *LADY Gs.*) is of a character difficult to describe, and evidently the work of a highly religious person dowered with a sense of humour, and who doe the art of novel writing. It would be easy t but the book, with its curious picture of a se who lived in a Scotch village in early Vict any rate sincere, and readers who do not scriptural style may find interest in it.

Miss Helen Wallace must be a very Scotti GUNATIST OF TRIST (Hodder, 6s.) is taken up with the quarrel between the Established Kir the Secessionists of 1733. It is not a bad stor contain very much of the Jacobite rising (for w thankful), but it is cruelly overweighted with author relentlessly mangles the spelling of eve attempt to reproduce it. This rather derogat power which the book shows.

The spirit that breathed in those lines of R

The bridegroom may forget the brid

Was made his wedded wife yestre

The monarch may forget the crown

That on his head an hour has been

The mother may forget the child

That smiles so sweetly on her kn

But I'll remember thee, Glenenim,

And a' that thou hast done for m

is that which informs Allan M'Anlay's admir MARY (Fisher Unwin 6s.) and gives romance to elaborate detail. A Scottish laird lives with h at the "big house" of Ardwinnoch. They ha totally different character who sends them keg the Indies; and as a last gift, the prodigal's frie Mary, his natural child, whose black blood is faint and who is looked upon in the Scottish v legacy. But the history of little Mary and Hepburn is told with delightful sentiment, with simple joy which make such a book a valuable quiet class of literary novels.

Murho's only apparent excuse for writing *GRANDAMURCH* (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.) is some slight acquaintance with the West Coast of Scotland. The sayings and doings of a remarkably dull house-party are chronicleed with ludicrous fidelity. The characters are as numerous as they are tedious, and a favourable opportunity which a yacht accident gave of getting rid of a few of them has unfortunately been neglected. "A man always calls a girl little if he thinks she is scrumptious" is a fair specimen of the writer's wit and wisdom.

It must be difficult to devise a new variant of the stereotyped novel relating to the Forty-five, and the difficulty has hardly been surmounted by Mr. Thomas Pinkerton in *BLUE BOSSERS UP* (Long, 6s.). The best thing in it is its vein of humour, especially in the first half of the story. The plot is conventional, though one character, Miss Camilla Chisholm, has freshness and individuality.

THE EXTERMINATION OF LOVE (Blackwood, 6s.), by E. Gerard (Madame Emily de Laszowska), is an interesting and original novel. Dr. Eric Peterstorff, a young scientist, is horrified at the evil wrought by the "*Bacillus amoris*, the poisonous germ devouring the hearts of men and women." "No escape is possible—none—none—(ill science has found the antidote, the precious serum that is to kill and exterminate the *Bacillus amoris*." But Dr. Peterstorff finds it necessary that he should be married, and chance throws a delightful girl in his way. The rest of the story must be discovered by the reader, and we are sure he will be well entertained in the process.

IN THE TRIUMPH OF HILARY BLACHLAND (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) Mr. Bertram Mitford falls between two stools. The experiences of gold-prospectors in Matabeleland in the days of Lo Bengula and the battle scenes in the subsequent war are entertaining enough. But the love intrigues sandwiched between the adventures are vulgar and sordid, and mingle incongruously with the "simian clamour" of balloons and the roaring of many lions. Mrs. Hilary, who is the cause of much unpleasantness, is a person of "polyandrous experiences," and the real triumph of her husband consisted in getting rid of her.

ONE LIFE BETWEEN, by Alice Maud Meadows (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), is quite as interesting as many another story of a murder and its discovery. Its coincidences are indeed grotesque; its improbabilities purely farcical. But they are, nevertheless, utilized very ingeniously, and the love of Frank Atherley—who committed, but was not really guilty of, the murder—and his wife give a pleasant human touch to the tale. It certainly never flags; and there are thousands of readers who are content with a book of which so much may be said.

MARY ANNE OF PARCHMENT BUILDINGS, by Lucas Cleeve (Dilghy, Long, 6s.), has some striking improbabilities, but there is a good deal of human nature about it. Mary Anne is not always quite consistent. Sometimes in her conversation she forgets that she is an uneducated woman. But her mixture of surface vulgarity and innate refinement appeals strongly to the reader.

To the inconvenience of living in a flat should be added, as we learn from *A SET OF FLATS* (John Milne, 6s.), the possible unpleasantness of finding a corpse in the lift. Every occupant of the house is accused of the murder. And in the end, of course, the culprit is found in an apparently guileless individual whom no one had suspected. When we add that the criminal was a Pro-Boer his cup of iniquity is surely full to the brim. The story is wildly exciting.

"Mr. Blake of Newmarket" made a vast number of friends who are ready to welcome any sporting book from Mr. Edward H. Cooper, and so *A FOOT'S YARN* (Methuen, 6s.), with its owners and jockeys, its racehorses and tales of the Turf, is likely to be popular. One must possess at least a modified interest in racing matters to enjoy it; that granted, the book is entertaining enough.

Mr. Finch Mason always appeals to one as an all-round sportsman in art and letters. His collection of classic stories

dealer, carries off in true cubanero style. We hope out more satisfactory than did his attempt to grow trown. The interest of the story lies in its local author uses a background with which he is acquainted being the introduction of an occasional anachronism.

A villainous Italian count, a brave and chivalrous Englishman, with the customary allowance of lay and Italian, make up *A BLACK VINTAGE*, by Mr. (Dilghy, Long, 6s.). The author is untrammelled by bonds of probability. His Count (Campanella) is a choleric who puts interfering fools out of his way in melodramatic fashion. Any relations who possess shut up until they are old enough to sign away their or else they meet sudden and mysterious ends. Gilles on the other hand, is a modest fellow of infinite worth (Italian) dies in saving his life from Campanella (English) marries him. It is all as it should be, and an interesting and ingeniously-constructed tale, of society order, told with many gorgeous passages of writing.

There is a love affair in Mr. J. M. Mowbray's *JOURNEY TO NATURE* (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.) which may be claiming it as Fiction. It purports to be the nine months' holiday in a country retreat, taken by a street operator who has been living too hard. The deal of clever writing in the book, and the doctor (who runs down on a visit to his patient) is a decided in his way. Mr. Mowbray is fond of introducing lectures on the subject of Love and Life and other subjects not forgetting Natural History—but his book is contains many shrewd reflections, sometimes happily. "A Journey to Nature" is handsomely bound and it is not quite easy to see why it should be priced so

RETRIBUTION, by Herbert Flowerden (Constable) in a cowhouse with a bout of fistfights. The combats of the squire and a local farmer, and the spiced contest are their admiring sisters. The rivalry thus the keynote of the story. The cowhouse was no excuse for it stimulated the young farmer's imagination purpose that, seven years afterwards, he has become a novelist. The author tells his story easily and pleasantly. It is curious to notice how carefully he has eliminated of culture or distinction from the conversation of characters. This is surely realism with a vengeance. marriage, one Derring, "poet and maker of plots" "pray for no better fate than to find my ideal in a to my music." Judging from the evidence before that the woman would be fortunate. The tale will with those who take their fiction seriously, for the excuse for a smile in the whole book.

A CHILD OF ART, by Annabel Gray (Simpkin, 3s. 6d.), has on its title-page an imposing row of words to us. Otherwise we should have taken it to be by a writer. The profoundly cynical generalities, the descriptions, the incoherence of the style, the gyrations of the swarming ideas that tumble over one another, the bewilderment of the reader, all suggest youth and inexperience. The "Child of Art" is a model—a "divine work inspired hand." But it is more the affairs of life in which the book is concerned. These are too long descriptions. The author writes like this: "Hidden consumption, for instance, or cancer poisoning beauty are of far less importance to society than the manner in which she makes and the way her smart frocks and coats are made is occasionally an idea in the whirl of words, but should cultivate a saner style.

MANASSEH (Macqueen, 6s.) does not exactly profess to be a translation of Dr. Mannus Jokai's book, of which the title is "Egy az Isten," i.e., "One is the Lord"—the Unitarians of Transylvania. It is "a retelling of a Hungarian" by Mr. P. F. Bicknell, who has found

troubadours, of the machinations of the wicked and the devotion of the good, of besieged castles and the clash of arms. The author has been at extraordinary pains to realize the atmosphere of France in the thirteenth century, and she may be congratulated on her success. One hardly knows which of the principal characters to prefer, the most famous Loba herself, of surpassing beauty of feature and of character, Raimon Taillefer, Viscount of Béziers, her long undeclared lover, Peire Vidal, the gay minstrel and apt improvisatore, or Barrai de Peyrars, the courtly knight who surrendered his abbacy because he would not see his ancient faith betrayed. It is all remarkably well done, both as to the quaintly appropriate archaic diction and the realization of the characters and the times.

Among the books held over from the autumn by Mr. John Lane is the translation of "The Rubáiyát of Umar Khayyám" from the French of J. B. Nicolas. The translation has been done by Frederick Baron Corvo, and the volume, with the reprint of the French text as well as the English version, is developing into a more elaborate work than was originally intended. Mr. Lane has also postponed "The Love Poems of W. S. Blunt," and of Herrick in "The Lover's Library" until the more appropriate season of the spring. The latest announcement in the way of anthologies is a volume of poems on Friendship, collected by Mr. Edward Carpenter and expected early in the new year; while "A Book of British Song for Home and School," edited by the Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire (Mr. Cecil R. Sharp), will be among the spring books published by Mr. Murray. Biography and autobiography will again play an important part in the spring publications. One of the most interesting of these will be Sir Henry Layard's autobiography from his childhood to his appointment as British Ambassador at Madrid, with additional chapters on his Parliamentary career by Sir Arthur Otway (Murray). Mr. H. St. Maur's "Annals of the Seymours" has been promised for the spring by Messrs. Kegan Paul—a volume giving the history of the Seymour family from its early days to the recent achievements of Admiral Seymour in China. The "Annals" will be in one volume, divided into three parts, each with a complete pedigree.

are to be applied to literary property at all, the rational mode of procedure would, it seems to me, when copyrights cease to be the property of the author, should become the property of the State; the distribution of this property should be undertaken by Government Departments—say, the Board of Licences to reprint should be granted to applicants who apply for them, subject to the payment of a fee to the Department. It is difficult to calculate what royalties could be made to yield; but the Shakespeare and Dickens royalties alone would be substantial. Daniel Defoe, Fielding, Thackeray, Kingsley, Macaulay, Carlyle would swell the total appreciably. The money might be earmarked for expenditure in the interest of literature. It might, for instance, be capitalized to form a fund. Or it might be devoted to the endowment of a library. Or it might be spent on the production of some works of reference which are so badly needed, and to repay the outlay involved in their publication already in operation to a certain extent at Oxford, profit made by printing Bibles and Testaments for the University Press for the loss incurred in printing Sanskrit Dictionaries. The thing might be done on a larger scale if the profits on other books which are now public property were devoted to public purposes. Then have an Imperial Gazetteer on the same plan as the "Dictionary of National Biography," and reprint important historical documents now kept in the Record Office and elsewhere, and do many other things which would open the difficult path of the student in all the various branches of learning. All this by the systematic use of a fund from which the nation now derives no advantage, considering.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully

Correspondence.

LAPSED COPYRIGHTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, You lately printed a list of editions of the works of Dickens that have lately been put upon the market, and a shorter, but considerable, list of recent editions of Scott's novels. It would be easy, if it were worth while, to make further lists of reprints of other non-copyright works from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" to Carlyle's "French Revolution." The prevalence of the reprints, whatever the exact number of them may be, proves that a literary property often continues to be valuable long after the death of its creator; and I contend that the way in which the law of England (to say nothing of the law of any other country) deals with that property is not only unjust but illogical. Copyright is the literary man's equivalent for what the tradesman calls a "going business"; and a going business in history or poetry or philosophy or romance has just as strong a moral claim to protection, irrespectively of the duration of its founder's life, as a going business in jams or pills. If the property of men of letters is to be confiscated at all, ought it not to be confiscated by the State in the interest of the community? What happens at present is that, after a certain term of years, every work of genius is taken away from

"'VARSITY JOURNALISM." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read with some interest an article in the subject of Oxford periodicals, written by some one not unconnected with the *'Varsity*. In themselves incorrect, I consider his remarks misleading, and as the editor of a "rival" paper, I am impelled to amplify them for the enlightenment, I trust, of your readers.

As the article in question suggests, the misfeature of the Oxford periodical is its mushroom-like, equally transient existence. It stays with us for a while, and then, like the "nightingale" that in the brain of the evanesces, "and whence, and whither flown again." Messrs. Burroughs and Doe may hold the ghost of the sorrowing public, unless a chance echo from the shire County Court arrives to enlighten them. In three years there have been published in Oxford periodicals (and perhaps others) besides the *Oxford Review*, *The X Rays*, which, having been reduced from threepence, finally collapsed after a chequered existence of two years. The *Quad* was a rather terminal magazine containing purely literary matter for a shilling. It started life in a very bilious yellow, and it is to be regretted that it collapsed (after three

extinct. Their speedy downfall is regrettable, but most natural. Enterprises of this kind need capital, which undergraduates (and particularly literary undergraduates) do not usually possess. Initial outlay is necessary and one whose stay in Oxford lasts three or four years only is little likely to reap much return. And even if some misguided but wealthy devotee of the muses does elect to embark on an undertaking of this kind, it is more than likely that none will be found to follow in his rather expensive wake.

To return from the noble dead to the more permanent living. The *Broad*, a fortnightly, which has already achieved two numbers, no doubt still claims to be extant. Of the *Varsity* your correspondent has already told you a great deal. It has been going now for about a year and a half, and still appears to be in a highly-flourishing condition. Whether it will long outlive its present able staff is a doubtful question. Its excellence persuades one to hope that it will.

And now I come (like Mr. Henley) to my grievance. Your informant does not mention the *Isis*. The *Isis* has always been run on a different footing from other Oxford journals and for that reason I have reserved an exposition of its charms to the last. The *Isis* is the property of Messrs. Alden and Co., the well-known Oxford printers and stationers, and is edited by a paid editor and staff of undergraduates. Its stability being thus assured (it has now been running for about ten years), it very naturally has always had by far the largest circulation of any *Varsity* paper, and has also been able to secure the best available contributions. It has, of course, had periods of decrepitude, but owing to its ever-changing personnel these periods have been few and far between. It very naturally serves as a model on which most new undertakings of a similar nature are based. The *Isis* numbers among its contributors some well-known names, including Mostyn Pigott, its revered founder, R. C. Lehmann, Max Beerbohm, A. E. W. Mason, Paul Rubens, C. B. Fry, H. B. Irving, and many others. Without further detailing the manifold beauties of the *Isis* I will conclude by repeating that I send you these facts because I think your correspondent, by a skilful sin of omission, has denied the *Isis* that proud position of pre-eminence which it undoubtedly holds.

I am yours very sincerely,

CYRIL H. BRETHERTON

12, Paragon, Blackheath.

(Editor of the *Isis*).

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A considerable portion of Mr. Roberts' letter seems to fall under the category of personal recrimination, and so hardly calls for comment. I will, however, avail myself of your courtesy in allowing me to reply. Mr. Roberts suspects that I know nothing of *Varsity* journalism, and is certain that I have no critical faculty. Whether the latter statement is true or not is hardly my business to discuss, but the former suspicion is incorrect. The details which Mr. Roberts gives of the changes in the editorial staff of the *X* seem to me simply to confirm my statement that the paper passed through many vicissitudes. As to my "charge of aesthetism" brought against the *Quad*, I may assure Mr. Roberts that the term was not used as one of abuse. For much that appeared in the *Quad* even my critical faculty was thankful, and I condole in its "untimely and accidental end," thanking Mr. Roberts for his pleasing euphemism.

Finally, I should like to express my regret that any "amazing

members of the society and forward their contributions" to Mr. Turner. The *Quad*, I am sure, the help promoted by the society would be greatly encouraged. A volume, now in the press, will be *Summa Maritima* (1580-1642) for the Archdeaconry of London.

Your obedient servant,

E. H. W.

The Heath, Fairlight, Hastings, Dec. 21.

THE MICROCOSM, MAN, IN SHAKESPEARE. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, The word "microcosm" is, as denoting man, familiar. But, in Shakespeare's time, under the influence of Paracelsus (circa 1493-1541) had exerted, the word not only to have attained a good deal of currency, but have been employed concerning man with a literally a first view, may seem surprising. The word itself once in Shakespeare. Menenius in *Coriolanus* (ii. 1) says, "If you see this in the map of my microcosm that I am known well enough too?" Here "microcosm" Menenius' body, and, as appears from the context, an expression very worthy of note—signifies characteristics, the body having a map on it analogous found on a terrestrial globe. But here the face now particularly intended.

We may again see the microcosmic map in the be pointed out on Nell's body, *Comedy of Errors* (ii. 117 *scqq.*). She is "spherical, like a globe." The "microcosm," the "little world," may be regarded lying the mention of the "globe." A similar remark made with regard to Falstaff, whom Prince Hal calls of sinful continents " (*2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4, l. 300).

There is another curious place which is well worth noting. King Richard, hearing that his cause is lost Bolingbroke is triumphant, says:—

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills,
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's;
And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
(*King Richard II.*, iii. 2, ll. 1-6)

I wish to call particular attention to the last two the commentators, so far as I know, have altogether explain. The "small model" has been thought to be but this would scarcely suit the fact that it is some the King can call "our own." According to the does not possess even one "little, little obscure" may have to lie "in the King's highway." More argument were waived, does it seem at all conceivable grave can be a "model of the earth"? But what chief importance is that the "small model of the ba which the King can call "our own," as he can the "death," manifestly answers to "our deposed bodies" mentioned—something still owned, and which can be. We thus come to the conclusion that the "small barren earth" denotes the softer parts of the body cosm, which serve as "paste and cover to our bones." "the barren earth"? Probably, because, in accordance what precedes, it is only the King's bare body which

Books to look out for at once.

- George Sand's "Mauprat." With an Introduction by Mrs. Craigie. Blackie. 1s. 6d.
 [A translation of P. de Kermadec. Illustrated.]
 "Carmen." By P. MARIAN FORTIN. 1 vol. 5s. net.
 [Great Masters Series. Illustrated.]
 "Contemporary American Literature of the French Revolution." By Charles Deveraux Haysen. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

SCHOOL AND SEA DAYS. By ALAN HILLMAN. 8x5½, 600 pp. Barleigh. 6s. 6d.

[Tales and adventures by sea, for children, with drawings by the author.]

EDUCATIONAL.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF OVID. Book I. Edited by E. ESSON. 10½ x 7½, 166 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

[With introduction, notes, and illustrations as in the former volumes of the series. The text of the *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*.]

THE PICTURE SHAKESPEARE: MACHETH. 7½ x 5, 122 pp. Blackie. 1s.

[With introduction, coloured frontispiece, and line illustrations. The text and appendices are substantially the same as in the Junior School Shakespeare.]

BYRON'S CHILD: HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE (Canto II.). Blackie's English Classics. 7d.

[With introduction and copious notes at the end.]

KING RICHARD III. (Junior School Shakespeare.) Blackie. 10d.

[Another of these useful school text books, bound in paper, with introduction, notes, and classified index.]

SELECTIONS FROM GARGANTUA. MATRO FALCONE. Blackie's Latin French Classics. 6d. each.

[With short introductions on Rabelais and *Promper Mérimée* and notes.]

FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL SENTENCES. By G. E. AVERY. Blackie. 6d.

[Useful for the beginner.]

A BRIEF SKETCH OF FRENCH HISTORY, 1789-1815. L. GILGUAULT. 6½ x 4½. By H. HURON. 4 x 4½, 114-125 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d. each.

[These books provide a mean between the voluminous history and the essay book.]

LA JEUNE SIBERIENNE. By NATHAN DE MAISTRE. Edited by W. G. BISHOP. (Modern Language Series.) 6½ x 4½, 129 pp. Blackie. 1s.

[With biographical note on the Savoyard soldier and author (1783-1867) and notes appended to the units of lower form.]

FICTION.

UNDER THE SWORD. By the COMTESS DE SULLMAILLÉ. 8x5½, 316 pp. Dugby. 1s. 6d.

[A story of art life, mystery, and romance in England.]

A MID FOR EMPIRE. By MAJOR A. GRIFFITH. 7½ x 5, 319 pp. Dugby. 1s. 6d.

[A story of modern Egypt.]

LUKE DREAMER. By the REV. P. A. SHERMAN. 7½ x 5½, 580 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[The author of "My New Curate" here gives us another for more extensive study of the life of a Roman Catholic priest, in Ireland and in London.]

THE MISSION OF MARGARET. By ADRIEN SERGANT. 7½ x 5, 311 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[Most strongly connected with Christmas.]

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR. By P. LANSINGHOPE. 8x5½, 301 pp. Dugby. 1s. 6d.

[A story of life in an Irish village "ten or twelve years ago."]

LITERARY.

THE VICTORIAN ANTIQUARY. Edited by SIR M. R. GRANT DUFF. 6½ x 4½, 200 pp. Blackie. 7s. 6d.

[From *Second Series* of Mr. Laurence Binyon. Selected on the principle that the writer's own pleasure, and divided into three groups according to subject, with an introductory note to each group. A

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' OFFICIAL 1902. *The Licensing World and Licensed Trade Almanach* HACHETTE FOR 1902. 7½ x 5, 43 pp.

BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTHOOD. Harrison. £2 2s.

HERRIOT FRY'S ROYAL GUIDE TO THE PEERAGE FOR 1902. Edited by J. LANK. 7½ x 5, 391 pp. 1s. 6d.

DOD'S PEERAGE FOR 1902. 7 x 4½, 1,085 pp.

FANITY FAIR ALBUM. Vol. XXXIII. 13½ x 10.

[This delightful volume is really an album significant that literature is represented by Tolstol, and Rostand; and excellent caricatures they are.]

POETRY.

MIRTH AND MUSIC. By F. B. DOVETON. 7½ x 4½, 2s. 6d. n.

[Short poems, mostly reprinted from *Literature*.]

POLITICAL.

CROMWELL ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS. Together with International Matters. By F. W. PAYN. 9 x 5½, 2s. 6d. n.

[The title is that of the first of Six Essays on national Politics and our military position, in reference to the rivalry of Germany and England.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

HISTORY OF LAUCE. By Mrs. BURY PALLISER, and Alice Dryden. 10½ x 7, 536 pp. Sampson.

[The third edition of this standard work, and rewritten, appeared in 1875. A sumptuous cover, with the original woodcuts and nearly all the illustrations.]

THE LADY POVERTY. A XIII. Century Allegory. M. CARMICHAEL. 6½ x 4½, 200 pp. Murray.

[A translation of the "Sacrum Commercium" how St. Francis wooed and won my Lady unknown Franciscan in the thirteenth century. Different editions, authorship, and date of the work.]

TALES OF PAST TIMES TOLD. By M. TEMPLE. (Temple Classics for Young People.) 6 x 4, 102 pp.

[The well-known Fairy Tales of the seven men of letters.]

GOD IN SHAKESPEARE. By C. DOWNING. Greening. 6s.

[A new edition of Mr. Downing's elaborate study of spiritual ideals.]

BALLADS OF THE FLEET AND OTHER POEMS. Robt. New Ed. 7½ x 5, 151 pp. Arnold. 3s.

[Reprinted from the first edition and from other sources with additions.]

THEOLOGY.

A CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ENQUIRY INTO THE THIRD GOSPEL. By P. C. SENSE. 8½ x 5, 10s. 6d. and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

[The writer's view is that the Canonical Gospels attempt made in the second half of the second century to unite warring sectaries; and that the Third Gospel is mainly from the Marcionite Gospel. The origin he has already discussed in another book.]

THE PROGRESS OF DOGMA. By J. ORR. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

[Lectures delivered before an American audience embracing religious thought during the whole of the nineteenth century. The author is Professor of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the United Free Church College, Glasgow.]

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION. Christ and His Church. By the REV. W. R. NICOLL. 7 x 4½, 227 pp. 3s. 6d.

[Based on articles published in the *British Review*.]

IDEALS OF MINISTRY. By A. W. WILLIAMS. Blackwood. 2s. 6d.

[Advice on the conduct of services and

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 231. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1902.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature Portrait* next week will be

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

An appreciation of Mr. Phillips' work will be contributed by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

* * * *

Few painters have been so full of literary inspiration as Sir Noel Paton, who passed away last week. He derived from his parents the love of the traditional lore of Scotland which breathes through such beautiful work as his illustrations to Aytoun's "Lays." Apart from his easel work he did much illustration—of Shelley, Milton, Scott, &c., and he was a devoted student of the Arthurian legend. He was an eminent antiquarian, and he published in the sixties two volumes of poems, "Poems by a Painter," and "Spindrift."

* * * *

Owing to the Christmas holiday we went to press last week too early to refer to the work of Mr. Onslow Ford, whose sudden death robs the Royal Academy of a distinguished sculptor, London society of a true gentleman, gifted with a charm of

unwilling to sacrifice any significant line of the isolation that he gave to the figure was that of a l called upon to govern, not that of an intangibility. by the impetuous originality of a Rodin, the imagin of, for instance, Mr. Gilbert's "Broken Shrine," w dignified interpretation of Victoria, of woman as Queen; with, behind, a figure of "Maternity," a ba by either breast, aptly inscribed "Let me but bea I'll bear your cares." At the National Liberal O Onslow Ford's "Gladstone"; at the Tate Gallery h respectively at Chatham and at Oxford his memorial and Shelley; and Lord Roberts possesses an equestri in silver of his gallant son, who died of wounds Colenso.

* * *

On February 26 the whole of France is e evoke the memory of Victor Hugo. In the Place Victor Hugo's house—offered to the city of Paris Blémont, a gift of 300,000 francs—will be inaugu museum. A statue will be unveiled, and there will of the *Burgraves* at the Comédie. A project is als the organization at the Panthéon of a ceremony of in which the poets of France and the represent world of letters in foreign lands shall take part.

* * *

The latest of Hugo's posthumous volumes, the "D de ma Vie," will, with a final volume of poems, c cap-stone of the pyramid of his works. There is in a remarkable essay on "Taste." Hugo contrasts th taste habitual to genius" with that "relative taste. a useful rôle in the rhetorics and prosodies." Thi taste," what is it? Hugo gives us some of those instances which dispense with argument. Wo m sample, and a curious one:—

The pun when it is *Æschylus's*, the grimace Goya's, the hump when *Æsop* bears it, the Murillo crushes it, the flea when it pricks *Voltaire's* bone of an ass when *Samson* uses it, hysteria when of *Solomon*" throws over it a mantle of purple . . . when it is that of *Ædipus*, an eye wrested from its it is Gloucester's, the barking woman when it is snow when it comes from the *Eumenides*, the bl Cid avenges it, spittle when *Jesus* receives it, biness on the lips of *Homer*, savagery when it is who is responsible, slang when *Villon* speaks it, rap trails them, blows with a stick when *Scapin* carrion when the vulture and *Salvator Rosa* gnaw part of this supreme taste.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Dunbar Ingram, who died on Mond known for his works on Irish history, especially his the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland wrote a history of "England and Rome," from the 1688. He passed most of his life in India, where Professorship at the Presidency College, Calcutta.

* * *

give you not only the magazine "most perfectly adapted for reading and interest," but also the complete works of George Eliot, or for 30 cents a week the same "one important magazine in the world" and twelve volumes of the "Little Masterpiece Library." The *Century* for one year and President Roosevelt's works in thirteen volumes can be secured for \$5, and new subscribers to the *Century* or the *Atlantic Monthly* have the November and December numbers free. The *Youth's Companion* for one year's subscription throws in all the weekly numbers for the balance of 1901 (the advertisement appeared in November) and a calendar for 1902. Another house offers more than 1,000 combinations by which two, three, or more of their magazines may be had for about 60 to 75 per cent. of the usual price. The particulars given in the advertisement are most bewildering and make a kind of algebraic problem. If the *Cosmopolitan*, *Success*, the *Harper*, and *Household* can be had for \$4, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Success*, and *Leisure Monthly* for \$2, and the *Cosmopolitan*, *Success*, *Harper*, and *Black Cat* for \$2, what is the intrinsic worth of a *Black Cat* or an *American Boy*? The prize system, too, is very peculiar. One hundred dollars in gold is at the disposal of the person who gives the best reason why every married man should read "What Happened to Wigglesworth," by W. O. Fuller. One thousand dollars is offered for the "right guess" as to the authorship of the twelve stories included in "A House Party"; twenty-seven well-known writers are asked each to contribute a story, and the person who most nearly guesses the authorship of the selected twelve is the prize-winner. "The Story of an American Century" (Small, Maynard, and Co.) is illustrated by twelve artists, each of whom has made a drawing expressing the idea of the century. The opinion of the public is invited as to the best of these, and the person whose choice "comes nearest to the decision of the majority" will be the recipient of \$500.

Mr. F. G. Kirtan sends us some notes as to our Dickens portraits. "Dickens," he says, "never cared for sitting to photographers, probably because he considered that the results were generally unsatisfactory. When he did sit, however, he not infrequently assumed a number of poses, as testified by particular sets of photographic portraits in my own collection, some of them certainly fail to do justice to the subject. The most successful were by such experts as the brothers John and Charles Watkins and R. H. Mason. The latter I knew personally, when he had given up photography and had adopted literature as a profession, his last work being a 'History of Norfolk,' the completion of which was prevented by death. On referring to my printed list of Dickens portraits, I find that both the full-length, standing portrait and that from which the photogravure was made, are reproductions from Mason's photographs, circa 1872. The publishers of the 'History of Norfolk' were Messrs. Weathermer, Low, and Co., and the name of Low in this connection rather suggests the possibility that Mason may have handed over (or bequeathed) his negatives to the publisher, from whom Mr. G. L. Low, of Watford (who copied those of Dickens until recently) may have acquired them." With reference to the large photogravure portrait which we published for the first time, Mr. Kirtan tells us that the head and hand only were lithographed many years ago by Messrs. Houlston and Co., the lithograph being now very worn. An engraving somewhat similar to the standing portrait on page 104 of *Literature*, the head being turned a little towards the left shoulder, appeared in the *Favorite Magazine*, October, 1898. The portrait of Dickens in his garden at Gadshill is, Mr. Kirtan says, not entirely new, having appeared, though slightly retouched, in *My Mother's Love*. "My Father as I Knew Him."

The Diary of the Imperial Tour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in 1901, written by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Assistant Private Secretary to

a translation by the well-known painter and *little* Horsfall, of a play by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham entitled *Marriages are Made in Heaven*.

Among the books already announced for the two volumes of essays and plays by Maugham from Mr. George Allen, who will publish early book of dialogues by Maugham's translator, Maugham's *Women in Love: Eight Studies in Sex* Allen's list also includes two series of "Pen-Ruskin," selected by Caroline H. Wurtzburg; a Bollee's "The Path to Rome: Notes of Travel" announced last autumn. Several important works from Mr. Murray early this year, including the *deacon Denison: Fifty Years at East Brent*, 181 on his diaries and correspondence, and edited Miss Louisa Denison; *Lord Ronald Gower's 1881-1900* "giving reminiscences of many men and women met by the author in this abroad during the past twenty years; and the *Correspondence of Henry, 4th Earl of Carlisle* and *Correspondence of Henry, 4th Earl of Carlisle* Affairs of British North America," edited by Herbert. This month, too, Mr. Murray hopes an anonymous novel entitled "High Treason" a Jacobite days; and it is rather singular that a novel at present announced by Mr. Murray (*Man: An Allegorical Romance*) is also - for the all events - anonymous.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

With a swirl around, and a whirl away!

(Hey! for the swirl of the

With a shriek and a sigh,

And a wail and a cry!

(Hey! for the wail of the

In the rigging, there's a drumming,
Can't you hear the ropes a-humming,
And the corio bo'sun's whistle through the
Can't you hear the voices crying
Of the poor lost souls undying,
Who ever wander through the air in pain?

With a flurry around, and a scurry away!

(Hey! for the flurry of win

With a leap and a yell,

It sweeps o'er the fell!

(Hey! for the sweep of the

It clamours o'er the town,
And sweeps across the down;
On the bleak, wild moorland, dancing as it
Can't you hear the spirits calling,
And the ghostly echoes falling,
As the driving cloud-wisps send across the

With a chuckle close by, and a laugh afar

(Hey! for the laugh of the

With a whine of despair,

And a sigh through the air!

(Hey! for the whine of the

See the stately tree-tops bending,
And the broken boughs descending,
And every little rabbit grey with fright!
Can't you hear the forests wailing,
And the wind-fiend's garment trailing
Over tree, and bush, and gorse and grass?

With a frolic around, and a rollick away!

(Hey! for the frolic of win

With the laughing shriek

Of an elfin freak!

(Hey! for the freak of the

Can't you hear the muttered rumbling,
As the wind-sprites come a-tumbling,

Almost every man who writes has a vague notion at the back of his head that he has never yet seen a perfectly satisfactory collection of verse. Hence, partly, the perpetual flow of new anthologies. The year that has just closed has seen a good many. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Victorian Anthology" (Swan Sonnenschein) is only just out. The end of the year saw two little collections of light verse, Mr. T. A. Cook's "Anthology of Humorous Verse" (Virtue) and Mr. Anthony C. Donne's "A Little Book of Light Verse" (Methuen), and also a volume of "Patriotic Song" (Pearson), edited by Mr. Arthur Stanley. In the early part of the year Professor Arber continued his programme with a "Cowper Anthology" and a "Dunbar Anthology" (Frowde), and there have been others. None can be wholly satisfactory; we all have our separate and individual likes and dislikes, and no editor can please everybody. Even the best of them discover, here and there, strange lapses from sanity. Some of them include matter not germane to their subject; they omit altogether one or two poets who should certainly (in our opinion) have found a place; occasionally they mangle the verses that they quote or clap on to them some tittle of their own invention. The actual labour involved in a compilation of this kind need not be anything remarkable, and in old days, at any rate, it was often more remunerative than original work. Goldsmith received two hundred pounds for his "Selections of English Poetry." For this he did nothing but mark passages with a red pencil, but then, as he was wont to add, with great gravity, "A man shows his judgment in these selections, and a man may be twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment." The "Vicar of Wakefield," on the other hand, was disposed of by Dr. Johnson for sixty pounds, though Goldsmith, with the usual vanity of an author, told Boswell it had brought him four hundred. Judgment in those days, then, was worth considerably more than genius, and in all probability the same is the case still, from the point of view of pecuniary profit. There are few who do not fancy themselves possessed of a nice judgment in the matter of verse. Taste, that so subtle and elusive quality, is one that all claim, and it is a quality that can safely be assumed, for the position of the man of taste can never be shaken by argument; he has always, to fall back upon, the unanswerable retort of his individual preference. But every collection, honestly made thus as the result of individual affection, has its own value. It is an expression of the collector's personality almost as much as if the poems were his own: we may get from it (in addition to the enjoyment of the verses themselves) the same sort of pleasure that we find in looking over the library of a new acquaintance. But the making of anthologies is by no means always an honest mirror of the collector's mind. There are anthologies of all kinds, from the Reciter's Handbook to the Golden Treasury, and some represent merely the marking of passages (with pencils red or blue) by men who have spent twenty or more years without discovering that they have no judgment at all. Anthology-compiling has become a business, and there are some who do not hesitate to base their collections upon the collections of others, instead of going to the fountain head. The tendency is now, as in most other trades, towards specialization and the division of labour. We no longer take universal poetry for our province, but are content to mark off for ourselves some little corner of the garden, and gather there our posy of flowers. This is well enough in itself. We have no objection to the compilers who seek to make a representative selection of the best verse of any epoch, or in

Literature Portraits.—X.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN

"I have always been a very busy man," said Sir Theodore to me the other day, "and a very busy man I still am."

He was speaking more particularly about his connexion with the eminent firm of Parliamentary Messrs. Martin and Leslie, of which he is the senior partner, but he has always been a very busy man of letters, and when his life comes to be written it will be a record of one remarkable respect, of what I fancy is an unusual talent—that is as regards its literary side. In his interest, chiefly and naturally, is centred upon the career of a man's career, no matter how many-sided it may be. As a general rule, men of letters are men of letters, simple, literature being a good deal like an exacting and jealous mistress who brooks no rival. But to this rule there have been some conspicuous exceptions. Now, Sir Theodore Martin, in the scope, and excellence of the literary product of his life, is extraordinary when the circumstances come to be considered in which these "notes" or characteristics, so to speak, of his literary work have been exhibited and developed.

With respect to mere amount, a full bibliography of his writings embraces upwards of twenty volumes, many of considerable length. Not a few of the volumes have gone through two and third or more editions—his translation of Goethe's "Faust," for example—and his "Bon Gaultier Ballads" is just entering on its sixteenth, exclusive of innumerable other works in America—and in several of these newer editions there have been revisions of the original text, and the addition, of course, of new matter. Stated even in this bald, mechanical way, Sir Theodore's literary work is seen to be fairly extensive. In various books of his have a wide range, comprising essays and reviews critical and otherwise, plays, almost invariably in metre, of Horace, Catullus, Virgil, Rabelais (in prose), Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Öttinger, &c., and lives, such as the "Life of the Prince Consort," a monumental work, the "Life of Lord Lyndhurst," the "Life of Aytoun." The "Life of the Prince Consort" is not only an admirable biography but also a genuine contribution to the history of England. And the general excellence of the product, in other cases as well as this is quite as marked as it is in its amount and its scope. To take another example, Martin's translation of "Faust" is recognized by all who are competent to pronounce upon it as the best translation of the English of Goethe's drama; to give another, the "Ballads," of which new editions are being constantly issued, from time to time, have a secure though, of course, not a permanent place in our literature—and this is all the more remarkable inasmuch as many of the ballads belong to the class of particularly lived literary infants yeckled parodies.

Thus, if Sir Theodore Martin had done no other literary work—if he had been a man of letters only—the credit to his credit could not fail to be considered a notable performance. But when we also take into account the circumstances which have surrounded this performance, I think, how very notable it really is. To do justice, of course, add to or subtract from the actual value of the work, the fact that Sir Theodore Martin has

and ill—at any rate, it has not killed him. He is in his eighty-sixth year, having been born in 1816 at Edinburgh, at whose High School and University he was educated. There he practised as a solicitor—it was his father's profession—till 1845 when he removed to London. He has been hard at work at his profession ever since he was eighteen; he works hard still, sixty-seven years of work! His first contribution to literature was published as long ago as 1838; a small volume of *Memorial Poems*, which I have before me, is dated 1901. The late Queen ascended the Throne in 1837, so that his literary life and experience range over practically the whole of the Age of Victoria. One by one the great writers whom he knew and with whom he associated have passed away—Bulwer Lytton, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray (the novelist and Sir Theodore lived a few days from each other in Ouseway-square), the Brownings, Francis Kingsley, George Eliot. In the early forties, Professor Aytoun and Theodore Martin were writing in *Blackwood*, then, as now, really chief of magazines in its own class. Other magazines for which Martin wrote not a little, as, for example, *Tait's* and *Penny's*, fifty and sixty years ago, have disappeared. In the retrospect of his life he looks back on the rise and the collapse of a hundred reputations, policies, plans, ideas. A long life truly! Should Sir Theodore ever write his reminiscences (to some extent he has done so in his biography of Aytoun, and, more especially, in his life of that gifted woman, his wife, the late Helen Fount) what an interesting book it would be! A long one, and a full one. It is with the latter aspect of it, however, that we have to deal.

In his address as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews in 1901 he said:—"A crowded life of hard professional work has left me little leisure for

The search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry."

For by far the greater part of his professional life Sir Theodore has been engaged many hours a day on his legal work—irregularly, day after day, from 9 in the morning till 9 in the evening, with scarcely any time, or no time at all, for a meal in between. And the bulk of his literary work has been done between half-past 10 at night and 2 in the morning! When other men in his circumstances would have retired to rest, with the satisfying consciousness of having well deserved it, he turned to literature—no night almost say as a reservation; yet he took it up seriously, not in the spirit of the dilettante but in that of the worker. That is to say, that Sir Theodore's working life, professional and literary, has often, indeed generally, been one of *bliss in extreme hours*: but even this does not state the whole truth with respect to his ceaseless industry. Never was there such a glutton for work. For another feature or secret of his literary activity and productivity is the way in which he has reckoned almost most of us lose, hardly conscious how great is our loss the old, unconsidered quarter-hours and half-hours, the small changes of time. He never lost a moment—*indistinctly perceived*—it will confess that to a man like myself, who finds six hours a day almost enough, there is something extraordinary, as well as enviable, in Sir Theodore's *disposition towards his work*. Thus, with respect to his translation of *Hæcæa*, which was in his mind, off and on, for twenty years before its publication, he would think over this and that metrical rendering of given passages as he went to and the lecture his house and his office, and eat and read them until the perfect would have been attained. His translation of *Cæcilia* was achieved in a somewhat similar manner.

was an adept in his youthful days in Edinburgh perhaps, I may be permitted to repeat a little on bearing on that part of his life. One day, a year or so ago, a grave and right reverend ecclesiastic came up to him in the Athenæum Club, and observed that he had just been seeing and admiring Sir Theodore's display with the foils at Johnson's Fencing Academy in Finsbury, sixty years before, and how he was filled with admiration on beholding his skill. Sir Theodore did not speak, who, however, presently introduced the Archbishop of York! Dr. MacLagan is ten years younger than Sir Theodore, so that he could only have been a boy when he referred to, but evidently the other's sword-play had made a deep impression upon him.

Of the mass of Sir Theodore Martin's literary production of what appears in published volumes is that is, it consists in translations into English of the works of other writers. It may be that in the circumstances in which he found it easier to do work of this kind, in a way, it made less continuous demand on him than work would have done. The object he aimed at in his translations was, to quote his own words, to transmit for the benefit of those who could not read the original the great masterpieces of foreign literature, some of which might be termed sealed books. As early as 1840 appeared his rendering of the old, monkish Latin *Disputation between the Body and the Soul*, twenty years later Martin became acquainted with Professor Aytoun, and as both men were disgusted with the current of Goethe, they set to work to produce new versions. Previous to this, however, Martin had translated the biography of Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, in the *édition de luxe* of that eccentric knight's translation of the romance of *Gargantua*. This book, which involves a close study of the Old French of the original, was first "work," as the "Disputation" ran to no more than a few pages of print. After this time Sir Theodore wrote for magazines, and took from Rabelais the name "Bon Gaultier" as his *nom de guerre*. Martin met Aytoun in 1848, on the introduction of Edward Forbes, the eminent natural philosopher, at Edinburgh University. As they had no common tastes and pursuits they soon became intimate; their friendship was productive, from a literary point of view, of the removal of Sir Theodore to London in 1846, and remained unbroken till Aytoun's death.

The chief outstanding result of their friendship was the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." In 1839 Sir Theodore published *Tait's Magazine*, under the pen-name of "Bon Gaultier," the absurdity of the taste then distinctly prevailing might be styled "thieves' literature." Harrison, Bulwer, and even Dickens, as in "Oliver Twist" introduced into literature a sort of glorification of crime, and Newgate was the *argot* of the day. Even in Scotland the bells of St. Giles's rang out the air of Newgate. Martin protested against all this in a manner; and about this time he contributed various articles, written in a light vein, over the name "Bon Gaultier," in which a large proportion of the "Ballads," by Aytoun and himself, appeared, many of which in what Sir Theodore, in his life of Aytoun, called the Beaumont-and-Fletcher partnership. "In these days," Sir Theodore, "we ran a tilt with all the reckless

pleasant surprise to us when we found how rapidly they became popular not only in England but also in America." In these parodies Aytoun and Martin had before them the example set in the "Rejected Addresses" of James and Horace Smith, published in 1812.

In 1848 Martin contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine* a translation of Hertz's "King René's Daughter." It was published in book form in 1850, and acted by Mrs. Stirling in that year and afterwards by Helen Faunt, for whom it was translated. Then followed translations of Oehlenschläger's "Correggio" (1854) and "Aladdin" (1857), and also Schiller's "William Tell." In 1850 Messrs. Blackwood brought out a volume of Goethe's poems, some translated by Aytoun, some by Martin, and others by both conjointly; most of them had appeared in previous years in the pages of "Maga." In the following year Martin's "Horace" was published, and at once challenged comparison with any existing efforts in the same direction. In 1844 Martin had an article in *Tait's Magazine* on the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, with several extracts from the sonnets and canzonets done into English. The paper attracted much attention, and he was urged to give a translation of the book, which he did; it was issued in 1861. It was instantaneously successful, and several editions of it have since been called for. In 1861 also appeared his translation of Catullus, a second edition of which, largely rewritten, was published in 1875.

In 1863 Sir Theodore printed two volumes of essays from the *Quarterly Review* and other magazines, for "private circulation" only. Of original verse in late years he has written little. In his modesty he has always disclaimed the title poet. And perhaps it is more correct to say that he is possessed of a metrical gift, fluent, easy, happy, and melodious, than to style him poet. Yet ever and anon he strikes a deep, deep note, while his versification is always pleasing. The chief characteristics of his poetry are smoothness, grace, and rhythmic balance.

The translation of *Faust* came out in 1865. This truly admirable and adequate—which is saying much—translation has gone, as I have already said, into several editions, and is likely to become, at least in a restricted sense, a classic. As an example of his verse I quote the "Dedication" from *Faust* :—

Ye come, dim forms, as in youth's early day
Ye blessed these eyes, which now so lonely grieve !
Still, still, to hold ye fast will I essay,
Still let my heart to that delusion cleave !
Ye throng me round ! Well ! Lord it how ye may,
As from the mists ye rise that round me weave,
Ye waft a magic air that shakes my breast
With youth's tumultuous yet divine unrest.
Visions ye bring with you of happy days,
And many a dear, dear shade ascends to view ;
Like some faint haunting chime of ancient lays,
Come love, first love, and friendship back with you ;
The heart runs back o'er life's bewildered maze,
And pangs, long laid to sleep, awake anew,
And name the loved ones lost—before their day
Swept, whilst life yet was beautiful, away.
Alas ! alas ! These strains they cannot hear—
The souls to whom my earliest lays I sang ;
Gone is that loving band of friends so dear,
The echoes hush'd, that once responsive rang ;
My numbers fall upon the stranger's ear,
Whose very praise is to my heart a pang ;
And all who in my lays took pride of years

Martin's memoir of his friend and one-time co-editor Professor Aytoun, was published by the Blackwoods in 1890. In its biography, it is at once a fine picture of an interesting personality and a graceful tribute on the part of a comrade worth of one whom death had struck out of the world. In the preface to the fifth volume of his "Life of the Prince Consort," very truly remarks that "the work is impatient of the panegyric of the biographer." In his biography of Aytoun there is panegyric, but it is discriminating. Biographical work was one of vast importance, and involved the continuous labour of many years. It was the Prince Consort, "the first volume of which was issued in 1870. The second volume appeared in 1876, the third in 1877, the fourth in 1879, and the fifth and last in 1880. It will be easily seen that a work of this kind entailed a great strain upon him, and while he was engaged on one part of it—that part dealing with the period of the Crimean war—Sir Theodore broke down, and it had to be set aside for a time. After months of rest, however, he was able to resume it. It is a very fine piece of work, able, just, well-balanced, and it was exceedingly well received at the time of its publication. It was translated into German, and translations of it have been printed both in Germany and in England. After the death of the late Queen it was rumoured that Sir Theodore was to be entrusted with the biography, but it was only a rumour. At his great age he would shrink from such a work, which could be nothing more than a history of the reign of Victoria. And, again, it is not customary for a life, such as this must be, of a man of official character, to be written till some years after his death. While the "Life of the Prince Consort" was published, and also after its completion, Sir Theodore received a enormous number of letters with reference to the work from distinguished people. Not a few of these letters were of great importance. Sir Theodore has had them bound into two volumes, and intends to bequeath them to the Library of the British Museum.

At the request of Lady Lyndhurst, Sir Theodore published his "Life of Lord Lyndhurst." A first edition appeared in 1883, and a second in 1884. In 1890 he published a translation of the first six books of the "Æneid"; it has won much praise from scholars and others as any of his translations. Another work of his which met with a great recognition was his volume on "Horace," written for the Blackwood's Series of Ancient Classics.

In 1900 was published his "Life of Helena Faunt Martin." This book—a literary monument erected in memory of his wife—is evidently written with great care. In it Sir Theodore keeps himself well within his own background, and leaves it to others to speak of her both as artist and woman. The result is a fascinating portrait of a most fascinating personality.

ROBERT MARTIN

Sir Theodore Martin gives some interesting details of his literary beginnings in his life of Professor Aytoun, which he collaborated, as Mr. Macbray has related, in the "Ballads," and in the translation of Goethe's "Faust Ballads." Sir Theodore Martin had already privately published the little book of verse entitled "Disputation between Body and Soul," of which only fifty copies were printed. The copy at the British Museum has been supplied with several other poems by the same author, signed "Martinus Scriblerus," and "I.G." The chronological list of Sir Theodore's books is as follows :—

Translations.

1893. *Kotzebue's "Innances of Gargantua and Pantagruel."* Translated by Sir T. Urquhart. With introduction and life of Kotzebue by Sir Theodore Martin. (Stevens, Edinburgh.) (Only 100 copies printed.)
1894. *Heinrich Heine's "King René's Daughter."* Translated by Sir Theodore Martin. Now published with "*Madonna Eva and Other Dramas.*" (Blackwood.)
1894. *Odino Schlegel's "Correggio."* Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, with notes.
1895. *Odino Schlegel's "Aladdin."* Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.
1896. *"Gautier's Poems and Ballads."* (With Prof. Aytoun.) (Blackwood.) Third edn.
1896. *"The Odes of Horace."* Translated into English verse by Sir Theodore Martin. (Parker.) Now published in a new edition, with life and notes, in two volumes, under the title of "*The Works of Horace.*" (Blackwood.)
1897. *"The Poems of Catullus."* Translated into English verse. With life and notes. (Blackwood.) Second Edition, revised and corrected.
1897. *"The 'Vita Nuova' of Dante."* Translated. With notes. By Sir Theodore Martin. Originally published by Parker, issued in a second edition in 1871 by Blackwood.
1898. *"Goethe's 'Faust.'"* Translated into English verse. (Blackwood.) Part I., eleventh edition; Part II., second edition, revised.
1898. *"Wallenstein Tell."* Translated by Sir Theodore Martin. Vol. I. of Schiller's Complete Works. Edited by C. J. Hempel.
1898. *"Heine's Poems and Ballads."* Translated into English verse by Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.) Third edition.
1898. *"The Song of the Bell, and other Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Uhland, and Others."* By Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.)
1898. *Schiller's Dramatic Works. "Wallenstein and Wilhelm Tell."* Translated by S. T. Coleridge, J. Churchill, and Sir Theodore Martin. (Holt's Library.)
1898. *Schiller's "Transporter."* Translated by Jessie Beck and Louise Leaver. With an introduction by Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.)
1898. *The Aeneid of Virgil. Books I. to VI.* Translated by Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.)

Biography.

1897. *Memories of William E. Aytoun, D.C.L."* (Blackwood.) New edn., also issued in cheap editions.
- 1897-1898. *"The Life of the Prince Consort."* Prepared under the direction of Queen Victoria. 5 vols. (Smith, Elder.) Vol. I., seventh edn.; Vol. II., fifth edn.; Vol. III., seventh edn.; Vol. IV., fifth edn.; Vol. V., fourth edn. The life is also issued in a people's edition.
1898. *"The Life of Lord Lyndhurst."* (Murray.) 2nd edn., 1894.
1898. *"Sketch of the Life of Princess Alice."*
1898. *"Helen Foster (Lady Martin)."* (Blackwood.) 2nd. edn.

Miscellaneous.

1891. *Inaugural address delivered by Sir Theodore Martin at his installation as Rector of the University of St. Andrews.* (Blackwood.)
1898. *"Boswell Shakespeare?"* Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, with additions. (Blackwood.)

BOOKS OF THE YEAR

POETRY.

Despite Mr. William Archer's cheerful assertion that the country is full of blossoming singers, the year has been moderately rich in poetry. No new poet of any account has come forward, and, while the veterans have been silent or retrograde, it cannot be maintained that they have made any startling addition to their established reputations.

It would, we suppose, be generally agreed that the most important poetical publication of the year was Meredith's "*A Reading of Life*," a fine and original volume, relieved by greater lucidity than has been his in its author's later utterances. To reduce the theory to the principal poem might be regarded as a plea for a more and balanced life, "obedient to Nature, not her slave," already familiar to the Meredithian philosophy. It is full of brilliant phrasing and flashing, illuminating metaphors. Everywhere in the background an eager man bending the harder circumstances of life into stimulating uses. Side by side with this we have Thomas Hardy's "*Poems of the Past and of the Present*." Hardy is much less of an optimist than Mr. Meredith. He stands at the opposite pole. As he himself shares with Sophocles the conviction that "not least"; but, being born, man, he would have to make the best of life, and especially to do what his fellow-men. This spirit moves always under Mr. Hardy's poetry. He is not a lyrist, and his poems, which are diverse and interesting, are more and harmonious than musical and soaring; they are marked by great dignity of an austere and Mr. Henley's "*Hawthorn and Lavender*" was flavoured. Like Mr. Hardy, he is not without depression—

Dead things and dying! Now the long-lashed
Listens, and pines. But never a note of life
Sounds—

but, again like Mr. Hardy, he finds his own comfort. Mr. Henley the secret of life appears to be the existence, the delight of "taking with a frolic thunder and the sunshine." His poetry, though it degenerates into rhetoric, and is too apt to be grotesque for the forebode, is nevertheless extreme and "Hawthorn and Lavender," if it did not quite aim at catching, the careless rapture of Verses," is at least full of vitality and force.

Mr. Austin Dobson's "*Carmine Votive*" was printed, but no survey of the year's poetry would be without some reference to the evidence it affords that its author might retire from the active services of a poet as still as buoyant in spirit and as freshly graceful in the early days of *St. Paul's Magazine*. "In *recondite* of this year's making, is among the most touching in all Mr. Dobson's long gallery of dainty verse."

Mr. W. B. Yeats's mystic drama "*The Shadow of a Doubt*" is reckoned among this year's most characteristically full of imagination, symbolism, and melancholy. The poem is alive with a sort of elusive beauty, but Mr. Yeats would perhaps be considered the propriety of restricting his use of mysticism, which threatens to render him unintelligible but the professorial Celtic student. There were two other "Shadowy Waters" which were very nearly inert suggestion. Mr. John Davidson, on the other hand, more and more realistic. His tragedy "*Self's the End*" is a fine moment, and a particularly powerful conclusion of some of its scenes, as in the first of his series of the desire for actuality has led him into strange and

Looking back to the German poet, novelist, and playwright, whose latest drama, *The Twin Sister*, is now being performed at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Mr. Louis N. Parker's translation, is forty years old. He achieved his first real theatrical success in 1859 with a comedy entitled *Die Wilde Jagd*. His greatest contribution to dramatic literature is undoubtedly *The Jewess* (1862), a poetical play, based on a story of Hans Andersen, and produced in this country by Mr. Tree in 1891.

grace " plays easily across the pages of Mr. R. C. Lehmann's " *Annal Fugaces*," a little book that will probably be long remembered for its mainly memorial to a favourite dog, a poem which will often be reprinted in anthologies of poetry celebrating animal life. Sir Edwin Arnold's " *Voyage of Ithoba* " was conscientious, but dull. It contained, like all Sir Edwin's work, passages of description rich in colour, but the verse not infrequently degenerated into the prose of a rather unimaginative catalogue. Mr. Sidney Lysaght and Mr. Aleister Crowley both invite mention for volumes full of lyrical volubility and some really musical strophes, but both alike suffer from lack of material and from youthful excesses of over-emphasis and hyperbole. In complete contrast is the gentle, intellectual talent of Mr. Arthur Munby, a veteran of the muses, whose " *Poems Chiefly Lyric and Elegiac* " were full of human sympathy and spiritual serenity. Mr. Munby also takes high rank among the few poets who have successfully essayed the elegiac metre in English. Three new-comers may be said to have shown promise above the average. Lady Margaret Sackville's " *Poems*," though not without self-consciousness and artificiality, are distinguished by careful and artistic workmanship, while " *The Oxford Year* " of Mr. James Williams and " *By Old Grey Gardens* " of Miss Nellie B. Badcock contained accomplished verse of a pleasant, unpretentious kind. There have been collected editions of Mr. W. B. Yeats' and Mr. Arthur Symonds' work, and a complete reprint of Robert Buchanan's poems, while Mr. Robert Bridges has put forth the third volume of his uniform edition. On the whole, then, the year may be said to have been moderately but not strikingly fruitful. Perhaps the poets are husbanding their resources for a sudden efflorescence in the year of Coronation.

BIOGRAPHY.

The great biographical event of the year has been the issue of the supplementary volumes of the " *Dictionary of National Biography*." Two of the contributions to that work of reference—Mr. Sidney Lee's life of Queen Victoria and Mr. Herbert Paul's life of Gladstone, since republished separately in an extended form—have attracted particular attention. The former is notable as the first attempt to write critically at a time when the inevitable tendency was to merge criticism in praise. The latter was a marvellous example of concise writing, though the conditions of space and the immense number of the facts requiring to be recorded condemned it to an inadequacy which was only partially removed in the larger publication in volume form. The other lives in the Dictionary must be disposed of with a warm collective commendation.

Of the volumes containing lives of celebrities lately deceased the most talked about has been Mr. Graham Balfour's life of Stevenson. It was written from an abundance of information, in an interesting manner, and in admirable taste. Nevertheless one critic fell upon it, declaring that it insulted a great man's memory by making him out to be better than he was; and for several days the air was darkened with the winged words of controversy. We said our own say about the matter at the time, and need not here return to it. Another exceedingly interesting literary biography was that of Mrs. Lynn Linton, put together by Mr. George Somes Layard. Mrs. Lynn Linton's love-story, as shown by the correspondence, was made public for the first time and furnished evidence in support of the thesis that fact is stranger than fiction. It was also made abundantly clear that the great enemy of the *New Woman* had herself been something of the sort in her youth before the nickname was invented. To the same category belong the " *Life and Letters of John Richard Green*," introduced and edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Green was a good letter-writer, though not to be ranked with the greatest, and his mental history is only less interesting than his history of the English people. There was a similar psychological interest in the autobiography of W. J. Stillman, who wrestled with the creeds and conventions of New England before becoming the representative of *The Times* at Rome. Some reminiscences by Professor Max Müller, who was not only a celebrity, but the cultivator of celebrities, claim mention in the same

narrator approached periods in which he had personally positions of dignity and responsibility. We owe a thought of publishing the papers to the press to a Smith, named after Sir Harry Smith's wife, and Allen named after his victories in the Punjab, in the early war with the Boers. Sir James Paget's autobiography is mented by a narrative written by his son, Mr. Stephen Paget, also published within the year; and so were lives of Sir Graham, Hodson of Hodson's Horse, and Sir W. W. H. autobiography by Mr. William Broadhurst and an account sufferings on Devil's Island by the unhappy Captain D. H.

Of the set biographies of illustrious persons the distant part, the best was unquestionably Lord St. Fénelon. All the industry and accuracy of the new school of historians were here combined with a brilliant and a distinct turn for epigram. Another life of Fénelon, Mr. E. K. Sanders was good, but not so good. Mr. Osamu Charles H. made a valuable contribution to historical biography. Mr. Wilkins, in his " *Caroline the Illustrious*," a Caroline of Ansbach, consort of George II., had been unpublished sources of information, though his treatment greater length than his material justified. Mr. Hilary study of Robespierre, though less ambitious, was a considerable merit. One or two other biographies, which character of studies of particular historical periods or come perhaps more appropriately under the heading of

MODERN HISTORY.

It cannot be said that the year 1901 has been marked publication of any historical work of the highest rank, be remembered rather as the year in which the great historians of the later Victorian age passed away or wrote; and it does not seem at present that we are in their places. Bishop Stubbs, probably the greatest historian of the nineteenth century, re-issued a volume of his lectures a brief supplement and with some significant words on a book of Professor Maitland's, before he died; and he printed, too, a very remarkable estimate of Queen Victoria as no other historian could have written so well, in which it is much to be hoped may be reprinted for posterity. With these exceptions he had published no historical many years. The same was true of Bishop Creighton, who only just missed the very highest rank. Dr. Williams was an historian of the Church who died working; but product of his vast learning is not yet before the world the year, too, Dr. S. R. Gardiner and Lord Acton had laid aside by serious illness, the former after completing third volume of his " *History of the Commonwealth Protectorate*," Professor Maitland's work will continue to bear the aspect of a legal even more historical investigation. He has this year collected a fine volume of essays on the study of history by members of his University.

Among the historical books of the year Mr. Dr. Gardiner's work stands first. It cannot, however, be considered apart from its predecessors. It has the conspicuous merits of clearness, accuracy, and patience; there are distinct exceptions to be taken, on purely historical not partisan grounds, to its assumed impartiality. It is said that Cromwell's actions have been judged by the standard as Charles I.'s; it cannot be said that not been extenuated, though certainly nothing has been set malice. Next in general interest we are inclined to Andrew Lang's brilliant " *Mystery of Mary Stuart*," contained errors has, we see, been admitted by the second edition, " *revised*." But it incontestably a times and the men to live; which is more than can be many of our historians' work. If Mr. Lang's book is attraction and of historical value, there are others who perhaps not unsuccessfully dispute its position of A comparatively new writer, Mr. W. Alison Phillips made a very distinct success with a history of Europe in a book which, though it is undoubtedly indebted to

great history. At every point, though not directly a story of events, is the remarkable achievement of Mr. C. H. Beasley in the second volume of his "Days of Modern Geography," a most notable addition to the best work of the year. As to it, at least in part of its interest, is the second volume of Sir W. W. Hunter's "History of British India," completed after his death by Mr. F. K. Robinson. It is a clear and painstaking survey, but hardly written with the power of the earlier work of the vigorous and great writer.

Among historical studies we must place highest Mr. W. S. Lisle's fascinating selection of "Renaissance Types"; among other and somewhat stiffer studies, useful to all who read history Professor Lodge's volume on "Medieval Europe," Mr. Green's biography of "Pope Sixtus," of "Mary Tudor," and Mr. Roper's of "Queen Elizabeth." A somewhat higher place than the last may perhaps be assigned to Mr. F. Perry's brightly written biography of "Saint Louis." Much more ambitious, and on the whole achieving the goal of its ambition, is the first instalment of Mr. Schell's "Reformation." Among new editions the first volume of "Saint England," originally edited by Dr. H. D. Trist and revised by him with the able assistance of Mr. J. S. Moss, claims special notice as a valuable addition to our standard works.

THEOLOGY.

An unusually large number of theological works of more than average interest was published last year. In the department of Bible studies special mention must be made of "Kingship in the Bible," Vol. II., a massive work which, though it has met with much adverse criticism, is yet by far the most important publication of the kind, with the exception of Mr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," that has appeared for many years. "The Historical New Testament," by the Rev. James Moffatt, is a careful and learned compilation already issued in a second edition. Messrs. T. and T. Clark have also published an English translation of Professor Delassmann's "Einführung in die biblische Theologie," a work quite indispensable to students of Biblical Theology; and Dr. Bernhard Seele's well-known "Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament" is a welcome addition to the "Theological Translation Library" of Messrs. Williams and Norgate.

Dogmatic theology has been enriched by two books which have deservedly been ranked as "epoch-making"—Dr. Moberly's "Atonement and Personality" and Canon Gurn's "The Body of Christ." The first book has been warmly welcomed; it is rich in profound, original, and stimulating thought. Its value as a theological treatise lies in its historical analysis of personality, its rejection of the scholastic theories of redemption which have dominated much of our Protestant thought since the Reformation, and its inquiry into the connexion of the work of the Holy Spirit with that of the Redeemer. Canon Gurn's book is a searching and admirably clear investigation of current teaching on the subject of the Eucharist, both Anglican and Roman. It has attracted much attention in England and America in consequence of its careful exposition of various theories implied in medieval and its own forms of modern devotion. Perhaps its most valuable contribution to religious thought is its cautious discussion of the nature and limits of the authority to which the Anglican Church appeals. The *Imagines* series for 1901, "Regnum Dei," by the President of King's College, is an important work, only recently published.

Two or three monuments of merit have appeared during the year—"The Eastern Gospel," an historical study and exposition of St. Mark, by Professor Allan Menzies; Dr. Biggs's *German Commentary on the Epistles of St. Peter and St. John*; and a scholarly exposition of "The Acts of the Apostles" by the Rev. R. H. Rackham.

Some of the best of Christ will for a word of appreciation. The volume "Life of the Master," by Dr. John Watson (Ian Mackenzie), is worthy to stand beside Mr. Dawson's "The Man Christ Jesus" as a carefully and deeply studied work; and "The Life and Work of the Redeemer," by various writers of various denominations, is a volume of devotion and scholarship.

Three remarkable books by Bishops of the two of whom have passed away in the course of the year are to be mentioned. The Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Charles Gore) has published a recent charge to his clergy on "The Ministry of Grace" (Longmans). The Bishop of Exeter has published a scholarly book on ecclesiastical institutions, organization of the early Church, and of more general interest are the striking volume by the late Bishop of Durham and by the late Bishop of Salisbury, the latter published by his widow. Dr. Westcott's "The Church and the World" is in many respects the finest of striking in its courageous discussion of practical tenacious grasp of great principles, its profound and its noble idealism. "The Church and the Nation" of the late Bishop Creighton's addresses to its chief interest lies in its vigorous and plain of the English Church, its keen historical insight, its appeal to extremists on both sides to study principles which are at stake in present-day of Church order and discipline. On the whole, to think that for practical purposes the last mentioned are the most remarkable religious publications of the year, and are likely to be the most widely influential.

BELLES LETTRES.

In the department of belles-lettres one book, in our opinion, the most important, has been more than put together. This is, of course, Mr. Collins' "Ephemeris Critica." It was a savage with the rapier but with the bludgeon, up reputations appeared to the author to be merited. The critical value of the book, though impaired by the fact that Mr. Churton Collins' those extravagances and superlatives which he made however a great, though an ephemeral, more significant contribution to the literature of the first volume of Dr. Georg Brandes' "Main Currents of Nineteenth-Century Literature"—a discussion of authors of the period of the French Revolution, really profound studies of the work of M. Chateaubriand, Senancour, and some others of Herbert Paul in "Men and Letters" gave us a written with distinction, showing sympathy close knowledge of the eighteenth century. "Life in Poetry and Law in Taste" was a production, though lacking in some of the qualities of the books readable. Mr. William Archer studied "Younger Generation" in a laborious and not assisted by woodcut portraits of some interest, work, attributed to Mr. W. H. Mallock, entitled "Criticism" we had a plausible attempt to explain of certain second-rate or third-rate writers, essays, mainly on Italian subjects, by the late Mr. Mallock, contained some good work, together with some so good, and some interesting personal reminiscences. Tolstoy. Mention should not be omitted of a "Literature" by Professor H. A. Giles, and a "Literature," as far as Dante by Mr. A. Gaspari, forgotten that an anonymous writer in the "Herald" endeavoured, with what success it would be to touch the world "How to Write a Novel."

The reprints have been very numerous, and good many readers still adhere to the good old a new book comes out, read an old one. The first has been the number of new editions of Dr. One of the editions of the former has introduced Gissing; one of the editions of the latter has introduced Andrew Lang. There have also been two new editions of Eliot—two from the house of Blackwood, and of Messrs. Constable's library edition of Smollett part at least, to this year; and Messrs. Constable a new Boswell, edited by Mr. Augustine Howell, edited by Mr. Glover. Among the

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons have added a reasonable selection of books on art to their already long list during the year. But the honour of having published the three chief books of the year on art or architecture should perhaps be shared by Mr. Helmsmann with his "Sir Henry Raeburn," by Messrs. Longmans, with "Andrea Mantegna," and by Mr. B. T. Batsford with "Early Renaissance Architecture in England." Sir Walter Armstrong's monograph on Sir Henry Raeburn shows more original research than his work on Sir Joshua Reynolds, and, with the introduction by R. A. M. Stevenson and Mr. Caw's catalogue, forms a very complete account of the work of a painter who is just now very much the vogue. The selection of works for illustration is very representative, and the book is both sumptuous and readable—a somewhat rare conjunction of good qualities. It owes its peculiar quality to the really admirable study of Raeburn's work which was written by Stevenson; it is superior to his "Velasquez" of six years ago, and this is according to very high praise. The English edition of "Andrea Mantegna," by Paul Kristeller, from Messrs. Longmans, throws a new light upon the art of one who has too long been regarded rather as an erudite and rigid pedant than as a great humanist. The German scholar draws a very attractive picture of the great master of the Quattrocento and does much to convince us that, in spite of our prejudices, the deepest insight into the secrets of nature lies at the root of Mantegna's art. Mr. S. Arthur Strong is the editor of this edition.

The various volumes of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," which Messrs. Bell have been issuing during the year, are an advance upon the art biographies of twenty or thirty years ago, though they are somewhat unequal, at least, on the score of scholarship. "Giorgione" by Herbert Cook is an interesting study, and the author accepts neither Morell nor Mr. Berenson without inquiry. It lacks, however, that freshness of outlook which we should expect from a study of the Venetian archives. Mr. W. H. James Weale's volume on "Hans Memling" is the most accurate biography of the artist which has as yet appeared; but it is not so well written as Mr. W. G. Waters' volume on "Piero della Francesca." Leader Scott has written pleasantly about "Filippo di Ser Brunellesco" for the same series, and she tells the full story of his life with animation; and to Evelyn March Phillips has been intrusted the task of dealing with the interesting personality of a much less important artist in "Pintoricchio." The editor of the series, Dr. Geo. C. Williamson, has contributed a useful volume on the goldsmith painter, "Francesco Raibolini, called Francia," and he has done his work with enthusiasm. He has also instituted a new "Miniature Series of Painters" at the popular price of one shilling, and these may become useful primers. To the rest of the biographies must be added the "Sandro Botticelli," which has been published among the series of artists' lives, edited in Germany by Herr Knechtfuss. The latest volume is by Ernst Steinmann and translated by Campbell Dodgson (Greville). It is the best short life of the Florentine painter which has as yet appeared, and the chapter on the Sistine frescoes should be read by every student of Botticelli. A somewhat halting but appreciative life of "Giovanni Segantini," by L. Villari, has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and Messrs. Bell are concluding their season with Mr. Edward C. Strutt's "Fra Filippo Lippi."

Amongst books on art other than biographies, Mr. Berenson's "Study and Criticism of Italian Art" (Bell) will be welcome; Ernest Fletcher's edition of the "Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., with James Ward" (Methuen) affords pleasant reading, and "A List of the Works Contributed to Public Exhibitions by J. M. W. Turner" (Bell) will be useful to the collector—with some corrections. Messrs. Vinton have published Sir Walter Gilbey's two volumes on "Animal Painters of England," which touches the fringe of a very interesting phase of British Art; and Mr. Cyril Davenport has written well and exhaustively on "Cameos" (Seeley). "The Printers of Florence" is the latest of Mrs. Ady's volumes (Murray) and it is an excellent example of useful if uninspired treatment.

of a Caricaturist " by Harry Furness (Fisher Unwin), an amusing book, well calculated to stimulate after-dinner talk, a brighter book than Mr. Mortimer Menpes' "Impressions" of the early summer, but not so good an artist. The two books which thoughtful architects are to remember are Mr. Giotelli's "Early Renaissance" (Bell) and Messrs. Harry Parker's and Raymond Lumsden's "Planning of a Home" (Longmans).

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

The year will not be memorable for its books on travel. Nothing has appeared to excite such wide and deep interest as Stanley's "Darkest Africa" or Nansen's "North." For such a work we shall probably have to wait. Dr. Sven Hedin returns and chronicles his discovery of unknown Central Asia. However, if there have been no records of sensational exploration, there have been some records of good work. Messrs. Grogan and Sharp's account of their trip from the Cape to Cairo has, perhaps, the best claim to appear at the head of the list. Part of the country which travellers traversed may be fairly described as "unknown," but they were not equipped to make a very thorough investigation of it. Mr. J. E. S. Moore's "Mountains of the Moon" deserved, we are inclined to think, more attention. It attracted from a public temporarily absorbed in happenings in another part of Africa, and the story of Captain Wellby's "From Sirdar to Menelik," while it throws light on certain unknown parts of Abyssinia. Two other books on Abyssinia came from the pens respectively of Mr. A. Wilde and Mr. Herbert Vivian. The latter was entirely superficial; the former dull but full of information. Only one African book calling for remark is "The Sheriffs of the Hinterland," by Mr. J. T. Aldridge, who had spent years in this part of the West Coast, and wrote as one of authority on the manners and customs of the savage tribes.

Of the accounts of travel in America, three call for notice. Mrs. Twissie's "Mexico as I Saw It" is no more than a record of a journey. Mr. Fountain's "Great Deserts and Forests of North America" has the quality of charm, though it covers ground that had often been covered before. Sir Conway in his "Bolivian Andes" stood alone among American travellers in reporting that he had done things which previous travellers had not done. He had climbed Huachuca which had very nearly climbed Aconcagua; but his book was more than a "climbing book." It also gave a very gratifying account of Bolivian resources in the way of rubber forests. Of the books about Asia the best is probably that on "Armenia" by H. F. B. Lynch. This takes an undisputed place among standard works of reference. The same ground is covered in Earl Percy's "Black and White in Asia." "Mount Omi and Beyond" describes a journey into the interior of China for the purpose of developing trade by that indefatigable pioneer of commerce Mr. A. Li. "A Ribbon of Iron," by Annette B. Moskin, tells the story of a lady's trip on the great Siberian railroad. Mr. Stadling's "Through Siberia" was an account of the same journey. The writer exhibited descriptive talents of a high order. His picture of the vast Siberian forests was a fine impressionism.

Europe also has its tale of books of travel of various sorts. The best, beyond question, was Mr. George Giesing's "Ionian Sea," describing with taste, sentiment, and accuracy a tour through Magna Græcia. "Finland as It Is," by de Windt, has no such literary merit, but will be of some value, in spite of some inaccuracies, to sportsmen and tourists. Mr. Charles Wood's "The Glens of Scotland" is a sort of book that Mr. Charles Wood is always writing, and is not important. The other books on travel are mainly topographical. Most of the topographical books have been added to. Notably there have been histories of Wiltshire and Worcestershire and Cumberland in the excellent Victoria History of the Counties of England. To the

and included in a series, are "Lak-ti-ye" and "Literary Landmarks," by M. M. Croft; "In Tuscan," by M. C. A. Norway; "Naples Past and Present," by A. H. Norway; "A Hand of Hearts," by the Rev. S. Haring Gould; and "The Wonders of Tuscan Hardy," by B. C. A. Windle.

FICTION.

Whether or not the quality of the output of fiction for 1914 is better than that of the preceding year, it is certain that it has not been deficient in quantity. Novels have been coming out in a ceaseless stream since the beginning of the year, and the occasional freshets in the spring and autumn have been large enough to bewilder the conscientious reader who attempts to keep abreast with the times. Many Western Hemisphere novelists declared that every man had one good novel in him somewhere, and few of that witty writer's disciples have found more favour in the literary world. The mystery is, not that every body writes novels, that the number of them are still considerable. One can only conclude that fiction, as an art, is now the common property of all who can string together a few phrases, just as Johnson complained that a boy of his age, who was equally diffident. It is the exception now to meet with a thoroughly ill story, as it was then to meet with a tolerably successful or well-told story. Even the novelists of the novel have generally won merit some touch of character in their quality in construction. But, while the crop has been plentiful and of fair quality, it is not easy to pick out any works of unusual merit. There may be hidden among this mass of good and bad one or two books that the future critic may regard as masterpieces. But these will probably not be among those that have just appeared. Our most admired novelists have not added much to their reputation during the past year. "Kipling" is true, may have raised Mr. Kipling's reputation, but we doubt if so Indian an atmosphere can ever lift the book to become a classic to other than Anglo-Indians. Mr. H. C. Brown, again, did no more in "The Eternal City" than to give credit to Socialistic theories with a considerable blarney of his own. We may trust "Anthony Hope" to be bright and cheerful, as he was, perhaps, more ingenious than usual, but nothing new or striking in "Tristram of Blount." Mr. Stanley Weyman may play an old tune, with variations, in "Count Dracula." And so with the rest of our old and established novelists. Mr. G. K. Chesterton tries to write with unexampled energy. Mr. Max Elton tries hard upon his heels. Spain once more comes in a setting for Mr. Seton Merriman, Italy for Mr. Maurice Cranford. It is not among the favourites that we must look for new work. The "Sister Teresa" of Mr. George Moore may endure for a time; it is a sound and conscientious piece of character-drawing, though the character itself is uninteresting, and the presentation not particularly lively.

Of eleven writers there is plenty, and especially among our younger school of novelists. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, "John Oliver Hawkes," Dr. William Barry, Mr. Bernard Capes—these have all a marked and individual style of writing which marks them out from the common herd. But none of the four can be said to have accomplished anything out of their usual range during the last twelve months. "Zack" produced a good piece of work in "The White Cottage," and has established her claim to be regarded as the official chronicler of her slice of territory in the South-West. Neither Mr. Quiller-Couch nor Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whose respective parishes are more or less in the same territory, have done much this year to advance their reputations, though the latter has published a creditable volume in "The Good and Bad Earth." Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" is about as good a book as we have had from his pen. Mr. Maugham's "Candida" was a bright and dashing bit of modern romance, Mr. David Christie Murray's two novels showed a welcome return to something of his old power. "Hals the Immortal" was rather a disappointment to admirers of Mr. Arab Grand. While Mr. H. S. H. has essayed, not very successfully, in "The Prophet of Berkeley-square" to revive the liberal spirit displayed in "The Londoners," Mr. F. F. Bennett attacked in "The Lock of the Vails" Frank Maugham's "Candida" since is restricted, we need do more than

points of resemblance to the work of Mr. H. G. Gentleman is in a speculative vein. For acute ironical commentary it yields to few imaginary books. It fell a little short of its predecessor "Erewhon."

"An Englishwoman's Love Letters" started the form of literary exercise which bade fair at one dangerous. "Roma Amoreosa," by George Egerton, the best of many imitations. In "A Modern unknown author of the "Love-Letter" cult embarked upon a novel which deserves not attempt at character drawing. "The Visits of Elinor Glyn, is another book that had a great outspoken and fresh, it offended many people, but a curious and immoderate enthusiasm. For so in part also to the success of "Elizabeth and the Garden") the name of Elizabeth on the book almost sufficient to insure a considerable subscription. "Bonafactress," by the anonymous creator of the garden, deserves mention. "Sir Richard extremely powerful, but, as some people thought story by Lucas Malet, was undoubtedly one of the year. In American fiction, the War of Independence Civil War still absorb the energy of most new Criss "by Winston Churchill, "Cardigan" by "D'ri and I" by Irving Bacheller, and "A Commersign" by B. K. Benson, are some of the books in this kind. Of more quiet fiction "Alice Brown, deserves a word of commendation, E. Wilkins has written a story of factory life "Portion of Labour." Mr. F. Norris has written "Octopus," another of his powerful tales, and is responsible for a sound story in "The Cavalry

In translation, we have only space to mention Gorki, a coarse and disagreeable but thorough who has produced a pessimistic philosophy by generalizing from his observations of Nijni Novgorod, whose description of provincial life in that agricultural depression is not confined to the Dnieper. Dmitri Merejkowski, whose book, "The Demons," has been given to us in an English dress by Mr. As for boys' books, we have dealt with them so far. It is hardly necessary to do more than mention "The Young Barbarians," which, in spite of striving after the pathetic, has more character than its rivals.

It is impossible to avoid omitting many books gladly name here. Mr. M. P. Shiel's colossal in a word of recognition, as does Mr. Clark its supply of marine adventure. "Bushwhack Clifford," was an excellent collection of sketches Malay Peninsula. Max O'Rell has written "Highness, Woman," Mr. Egerton Castle "The A host of writers not even named here have quite worthy of attention. We have done our with the mass and to pick out the best, I conscious that many may have been omitted inclusion. "The Fiction of the Year 1"—the terrifying in days when the autumn anno occupied nearly three pages in our Autumn Supplement.

SCHOLARSHIP AND ANCIENT

The most important works dealing with antiquity are those on the Mycenaean question, brought into new prominence by Mr. A. J. Evans of Crete. At their head must be placed Professor "Early Age of Greece," the first volume of the known evidence on the Mycenaean age, origin. A considerable controversy has arisen, continue, on the theory which is at the foundation, namely, that the builders of Mycenae were the position has not been seriously assailed, either in a work we shall mention, or by Mr. Hal Civilization of Greece." The last book, although

"Odyssey," a large part of which consists of excursus scanning the whole field of the Homeric question. Mr. G. B. Grundy's "Great Persian War" is a contribution to historical criticism, remarkable for its originality and independence, and valuable for the author's unique acquaintance with the geography of Greece. Mr. Laurie Magnus has done good service in translating Professor Gomperz's "Greek Thinkers," the first volume of which has been published. The book combines in a striking degree grace and wit with philosophic insight. Mr. Greenidge's "Roman Public Life" is a book of high value, and is the only book in English dealing philosophically with the political origins of Rome. The interest of times prehistoric has not blinded scholars to the interest of the Roman decadence; although nothing has been done of such weight as Professor Dill's book, Mr. Crawford has made a sympathetic study of Synesius, and Mr. Glover has given us sketches of typical men in his "Life and Letters in the Fourth Century." In the archaeology of bricks and stones we welcome once more the unwarying Professor Lanciani, whose "New Tales of Old Rome" brings recent discoveries before the public in the old vivid way. A capital handbook of "Christian Art and Archaeology" by Mr. W. Lowrie meets a long-felt want.

In scholarship there is not much to show, but it is nearly all good. Professor Goodwin's "Demosthenes on the Crown," Mr. R. A. Neil's "Knights of Aristophanes," and in a less degree Mr. Monro's "Odyssey, XIII.-XXIV.," are palmary editions. Messrs. Tyrrell and Purser have completed their commentary on Cicero's "Letters"; Professor Ellis has brought "Aetna" up to date. Besides these we have several new texts in the Oxford "Bibliotheca Classica," which will, we hope, supersede the ugly German editions in this country; and Mr. Peterson has given collations from a ninth century MS. of Cicero in "Anecdota Oxoniensia," Classical Series, No. IX. It is a thousand pities that scholars now waste their time on school editions, which often do more harm than good. Comparative philology is stagnant; but Mr. Meade's "Latin Pronouns *Hic, Iste, Ipse*" deserves mention as a patient study in Latin syntax. Professor Rhys Roberts follows up his excellent "Longinus" by an equally good edition and a still better version of "The Three Literary Letters of Dionysius of Halicarnassus." Palaeography is represented in the "Amherst Papyri," a magnificent pair of volumes edited with the usual thoroughness by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt.

Several Oriental books of worth have been published during the year. Amongst them is the late Professor Wright's "Catalogue of the Syriac MSS. in the Cambridge University Library." To the late Mr. P. E. Pusey and to Mr. G. H. Gwilliam we owe the Peshitto Gospels with notes and Latin translation under the title of "Tetraevangelium Sanctum Simplex Syrorum Versio." Mr. E. G. Browne is to the front again with his "Dawlatshahi's Memoirs of the Poets" (Persian Historical Texts), Mrs. Gibson with "Apocrypha Arabica." An excellent book on "Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate" is that of Mr. G. Le Strange. Amongst translations we may mention the "Chronicles of Kashmir," Mr. McCrindle's last volume of "Ancient India as described in Classical Literature," and the Cambridge "Jataka Book"; the fourth volume of this, translated by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, is out, and the last two, by Mr. Francis and Professor Cowell, are well advanced.

PHILOSOPHY.

In philosophy the record of the year has been one of that quiet but steady progress which has been the rule for some time past. In many points the range of our knowledge has been sensibly increased. The general tendency of the year's work may be briefly summarized by saying that on the one hand it shows a continued advance in the task of assimilating the idealism of Germany, and on the other hand a growing disposition to revolt against that idealism so far as it stands in opposition to the dictates of common-sense.

The book of the year which has attracted most attention is Mr. A. E. Taylor's ethical study entitled "The Problem of Conduct." Not that Mr. Taylor gives us any positive results; he leads us to the depressing conclusion that the "problem" is

shows that they lead to somewhat orthodox results. Thinking is close and careful; but even the philosopher still complains that he has to wade in a somewhat rarefied physical atmosphere. A similar complaint might be made of a second series of Professor Royce's *Gifford Lectures on Religion and the Individual*, though the series deals with such matters as nature, man, and the moral order. There is question of the vigour and lucidity with which Professor Royce states his most interesting theory. But many will doubt if a purely metaphysical foundation is substantial enough for the structure of positive doctrine which he builds upon it. Professor Royce and Mr. F. H. Bradley are trenchantly thought for opposite reasons, by Mr. Alfred Hodder in his little book "The Adversaries of the Sceptic." Mr. Hodder professes himself a sceptic, but the main value of his work is its refutation of that hyper-scepticism of Mr. Bradley. Mr. A. E. Taylor has been at pains to develop to its consequences. Unfortunately, Mr. Hodder's book is in such a form as to leave it little chance of the recognition its power deserves. In striking contrast, so far as style is concerned, is Mr. G. L. Dickinson's dialogue on the "Me Good." Apart from its philosophic value, which is enormous, the work commends itself as a masterly example of the form of literary composition. No such philosophic dialogue has been seen in England since Berkeley. Another highly valuable work is Professor G. H. Howison's "Limits of Evolution," a series of essays in which he sets forth persuasively a deep personal idealism. The volume is marked by good scholarship; but Professor Howison challenges criticism by making logic rather than morality the corner-stone of life. Those who are interested in logic will find a great valuable matter in Mr. Alfred Sidgwick's "Use of Reasoning." It appeals mainly to professional interest—an attack upon the formalism which has hitherto been the study. Among the works of erudition the first place goes to Professor J. M. Baldwin's great undertaking "The Origin of Philosophy and Psychology," of which only the first has appeared so far. It is a useful and spirited enterprise deserves every support from those who desire the advance of philosophy. Mr. H. H. Joachim's "Study of the Philosophy of Spinoza" is a careful and scholarly exposition which takes its place as an indispensable companion to Spinoza's *ethica*. Dr. A. C. C. Caldwell's "Philosophy of Religion in England" ably summarizes the outcome of recent thought in that direction. Mr. T. Whittaker's "Neo-Platonists" is a written study of an interesting but neglected period of thought and is a guide which may be thoroughly relied upon. Dr. J. B. Baillie's "Origin and Significance of Hegel's Philosophy" supplies a practical introduction to Hegel's system which, though not enough, is not to be found elsewhere. There are several books about Hegel, but nothing to give much aid to the beginner. Dr. Baillie's work is not perfect, but, so far as it is helpful.

SCIENCE.

An exhaustive review of the scientific publications of the year would be so swollen with elementary text-books of ephemeral or doubtful value as to be scarce worth the effort. But, if we discard these, activity in the biological sciences has been very marked. The third volume of Huxley's "Collected Memoirs" may be awarded the pride of place in this department from its historic interest, and to plunge in *medias res* the continuation of the "Treatise on Zoology," edited by Professor Huxley, Otto Schneid's "Text-book of Vertebrate Zoology," Shipley and McBride's "Zoology"; vol. II. of the "Text-book of Zoology," by Adam Sedgwick; the "Birds," by A. H. Evans, in the "Cambridge History"; the "Zoological Results of an Expedition to British and New Guinea," parts 5 and 6; the "Scientific Results of the Norwegian North Polar Expedition," by F. A. M. J. vol. II.; a "Text-book of Palaeontology for Zoologists," by T. Groom; a new edition of Harting's "Birds"; Seebohm's "Birds of Siberia"; the "Native Birds of the South African Republic," by the same author.

Ardele, "Pflanzenphysiologie," vol. II., by W. Pfeffer; "Allgemeine Physiologie," by Max Vernorn (third edition); "Einleitung in die Theoretischen Biologie," by T. Biedert; "Monographien Afrikanischer Pflanzenfamilien und Gattungen," by A. Engler, part 6; "Methoden in Plant History," by C. J. Chamberlain; Hugo de Vries' "Die Mutationstheorie," vol. I., part 3; and Suess' "Das Antlitz der Erde," vol. III., part 1.

In the department of physics the publication of vol. II. of Raleigh's "Scientific Papers," vol. II. of Osborne Reynolds' "Papers on Mechanical and Scientific Subjects," and H. Poincaré's "Scientific Papers" deserves mention, as also do the "Treatise on Physics," by Professor Andrew Gray; the "Text-book of Physics," by Professors J. H. Poynting and J. J. Thomson; vol. II. of a new edition of "Descartes's Natural Philosophy," by Professor J. D. Everett; the book's "Electricity and Magnetism"; Preston's "Theory of Light"; Poincaré's "Electricité et Optique," and Band I. of "Thermometrische Arbeiten," a most important contribution to the study of the mercurial thermometer, besides technical books of all kinds, such as Woodingham's "Central Electrical Stations," Worby-Thompson's "Motors and Motor Vehicles," and so on.

In chemistry, apart from Cross and Bevan's "Researches on Cellulose, 1885-1900," and new editions of Green's "Soluble Ferments and Fermentation," Tilden's "Introduction to Chemical Philosophy," and other well-known books, the chief publications have been Moissan's "Le Fluor et ses Composés," and Berthelot's "Les Carbures d'Hydrogène," tomes I., II., and III., such volumes as Allen's "Commercial Organic Analysis," Turner's "Metallurgy of Iron," Blair's "Chemical Analysis of Iron," and C. Le Neve Foster's "Text-book of Ore and Metallurgy" must not be omitted from the list, nor should Ostwald's "Die Wissenschaftlichen Grundlagen der Analytischen Chemie" (third edition) be dissociated from the German edition of Hesse and Scherlemmer's "Treatise on Chemistry."

Of special interest to mathematicians are Hamilton's "Elements of Quaternions," vol. II., edited by Professor C. J. Joly; "Le Opere di Galileo Galilei," vol. X.; Brioscchi's "Opere Matematiche," tome I.; and "Les Œuvres Complètes de Christiaan Huygens," while astronomers will welcome Sir R. S. Ball's "Spherical Astronomy," Isaac Roberts' "Photographs of Stars," and a reprint of Tycho Brahe's "Opus primum de nova stella."

War Books of the Year.

The output of books on different aspects of the Transvaal War has been continuous, though not so large as last year. From a literary point of view the best is unquestionably "Livesman's" "Wounds by an Eye-Witness," and the second best Mr. Mortimer Moore's "War Impressions." Important books from other points of view have been "The Work of the Ninth Division," by General Cuyville, and "The Civil War Hospital," by the Professional Staff. Books on the work of our colonial auxiliaries are "Australia at the Front," by F. Wilkinson, and "The Canadian Contingent," by M. S. Evans. The story of the war as seen from the Boer side is told in Mr. H. J. Herts' "Pretoria from Within," and the "War Notes" of the unfortunate Vilhelms Marwed, General Mackinnon wrote "The Journal of the C.I.V.," there have been books giving the point of view of the private of irregulars by the Hon. S. Peel and Mr. J. Fitzgibbon; and a word of recognition is also due to Mr. J. Stuart's "Pictures of War," Mr. Julian Ralph's "War's Brighter Side," and an anonymous book of great merit entitled "A Scotsman's Letters to his Wife."

SCOTLAND IN 1901.

In any survey of the year's literature, it is but right that Scotland should have some separate attention. True, the

In looking at what remains of the Scotch produced during the year, we find only three worth to us to have a chance of being read and enjoyed. We refer to Sir Henry Craik's "Century of History," Mr. Henry G. Graham's "Social Life of the Eighteenth Century," and Professor E. Monboddo and His Contemporaries. The last, taken at first, is not an entirely satisfactory work. Knight can do some things well, but he is a philosopher rather than an artist; and Lord Monboddo, by distinctively a personality, has not been realized as he might have been. The same criticism may be made of the author's treatment of Monboddo's contemporaries, whose hands are little more than the dry bones of the biographer. Still, the volume must always have full of the attainable record of the career of a distinct man who anticipated Darwin by proclaiming man the monkey, and who otherwise lives in literary connexion with Burns, Johnson, and Scott.

Sir Henry Craik's "Century of Scottish History" is a measure for some of the defects of Professor Knight. Professor Knight had a splendid opportunity, brilliant period in the literary history of Edinburgh, not avail himself of the opportunity, though he had Monboddo's personality "would have formed which to group the Scots men of letters who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century." He pleads the men—Hume, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Burns—had been dealt with by other writers. Sir Henry have offered the same excuse. Fortunately he has, hence we have in his work a full and adequate period in Scotland's literary history which must be peculiar glory of her capital. Nor in other respects is to be commended, although its views upon some points are, of course, open to question. With the of Scottish life it deals fully, and on the whole, the general Scottish history of the period it furnishes a summary as may be found in any work of its kind. Henry G. Graham's "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century" a great deal has been said on the north-west, and the value of the book is amply attested that it has gone into a third edition. The approach his subject in a spirit and manner so far from that of Sir Henry Craik. Mr. Graham is not his bias is, therefore, on the side of the Kirk scholar, a scholar, too, with a speciality; and the Scotland of Allan Ramsay's and Burns's hardly be superseded. In any case, it must stand as a standard work.

In fiction, Scotland has done but poorly. It could hardly be otherwise, for we have but few novelists who reside permanently in their native land, only one of them can be said to be distinctive. Crockett has long ago been given over to the hands of letters; and if he still felt to be dealt with it impossible to credit him with any remarkable during the year. The feeling in Scotland, as of Mr. Crockett fails to do himself justice by the put, that haste and over-productiveness, which is so rightly condemned in his recent Edinburgh Walter Scott. It is to be hoped that Mr. Neil dissipate his talents by a similar machine-like year has seen the issue of two stories from Mr. Neil both of them meritorious. We cannot say that "Doon Castle" as a great work, but it certainly is a success. "The Shoes of Fortune," which we have has attracted less attention so far, perhaps because the story is laid so far from that Argyle over which has cast such a glamour in some of his

Scottish publishers, particularly in Edinburgh, are steadily extending their fields of enterprise, notes with pleasure the growing number of books to the reading public at large which are being published on the Tweed. Messrs. Nelson's Century

BOOK AUCTIONS OF 1901.

In Dibdin's day the "bibliomania malady" was confined within narrow limits; now, on the other hand, a far wider section of the public demands authentic information as to what happens in the auction rooms. We may attempt, briefly, to recall one or two of the chief incidents of the year. No library of the first importance has come under the hammer; but those of Sir Augustus Fraser, Sir Henry Hope Edwards, Signor Pirovano, and Mr. Frederick S. Ellis, all deceased, have with warrant evoked great interest. Taking the ten highest totals for 1900 and 1901 respectively, we should find that, whereas in 1900 an aggregate of 10,587 lots produced £51,484, or an average of under £4 18s. per lot, the corresponding figures for 1901 would be 12,441 lots, which yielded £85,008, or more than £6 15s. per lot. For the highest average for a single library was for that of Mr. Ellis, the 131 lots comprising which brought £5,000, or about £42 each; while the fine Hope Edwards assemblage, 670 lots, fetching £11,033 occupies a second place with an average of over £16. Were the year's catalogues to be analysed with such a purpose in view, it would be possible to compile a table of some 66 items coming more or less strictly under the head of printed books—excluding sets, and works with illustrations not forming part of the text—each of which brought at least £100. Of these 19 came from the Hope Edwards library, more than a dozen from the Pirovano, five from the Ellis. The highest price realized for a single printed book during the year was on July 16, when an example of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., fetched the record sum of £1,720—in 1623 it was published at £1. When, in 1818, 116 guineas was paid for the Grenville example no one supposed its value was destined to increase, but in 1864 the copy now owned by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts made 682 guineas, while in 1899 an excellent copy brought £1,700. Next comes "The Ryall Book" of Caxton, valued at £1,550 instead of at about £60, as in 1829. For details of the £1,475 "Pilgrim's Progress" readers may be referred to *Literature*, May 18; for a note on the £620 copy of Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" to our issue of March 9; while of the Keluscott Chaucer on vellum (£510), Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions" (£120), Caxton's "Polychronicon" (£340), Scott's "Waverley," &c. (£118)—wherein, however, defects were afterwards discovered, if we mistake not—more or less detailed mention is made in *Literature*, November 30, December 7, and December 14. Higher prices than ever before have been paid at auction for certain works. It would be hazardous to say by how many writers—by Kents, Byron, and possibly Shelley; by Charles Lamb and Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth and Thackeray, Browning, and many more. It is easy to attribute to its source the cause of these increased money values. Undenially it is the issue of American competition, a subject dealt with three weeks ago in these columns.

In the domain of illustrated works, again, prices for rare and fine things have ruled high. The late Mr. Ellis is said to have paid no more than about £100 for Edward Calvert's copy of Blake's songs "Of Innocence" and "Of Experience," which in November fetched £700, as against £146 for the perhaps finer Beekford example two decades since. At £665 the series of engravings after Watteau have doubled from what was regarded as an excessive price in Paris a few years ago; at £395 the set was sold, it is said, for the first time at auction.

A detailed account of the dispersal of the Barrois-Ashburnham MSS., many with beautiful paintings and illuminations by old-time artists, appeared in *Literature*, June 15-22. This sale, with its total of £33,217 for 628 lots, excels in interest all others in its kind held during 1901. On May 12, however, £1,200 was paid for an incomplete Sæc. XV. MS. of the Wycliffe Bible, written on 2690f. of vellum; compare this with £1,750, the value placed on the Bramhall example, with 4040f., in the Ashburnham "Appendix."

From the literary standpoint, as distinct from that of the collector, one of the most important lots sold was a small 4to., valued at 100 guineas, containing biblicists' notices and

MS. Orders, Papers, &c., by or relating to Nelson, including autograph letters from Samuel Johnson to Mr., Sir Robert, Chambers, 1762-83, all said to be up to Dr. Hill's "Life" (£144 15s.); these belonged to Macdonald, a daughter of Sir Robert Chambers had Colonel Macdonald, the son of Flora; and, not to two long letters from Tennyson to Colquhoun (50 guineas). Extraordinarily high sums have been several blindings from Mr. Colquhoun's own hand than £387 for three originally charged by him at and early mementoes of writers whose names afterwards familiar are discoverable in half-a-dozen school exercises Brontë sisters (£15), in a music book written by the when she was at Miss Franklin's Academy, Cove (£15), and in a school atlas on one of whose Tennyson had inscribed the names of a score of pupils (£8 15s.).

THE "LOWER BRANCHES."

A "Personal View"

BY FRANCIS GIBBLE.

A happy chance brought me, the other day, an unimpeachable source, some information concerning the means and methods of work of the successful writers of serial stories of the sort that readers of presumably regard with contempt—stories that put have nothing to do with, and of the existence of educated public is only aware because it has advertised on the boardings or exposed for sale on the stationers' shops. I knew, of course, that someone paid to write them; but I had always assumed that was a beggarly one, followed only by poor hacks who nothing better to do. What I heard opened my eyes to hasten to communicate it. If my revelations spoil the encouraging competition I shall feel no qualms but malicious joy.

In the old days, of course, the trade was a very low indeed. When I was a boy living in the country I knew who supplemented her income by writing novelettes to get £5 for a novelette of 30,000 words, and she was about four a year. A little later I made the acquaintance of another lady who used to write 30,000 word novelette apiece, and who generally managed to sell about half the twelve-month. Politeness having compelled me to read of the latter lady's work, I formed the opinion, that remuneration was inadequate, but that she was very lucky any remuneration at all. What I now perceive is that born before her proper time. If she were writing now would be flourishing, though she might not be full of stuff that she wrote for her poor pittance was just the of stuff that is written by the authors, not one of the fame, whose prosperity was lately brought under my

The first case is that of the author of a dark story and crime which I saw advertised by gaudy posters at home at night. That author is always writing dark mystery and crime. They have no literary quality, merely run serially through a popular weekly paper are no more heard of. But the proprietor of the paper spends as much as £10,000 in advertising them, and the reward is £20 a week.

The second case is that of a lady whose "feminine

neat repartees or two, would do them no harm, and would comfort their elders, now doomed to mental vacuity for four hours and a-half. The pantomime is "written and invented" by Messrs. J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins. It is probably safe to assume that Mr. Collins is responsible for the invention, leaving the writing to Mr. Hickory Wood, who does not seem to have spent much brain-work upon his task. Why not try the experiment of entrusting the libretto to a real writer—to Mr. Anstey or Mr. Harry Pain, Mr. Owen Seaman or Mr. Adrian Ross?

For sheer spectacle, however, the pantomime beats every one of its predecessors. They were gorgeous, stupendous, expensive; so is this, but it is also tasteful. Quite the finest scene is "The Triumph of the Magic Fan," which blends colours as harmoniously as a Persian carpet. Dancing ladies represent Spanish fans, grey and black, Louis Quinze fans of rose *Dubarry*, and Watteau fans tinted like the bloom on an Orleans plum. Round these cluster children in the rich robes, oranges, lemon, and pale blue, of the Far East. It is said that we English do not, like the Latin races, revel in the sheer sensual delight of colour; but Drury Lane is convincing disproof of that—though it is true the costumes are designed by Signor Conelli, who is presumably an Italian. For quieter tastes, the pensive mood, there is "The Land of Ferns," a delicious scene, "with verdure clad," cool with shallow rivers, by whose falls melodious birds might, but do not, sing madrigals; the only birds are some real (and obviously disconcerted) swans. The "Slave Market" and the "Hall of Pleasure" are minor delights, chiefly remarkable as exhibiting every species of female beauty comprised in the *genus* known as "opulent." Drury Lane brings us annual comfort in that respect; it is evident that the physique of the Englishwoman is not deteriorating. What is also most pleasantly in evidence is the pure natural joy of the stage children. They revel in their dances, their pretty costumes, their merry antics. I read (in innumerable "interviews") that the management keeps a school for their especial benefit. And, when one thinks of the numerous homes that are enabled to tide over the winter solely through the existence of Drury Lane Pantomime, one recognizes the duty of accepting the institution cheerfully and gratefully. That, however I return to my grievance—is no reason why the libretto should not be written by some one who can write. And I do think it is high time for the management to recognize that one can have too much of a good thing. I left the theatre on Boxing night on the stroke of twelve (for newspapers must go to press at fixed hours), and the third great spectacle, "The Fairies' Gift to Fatima" (a spiral staircase of electric light, I am told), was yet to come. Was there any harlequinade? If so, I wonder when the audience got away.

For holiday afternoons at the St. James', Mr. Alexander has revived *Liberty Hall*, an early piece of Mr. R. C. Carton's, pervaded by a seasonable flavour of Dickens and furnished with one character—a benevolent old simpleton of a second-hand bookseller—by no means unworthy of the great Master of the Sentimentalists himself. This old fellow, who keeps a bust of "the late Mr. Charles Dickens" on his mantelshelf, and uses bookselling metaphors about life which might have been put into his mouth by that novelist, was originally played by the late Mr. Edward Righton, and is now played, with less humour but more pathos, by a notable recruit to the St. James' company, Mr. Lennox Pawle. Mr. Alexander is pleasant as a disguised Baronet acting the part of Fairy Godmother to two pretty orphans (Miss Margaret Halstan and Miss Lillian Braithwaite), and Miss Le Thiere quite superfluously unpleasant as a slatternly maid-of-all-work. The domestic details of the piece

ALEXANDER SMITH REDIVIVUS

There are some signs of a revival of interest in Alexander Smith, and the appearance a little while ago of a collection of his poems in Mr. Walter Scott's *Canterbury Poets* may have aroused in the breasts of some readers the question—was Alexander Smith?

During the fifty years that have passed since he died, hailed with enthusiasm as "a finer poet than Keats," and qualified in which Keats was finest, "we have arrived at conclusions and forgotten the name even of the man who wrote the 'Life Drama.' At the most, until quite recently, he was remembered by a few as the literary sensation of the years ago, with some recollection of a spate of charges brought against his honesty as a writer. Smith echoed Tennyson, copied the ardours of Keats, violence for passion, licence for imagination, vague for the moral imagination that comprehends the world. Why, then, revive his memory? Why recall for the pleasing of a bygone taste, now that our minds have found other satisfaction?

To be plain, the chief reason for distinguishing Smith among other incomplete poets, after his day is past, is the excuse that must be offered for his faults—his inexperience. His early verse, with all its vagaries, its flourish set on youth, and has the inspiration of a true spirit. So far as he looked at life directly, and in an imitated fashion, he faced the old perplexities with towards a brave solution, saw events and circumstances the emotion that arises from fresh vision, and found and hope in everything that had not conformed to. Confronted from childhood with the harsh facts of great city, earning his bread in the din and bustle of warehouse, he was held by a passion for the beautiful perplexity. His early work is marred by the disconcerting thought from the things he knew intimately. He fancy towards a region where facts have suffered to be seen spiritualized and made brilliant by art. The (in his few hours of freedom dreamed "to set the age at rest," but found his own experience too meagre to be conformed to material for his art, save under the trappings of crime. Managing his daily work, living sparsely that he might have money for his books, making friends by his mind and found a refuge for his thoughts in the woes and passions of heroes such as Walter in the "Life Drama" intention he utters his thoughts of love and life, of duty and virtue, not as he found them serviceable in the order of every day, but as he deemed they would be realized free of actuality. All of actual observation worthy of interpretation in verse he finds in the moon and stars, or in the sensational aspects of sky and sea. Of human relations seriously considers but one, and his lovers are all pre-occupied with the variety and tumult of their own souls. The characters of the "Life Drama" are phantasms and remote as the glades and tapestried rooms of a flicker through the swift phases of their emotions. The frequent beauty of language that redeems the most of its passages, there is a second value in the poem. The writer passes from artificial gestures to speak the truths found in the normal life he knew by experience.

Alexander Smith had the instinct of beauty and came near to giving it individual expression. Had he lived to achieve greater restraint in manner, simplicity, more largeness of comprehension, it is likely that his later work would have fulfilled the promise of his youth. The "Life Drama," published when the poet was twenty-two, is ardent and unworried. In spite of its theatricality and incoherence, it is sincere. The "Canterbury Poets" of five years later have the same quality, but it is to the beginnings of acquiescence. The poet's attitude of mind towards the then existing state of things, and his power of expression gains thereby in clarity and

ably as the latest monographs on fowling, fly-fishing, cricket, or the history of the county pack do in the gun-room of his Victorian ancestor. Nowadays, having served to instruct the nunny, it merely delights the few; and the bibliophile, whose ancestors possibly never bore arms, and who never owned hawk or hunter, pores over the woodcuts that delighted gentlemen when Harry the Eighth was King.

MARY DORMER HARRIS.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, BART., M.P., P.C. By Mrs. HENRY FAWCETT. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

Mrs. Fawcett's "Life of Sir William Molesworth" is nothing if not timely. Molesworth's reputation as a practical statesman must stand or fall upon what he did and helped to do for the colonies; while at no period of our history have the colonies loomed so largely upon the political horizon as at present. It is true that this predecessor of Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office never in his most hopeful moments anticipated the extraordinary success which has sprung from his policy. Yet to Molesworth and Edward Gibbon Wakefield—to two advanced Radicals, which seems to-day paradoxical enough—must be given the credit of having inspired the Imperialistic movement and united the colonies all the more closely to the mother country by the very act of setting them free. Mrs. Fawcett may be said to have fairly proved her case that, so far from being a "Little Englander," as he is occasionally painted, Sir William Molesworth was an Imperialist and an Empire-builder. Once, indeed, he apparently departed from his usual views; and capital has been made out of the fact that he advised the practical evacuation of our South African colonies. But, as will be shown presently, this was due to no sudden doubts of what he had hitherto preached as the mission of the British; but simply to his honest disbelief in the possibility of developing the country north of Cape Town sufficiently to make it profitable.

In describing the various influences which operated upon Molesworth's character in early life, Mrs. Fawcett hardly attaches enough significance to two—viz., his singularly mixed ancestry, and the distressing ailment which tinged his boyhood with unhappiness, and made him peevish and suspicious of insult. As for his ancestry, it was hybrid indeed. On the paternal side he sprang, at once, from an old Cornish stock, the Molesworths of Penarrow, and from a French family, Ourry by name, originally gentlemen of the robe at Blois, then petty seigneurs, and finally Huguenot refugees in the British service. His mother was partly of Lowland Scots, partly of Highland descent, and said to have been of kin to David Hume. There was little of what is called Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins; and indeed the west-country squires among whom he lived looked upon him as almost a foreigner. The ailment alluded to was scrofula, which disfigured him sadly in childhood. Mrs. Fawcett does not tell us that this disease cost him his father's affection; but we learn from his own statement that such was the unhappy truth. At the private school to which he was sent (he was too sickly for Eton) the boys made mock of his disease with boyish thoughtlessness; and the bullying which he underwent, coming after his father's dislike, filled him with bitter feelings, and "set him against all authority." With his succession to the family

omniscience, and appears to have been a good deal of but some of his letters written to his mother and sister, and quoted by Mrs. Fawcett from the sister's papers, considerable humour, as well as shrewd insight into Mrs. Grote has drawn his portrait at this period: countenance, expressive blue eyes, florid complexion, brown hair; a slim and neatly made figure about five inches in height, with small, well-shaped hands and feet.

Molesworth sat in the first Reformed Parliament of Cornwall, but his advanced principles and youthfulness gave out that he preferred to be disliked) repulsive to the Cornish gentry. In reply to an invitation to a constituency, that of Leeds, he made a daringly independent characteristic declaration. The Leeds Whig asked if he would support Lord Melbourne. "With," he wrote,

To my support of the present Administration, to inform you that undoubtedly I should support them if I approved of them. If, however, they do not ballot and other measures open questions, my first that their tenure of office will be short. Supporting them, you mean that I will support opposition to the Tories—undoubtedly I will. If that I must abstain from expressing my opinions in motions, or by amendments, through fear of injuring the present Administration—then I must not give that species of support.

Apparently Leeds was pleased with his honesty, returned contrary to his own expectation.

Mrs. Fawcett places Molesworth's adoption of colonial reform policy in 1833; but he did not make parliamentary speech on the colonies until June 29, 1834, when his philosophic Radicalism was all but defunct, and W. convinced him of the crying need for abolishing trade and giving our dependencies their freedom within six months. Cobden was willing to give the colonies absolute independence if they asked it; the old Whigs opposed the giving of it in any form; Molesworth and his adherents took the middle course, and spoke in season and out of season for colonies subject to Imperial rule. Our author, on the other hand, endorses the view taken by her subject of Lord Durham after the Canadian rising, although she says that, in the banishment of the rebels, "Molesworth was free of wishing well to the enemies of his country." Molesworth is, above all, a fervent believer in the theory of autonomy which she holds with Molesworth can alone make our colonies happy and contented. But Sir William was first led to advocate autonomy for the more selfish reason that it would lighten the British taxpayer. "His argument was that as long as the colonies in a state of tutelage, they naturally sent us; give them self-government, he urged, and they will understand that they are to be individually responsible for their own internal wars."

Only once does Mrs. Fawcett differ seriously with William, and this is upon his proposition that further extension of British rule in South Africa should cease, and that only the Cape and a coaling station should be retained there. She does not, however, to offer an explanation of what she calls the mistake of his extraordinarily far-seeing and enlightened policy. "He had made it the work of his life," she says, "to promote the development of the colonial Empire. Britain in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, or

showing his capabilities in the position which, after long exerting, he eventually obtained, that of Secretary for the Colonies. He succeeded Lord John Russell at the Colonial Office on July 2, 1853, and died on October 22 in the same year at the early age of forty-four. His marriage, which had occurred in 1844, was said to have greatly softened the asperity of his temper, and drawn him from the seclusion into which he had plunged during the completion of his edition of "Hobbes' Works," a publication in sixteen volumes, which occupied him six years, and cost, according to Mrs. Fawcett, many thousands of pounds.

The "Life of Madox-Baile" is satisfactorily indexed, and the portraits (mostly from family paintings at Pencarrow and from engravings and sketches owned by Sir William's sister, Mrs. Ford) are well chosen. The book contains some errors in the matter of dates, and there is one useful Latin mistake, for which the printer is perhaps to blame.

THOMAS KYD.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS KYD. Edited from the Original Texts, with Introduction, Notes, and Facsimiles, by P. S. BOAS, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. (Clarendon Press, 15s. n.)

We take this work as a sign that the country is awaking from its long neglect of the Elizabethan drama. As far as Shakespeare is concerned, indeed, we have no cause to find fault: he has been studied here as thoroughly and as intelligently as could be wished, and we have not needed that foreign scholars should show us the way. But to the average man, Shakespeare is all the English drama. Dryden's "Old Plays" is only a selection, and not a critical edition even of those selected. Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Poole, Massinger and Ford, and a few others have been reprinted, it is true, in the last generation, but not with the scholarly discrimination which is used for Aeschylus or Sophocles: nor again are the volumes we refer to convenient or pleasant to look at. A few years ago, Mr. Halliwell added to his claims on our gratitude by editing several dramatists in a worthy form; but although his literary taste invites nothing to be desired, even he has not done for the text what should be done. But if, as we hope, the Clarendon Press has in hand a series planned on the scale of the present volume, we shall soon be in a position to enter into our great dramatic heritage with full enjoyment and understanding.

For Mr. Boas' work is from every point of view excellent. In research, he has added new material and cast new light on the old; in criticism, he follows a scientific method, and fully presents the evidence which he uses; in taste, he is a safe and discriminating guide. We have here in the result the first complete edition of Kyd's works, including all that can be safely identified as his, and for illustration some which have passed current for his, while appendices and notes contain not only illustrations and sources, but the earliest German adaptation of *Hieronimo*. Mr. Boas has also wiped away a reproach against England, that it has left too much to foreigners the recognition of Kyd's importance as a figure in dramatic history.

And that importance is by no means small. Mr. Boas in his introduction gives good reason for believing that he was "the first playwright to put the story of Hamlet upon the stage," and that his influence may be traced in the first quarto of the Shakespearean play. He does not effect this by winking at tradition; on the contrary, he raises and discusses one difficulty which has hardly been noticed, Nash's hint that Kyd knew not

though glorified, in that delightful pair, *Ancient and Modern*, the swashbuckler Hardolph.

The text of *Hieronimo* may now be read for Kyd wrote it, the latest additions which appear distinguished here by smaller type. Mr. Boas adds them highly, as they deserve; but shows that another hand, and inconsistent with the rest of the reputation has, of course, suffered whilst the imagination that Kyd wrote it as it stands. A still is done to Kyd's memory by the proof that *Hieronimo* is not by him. As regards *Soliman* can fully agree with Mr. Boas in ascribing it is nothing in it he might not have written, and only point to a greater maturity of style, mostly insight into character. Throughout the book readings are given in footnotes, and some of very few of these are admitted into the text. A tion of his own is adopted in Sp. Tr. 3, 12, will exempt (him) the place." We are glad to see admits the principle of attraction in criticism, strange how a neglect of this, so fully granted languages, has obscured our knowledge of English carefully examined the notes, and find no omission explanation. There is a puzzling misprint Sp. 463), where the second S. *Luigia* should be S. *L.*

We have no space to discuss the "Introduction" deserves; and can but say that it contains much. Mr. Boas has discovered some new information and prints (with facsimile) two interesting documents to Sir T. Puckering written after he had been put and containing an unkind reference to Marlowe's "atheistic" treatise which he asserts that Marlowe. Kyd's works are discussed in full historically, and his dramatic power and influence. Mr. Boas thinks that Kyd was not a thinker, or stylist; but a "born dramatist" for devising impressive situations and flamboyant for exploiting to the full the technical resources of the temporary stage." If he wrote *Soliman*, neither denied him. A renewed study of his works confirms the opinion that no ordinary man could have conceived the strength of *Hieronimo*; and his *Soliman* is a of the effect of unchecked power and unbridled nature not ungenerous. In his women he does some of the minor characters are happily consistent. Kyd, in a word, deserves attention has made it possible for students of the drama to enjoy him.

THE FOURTH CENTURY

LOVE AND LETTERS IN THE FOURTH CENTURY. By L. C. M. A. (Cambridge University Press.)

Three years ago we reviewed Professor Dill's book on the fourth century, which we are glad to see in a second edition; and we notice Mr. Crawford's "Love and Letters in the Fourth Century." It is satisfactory to see that another scholar has turned his attention to the same period. If Mr. Glover ranks with Professor Dill's (and an examination of Symmachus in each book is enough to show) probably appeal more effectively to the general reader, Glover is quite scholarly as far as he goes; and

Barrack Room Ballads. The last was, no doubt, caught in America, where Kipling seems to be inevitable in every book. Mr. Glover's translations are often forcible and telling; we have noted, however, one serious mistake, when he translated *tripudlare* "to waltz" (33).

The persons whose careers are here sketched are Ammi-
anus Marcellinus, Julian, Quintus Smyrnaeus, Ausonius, Sym-
machus, Macrobius, Augustine (from the "Confessions" only),
Claudian, Prudentius, Sulpicius Severus, Palladas, and Synesius;
and there are chapters on women pilgrims and Greek and
Early Christian novels. The sketches are quite interesting,
particularly where Mr. Glover's sympathy is strong. We
think that the best essays are those on Claudian and Synesius,
but if St. Augustine took in the complete life, we should give the
palm to that. Synesius, of course, cannot be fairly compared
with Mr. Crawford's elaborate work, but we get from the shorter
essay a quite clear and consistent portrait of the man, and in
some respects a better one; the figure is more human. In all
cases Mr. Glover is keen to spy out the good points in a man,
generous in his appreciations, and glad to find him sincere; if
he preaches a little we forgive him, because he is so obviously
in earnest. Julian is a much more credible person than he
is usually made out. We do not quite understand why only
women pilgrims are spoken of; and we think that more might
have been made of the novels; indeed, we wish it had been
done, for the criticism of "Daphnis and Chloe" is really good.
After viewing the picture-gallery we cannot but be struck by
the fact that the great men of the age were almost all provincial.
"Ammianus and Macrobius were Greek, Augustine a Latin of
Africa, Prudentius a Spaniard, Sulpicius a Gaul, Claudian
some kind of Egyptian." One recalls the galaxy of great
Spaniards in Nero's time. It is really creditable that Mr.
Glover has seen all this and yet spared us the "Celtic
theory."

Synesius the Hellene.

Synesius, apart from his connexion with Hypatia, is a
sufficiently interesting personage to deserve a monograph; and
in some respects Mr. W. S. Crawford in *SYNESIUS THE HELLENE*
(Rivingtons, 12s. 6d.) has done his subject justice. In all that relates
to the works of Synesius himself he has gone to the fountain-
head, formed his own impressions, and justified his statements by
exact references; in this part of his work the only improvement
we would suggest would be to print the text of the more im-
portant quotations. He has by this means succeeded in produc-
ing a very real portrait, and Synesius stands out before us the
public-spirited local grandee, always ready at need, whether to
undertake a wearisome mission to the capital, to fight the savage
marauder, or to help a friend. His literary work is fairly esti-
mated, and his theological position is treated with a sympathetic
touch, although we think it would be far from Mr. Crawford's
own. The historical framework is not put together so skilfully,
because Mr. Crawford has been content to take facts at second-
hand from Gibbon, the Dictionaries, or Miss Gardner. The
last writer, indeed, has been very useful to him; and it is,
perhaps, surprising that with a book so good as hers in existence
Mr. Crawford should have made another. As to the literary
value of the book there is a freshness and *naïveté* in Mr. Craw-
ford which pleases, but he is not an accomplished craftsman.
There is no affectation, for which in these days we may well be
thankful; on the other hand, there is no style to speak of. He
is sometimes flippant (there is a cockney allusion on p. 153). In
his chapter on Synesius as a man of letters he is a little out of

STELLA.*

(By PROFESSOR STANLEY LANE-POOLE.)

Does any one read Swift now? If one were to judge
personal acquaintance the answer would be unhesitatingly
not even ten righteous men—that is, leaving out the
critics, who, of course, are not righteous men. Yet
be a Swift-reading public somewhere, or else why has
Bell brought out a new edition—remarkably well
of his works in seven or eight volumes, and
Messrs. Methuen gone to the expense of producing this
to Stella" in a new and very acceptable form? If
circles of the great middle class there are evidently
are not content with the popular pulchrum of Yellow
Cardinals, Gentlemen of Carinthia, and Janes of the
and similar food for babes. They ask for strong
the big minds of the past—there are none now—can
them, and it is a very good thing for the publishers
is still some demand for non-copyright matter: the
heartily sick of the royalty system as applied to
poorer novels.

Even if the appetite for a classical writer like Swift
severer style should pall, and such "wonderful"
pamphlets—to use Johnson's phrase—as "The Con-
Allies" cease to delight a generation that knows no
Peace of Utrecht was about, there is a perennial
of the "Journal to Stella," which masters even those to whom
and St. John and my Lord Keeper Harcourt are
political figures, and who care little even about
Nick Rowe. There is something absolutely unique
wonderful Journal, in which the most masculine intel-
age set down day by day the incidents of three
years; which received every hope, fear, or fancy in
as it rose to him; "which was written for one person's
pleasure, and has had indestructible attractiveness for
since; which has no parallel in literature for the
importance of the men and the events that move along
the homely vividness of the language that describes
of which the loves, the hates, the joys and griefs, the
tractions and disappointments, the great and little in close
neighbourhood, the alternating tenderness and bitterness,
all, the sense and nonsense in marvellous mixture, and
remain a perfect microcosm of human life." The surprise
of the Journal is its self-revelation; in it we see Swift
laid bare, and discover that the open cynic had a
secret vein of tenderness which he blushed to disclose.

But the Journal is a picture of the times as well as
of the writer, and as such it needs the commentator.
hitherto has been fully annotated—perhaps because
that constant reference to footnotes dispels the charm
fairly does. Nevertheless one must know who the men
are who pass across the stage, and though the prog-
tracts the attention, it is indispensable. None more
than Mr. George Aitken could be desired as a com-
mentator on the Journal. He knows the age of Swift intimately
names escape his quick identification. Naturally, the
"Dictionary of National Biography" has proved a help
him; it saves individual research and reduces the
historical annotation almost to a mechanism of clockwork.
Mr. Aitken could almost have done without it, had he
to it, so thorough is his knowledge of the times, and

but it is as comfortable and complete a little volume as one could wish for.

Of course there is an Introduction. Every one must have his say about Stella, and poor Vanessa is sure to be dragged in. It is the penalty of greatness that a man cannot even make love in private, and so discussions which about ordinary unimportant people would be an insufferable impertinence appear to become biographical necessities when it is a question of the indiscretions of great men. Not that there was any indiscretion about Swift; the difficulty was that he was so exasperatingly discreet. He never saw Stella but in the presence of a deacon, and he wrote to her in the dual number! If he had openly married Stella and then run off with Vanessa a vast deal of needless controversy would have been saved. But here are half-a-dozen excellent critics—such as Mr. John Foster, Sir Henry Craik, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Churton Collins, and so on—who cannot agree whether the mysterious marriage with Hester Johnson ever took place, or "if not, why not"; whether Swift was really in love with Miss Vanhomrigh—there is, of course, no doubt whatever that she, poor soul, was desperately in love with him—whether the last ride to Marlay and the "awful look" are mere romance or indirect homicide; in short, whether half that has been reported about Swift's relations with these two women is in any degree authentic. The more one looks into the evidence the more amazed one becomes at the credulity that accepts second or third hand gossip as gospel. Take the question of the marriage with Stella in 1716. No one, of course, could disprove a private marriage without witnesses in the deanery garden of St. Patrick's; it were a negative of the most impossible kind; but considering the consistent manner in which these two otherwise truthful people acted over afterwards as if they were not married, remembering that Stella signed several legal documents afterwards as "spinster," and that Swift, writing her "character" in the deepest agony of sorrow on the night of her death, and writing only for his own eye, speaks of her as "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with," and not as was, the *onus probandi* undoubtedly rests with those who maintain that this formal marriage, by which neither party gained any conceivable benefit or satisfaction, really took place. The only person who could have betrayed the secret was Bishop Asho, who is said to have performed the ceremony. Bishop Asho died in the year following the alleged marriage, and is it likely that he would have revealed such a carefully concealed secret so soon and in the lifetime of both the persons interested? Dean Swift was not a pleasant man to fall foul of, and one can well believe that Dr. Asho would sooner have bitten his tongue off than blabbed about the particularly private concerns of so formidable a colleague. Nobody, at all events, seems to have heard the tale during the Dean's life. At last it came out that Dr. Asho had related it to Bishop Berkeley, whose relict communicated it to Monk Berkeley, who published it in 1789. But the future Bishop Berkeley was abroad in 1716, and remained abroad till after Asho's death. Is it imaginable that this respectable prelate would have committed such an explosive piece of news to a letter—a letter, too, traversing the continent of Europe? And, if so, why did it not leak out until Berkeley's relict, in a fit of expansion, set the gossip going? Orrey mentions the story in 1752, and probably had it from the same unique and exceedingly conspicuous source, though he does not say so; and Tom Sheridan the younger accepts the story in

make your choice; because I never saw the conversation I entirely valued but here; this I ever gave way to.

There is nothing to make one think he gave twelve years later. There was no reason why he have openly married Stella if he wished, marriage could have been of no possible use to it at all consonant with the Dean's ylow ecclesiastical character to do such a thing in a. The tale naturally arose out of the well-known between the two; though no one seems to have or at least diffused it, in their lifetime. So the rolls on, little-fattlers will whisper that a man with a woman without wanting to marry her. A crowd of witnesses there are to the contrary!

In his very straightforward introduction sound on the marriage question, and, oddly enough as one of the disbelievers in it. As far as I only book in which I have dealt with the Letters and Journals of Jonathan Swift," published ago—I merely quoted, with some caution, statements in favour of the marriage. The Pagot, the well-known magistrate, less known "Puzzles and Paradoxes," set me upon a fresh subject by referring me to his searching paper and since then I have been a total sceptic as to the ride to Marlay, and the other legends sketched Mrs. Wood's "Esther Vanhomrigh." But I did not Mr. Aitken discovered my conversion, unless the writer of unsigned reviews. By the way, "some foundation in fact" for the Marlay incident like to know where? And he also attributed additional ten lines of "Cadenus and Van" revision of the poem in 1719. If so, how is it that it not appear in the earlier editions of 1720? I believe that Swift would have wished to suppress it would like much more to know that he never wrote the Vanessa story is much simpler than the Stella story, less creditable to Swift. Still he owes something to both those attachments. How few of us "Tale of a Tub" nowadays, or even "Gulliver's Travels" many are vaguely familiar with the names of Swift and are convinced, still more vaguely, that Swift was badly to both. The mystery and obscurity of the affairs, different in kind, as I believe, but carried on say cooled off—at the same time, in the same manner, at perilous risk, have given Swift's Journal a popularity that other works could not achieve. It is an instance of the human over the literary, the heart over the head, the twofold romance of his life has outweighed all of his brain.

Swift's Tracts.

In producing the fifth volume (Historical Tracts—English) of his admirable edition of the WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT (Bell, 3s. 6d.), Standard Library, Mr. Temple Scott has done more than his wonted ability. Hitherto no English edition of the works of Swift has been in the hands of his editors than the Patrick's. Only one's affection for Sir Walter Scott has kept one from saying the whole truth about his

Mr. Temple Scott will find the task practically insuperable when he deals with the Irish portion—but a great deal can be done, and the present editor has undoubtedly worked hard at the difficult problem. His judgment is sound, his industry remarkable, and the result is no full a collection of Swift's authentic historical and political writings, from the "Character of Wharton," 1711, to the "Memorial to the Queen" of 1714, as can probably be attained. There are still some papers referred to in the "Journal to Stella" which remain unidentified, and we confess we doubt the wisdom of including the "Learned Comment on Dr. Hare's Excellent Sermon," of which Swift himself says that he only gave "hints" to his undertrapper, Mrs. Manley. But any judgment on the question of how far one should include the results of such collaboration among Swift's works must depend chiefly upon internal evidence—for Swift might have disclaimed full authorship for politic reasons—and a critical verdict based upon style is not easily arrived at in the case of a writer so free from mannerism. As a rule we accept Mr. Temple Scott's decisions as sound and critical. It is needless to add that he has collated the text of each pamphlet with the first and later editions, whenever procurable, and that his notes are full and scholarly. The reproduction in facsimile of the original title-pages will interest collectors and is besides quite the right thing to give in all such editions. A good photograph after Jervas' picture in the National Portrait Gallery is prefixed. Swift's political tracts may seem out of date to modern readers who are not familiar with the foreign policy of the age of Marlborough; but they are not only admirable specimens of virile English, they are also marked by that sound common sense and matter-of-fact sanity which were among Swift's leading characteristics as a political writer. Blessed as they are and must be, as briefs for a fighting cause, such powerful tracts as "The Conduct of the Allies" and "The Public Spirit of the Whigs" live for ever as models of political pamphleteering. In their time they were mighty weapons in the war of party, and even to-day they ring with the clash of steel.

LEOPARDI'S POEMS.

Mr. Morrison's translations of *THE POEMS OF LEOPARDI* (Gay and Bird, 3s. 6d.) are with a single exception in the original metres; the exception is unfortunately "The Infinite," which is in rhyming lines, as though Leopardi's blank verse were not good enough. There may be gain in the reverse process, there cannot be any in trammelling a version with rhyme when it is absent in the Italian. "I have retained," writes the translator, "Leopardi's form and metre, employing the same regular, and sometimes intricate, sequence of rhyme wherever he does." But Mr. Morrison's renderings will not be judged ultimately by their faithfulness in technique. It is quite possible to run a translation into the mould of the original, without at the same time preserving its illusion and vision. For instance, "Il Primo Amore" is in terza rima, and Mr. Morrison, true to his self-imposed task, repeats the treble rhymes in English—his lines are not endecasyllabic, by the way, as they should be, but decasyllabic and destroys the illusion and banalizes the thought. Leopardi's lines begin:—

Tornami a mente il dì che la battaglia
D'amor sentii la prima volta, e dissi:
Oimè, se quest'è amor, com'ei travaglia;
Chè gli occhi al suol tuttora intenti e fissi,

How admirable Mr. Morrison is when he is not fettered the following lines from Sappho's *Last Song* will show

Through us joy, unaccustomed yet, doth thrill,
When from the South the dust-laden winds
Swift roll along the liquid air, and sweep
Across the swaying fields, and when the air
Of Jove deep thundering o'er our head doth cleave
Its heavy path along the lowering sky.
We love to float amid the rain-charged clouds
Across the crags and valleys deep, and hear
The panic-struck stampede of horses, the sound
Of swollen river fall,
And trench'rons, or the waves' restless swell.

Specimens equal to this may be found in almost every they conclusively prove that Leopardi is best translated in blank verse. Even into blank verse there slips a harsh line, which would certainly have been avoided in prose. Although "Noi l'inauto alior gaudio re" accurately translated by the first line of the above with the harshness of "unaccustomed yet" is not a true iambic beat, nor do we think that had the translator his audience as he went such a nervous check would suggested itself.

When the matter of the poems is carefully examined that no poet of equal repute has less variety in ideas within a narrower circle of sympathies; the secret of seems to lie in his satisfying that side of our nature that seeks solace in calm nescience. Were men always optimistic active, there would be no need of a Leopardi, but escape at times a sense of failure, a world-weariness, poignant irritation at movement (*girando senza posa*) assured place in our affections. He is neither a philosopher nor a moralist; he is purely and perfectly the poet of Bankrupt at twenty of all physical vitality, without of men, treated by his father and mother as an alien, for his pleasure on the intervals from pain, repellent he yet finds room for his genius to work in, and is unperhaps with the single exception of Hardy—in vision loneliness and peace of Nature:—

No ruffle on the water's breast, no chirp
Of gay grasshopper, and no flutter mid
The trees of wings, or buzz of butterfly;
No voice or motion far or near I hear
Or see. Profoundest peace reigns o'er these shores
Where I, no'er stirring, as oblivious
Of self and all things, sit; methinks e'en now
My limbs are froze in death, nor feeling more
Nor breath of life in them; their primal peace
Confounded with the silence of the scene.

How inerrantly the last line (*lor quiete antica Co' loco si confonda*) describes the borderland between sleep and waking! The terror and beauty of silence and the loneliness have never received more intensely impression. The mood with which these lines infect us is the poet's; it is reflected in every poem. Take "Genista," which more than pages of analysis helps us to his marvellous perfection in his own domain:—

Of on these lonely slopes,
In mourning vesture clad
By the stark sea, which seems to undulate,
I sit by night, and o'er the sombre down
Out on the stars I gaze
That in the clear, blue firmament bright blaze
Which far the mirroring sea
Reflects; and see a whole world scintillate
Around of sparks, resplendent space's crown.

To the reader unfamiliar with the Cantù no poem more completely reveals the poet's temperament or lets out the secret of his strength and limitations than the exquisite "Il Tramonto Della Luna." As the moon sinks, hills and valleys, hedges and houses, assume vague shapes and become weird and splendid in the dusk. Presently thick darkness shuts out the sight of everything, and night is left solitary. Thus youth disappears and the springs of hope dry up. Life is left desolate and miserable.

The wilderness traveller,
As in its darkness he doth vainly peer,
Looks for some end or goal along the road
Which stretches far and lone ;
And feels this life's abode
To him, as he to it, is stranger grown.

Were man to keep to the end the delusions of his youth the eternal gods would envy him, and so they invented old age, "of all woes the crown," in which should die all desire and joy :—

Soon from out the east ye'll hail
Returning light new pierce
The darkness heavens and the dawn fresh break !

And the poem concludes with the commonplace of poets that our life when once it has sunk will never rise again, recalling the oft-quoted lines of Catullus :—

Solus occidere et resurgere possunt ;
Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

(Suns can rise and set ; once our brief light has fled, through the succeeding night we must sleep.)

FICTION.

"The man of mixed blood," we read in *THE WESTERNERS*, by Stewart Edward White (Archibald Constable, Gs.), "is not like other men. . . . No man lives who can predict what may or may not suffice to set into motion the machinery of his passions. . . . But once started the results may be tremendous." This much being postulated it would be absurd to cavil at the redemption of iniquity displayed by the half-breed Lafond in his revenge for a casual affront. The picture of Western life is vivid and powerful, sometimes painfully so. The author succeeds by his perfectly natural presentation of people whom he knows and by his freedom from affectation ; he reduces everything to the lowest possible terms, and produces a series of pictures which stand out on one's mental retina with unusual clearness.

In *THE HAZARD*, by William S. Walker (Long, Gs.), is frankly a novel with a purpose, which is, perhaps, an excuse for its literary defects. Page after page of the book sets a cultured reader's teeth on edge. But if we forgive these literary crimes—we cannot forget them—it is because we sympathize with the purpose. It is an appeal to the new Federal Government of Australasia to grapple seriously with the larrikin. The appeal is couched in the form of a picture of slum life in Sydney in the year of grace 1900, and it is a terrible and damning indictment. There is no hysteria in Mr. Walker's work ; he is a close observer, and his account rings true, given in the plainest Anglo-Saxon with nothing extenuated, naught set down in malice. If, therefore, "In the Blood" is not good as a novel this does not detract from the sincerity of our wish that it may have its

is about to give birth to a child, and believing her child to be dead, marries a whom she keeps in ignorance of her past. Adopted by the steadfast adorer, the Dol course, too, the bold bad gallant who loves comes back to make pie of everybody's happiness the fact that the words "of course" spring lips, the story interests. The meeting between her son, and between him and his father, plication are all well contrived.

HENRY SHERRROOKE, PRIEST (Simpkin, Tarika, is a palinstaking but by no means luminous young Ritualist, whose religious zeal must be hampered by his curious code of morals. The face makes him forget his vow of celibacy self respect, of honour, and even of the life with which nature had endowed him. And artists of distinction are proud to count them a fashionable painter, is an R.A. at 31, whose blined the refinement and delicacy of finish of strength and profundity of Rembrandt." Too less successful, had at any rate "surpassed Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and a dozen others," assured him that even Raphael had not painted Small wonder that the poor heroine found between their claims ! The book is as a whole disappointing.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The governors of the People's Palace Library to hand over the whole of their books, amounting to volumes, to the new public library for Stepney accumulated since 1887, and form a substantial extensions in the direction of up-to-date work otherwise would have been necessary to provide may now be expended upon modern technical

In two metropolitan boroughs the public recently come up for discussion. The results Hackney a largely attended town's meeting, the Mayor, almost unanimously urged the to adopt the Acts, but the representatives of before them an offer of the books from the free maintained by subscriptions), conditionally put in force, rejected the proposal after severe

At the Salford Public Libraries all new books and examined by borrowers for a week before circulation. The volumes are exhibited free daily, but must not, of course, be removed from that the discussion over open access is again idea may be commended to the notice both opponents of that system. To hold exhibitions be a capital way of familiarizing the public with indicator would not be obliterated, and the loss of strayed and stolen works would be greatly

Mr. Basil H. Soulsby, of the British Museum, has been appointed honorary secretary of the Library the room of Mr. Frank Paey, one of the Westminster, who has felt himself obliged to In future a paid assistant secretary is to be

a model library building stocked with books chosen by the librarians of America. An interesting article is contributed by Miss M. S. R. James upon "Libraries in the Bahama Islands."

The library of Nassau was formerly a prison, and the old traditions in the form of salutary punishment still remain. Miscreants who turn down a leaf are fined four shillings, while threepence a day is charged for overdue books.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH FICTION IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, — I have read with sympathetic interest Herr Lutz's letter to you, published in your last issue, and, unless any one more competent than myself should address you on the subject, I should like to be allowed to point out, with submission as the lawyers say, why I think Herr Lutz is perhaps wrong in attributing solely to a deficiency of literary culture among his countrymen the failure, from a commercial point of view, of the German translations of the English works of fiction specified in his letter.

If his view is correct, it would seem to follow that the success of those same works in English is proof of the cultivated literary taste of their very numerous English and American readers. Unfortunately, that is not so.

It would require something more than ordinary boldness to assert that the commercial success, in England or America, of a modern book is the measure of its artistic value; rather may it be taken as a rule, subject to every rule's proneness to exceptions, that the literary merit of a modern work in English is in inverse ratio to its popularity with the general reader. And this must continue to be the case until education, in its best and widest sense, shall have instilled into the populace, somewhere in the distant future, a love of beauty and the faculty of critical appreciation.

It is, of course, perfectly true that a work of pure literature may be fortunate enough to score a popular success, but it is not true that because a book runs into several very large editions it is therefore good literature. As I have already said, the presumption is entirely the other way, and experience confirms it, unless it be more correct to say that experience gave birth to the presumption.

If then, as I have tried to prove, Herr Lutz is as much too complimentary to us as he may be too severe on his countrymen, the cause of the results at which he expresses disappointment must be sought elsewhere, and I venture to think it is to be found just where he says it cannot possibly be, viz.—in his choice of books for translation.

If he chose them because of their enormous sale in England and America, arguing therefrom that all of them must be good literature, the chances were in favour of his arriving at a wrong conclusion. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that they deserve to rank high as literature, it does not follow as a consequence that they will prove attractive in translations.

Works that are full of local colour, descriptions of scenery, dialect, native humour, and other limitations of universal human interest, have an elusive quality which escapes in translation, and what remains fails to appeal to foreigners who, familiar with the masterpieces of Tolstoy and Balzac, Hugo and Dumas, Flaubert and de Maupassant, Zola and Bourget, are not eager to know anything about "Thürms"; do not care very much

that his case against his countrymen will not be compensated by equally poor results from translation. Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," Hardy's "The Deverill," (excluded of descriptive passages), the "Obsequies," George Moore's "Esther Waters," Eliot's "Silas Marner," Lucien Malet's "Wages of Marlon Crawford's "Saracinesca," George Egerton's "notes." If he gives his countrymen another and last but with no better results, then they will deserve to have hard things said of them, wherein they will, however, find themselves not one whit behind the public of any other except France.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

D. N. S. A.

74, Grosvenor-road, Highbury, N., 30th Dec., 1901

GOSPEL RIOTS AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, — Mr. Hogarth and I are at issue on a question of fact and a question of forecast. Mr. Hogarth maintains the pedantic style has taken so deep root in Greece cannot now be done away. As to the first point, I am sure newspapers are widely read, and that the people can understand the general drift of them. This may be true, and it may be true that there are many words and phrases which they do not understand. Greeks are extraordinarily quick in the sense of an imperfect expression. The sentence which the complimentary address is much simpler than the newspapers; *εὐχαρί* at once gives the key to the construction, and no doubt the Demarch read out *ῥήματα* with such an air that his auditors have taken him if he had said *ῥήματα* must also be borne in mind that to understand the style is a matter of pride; the more ignorant the hearer, the less likely he is to show that he does not understand. Cretan villagers applauded, no doubt, but, unlike the Athenians, they do not smile. As regards the second point, no one can speak the power of a tradition until it is assailed. Mr. Hogarth is right; if so, it is a sad thing for the Greeks. But, anyhow, are some who mean to try whether it is too late to mend.

Mr. Hogarth says that none of us write as we speak, and it is the divorce of writing and speech which has ruined English style. In the great age men did write as they spoke; Shakespeare, North, Florio, Browne, Milton wrote as they spoke, in a style dignified and melodious, solemn matters, light and raucy for trifles. The eighteenth century did us great damage, and even now very few (such as John Bright) have shaken off that false tradition. I venture to assert that in no age of English history has any one written as the Greek pedants do; and for proof I translate a part of the sentence which I quoted in my first letter, substituting unnatural English for unnatural Greek, and, I can, reproducing the effect of the dead inflexions.

The question of the form of the Lamentation of Dr. K. O., from *hem* simply typographical question, tenderly brotherly, is begun to assume significance, the revelations of the mists (conditions) of an old scandalous, of hille, &c.

I hope your readers appreciate the effrontery of calling a jargon "pure." It is simply impossible.

Yours faithfully,

Books to look out for at once.

- "The House of Percy." By Gerald Brean. Freemantle. 42s. net.
 "Christ, our Life." By Professor Moberly. Murray.
 "The Automobile." Translated from Gerard Laverigne's Manual. Revised and edited by Paul Hasluck. Cassell. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ARCHITECTURE.

THE PANTHEON AT ROME: WHO BUILT IT? By J. THOMAS. 7½ x 5, 34 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

[To prove that the rotunda of the Pantheon was built, not by Agrippa in the Augustan age, but more than two centuries later.]

CLASSICAL.

THE CHOEPHORI OF AESCHYLUS. By T. G. TUCKER. 9 x 5½, 318 pp. Cam. Univ. Press. 12s. 6d.

[Full Introduction on the Greek Dramas of Orestes and on the text of the Choephoroi; text translation, commentary and recension of the Scholia. By the Professor of Classical Philology at Melbourne University.]

EDUCATIONAL.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING AT GLASGOW, 1901. Discussion on the Teaching of Mathematics. Ed. by J. PERRY. 7½ x 5½, 101 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

FIRST GREEK READER. By E. C. MARCHANT. 7½ x 5, 72 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d.

[Similar to "Scale Primer." Vocabulary, and a few "hints." Illustrations.]

VERGIL: ANNOTATED BOOK V. CICEHO: DE AMICITIA. (Bell's Illus. Classics.) Ed. by J. T. PHILLIMON and H. J. L. J. MASSE. 6 x 4, 108 + 104 pp. Bell. 2s. each.

[Vocabulary, notes, introduction, and pictures.]

ELEMENTARY INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By J. WALKER. 7½ x 5, 235 pp. Bell. 2s. 6d.

[Expounds principles in detail with illustrations, but without instructions for practical work which the teacher can supply. The author is Professor of Chemistry at University College, Dundee.]

FICTION.

THE GARDEN OF A COMMUTER'S WIFE. Recorded by THE GARDENER. 7½ x 5½, 351 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

[A gardening book of the chatty, autobiographical, mildly humorous kind by an American lady whose husband lives in the country and works in town, or "commutes."]

POETRY.

STORY AND SONG. By the authoress of "Two Loves in One Life." 5½ x 4½, 31 pp. Cornish.

POLITICAL.

NATIONAL POLICY. A speech delivered at Chesterfield, December 16, 1901, by LORD ROSEBURY. 9 x 6½, 30 pp. A. L. Humphreys. 1s.

[In a prefatory note, Lord Rosebury, after apologizing for publishing what is "not a speech, but a skeleton," says, as to the policy of the speech, "that policy appears to have received a large mood of general approval. But political opinion, to be effective, must be organized; political energy must work and entrench. I want some of this energy work on behalf of this policy, or else the wave of popular opinion will be lost in space." Red paper bound.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE CHISWICK SHAKESPEARE. KING HENRY VI. Part I.: MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 6 x 4, 123 + 126 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d. n. each. [Introduction and notes by John Dennis; illustrations by Ryma Shaw.]

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. 4 x 2½, 63 pp. Curzon Guildford. Brimley Johnson. 2s. n.

[A new booklet in white and gold printed at the Astolat Press, Guildford.]

SOCIOLOGY.

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION. By CARL BUCHER. Trans. from the Third German Ed. by S. M. WICKETT. 8½ x 5½, 383 pp. Bell. 12s. n.

[The Leipzig Professor's book has had a wide influence in Germany since its publication in 1893. Mr. Wickett is a Lecturer at Toronto University.]

THEOLOGY.

A MINISTER OF GOD. Selections from the Sermons and Addresses of JOHN HAMILTON THOMAS. Ed. by V. D. DAVIS. 7½ x 5, 222 pp. P. Green. 2s. n.

[Mr. Davis supplies a biography of this well-known leader of Christian Unitarianism, the minister of Renshaw-street Chapel, Liverpool, and friend of James Martineau. The selection is made largely for the use of those preparing for the ministry.]

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF HUMAN LIFE. By J. W. HARTER. D.D. 7½ x 2½, 23 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House.

PROBLEM No. 200, by W. A. SHINKMAN, U.S.A. BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces. White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 201, by KEY J. JENKINS. BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces. White to play and draw.

PROBLEM No. 202, by A. TROITZKY.—White K Kt sq; Q at Q sq; B at Q B 2; pawns at Q (5 pieces)—K at Q 4; Q at Q B 2; B at K Kt 3, K B 4. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 203, by A. TROITZKY.—White K B 2; R at Q Kt 2; Kt at Q B sq; pawns. Black (4 pieces)—K at Q sq; R at K Kt 5; K at K 3. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 204, by A. TROITZKY.—White K Kt 2; B at K B sq; Kt at Q B 5; pawns. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R 4; Q at K R 4; pawn at K Kt 2. White to play and draw.

Note.—We cannot always guarantee that these End-games alone will be new to most of our readers, and they should be, as of point.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Janowski and Mr. due to give consultation games and exhibition week. The Hastings club has new quarters. It has long been a leader.—Lasker Paris, and played lasted 6½ hours, or till 2 30 a.m. by three players, and two drew. Lasker, I know, has some mathematical appointment at Manchester. He will not go to Monte Carlo entries at Monte Carlo, or rather the names of every known master. W. E. Napier, a young of whom little is known here, is coming to Eu there. If so, we expect him to score well. may take place in February if it can be. Americans will only arrange it when Pillsbury will be at Monte Carlo in February we suppose the games—Marshall's and Pillsbury's—may be the board.—Mr. Blackburne recently visited return played at Liverpool C.C.—Mr. A. J. Editor, *Cape Times*) won the championship of Town C.C. recently.—A new club has been started at St. Petersburg.—A match by telegraph between the England and Australia, is a project of Mr. M.P., but these matters are not easy to bring

GAME No. CXVIII.—Played in Sweden:—

WHITE. J. Moller.	BLACK. R. Albertsen.	WHITE. J. Moller.
1. P-K4	P-K4	23. P-R3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	24. Kt-Q4
3. B-H4	Kt-B3	25. P-K4
4. P-Q3	B-H4	26. P-Q
5. P-H3	P-Q3	27. Kt-H4
6. Castles	Kt-K2	28. P-KH4
7. P-Q4	B-K3	29. P-KKt3
8. P-P	KxP	30. P-KKt3
9. Q-K4ch	K-Bsq	31. Kt-Kt3

Literature



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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We reprint on page 23 Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Islanders," which appeared in *The Times* of January 4.

It is most satisfactory to learn that the Incorporated Society of Authors has taken steps to form a committee for the purpose of urging the claims of British candidates for the Nobel literary prize. The names of the gentlemen asked to serve on the committee—Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lecky, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Thomas

If the value of literature is to be measured by its influence and obvious influence upon the policy of men of action, late M. Jean de Bloch must be reckoned a great literary figure. The calling of the Peace Conference at the Hague was due to the impression made upon the Tsar by Bloch's graphic description upon the horrors of war, and the new factors introduced into the perfection of weapons of destruction, and the complete material conditions of our times. The actual value of the conference is more debatable; and the experts doubt they are supported or confounded by our own recent experience in South Africa. Perhaps M. de Bloch's views on the effect of shell-fire and the impossibility of storming positions are less valuable than his estimate of the cost of war in direct outlay, and indirectly through the disorganization of industry. This was a matter which his early training as an engineer particularly qualified him to discuss.

Although Prebendary Tucker's connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel extended from 1865 to 1895, the only book which he published through the Society, though his secretarial work involved an immense amount of literary work, was "The Spiritual Expansion of the Church in the Two Centuries of Work Done for the Church and Nation," a shilling book which was written for the bicentenary of the Society when it reached its thirteenth thousand. "Under His Hand," his missionary book published by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, has also gone through several editions. Mr. Tucker's other works include the volume on "The Church in Other Lands," written for Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. of "Epochs of Church History," edited by the late Rev. J. Creighton; and the lives of Bishop Field and Bishop Selwyn—both published by Messrs. Wells Gardner.

Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish Dr. Conan Doyle's new work on the misrepresentations circulated on the conduct of our troops at the front. The "pamphlet" runs to about 60,000 words, and is being translated into five European languages—no new experience for Dr. Conan Doyle, whose works have made him one of the best known English authors abroad. It is said that sufficient evidence has been collected to meet every charge which has been made against our soldiers, and Dr. Doyle's idea is to send a copy of the work to every deputy and newspaper editor of consequence in the Continent.

Mr. Max Judge writes:—"Having read with the greatest admiration Mr. Fred. G. Bowles' translation of 'Les Voiles,' it may be of interest to note that in Jouquié's 'Songs of the Sierras' there is a line which expresses the same idea as—

With lips close-clasped, like hands in fervent prayer,
I sit and remember the great day and have not yet
forgotten it."

novels in his forthcoming "Descriptive Guide to the Best English Fiction," to be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein, but Mr. Nield's list is, we believe, the first serious attempt to do the thing exhaustively. He includes notable novels which, while not strictly historical, in some way represent bygone periods. Mr. Rivin Mathews will publish the book.

Mr. Grant Richards, now established in his new home in Leicester-square, will lead another little procession of anthologies on Wednesday next with "The University Song Book"—a collection of the best-known songs of the various Universities with musical setting. Many other sources have been drawn upon, as well as the Universities, to make the collection complete. Mr. Murray is bringing out a somewhat similar volume, entitled "A Book of British Song," edited by Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire. Here, again, the favourite songs of the home and school are brought together, and in this case the collection will appear in two forms, one with pianoforte score and words, and the other—a small edition—with words and airs only. Mr. Grant Richards will also publish "The Book of Humorous Verse," which Mr. T. W. H. Croeland has in hand.

LOVE'S GREETING.

I.

(From the Land.)

O crimson light, upon the foreland far,
Coming and going
In revolutions steady; lonely star,
Allegiance owing
To Man the mighty Maker, Lord of land and sea;
With radiance flashing over wave and scar,
One moment showing
The black buoy tossing at the harbour bar,
Now upward throwing
The lookoning rays that call my Wanderer home to me;
Flash him a rosy welcome o'er the deep,
Thy glory flinging
Low at my Conqueror's feet; and richly steep
The white sails bringing
My star, before whose beams all stars of night must bend,
Beside him kingly wealth I hold but cheap
As sparks upspringing.
Tell him my love for him will never sleep,
But closer clinging
Will wake, and watch, and serve him, humble, to the end.

II.

(From the Sea.)

O crimson light upon the foreland set,
The dark ways cleaving
With lanes of light and welcome, stay and let
Thy beam disdaining
One moment longer light the balcony I know,
A moment since it seem'd my eyes had met,
O'er waters heaving,
Soft eyes, and hands that round me fling a net
Of wondrous weaving,
Where may I captive stay till Death's tides round me flow?
O crimson star, no beams of thine compare
With her eyes blending
The glories of the kingly Day and fair
Queen Night descending
With slow majestic step adown the curving sphere,
Proclaim my guilt home-coming, and declare
My love unending,
My worship, and the service that will dare
All things, contending
For her sweet sake with pain and shame and death and fear.

Mr. King's book was the tenth of the dozen American authors which Messrs. Harper began publishing last year. Only a few of these have been here. The most important work which Messrs. Harper have in hand for early publication is Mr. W. D. Howells' "Flow of Fiction," in two handsome volumes, illustrated by well-known American artists. The work by Mr. W. D. Howells' "Literary Friends and Acquaintance" will be ready very shortly.

Among orthodox Shakespearian scholars there has, improbably been held that far too much attention has been devoted to the "madhouse" theory of Baconians. With this opinion at least agree. By the extensive series of

An Object Lesson in Criticism. Baconian theory which has been published in the columns of *The Times* a signal has been

rendered to the study of English literature. It has, for once, moved a public, generally quite ignorant of such matters, to real interest in a purely literary topic. It is a common mistake to suppose that problems of authorship are of minor importance; and that so long as we are able to play the thing; and that so long as we are able to properly appreciate Shakespeare's poetry and to care much whence they proceeded. Questions of authorship, a matter of fact, often lie at the very basis of our knowledge of greater moment to the race has ever been a matter of questions of authorship involved in the "Hill of the Scriptures, and no one on either side will deny that the disputants have often displayed a tendency to hasty assumption, to false logic, and to meagre conclusions. In the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy the occasional object lesson in the sifting of evidence and beliefs is an immensely beneficial tonic for the "likes to be deceived." But that is not the only reason we are glad to see our friends the Baconians trampled upon. The "madhouse chatter" attitude is but a dangerous one for true believers to take. It is not parallel to the state of mind revealed in the "Hill of the Scriptures" and horrified at the suggestions of the "Hill of the Scriptures." Hard words have not only never furthered the cause but have frequently obstructed it. The Baconians have felt that if their opponents could do so, they could call them crazy and imbecile it was better to be unanswerable. Hence it comes that the spread since its birth in the middle of the last century a very little realized in literary circles. Two hundred pro-Baconian works have appeared in the last half short of a hundred in England. The underlying mass of Baconianism among the millions of superficially cultured reading public on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Georg Brandes ascribes to the "feminine criticism, on the one hand, with its nerve, and Americanism, on the other hand, spiritual delicacy." Unquestionably the new movement among those who are quite unconscious of the fact that they possess the cautious judgment and the subtle instincts to sound literary criticism. But so large a number of vituperative doubters will never be converted by argument; and are not sure that the "Baconian bacillus" is not by the modern method of inoculation. The movement is summarily dismissed; there are unquestionably, surrounded. A temporary hesitation, a slight lull, may be the surest way of warding off the "Gallup's cipher," we venture to think, exists as a serious factor in the problem for those who are recent discussion of it—though we have some sympathy with the respondent in the *Daily News* who, accepting of it the strongest argument for Shakespearian authorship, turns partly on the internal evidence, internal evidence, supplied by the plays, and the external evidence of contemporaries. The closer one studies the evidence the more overwhelmingly probable does the Shakespearian



Literature Portraits.—XXXVI.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Three years ago it was something like an article of faith that the poetic drama was dead beyond hope of recovery. Nowadays there is a very different complexion on the matter. M. Rostand is in a fair way to be a millionaire, and Mr. Phillips has two plays down for appearance in the next month at the two leading theatres in London. His *Herod*, though it had not a pecuniary success at all comparable to that of *Cypriano*, brought him applications in profusion from notable actors, both English and American, and received only the other day a tribute of which any author might well be proud. M. Baumeister, the well-known Dutch actor, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his *début* by a special performance, and for that occasion the piece he chose was a translation of *Herod*. Add to this the enthusiastic recognition accorded to Mr. Phillips' poetry as poetry by the majority of known critics, together with the significant fact that his three volumes—the poems and the two published plays—have reached a very large sale, and it will be apparent that here is that extremely rare creature, a real poet who is also popular.

One is always more interested in a butterfly when one has been familiar with the chrysalis, and I knew Mr. Phillips in the chrysalis stage a remarkably short time ago. We were in a sense contemporaries, though he had the advantage of me by several years; for when I came to London and took to literature as a business, he was just launching his first little volume, "Christ in Hades," and his friends were my friends also—and very helpful friends they were. My impression is that we met first at the *Spectator* office; at all events, I remember very distinctly my perplexity when one of the editors gently upbraided me with shortcomings that never were mine, until we discovered that he was taking me for another new contributor who had the same Christian name.

"Christ in Hades," though it drew from Mr. William Watson a generous eulogy, did not greatly impress the world. Probably a good many people were first convinced it was my own case—that Mr. Phillips had to be very seriously counted with, by "The Woman with the Dead Soul," which was published in the *Spectator* in about July, 1897. In the December of that year came the "Poems," the sale of which received a great impetus from the award to them of a £100 prize by the *Academy*.

Mr. Phillips had thus achieved reputation. The poem in the volume which gained him most admirers was certainly "Marpessa," an idyll which showed pretty strongly the influence of Tennyson, though not so strongly as to hide Mr. Phillips' own individuality. The two which were, at least to my thinking, most characteristic, and therefore most interesting, were "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife"—the latter of which contained, perhaps, the best but also probably the worst things in the book. It is, however, noticeable as being the only one which gave some hint of a possible dramatist. But if any one thought of that at the time, I certainly did not. Mr. George Alexander was most intelligent. A couple of months

hence, in which he played many parts, he proved for the Ghost in *Hamlet* a rôle in which he won the honour of a special recall. And though, as far as his chief distinctions while with the company were concerned, in the cricket field and by an entirely tactful joking, there is not the least question but that his silence which has proved of incalculable value to his

Poems and Franceses was written in the course for a variety of reasons Mr. Alexander did not produce it at once. During that year Mr. Phillips some sporadic pieces, one of which, "Eryximachus," type to "Marpessa," and was to my mind even a more and interesting piece of work. But it had bad luck. printed it in the *Nineteenth Century* an honour accorded to poetry—and it appeared at the September—in the week in which we learnt of the Colonel Henry, the murder of the Empress of battle of Omdurman, and the presence of the Pushoda. Naturally enough, it passed unnoticed, excitement drew from Mr. Phillips (two exceedingly) of occasional verse, but since then his shorter have been few, "A Poet's Prayer," which the rather inaccessible *Anglo-Saxon Review*, ran with his best work in this class; not so the "Seculare," with which Mr. Knowles inaugurated the *Century and After*. This poem, however, showed in the interesting light of an experimenter innovation, employing an unrhymed couplet that rhythmic effect solely on the distribution of stress,

but a rhythm helped out by a free use of alliteration, which had somewhat the effect of Horace's lochian ("Diffugere nives"), had been previously employed by Phillips, and, in my judgment, with much finer result contributed to the *Spectator*. But it is a little hard to dwell upon these shorter compositions. Almost all modern English poets, Mr. Phillips has done more justice on the large canvas than the small; and it is evident that in devoting himself to dramatic poetry merely cast in the form of dialogue and grouped in scenes, but carefully designed to make its appropriate theatre—he has followed the true bent of his genius increasingly evident to me; but from the night I read *Poems and Franceses* I had no doubt that its author was a dramatist; yet that was the last conviction I had carry away with me. I have not forgotten, and I do not think any of the four or five rather critically-minded people the play for the first time when I did will forget, the delighted surprise that the reading produced—till the poetry obliterated surprise. Mr. Phillips is singular as a reader, and, like all poets, he reads his own verse as any other, so that the element of personal magnetism be allowed for; but the opinion which I formed did not go back on—that it was the most important factor that had been made to English literature since Tennyson's masterpieces. Other men had done things as good but in a smaller, less exacting, and, as I must think, less kind. Poetry has been so long divorced from the country that we have lost all sense of the value of poetry. There is always Shakespeare, no doubt; but the voice of his own time, and the voice of Elizabeth, do not affect us as, for example, Hugo affected France half a century ago. Shakespeare's greatness obscures the true issue still almost more on reading. If I can have Shakespeare

supposed reluctance of actors to touch poetical drama was proved to be non-existent directly a man appeared who showed himself able to write drama that was poetry and was adapted for stage production.

As soon as *Paula and Francesca* was published, offers to produce it in America and elsewhere came in; but Mr. Alexander, naturally enough, held to his rights. And since his engagements did not permit him to make the experiment at once, another man led the way. The final act of *Herod* was written in the early part of 1899, and was submitted with a rough scenario to Mr. Tree, who accepted it, and threw himself with enthusiasm into the task of bringing out the play. Perhaps the decision to make it consist of three acts rather than of four was unfortunate; but in any case the exigencies of the medium must be allowed for. To compress that mass of action with its variety of characters into the compass even of four acts, so that the pith and essence of it should be conveyed to a miscellaneous audience through ear and eye, was a task immeasurably transcending in difficulty the problems which most modern poets have set before themselves. The only one among his contemporaries who has any claim, in my judgment, to rank with Mr. Phillips as poet is Mr. Yeats, and many of us may prefer *The Shadowy Waters* to *Herod* as a piece of literature. But *Herod* will act, *The Shadowy Waters* will not; and, in order to be actable, a poet must discard deliberately the very qualities which make the charm of Mr. Yeats' work. About *Ulysses* it is too early to say anything, but a very little thought will show the initial difficulty, the tremendous structural problem, which had to be faced in order to shape out of the story anything that could be presented under the conditions of the stage. Yet I do not think that the reflection will occur to playgoers: so easy does the thing seem once it has been done for us, so simply is the great story told.

But with all his acceptance of the positive Mr. Phillips is as fundamentally a mystic as Mr. Yeats. He never wrote anything more characteristic of his habitual bent of mind than those lines in *Herod*—

I tell you we are fooled by the eye, the ear—
These organs muffle us from that real world
That lies about us, we are duped by brightness.
The ear, the eye, doth make us deaf and blind;
How should we be aware of all our dead
Who pass above us, through us, and beneath us.

Another strong element in his temperament which has not as yet made itself fully felt in his writings—though to some extent it appears in *Ulysses*—is a curious, rather grim humour, verging on the broad, that accounts for his disposition to rank Dickens above all other writers of the last century. For his personal appearance, those interested in it can supplement the perfectly just impression conveyed in Elliot and Fry's fine photograph by a glance at Mr. Max Beerholm's wicked but admirable caricature.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

According to present arrangements both *Paula and Francesca* and Mr. Stephen Phillips' new play, *Ulysses*, will be seen on the stage next month. Mr. Beerholm Tree will introduce *Ulysses* on February 1 at Her Majesty's Theatre—the scene of "Herod's" dramatic triumph towards the end of 1900—and Mr. George Alexander will give his long anticipated representation of *Paula and Francesca* at the St. James's Theatre later in the month. The new drama, *Ulysses*, is in blank verse and three

now obtainable in that form only in the book "Garland." The title-poem and the lyrics in the volume of "Poems" published by John Lane.

1897. "Poems," including "Christ in Hades with the Dead Soul," "The Wife," and "The Wife," John Lane, Eleventh edition. ("Marpessa" was Lane's "Flowers of Parnassus" Series in 1897.)
1899. "Paula and Francesca." (Written for Mr. Alexander.) John Lane. Twentieth thousand.
1900. "Herod." (Written for Mr. Beerholm.) Produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on October 1, 1900. John Lane. Twenty-first thousand.

MINT AND ANISE AND CUMIN A "Personal View"

By W. P. JAMES.

Careful observers of the columns of correspondence in newspapers have observed that no topic—not even the most attractive topics of marriage unions or religious controversies—taps a more unfailing source of letters than some grammatical usage and error. Amidst the almost infinite multitude of small inaccuracies that pervade our language, now one, now another particular is suddenly made the butt of all the purists; the erudite and the minor literary person, who like the critic is not critical, make the attack on it the staple of their conversation. The fact seems to show that the spirit of the age is abroad in the land. A generation back it was "the word" that was the favourite butt for attack, and on each others' heels in pointing out the error and the fault of its formation. Dislodged from this position by Fitz Edward Hall's defence of "the word" and his citation of such kindred examples as "laughable," "dispensable," "convertible," at which no dead seafarer would fall back on the objection that the word was not for a trustworthy. But quite useless synonyms and the usage of language synonyms rarely remain quite the same. Anybody with a nice sense for the use of words will feel that there is room for a word to express the thing whereby "reliable" differs from "trustworthy." In style, I find by the dictionary, no less eminent and Newman in the past and Mr. Leslie Stephen have found a use for the word; while smaller persons, who use a word taboored, have been driven to depend on it.

Not many years ago again a good deal of criticism was expended on the popular usage of the word "an intensive adverb," as in "He was literally so," and so forth. Well, of course, this is just one of the makeshifts of unoriginal emphasis which cannot be defended. At the same time the criticism usual in such cases was quite beside the mark. In origin it was simply an abbreviation for "literally expressed," and not in metaphor or in exaggeration. The expression is neither admirable nor forcible or illogical as its common critics lightly assume.

A rather different class of the same kind of criticism is applied to "the word" in the

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and never will be peopled by scholars, words, sometimes to a deplorable degree, sometimes only to a degree necessary for the convenience of general communication, become conversational counters, from which in the handling of multitudes and generations the image and superscription once fresh imputed by genius have become worn or defaced. Convenience compels us, for example, to apply the terms of "bachelors" and "spinsters" without too nice a sense of their original significance. French made a glossary of such words; words now mere logical counters which once were metaphors, similes, even poems in brief. The word "tribulation," which of course means "threshing," was one of his most striking examples. So in "aversion," the original sense of motion has become lost in the metaphorical sense of a mental disposition. And when a word comes to denote a mental disposition, it falls into line with words of that class and governs (as the old grammarians used to say) the dative. We are now, of course, particular to write "sympathy with," but the authorized translators of the Gospel, who knew something about style, wrote "compassion on," not compassion with.

The pet aversions, most prominent in popular criticism to-day, are, perhaps, from the "split infinitive," and the use of "and which." The last good writer convicted of using "and which" was I notice "Lucien Malet" in "Sir Richard Calmady." So far as the accusation is one of essential impropriety (I am speaking, of course, of "and which" not of "Sir Richard Calmady"), its usage in French is a complete answer. For "et qui" is admitted by good usage precisely in the cases where "and which" is condemned. Now no purist will pretend that, in whatever other respects it may be inferior, French is inferior to English in logical accuracy or grammatical correctness. (I ought, I suppose, to write "inferior than.") I do not recommend young writers to write "and which." They will certainly hear of something to their disadvantage from reviewers if they do. But it is not to be denied, I think, that the usage is not essentially illegitimated, and just occasionally expresses the writer's meaning more correctly, than what by custom is considered the more correct usage.

As for that terrible "split infinitive," real writers must feel about it as real composers, Schumann said, felt about consecutive fifths—that they were just things to catch the attention of superficial critics and to keep them out of serious mischief. That the split infinitive is incorrect is undeniable; but it is equally undeniable that this incorrect usage apparently meets a felt want in the minds of many quite cultivated writers and speakers. Mr. Arthur Balfour, for example, who is nothing if not cultured, once opened an election address with a split infinitive. The instinct to which the split infinitive appeals is the instinct to get the qualifying expression as close as possible to the expression qualified, in order to avoid the possibility of ambiguity. In a letter received this morning I read—"I am asked to seriously consider conscientious objections, urged &c." This (if my correspondent will pardon me) rather clumsy example may at least serve to show that the adverb placed before or after so as not to split the infinitive would involve a possible ambiguity. I do not mean to say that the ambiguity could not in most cases be avoided in another and a better way. But my point is that if the choice ever does arise inevitably between ambiguity on the one hand and a split infinitive on the other, and I think it may and does, the wise writer will choose the split infinitive, rage the critics never so furiously. For language and literature after all exist to convey and to enforce meaning. And so long as language and literature are living processes, the natural grammatical construction is always what we used at

Some little time ago correspondents of *The Times* the Royal Society of Literature has been. It was a representative English letters in the International Academies, and denounced it on the ground that it was to do so. Neither the decision nor the demonstration unmerited. The Royal Society of Literature has our failures. Many excellent people, otherwise well-informed, never heard of it. It has become somewhat like one of the "corner" institutions at which Matthew Arnold and of which his favourite example was a certain College of Health in the New Road. But, after all, it is the Royal Society of Literature, necessary for the right men to do the right thing, time in order to enable it to take its place worthily. Royal Society, the Royal Geographical Society, Associations. Instead of deriding it, it would be more to look at its history and see what can be made of it.

The origin of the Society cannot be better described than the words of its official historiographer, Mr. Edward V. C.H. :—

In October, 1820, in "accidental conversation" a person who can be identified as Thomas B. Bishop of St. Davids, afterwards of Salisbury, and another the advantages which might be expected from the institution of a Society of Literature somewhat like the French Academy of Belles Lettres. The suggestion communicated to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and by George the Fourth, who had but recently ascended the throne.

On the 2nd November the Bishop received His Majesty's command to attend at Carlton House to discuss the plan and was directed to draw up a plan in elaboration of the outline which he had previously submitted.

His Majesty became the Patron of the proposed Society, and assigned out of his Privy Purse the annual sum of £1000 to be applied in pensions of 100 guineas to Royal Associates, and (as at first proposed) in a prize of 100 guineas for a prize dissertation.

This munificence, it appears, was partly due to a suggestion. What the King meant to give was £1,000 a year, but the annual subscription of £100 only; but the Bishop of St. Davids, His Majesty's intention of subscribing the larger sum, and the Press praised him for it so warmly, that he was induced to do so. That, however, is a detail of no great interest than importance. The Society was quickly formed. The three Royal Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cambridge, became Fellows, each contributing a composition of 100 lines. Among its Vice-Presidents and on its council were the names of those of Bishop Bloomfield, Lord George Gordon, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord George Thomas Acland, and Francis Chantrey. The first meeting was held, the most famous of them being Coleridge, M. Sharon Turner; and the Charter of Incorporation was passed, defining the object of the Society to be

The advancement of literature by the publication of the remains of ancient literature, and of such works as have great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually elicits the attention of publishers; by the discovery of discoveries in literature; by endeavouring to raise the standard as far as is practicable and to preserve the English language; by the critical improvement of lexicography; by the reading at public meetings of papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the publication of such of these papers as may be approved of; by the assignment of honorary rewards of great literary merit, and to important discoveries in literature; and by establishing a correspondence with men in foreign countries for the purpose of literary and information.

There is little fault to be found with any of the

being more economically minded than George IV. and less interested in literature, declined, when he came to the throne, to continue his brother's grants out of the Privy Purse, with the result that the ten pensioners all lost their pensions, and all that the Society could do for them was to admit them to the privileges of membership without payment. The King subsequently intimated that he would give the Society £100 a year; but even this source of revenue was lost in consequence of some economies in the administration of the Privy Purse, effected a few years ago. And this, of course, was morally discouraging as well as materially inconvenient. The community at large could not be expected to have a high opinion of a society which Royalty snubbed.

Another difficulty has been that the Society has never had the sort of constitution which would have made membership, or at least Fellowship, a distinction to be sought by the best men and signed for in vain by the inferior men. It was launched by men who did not know their business, or understand what should be the difference between a Royal Society of Literature and a club of gentlemen more or less interested in letters. Consequently the Society first struggled and then languished. A certain number of eminent men have been connected with it. In Mr. Brabrook's History one comes upon the names, among others, of Southey, Hogg, Hallam, Hookham Frere, Austen Henry Layard, George Crabbe, Lingard, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and, among foreign honorary members, of Bunsen, Guizot, Thiers, Ranke, Reeskh, W. H. Prescott. Moreover, at an early period of its history, the Society did its best to anticipate the late Mr. Smith's project for a Dictionary of National Biography. It collected £500 lbs. for the purpose, and actually got as far as publishing a couple of volumes—one in 1839, and the other in 1840. It is a great pity that a Society which meant so well, and began to do so well, should have declined instead of increasing in repute, and should have come to bear so close a resemblance to an Essay Society at which elderly gentlemen read each other unimportant papers that are never heard of again.

It must not be supposed, however, that the members of the Society are unaware that the Society has missed a great opportunity, or are opposed to the idea of reform. The address delivered to the Society by Mr. Brabrook on April 24th last, which is before us, proves the contrary. The intention of George IV., Mr. Brabrook points out, was that the Royal Society of Literature "should be to the literature of the United Kingdom that which the *Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles-Lettres* is to the literature of France"; and he deplores the signal failure of the Society to achieve that ideal, brought into such unpleasant relief by the action, or rather the inaction, of the International Association of Academies. He asks "whether the opportunity of a new departure under our new Royal patron should not be taken," and in what this new departure, if taken, should consist.

Mr. Brabrook proceeds to make several suggestions; but one of his suggestions eclipses all the others in importance. It is to the effect that plenty of new members of the right sort should be induced to join. "When I observe," he writes, "at the Authors' Club and other places of resort how many brilliant young men are rising to adorn that great profession, I cannot but regret that many of them are not included in our list of Fellows. I would seek to attract them."

Precisely; Mr. Brabrook hits the nail on the head fairly and straightly. We ourselves will go one step further and say that the defects of the Royal Society of Literature are not the fault of the members, but of those men of letters who might be members but are not; and that the reasonable course for men of letters is not to enter at the Society because it is unworthy of its name, but to join it and make it worthy of its name. The Society, we have every reason to know, so far from interposing obstacles, would gladly elect all properly qualified candidates; and the membership of the Society is at present so small that, if the leaders of literature in all its branches sought and obtained election, they would be in a majority, and would be in a position to control the machinery.

And the machinery ought to be controlled, not by a clique, but by the men who are most eminent in the literary world.

bearings, could perfectly well make application and in due course, for a new Charter better adapted to the day requirements. A humble petition to the Government, supported by proper evidence that the management in the hands of men zealous for the interests of literature and competent to represent it, might conceivably secure the restoration of its original endowments. If it were possible—though on this result there would no doubt be diverse opinions—the Royal Society of Literature reconstructed on lines that would make it the equal of the French Academy of Letters. It can, at least, be lifted out of the disrepute into which it has fallen, and transformed from a hole-and-corner institute, in which men of letters could be proud of, to a body which might be accomplished on condition that men of letters should be able to join it and obtain control of it.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Portions of the original autograph manuscript of "Ivanhoe" came under the hammer at Sotheby's. They consisted of fifty-one quarto sheets, and belonged to the third and fourth volumes of the work as issued in 1818. They were the property of Constable, the publisher, to whom they were given by the author, with twelve other volumes of his original manuscript, in the spring of 1823. Another portion of the manuscript was in the hands of Cadell. He had purchased it from the author, whose husband, the well-known comedian, Scott, had the idea of having the story dramatized. Some years ago this portion was seen and described in *Chambers's Journal*, and the other, which has been regarded as, in all essentials, like unto it, was struck by "the neatness and uniformity of the handwriting, and the absence of blotting and interlineation," as much manuscript as would fill five printed pages, single correction, or even the appearance of a single correction. The songs introduced seemed also "to have been written with the same easy grace as the connecting matter." It has become of this portion of the manuscript, although, as it was bought by Mr. Hope Scott, in 1867, it is probably at Abbeville.

When Constable failed, the question of the thirteen volumes of manuscripts which Scott had left him came up for consideration. Lord Newton, who had belonged to the bankrupt estate, and they were sold by Evans in 1831, the total sum realized for the lot being £317. Here is the list of prices:—

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|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| (1) "The Monastery," £18 | (8) "Ivanhoe," £14 |
| (2) "Guy Mannering," £27 10s. | (9) "The Pirate," £14 |
| (3) "Old Mortality," £23 | (10) "Fortunes of the Fishers," £14 |
| (4) "Antiquary," £12 | (11) "Kenilworth," £14 |
| (5) "Rob Roy," £50 | (12) "Bride of Lammermoor," £14 |
| (6) "Peveril of the Peak," £12 | (13) "Waverley," £14 |
| (7) "The Abbot," £14 | |

As prices go now these sums are absurdly low. The first six of the manuscripts were in a complete state of preservation, and some portions were more or less imperfect, and some portions were in the case of "Ivanhoe," had been dictated.

Of course the prices soon rose. Both "Ivanhoe" and "Guy Mannering" had been bought for £100 each by an ardent bibliomaniac who wrote "From the Mountains," and both were resold by him in 1841 for £45 3s., the second for £63. Other manuscripts were in like proportion, though one or two of them were out of competition by finding a permanent home with "Waverley." The manuscript of "Ivanhoe" is apparently unique in so far as a considerable portion of it is on sheets of folio size, whereas the rest of the work is in quarto. In 1831 the manuscript was sold by Wilks, M.P., as the above list shows, for £18. Mr. Hall, who, in 1850, presented it to the Academy, sold it in 1851 for £100.

treasures have gone. Curiously enough, it is the first published editions of "Guy Mannering" and of "Waverley" the rarest of all the premier editions of Scott—that seem most likely to run each other close as to auction prices. "Waverley," of course, comes first, the record price so far being £150; while £70 was paid for "Guy Mannering" at Sotheby's some little time back. Not so many years ago it used to be a common remark among bibliophiles that first editions of Scott's novels were seldom made the subject of competition, and were consequently of no particular value. The fashion, however, seems to be changing a fact which should give pause to those who declare that Scott is losing ground.

The highest prices so far realized for the manuscripts sold in 1831 have been those of "Rob Roy" and "The Monastery," both of which realized £600 when they last changed hands. The first was bought in 1847 by Cadell. He subsequently presented it to Lockhart, and it passed into the hands of Mr. William Law some six years ago. "Old Mortality" was sold at Sotheby's in 1897. "The Pirate" was bought in 1831 for Cadell, and it is now in the possession of one of his descendants. The manuscript has a note on the fly-leaf in Cadell's handwriting, which says that he had received from Scott himself, in April, 1831, the part missing from the manuscript as held by Constable. But eight pages are still wanting to render the manuscript complete. "The Abbot" was another of the manuscripts held by Cadell; it was sold to Mr. John Murray in 1868 for £50—£36 more than it brought in 1831. "Kenilworth" was one of the incomplete manuscripts of 1831. It was bought for Mr. Wilks for £17, and, strangely enough, brought only £16 when his collection was sold in 1847. The manuscript was bought for the British Museum in 1855. The late Dr. David Laing, the Scottish antiquary, had a portion of the original, and bequeathed it along with a fragment of "The Legend of Montrose," to Edinburgh University.

A second collection of Scott's manuscripts was privately purchased by Cadell from David Constable, a son of the publisher, in 1833. This collection consisted of manuscripts of the poems only, the list including "Marmion," "Lord of the Isles," "Rokeby," "Don Roderick," and "Field of Waterloo." The manuscript of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had not been preserved, "such things," to quote from a note of Constable's, "not having been thought important till the publication of 'Marmion.'" For the five poems Cadell paid the ridiculously low sum of £80; and at the same time he gave £105 for five quarto volumes of Scott's Letters, written between 1796 and 1832. Cadell, it will be remembered, was Constable's successor as Scott's publisher, and he thus acquired several other manuscripts of the novelist for which he apparently paid nothing. The list of these was given by a writer in *Chambers's Journal* some three years ago. The most notable was, perhaps, "The Lady of the Lake," which, when sold at Sotheby's in June, 1897, produced the extraordinary sum of £1,200. Cadell died in 1849, at which time his Scott manuscripts appear to have been housed in his mansion at Ratho, near Edinburgh. It is said that the entire collection was offered privately for £2,000; but it produced a good deal more than that when it was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods in 1867 and 1868. The following are the prices and purchasers of the first lot, sold in the former year:—

"Marmion"	101gs.	Mr. Harvey.
"Lady of the Lake" ...	204gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Vision of Don Roderick" ...	37gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Rokeby"	130gs.	Mr. Hope Scott.
"Lord of the Isles" ...	101gs.	Mr. Hope Scott.
Introductory Essay on Popular Poetry ...	51gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Auchinrane"	27gs.	Messrs. Nixon and Rhodes.
"Anne of Geierstein" ...	121gs.	Mr. Hope Scott.
"Waverley and Ivanhoe" ...	130gs.	Mr. Hope Scott.
"Tales of a Grandfather" ...	145gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Castle Dangerous" ...	32gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Count Robert of Paris" ...	23gs.	Mr. Massey.

This made a total of 1,255 guineas. In the next lot, sold in

"AMURRICANISMS" FOR THE GERMAN.

For an end not immediately apparent, there has been a little German-English English-German dictionary for a florin or so, and prepared by a Mr. Frank Will. In the way of almost all dictionaries, it contains an intended yet distinct diversion. Its source is the abundant recognition of the trouble in starting to speaking races when they cross the Atlantic. They are themselves amongst English-speaking people; but the English those speak differing as curiously from the German have been diligently learning beforehand that they are. Whether in New York, Boston, Washington, or the West, everywhere they encounter patches of talk with all their back-lessons to the whole. They will come of cherry-vallies, trough, vandue, larn; of a corn lase, a polliwog, a huss, a sealawag. What are they, the were not in the "Englisch per Dampf" which the emigrant studied so hopefully; not in "Englische Konzepte"; not in "Der perfekte Engländer."

The friendly Dictionary-maker solves each difficulty in order. Frough, they are told, is spongy, crumbling; is an auction; cherry-vallies are leathern over-brass; is a huge serpent; a huss is a strong man; a corn right of pasture; a polliwog is a tadpole; a eelshot a sealawag is a vulgar fellow. Germans, also, in the States that they themselves must abscquatulate, must tuck on, must shut their clam-shells, must blin teeter-tawter, give so-and-so the mitten, give give him a su-marquee, they giving it full-chisel, be told that they have seen the elephant, have the wrong tree, are catawampiously chawed up, explained by the pitiful lexicographer. Some of the proverbs may be familiar; but we may remark that a man the mitten is to reject him; to give him a scold; a su-marquee is a corruption of the French "marqué"; and to give either of these full-chisel immediately. To see the elephant (a phrase which alternative in to shoot one's grandmother) is to be a bark up the wrong tree is to miss what one tried for chawing up of a person catawampiously is another expressing the meaning given for the German verb "namely," as the author says in an overflow of English him, swamp him, knock him into a cocked hat.

The German buyers of the Dictionary need no doubt as to the kind of information here supplied on second page, at the foot of the "Abkürzungen." (Abbreviations) we are told "Amerikanismen sind mit schrägen gedruckt"—Americanisms are written in slant. That is so. Freely sown in the columns of upright to the "oblique letters," otherwise italics. Guided by the traveller need not be in despair if asked to take apple-butter, Albany-beef, burgoo, bockey; or, in draught of switchel, sling, black-strap, calibogus, bo pupelo. Does he not learn that "succotash" is a dish of maize, apple-butter is elder-sauce, Albany-beef burgoo is a preparation of oatmeal, bockey is a punch of the drinks he is told that switchel is water and sling has rum added to the switchel; that black-strap sugared; pupelo, apple-brandy; calibogus, rum, mobee, a drink consumed by the West Indian negroes in a glass of brandy, pure. This, of course, does not of foods and drinks honoured with italics. There is no on to exhaustion, yet a few more may be culled. For instance, noodle-soup—that is vermicelli. There is also pork and fish, with onions. Cork-julee is another for brandy. Flap-jack is a pancake—an interesting word, and Taylor, the Water-Post, wrote of it largely.

Should unintelligible epithets of abuse be showered upon a German, he will no doubt take pleasure in consulting his Dictionary as to their meaning.

Perhaps our Teutonic friend will be filled with wonder at being invited to a cantleay. It is only a kind of dance, and he may find callithumpians—unskilled noise like marrow-bones and clatters—to dance to. If in his surprise he uses the exclamation *Günny!* he is directed to pronounce it "gün'ul." Should he be turned out from the cantleay (or from anywhere), then "It's a gone goose with him," i.e., he can never go there any more. Should he, on the other hand, wish to stay a long while, he is to call the long while a growle; but he may be hurried off, *malgré lui*, because a fellow-countryman may assure him, in his own tongue "Non ist der Tana aus," stated to mean, The jig is up. But the period will inevitably come when he and all the rest of the company must make themselves scarce (in "oh, no lettering"), otherwise scarce, and go away—or abscquatulate. The kindly aim of the Dictionary-maker is to teach the Germans how to turn their own language into these curious Transatlantic phrases. Thus, their word "Landstreichor," besides the gloss sufficient for ordinary requirements, of a vagabond or vagrant, gets the "Amurricanism," in its proper Italian, of a chack. So "Larm," after the gloss of hustle, noise, gets *tonne, bellaballo*.

But this useful little work is no common Dictionary of Slang, it has a legitimate end. There is "coster" talk heard in these British Isles as well as in the United States; and there are other varieties of distorted and repellent English—it is enough to call one variety Kipl-English—to be heard in these British Isles. But it has no recognition by dictionary-users; and to consider it necessary to teach it to foreigners landing on these shores, and about to mix with cultivated people, would be absurd. Why, therefore, is it less absurd to make a lesson of it for foreigners settling in the United States, where, just as certainly, it would not be heard amongst the refined and highly-trained? Perhaps it is because the very way of the birth of a language may here be traced, or rather that the evolution out of an old language of an almost unrecognizable new language is seen in its actual period of gestation. Chaucer once wrote of a blissful marriage—

O flesh they ben, and o flesh, as I gesso,
Hath but on herte in wele and in distresse.

Now, to evoke response from most Englishmen, this must be translated—

One flesh they be, and one flesh, as I guess,
Has but one heart, in welfare and distress.

The lines are identical, yet each is disguised to the other. Philologists know how recurrent tides of new speech sweep over ancient speech—know how they cannot keep the language-wheel from its perpetual turning. Perhaps these "Amurricanisms" are slowly advancing with an overwhelming gradual flood. Give them two centuries, and one shudders to think of the result. But we have only dealt here with stray words out of stray contexts. Scrupulous, blusteration, dunderhead, sliak, mizzle, shewank, faint, wamble-cropped, loafer, diggings, chore. Are these Amurricanisms; are they to be the common property of the flaccid and of ourselves? The language-caldron is on the fire; as ingredient after ingredient is added, each, now or later, appears heterogeneous. Pick sweet-smelling herbs, then, for *marriage-cake*. Plug in berries ruddier than the cherry, and do not give passage to oil.

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

THE DRAMA.

THE TWIN SISTER—"PROCKS AND FRILLS."

A young wife, neglected by her husband, hits upon a plan of regaining his love. She has a twin-sister, the image of herself to him, but of a temperament more sprightly and coquettish. Pretending to depart on a journey, she returns to the household in the disguise of her sister and deliberately lays siege to the

turned from the German of Herr Fuld into bl Louis N. Parker for the Duke of York's Theatre cannot be a modern story; its incidents are master-of-fact twentieth century. And, even possible, they would not be represented, but moral. But these objections are diminished if action is removed to the fifteenth century and wear Masaccio costumes designed by Mr. By talk is in blank verse, even though it is the occasionally slangy blank verse of Mr. Louis in an atmosphere of sheer fantasy—the a Macenlay, as against Leigh Hunt and Charles admit as an excuse for the Restoration dramatic moral writ does not run and disguises are even a tinge of hair-dye suffices to prevent husbands their own wives. In brief, *The Twin Sister* Boccaccio or a "Facetious Night" of Strapar Tulo" of Bandello transported to the stage.

But the worst of this atmosphere is transferred in its purity from printed page to the actors in the story are left to the reader can let them go without close scrutiny in belief. Seen on the stage as flesh-and-blood persons they surely give rise to misgiving in the spectator. way, brought the same objection against *per summer Night's Dream*:—"The imagination qualify the actual impressions of the senses. to the eye is not to be got rid of by explanation are not incredible, but fairies six feet high. The boards of a theatre and the regions of same thing.") The impossibilities of the act pass, though I suspect there are many worthy who wonder how this man whom they see be person of Mr. H. B. Irving, can be such a foe his own wife. But it is more difficult to avoid Lorenzo's rich fifteenth-century robes do fact that he is a very poor creature, nor Giu beauty the fact that her stratagem, her desire love by the very act which proves it not to say the least of it, unwomanly. Hence a sympathy in the spectator for Giuditte and a for Lorenzo. Further, there is the disquieting whole trick is a futility; it is laboriously gain chimney when the door is wide open. For Giuditte calls herself Renata that she rekind love; it is because she takes more pains to did she not try this simple expedient in her moral is that cynical one which some modern have openly inculeated and which they call *le mariage*. These misgivings arise because Herr a fantastic theme too seriously. If the play—as Shakespeare, for instance, assuredly would—wholly on the comic plane, as some *Comedy Paduan Night's Dream*, the spectator would to take it in a purely Piekwiekian sense. has gone for passion, strong and hot; and w in at the O.P. entrance fantasy flies out. And so, oddly enough, it happens that Mr. I makes his greatest success in a scene w to have been there—a scene of fierce passion a headlong force and absolute sincerity expected in him. Miss Lily Brayton is swe Giuditte-Renata.

On March 20, 1858, M.M. Eugène Scribe and produced *Les Doyens de Féc* at the Théâtre plays were just then becoming a French f impulsion of Dumas fils—it was the year of (Gymnase, January 16) and in this play Scribe that "Tolgers" could do it when it liked," as the inventor of Scribism, of theatrical plot for tackle a thesis with the best of them. It was *thèse philosophique et sociale, la réhabilita*

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demonstrating a thesis; but the noteworthy fact is that the task was attempted. The joke is that the play has been adopted by Mr. Sydney Grundy for the Haymarket, under the title of *Frocks and Prilla*, in a day when Scribner's thesis has long ceased to need demonstration, inasmuch as a Bond-street bonnetshop is now a recognized career for the most aristocratic of dames. Of course Mr. Grundy has had the sense to get rid of the pompous moralizing, though he cannot get rid of the belated, unreal air in the objections of his noble Atholstan family to acknowledging a cousin who keeps a milliner's shop. Scribner's artificial story is left intact, and gives very little opportunity for the players; such chances as there are, however, are used to full advantage by Miss Grace Lane (from the Kendal company) as the heroine, by Mr. Allan Aynesworth as a sentimental duke, by Mr. Cyril Maude as a family friend with a stutter, and by Misses Ellis Jeffreys and Lottie Venno as two fashionable ladies, rival customers of the *couturière*. The fact is, *Frocks and Prilla* very loyally bears out its title; the chief attraction is neither the play nor the players but the array of gowns provided by famous West-end tradespeople, to whom strict credit is (on this occasion very properly) given in the programme. The "trying-on" scene at a Mayfair show-room in the third act is sure to send all the ladies into ecstasies; nor will their men-folk miss the opportunity of witnessing on the stage what they are not permitted to see off it. One has the pleasing sense of profaning the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* without indiscretion.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CORONATION RECORDS.

ENGLISH CORONATION RECORDS. By LEOPOLD G. WICKHAM LEGG, B.A. (Constable. 31s. 6d. n.)

Special occasions produce special books. Such works are frequently characterized by slovenly haste and careless compilation; but in this book faults of this description are conspicuous by their absence. Higher praise can hardly be given to everything pertaining to this handsome volume than to say that it is worthy of the great historical ceremonies that it chronicles. This is no mere *olla podrida* of Coronation anecdotes and legends, but a carefully edited and annotated collection of records bearing on English Coronations from pre-Conquest times to those of Queen Victoria.

Moreover, Mr. Legg has prefixed to these records an evenly-balanced and clearly-expressed introduction of some hundred pages. It is difficult to conceive that anything yet remains to be told with respect to the hallowing of our Kings that is worth the telling. From the days of Egbert's Pontifical down to the order for the crowning of Victoria the Coronation Service has, in all essential points, remained the same. The Prince is anointed and then invested as King with the ornaments and insignia of regal rank; whilst he, on his part, binds himself by solemn promises as to the nature of his rule. Round these three integral points of the Coronation certain fixed rites have become crystallized, and it is not a little remarkable to note to what a small degree these rites, or the expression of them in words, have changed during upwards of ten centuries, notwithstanding frequent interruptions in dynastic succession. From 1307 to 1685, in spite of civil wars and religious upheavals, the service remained precisely the same. With James II. came a serious change; in consequence of that Monarch being under the Roman obedience the Holy Communion, which had hitherto

office, but persons mistaking an Englishman for it, per character of clerks as well as laymen. In a volume transmitted to Henry III., the Bishop pronounced that in theunction of a King a sacramental conveyance of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. The coronation ceremony explains the attitude that exists between the setting apart of a Bishop and which is well brought out in detail by Mr. Legg.

The evolution of the Coronation Oath is a matter of interest. From the eighth century to the twelfth (inclusive) the King made a solemn promise to the precepts—to preserve true peace at all times toward God and all Christian people, to forbid rapine and iniquities to all degrees, and to observe equity and judgments. Our subsequent Kings, from Edwardwards, have taken the oath in a different form, for in the "Regalia" of the fourteenth century it becomes a declaration which the Archbishop puts to the King—a form ever since retained. The first of the four questions the bishop was whether the King was willing to keep customs of England, and especially the laws of Henry VIII., with an inborn distrust for the restraints of the Coronation Oath, endeavoured to effect a change, and had a new draft prepared with a variety of tions. Even this, in its vagueness, did not satisfy Prince, and with his own hand he made various changes in the direction of nullifying any binding obligation. The original of this corrected draft is among the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum, and a facsimile of it forms one of the interesting illustrations of this volume. Henry VIII., however, at that time got his way, and the old form of his Coronation. It is somewhat ominous to find that in the direction of Henry VIII.'s wishes did not enter into the oath taken by Charles II. The policy of Church matters necessitated a change in the Monarchical functions, and the opportunity was taken of introducing levelling against absolute government, the Sovereign required to govern according to the statutes of Parliament. The Coronation of Queen Anne it was ordered that she should take the long oath against transubstantiation for office-holders in the previous reign. This declaration which there has been so much recent contention whatever of the Coronation Service proper, and has been read by the Sovereign in the House of Lords.

Valuable and interesting as the great historical Service is, we quite agree with Mr. Legg that it does not attain to any great excellence from a literary point of view. The editor of these records writes with much success them;—

The prayers are long, rambling compositions, a wealth of Old Testament illustrations that have disgraced one of Scott's Covenants, intertruerulent allusions to heretics. And the dread and injustice on the part of the King is very obvious, as if the writer of the prayers was not satisfied that the oath was efficacious in preventing either of those and that he was determined by means of the prayer to the King the excellency of peace and justice, same time invoking the aid of Heaven to keep those virtues.

from the "Libre Regalia," which lays down that the King shall be sacred clothed in a long tunic and over it a regal pall, and suppose they must be the very vestments in which he was crowned. But the words he cites convey no such meaning; they simply copy fairly in distinctively Royal robes, such as were found round the remains of Edward I., when his tomb was so shamelessly desecrated by the Society of Antiquaries in 1786. The various documents so generously supplied in this volume establish the fact that the actual Coronation robes of the Confessor were used at the time of the crowning by a long line of his successors.

The frontispiece to the book is a coloured facsimile of a fourteenth-century illumination of a Coronation from a Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, manuscript. Cumulative argument places it beyond doubt that this is a picture of the crowning of Edward II., and it would have been better thus to letter it. The comparative dinginess of the regal pall over the King's shoulders, as compared with the scarlet cope and clearly defined embroidery of the vestments of the other figures is thus explained. The reversed pall of the Confessor was even then faded by age; in the time of the Commonwealth, when the old regalia were destroyed, it had become "liver-coloured."

The introduction deals not only with the actual order of the Coronation, but with all the officers and various quaint services. In short, there is no subject bearing directly or indirectly on English Coronations upon which authoritative statements are lacking. The volume is a model of historic completeness. Mr. St. John Hope contributes a useful and learned note on the Cap of Maintenance, or Cap of Estate, as used not only by Kings and Queens, but by peers and peeresses at the time of a Coronation. His plea that the ladies' coronets should be made to encircle the head, according to old use, and thus grace the wearer, instead of being of diminutive size attached to a red velvet bag, and perched up on a bunch of hair on the summit of the crown, is not only historically correct but its soundness can be established by reference to old pictures and still older effigies. Nevertheless, the Hanoverian innovation in Coronation headgear will probably prevail next June.

The typography and illustrations of this fine volume are worthy of all praise, but the old English lettering on the back of the cover is a mistake; it is almost illegible, and if clear printing is wanted anywhere, it is on the back of a book as it stands in the shelves, so that it may be readily distinguished from its fellows.

LITERATURE IN THE REFORMATION ERA.

THE EARLIER RENAISSANCE. (Periods of European Literature.)
By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (Blackwood, 5s. 6s.)

The literary period with which this volume deals (1500-1550) was not rich in original work, but was mainly one of preparation for great achievement in the future. Professor Saintsbury regards it as the school-time of the vernacular languages and literatures; and he thus sums up the gains of the age in the various departments of *belles lettres*:—

It laid the keel of almost every kind of modern literature (including the essay in fact if not in name) except the regular prose novel, and made the advent of that practically certain. It very nearly finished the stage of apprenticeship

further illustration of this. Its title, by its admission, is in regard to Italy "a frank and confident." Yet he considers that the period is "undoubtedly Renaissance in general European literature," thinking that the passage from Matthew Arnold's motto of the series, is of little value in this contention. If Europe can be regarded as one great confederate and spiritual purposes as one great confederate joint action and working to a common result, the titles allotted to the several periods should at least be to all the principal countries within each period. Impossible, it might be plausibly urged that employed should be such as to describe the more than the more backward members of the era, consequently that the period under notice was styled "the Later" than "The Earlier Renaissance," any rate pre-eminently the era of the Reformation cannot see why that title should not be at least the purely chronological titles which have been of the other periods.

In his preface Professor Saintsbury thinks some of his former critics that the series was intended to supply text-books for educational purposes, rather, he says, "an attempt to do, with the editorial material" now available, "what Hallam did with smaller resources at his disposal." A comparison with Hallam's chapters upon the same period shows that Professor Saintsbury has approached his task in a different manner from his predecessor. Hallam never *milieu* in which the writers of a period had to work, period especially, without introducing much biographical detail, he has constantly in view the movement, which was the dominant note of conformity with this principle his central figure who occupies four times as much space as Ariosto, writer. Professor Saintsbury dismisses Erasmus while he devotes thirty to Ariosto and no Rabelais. This disproportionate treatment may be due to a prejudice against original writers. Hallam did not share. In one place Professor Saintsbury calls Latin writing "a kind of Holotry," though does it fuller justice. But in reality the discrepancy partly from his preference for the critical over the method, partly from the fact that he finds more in the literature of power than in that of the Whole fields of research, which Hallam at those of science, theology, mental and moral jurisprudence—are left untouched by Professor Saintsbury. If his work gains thereby in intensity and in it suffers a corresponding loss in breadth and completeness. We think that a literary history should be a history of *Littera* rather than a critical specimens, and that even in handling a period of notice, which was not conspicuous for original should be found for many names which have re-

Of course, the problem of space would have involved the sacrifice of much critical disquisition; and the critic so accomplished as Professor Saintsbury must involve some loss. His criticism is always the result of first-hand study; but like other critical limitations. He is thoroughly at home in discussing prose fiction, yet his treatment of the graver k-

and English literature was the "Italianation," as the Elizabethans termed it, of both countries through the gradual assimilation of Renaissance culture; and the twin-poets Wyatt and Surrey were close followers of Italian models. Professor Saintsbury's generous appreciation of the work done by the compilers of the English Liturgy is one of the best passages in the book, although in his selection of parts for special praise he includes at least one collect which is the work of Laud. In English prose the period is one of steady and continuous improvement; and if the Professor hardly does justice to honest Latimer, he gives an adequate account of Ascham and the educational reformers. He closes with a chapter on the revival of criticism in Italy, which anticipates the next instalment of his larger work. With much that he says about the earliest Renaissance criticism we are unable to agree; but he is doubtless right in insisting on the far-reaching influence of the Italian critics of the sixteenth century upon later times.

We cannot part with Professor Saintsbury without entering a mild protest against some of those sallies of wit with which he is apt to regale his readers. His jocosity is not in this book quite so insistent and ubiquitous as it is in the "History of Criticism," but it has the same disagreeably undignified effect. He speaks with some scorn of the "rather infantine punning" in which John Heywood indulges; but even the most childish effort of the latter could hardly be worse than "Secundus is left without another second," or his remark, in contrasting Ariosto with his erotic brother-poets, that though "his Venus may have too much of Pandemonium, she has nothing of Pandemonism." Even if the volume be not an educational textbook, there is no reason why the unlearned should be taught that such a word as "Quadrilogue" is possible, or that the term "Utrquist" means a writer who employs both Latin and the vernacular. In deploring the absence from his period of the highest kind of charm, he explains that the northern countries were "too full of a Jack-Horner-like sense of their own good-boyishness and thorough desert of all possible plums to develop this supreme quality." It would be well if so great a judge of literary expression could keep in mind a warning of his own, that a good plain style, when it descends to this kind of thing, comes perilously near to a bad plain style.

FRENCH FURNITURE AND DECORATION.

FRENCH FURNITURE AND DECORATION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By LADY DILKE. (George Bell and Sons. 30s. n.)

As Lady Dilke proceeds with her task, now within sight of its completion, two things happen. She becomes, by reason of each change of subject, a little less popular, and, with each fresh volume, she becomes a little more excellent. The first of her three books—there are to be four altogether—dealt with the French Eighteenth Century Painters. It dealt, therefore, in great measure, with known names; and it expressed commonsense opinion. The second, dealing with Sculptors and with Architects, could count only on a diminished public—at all events, on a diminished public that was really cognisant of the matter in hand. Here Lady Dilke became more original, as well as more instructive. With the fourth volume, which is to be on Draughtsmen and Engravers, she will find again, in those who read her, something more of familiarity with her theme. But, meanwhile, readers of French Furniture and Decoration

(notwithstanding the existence of Herford's Jones Collection) comes in Lady Dilke more than ever as a sagacious, more than ever an accomplished theme.

Even a brief review should make it quite plain, perhaps the best service it can render that it covers her ample, almost infinitely extensive, astonishingly well. She is so saturated with her subject that upon any given article she can tell, being slight. Her volume is an instance not only of science, but of encyclopædic compression. Full of argument about facts, and of the clear expression of opinion—with which we are by no means always in accord—it is yet now and then a little too difficult to progress with her page, so burdened is it with fact. It is difficult to disregard. The only thing is to wait that at the first reading one will discard them all, only later take them up—to have so many a fresh train suggested by them. As to the text, differences of opinion may well be as to conclusions Lady Dilke arrives at; but it is hard to point out what feature of a style she has noticed, or what important practitioner of an applied fine art she has forgotten to name. She discusses the almost as exhaustively as Paris; with equal patience in the balance the men of the Regency, the men of the days of Louis Quinze, the men of the days of Louis the Sixteenth. One great worker in iron whose work is to be seen and practically at Nancy alone, she does full justice. Jean Lamour, whose wonderful gilt grilles connect the buildings of the Place Stanislas which were the work of a pupil, the great architect, Hérault. Lady Dilke appreciates sufficiently, we think—but the point is now lost. We are reminded that though Lamour's iron gates and railings are still abundantly gilded, the effect at present—owing to the uniform tint of the gold—is not quite what it was when the work was first beheld, in the days of "Stanislas." Tasteful, of course, but by no means original. In our opinion, are the little balconies Lady Dilke in Jean Lamour's own house, behind that church of St. which was once the Cathedral.

To turn to one other matter discussed in a book which page offers opportunities for comment—since it treats as well as Chantilly, Potsdam as well as the Hotel and deals with clocks as well as with cabinets, with as well as with the Gobelinus—we may say that Lady Dilke's excellent brief chapter on Verbis-Martin, the taste one member of the Martin family perfected. No far remains; but there are painted plaques—small, admirable—and *étois* shining still with the rich green verdigris, most, and that is most justly, prized. The collector with the best small examples of the enamel of Hatt's solves the work of good French artists—these Verbis *étois* accord well.

HERALDRY.

SOME FEUDAL COATS OF ARMS. By JOSEPH FOSTER. (Oxon. (James Parker and Co. Gls. n.)

Mr. Foster has done most useful work in the industrious compiler of the many volumes of the Oxonienses. He has also obtained well-merited credit for his volumes of his "British Baronage and the Baronage of the British Empire."

contrived or well-judged plan for drawing attention to the projected volumes to bind up twenty-six pages, pagged consecutively with the rest of the work, of specimen sheets of the forthcoming books.

The amount of illustrations in this great book is almost bewildering. There are upwards of 2,000 zinc etchings from the Bayeux tapestry, Greek vases, seals, tiles, effigies, brasses, and heraldic rolls, as well as some chart pedigrees. They vary a good deal in quality; the reproductions of shields from the rolls and other sources are of true value, but we doubt either the use or attraction of including a good many copies of debased effigy drawings. The illustrations of heraldic seals, which Mr. Foster has brought together from old seventeenth-century drawings, recall no shadow of the original seals, and are useless either for the antiquary or the artist.

The preface opens with a spirited attack on "Armorial Families," the well-known volume, first issued in 1895, which has given rise to so much heraldic controversy. Though coming rather late in the day, Mr. Foster's share in the affray proves him to be a vigorous assailant. The blows at the weak places in his opponent's armour are planted with rare skill, and he delivers several deadly thrusts at the author of that work, which so unduly exalted the power and status and learning of the College of Arms. Mr. Foster states that it was the issue of the book in question which led him to begin the long-cherished design of producing an *Armorial* which should give the authority for each coat. That Mr. Foster is able to produce an elaborate work of this character without going near any of the official heralds is in itself a strong proof of the correctness of the charge that he makes against former heralds of "having sold practically all their ancient manuscripts or copies of them." It has long been known to working genealogists and heraldic students that the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum are just as valuable as the visitations stored in Queen Victoria-street, and in some cases more so, but it has been left to Mr. Foster to assert this boldly, and to prove it by what he has already published. His plan, in this volume and its successors, is to give a trustworthy account of the arms of those families who have borne them since feudal times, long anterior to any Herald's College, by ancient grant or other right heraldic—and, finally, by an established user of three generations, giving them, as in Ireland, a prescriptive ownership so long as it does not conflict with any established rights.

This volume on feudal coats of arms is primarily a collection, from the heraldic rolls, of the names and personal insignia displayed on their banners or vestments of the combatants at Poitiers, 1228, at Carlarueck, 1300, at Boroughbridge, 1322, at Calais, 1345-46, at Rouen, 1418, and at the tournaments of Dunstable in 1305 and 1334. With these have been incorporated names and blazons from some later heraldic rolls, concluding with the Arundel or Military Roll, which was emblazoned under Henry VI. Excellent as all this is up to a certain point, and valuable as it is to have the true references so laboriously collected to thousands of early insignia, it is nevertheless a great pity that Mr. Foster should not have adopted a more thorough system. That which he has produced is by no means exhaustive, and the whole subject has not been planned in the spirit of a student of the archeology of heraldry. Irrespective of a certain lack of digestion about the material here so lavishly and carefully produced, it is plain that certain authorities have been ignored. It is a pity that Mr. Foster's justifiable indignation with "Armorial Families," which has been distinctly repudiated by one of the most venerable heralds of the College of Arms, has

volume. There is no trace in these pages consulted, or at all events used, the great possession of the Society of Antiquaries, which is of interest to students, regarded as by far the most important of its class.

Mr. Foster, both in his preface and introduction, shows some rather unworthy sneers at those who adhere to the simplicity and common sense of the English word "blazon," and spells the English word "blazon" as his own contribution to the archeology of heraldry. Though so vigorous against the modern heraldic theories, he is thoroughly in accord, contrary to the opinion of students of early rolls, with the modern authorities on blazon.

There are three great shields given which are the achievement of the 15th Duke of Norfolk engraved. The first of these 200 coats of arms is that of Howard, with the augmentation granted to the Duke for the battle of Flodden to the first Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Foster, by giving this coat with the augmentation, is giving the coat with the augmentation of Mr. J. H. Round's recent assertion (which is unassailable) that this honourable addition to the Duke's arms was granted to heirs and not in tail male, by the present Duke, and that Lords Mowbray and Salisbury alone entitled to it.

An interesting pedigree of Sir Christopher Hatton, granted by Garter King of Arms in 1591, on the occasion of the Earl of Winchester, is given. Mr. Foster has printed letters that throw some little suspicion on the Lord Chancellor with the senior of the Hattons? Sir Christopher ought not to have been of Holdenby Hall, but of Holdenby House.

It is much to be wished that higher praise should be given to this *olla podrida* of early English heraldry; for, in spite of its faults and omissions it has a distinct value both heraldry and genealogy.

In his *FLORENTINE HERALDRY: A SUTTLER'S BOOKS* (Dean, 10s. 6d.), Mr. Howel Wills gives a list of arms borne by the leading families in Florence, together with a glossary of terms and an introduction showing how Italian differs from English heraldry. As to heraldry the book is both learned and complete. Mr. Wills tells us nothing about the major and minor guilds. These shields are in the Church of Or San Michele, and possibly do not here need supplementing; yet a little more of an expert as to the origin of these shields in adoption would, if obtainable, have been of great use. A useful appendix the author gives a description of "cercchi" or residential circuits within the city, roughly to grades in the nobility. It seems a pity that should not have been illustrated by a map, for as the residences are known, to which of the important families belonged.

ABOUT THE WORK

In the new issue of that series of books awkwardly entitled "Stanford's Compendium of Heraldry," there is not likely to be included

men have made scientific expeditions into Latin America whereby facts have been brought to light which profoundly modify "the views hitherto prevailing on such questions as the tectonic constitution, both of Central and South America, the West Indian orographic systems, the distribution of plants and animals over the whole area, the cradle and primitive migrations of Caribs and Arawaks" not to mention the ethnical relations of Toltecs, Aztecs, and Mayas, and other similarly important matters. Mr. Keane has dealt thoroughly with all these subjects, and has not neglected to summarize recent political or economic changes. Among the thirteen excellent maps we have special praise for the valuable "Ethnological and Philological Map of South America," but some of the illustrations are poor or indistinct.

The wide range of Mr. Keane's scholarship is seen to great advantage in his treatment of the physical and biological relations of South America. He points out the remarkable absence of islands which can be properly regarded as geographical dependencies of South America. On the fauna it is interesting to note that

From the region that has enriched civilization with so many valuable economic plants, the Old World has obtained not a single useful animal. The aborigines themselves had domesticated the llama (which, like its Asiatic congener, was endowed with a somewhat morbid temperament, rendering it useless for the rough work of cultured peoples in other lands), and the alpaca, guinea-pig, and alca, all, however, confined to the limits of the Peruvian Empire. There are many indigenous forms, some, like the tapir, peccary, jaguar, spectacled bear, puma, cayman, rheu ("ostrich"), and several of the lower anthropoid apes, allied to the corresponding genera or orders in the Eastern Hemisphere, and often presenting much interest to naturalists. But all these and the many other native species—sloth, vampire, ant-eater, agouti, tree-porcupine, viscacha, anaconda, toucan, humming-bird, and others—are of little or no economic use.

The section which deals with Venezuela is perhaps that which will most attract English readers. The account of the frontier question is concise and accurate, and we like the "local colour" of the descriptive passages.

The account of Peru is crammed with practical and picturesque details. Witness the pregnant passage—

Despite the relatively moderate mean temperature all the low-lying coast-lands are exposed to the ravages of yellow fever. Here also the crookes, or whites of pure Spanish stock, appear to be scarcely yet acclimatized. There is little if any natural increase, owing to the excessive mortality of the children, who are subject to convulsions and to the so-called "seven-days' sickness," which attacks new-born infants and is always fatal. Ague, dysentery, and liver affections also prevail in the seaboard, and typhus and typhoid fever in the montaña, while the uplands suffer especially from the somewhat mysterious *soroche*. This strange disorder, which is due to the miasma of the atmosphere at great elevations, assumes different forms in different places, but is never fatal.

The Bolivian section of Mr. Keane's book draws special attention to the grand and varied aspects of Illimani, the mountain which Sir Martin Conway succeeded in perfectly ascending in 1898. In the account of Chile we are glad to be reminded of the fact that large numbers of the inhabitants of Valparaiso, of Spanish descent, have learned to speak English with fluency and correctness; the rapid spread of what may be called commercial English in South America is probable as well as desirable. The description of Santiago is admirable, and should draw the eyes of English travellers to this city of quaint Spanish houses, set in a magnificent semi-circle of Alpine scenery. Chile should be dear to the heart of English education-

supposed to be absent, is now believed to lie on southern sandstone rocks, but apparently at some distance from the surface.

Although this book is not so much intended for travellers, the former may nevertheless find many useful warnings, by which they will do

Of the "Historical Geography of the Helix" written by Mr. Lucas of the Colonial Office, (Fussell, Clarendon Press, 6s.) is an excellent volume with an exhaustive index, and four useful maps. The latter is a bold map of the waterways of New England and Central Canada, which is sure to be given to the students of early "Amerleena." Mr. Lucas' "European discoverers in North America to the Sixteenth Century" is almost wholly admirable, the finishing touches of an ethnological kind which have been given by a Keane or a Wallace. The love of conspicuousness throughout all the chapters of Mr. Lucas' work is his view of "the great successes to be gained by France" in the way of colonization, and congratulatory series of paragraphs comparing the methods of English and French colonization in North America. Mr. Lucas is inclined to overrate the amount of which the French. He points out most clearly that Champlain settled at Quebec when he played third to the Algonquians by joining them in an attack upon the Hurons, also well to show plainly that the one object of the French trade, and that they profited more by paying a lower price for things than they would have done by open land-gift. Lucas is not afraid, in days when it is the fashion to sneer at the Jesuits, to assert that the members of the Order of Canada were essentially "the champions of excellent enemies of freedom." Again, he is right when he says that the Huguenots were the best of the French traders to be capable, enterprising, and resolute pioneers of colonization.

Apart from the large numbers of persons who are literary standing compels them to acquire this book. The volume will among general readers tend to increase the number of intelligent Imperialists.

A GUIDE TO ITALY (10s. n.) is the first volume of a series of Guides to be published by Messrs. Macmillan. The aim of the book is certainly ambitious. It is obvious that to describe Italy at all adequately within the compass of 350 pages, especially as nearly 100 pages are devoted to Rome alone. The Eternal City is, however, so well known that it will quarrel with this lack of proportion. As for a guide which professes to deal with the whole of Italy it is strange to find that Sicily is altogether omitted. Within its limits, it is a good and reliable work. Perhaps none is so well adapted for the ordinary traveller, and especially for the American determined upon visiting the whole of Italy in a month, as it gives a sufficiency of information about the great tourist centres—Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice. A comparison with the standard guides of Baedeker is perhaps inevitable. It certainly avoids the mass of unimportant detail and the over-conscientiousness of Baedeker, however, though certainly designed too much for the lines of a gazetteer, yet gives an adequate amount of information on all the great cities frequented by tourists. The book is well illustrated, and the illustrations are of a high quality.

Accuracy is, no doubt, the one pre-eminent virtue of a guide-book, and in this respect Macmillan's new enterprise can hold its own with its older rivals. Indeed, we have only come across two serious errors. An odd one occurs in the description of India, when it is stated that at the earthquake at Casamieciola (population 3,500) in 1883 6,000 persons lost their lives! The writer probably means were rendered homeless. Then in the Rome section the fable that the Vatican has 10,000 resons is perpetuated. The letterpress is, we believe, in the main original—though the editors expressly disown any criticism under this head by avowing that a certain similarity in phraseology to that of the standard guides is to some extent inevitable, but the general arrangement is distinctly reminiscent of Appleton's.

The liberal supply of excellent maps is one of the best features of the book. Indeed, even travellers who know their Italy might feel inclined to buy the book for the maps alone. There are no less than forty maps and plans, all designed specially for the guide. They are clearly engraved, not crowded with unnecessary names, and embody the most recent cartographical information. Indeed, the closest inspection has only revealed one error of any moment—that in which the course of the railway, which for the last fifteen years or so has been in progress from Cuneo to the coast, is marked as if it were to be continued by tunnels through the mountains to the east of the Roya Valley—the natural highway, but not available owing to a portion being on French soil. This route has been abandoned by the Government. But it is only fair to mention that the same error is to be found in the Twentieth Century Atlas (though this is to be corrected in the next edition). Besides the very insertion of this line (if premature) testifies to the praiseworthy ambition of the editors to be as up to date as possible in the maps.

THE FOUNDATION OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA, by Dr. J. W. Gregory (Horace Marshall, Gs. n.), is a convenient compendium of the available information concerning this new British possession. It begins with physical geography, and proceeds to a history of East African exploration, bringing out the interesting fact that the first half of the nineteenth century is the period when European ignorance of the geography of Central Africa reached its climax, and that the earlier travellers whose reports were dismissed as fabulous had acquired a very considerable knowledge of the Dark Continent. The discoveries of such travellers as Krapf, Reichenow, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker are related at sufficient length. There follows a full account of the religious wars which raged at the time when General, then Captain, Lugard administered the dominions; and there is a chapter which guardedly predicts the future. Dr. Gregory implames the missionaries and other adherents of the Anti-Slavery Society not to be in too great a hurry to abolish the "peculiar institution." He recommends the establishment of a special service open to competition as in the Indian Civil Service, and he maintains that the assistance of Arab chiefs should be sought in the unimpeded development of the country. Subject to these conditions he believes that East Africa will flourish. The book is well written, and has some good photographs and a really excellent map.

Mr. Francis Palmer, the author of *RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY* (Nones, 3s. 6d. n.), has visited some parts of Russia and has acquired a great deal of information not always available. From internal evidence we are led to believe that

can make sufficient noise to waken the dead. In Russia the watchman goes at stated intervals to stout piece of iron is suspended, this he hits with hammer, thereby considerably suggesting to the wisdom of waiting "until these tyrannies have the whistling watchman is rare, it is the robbers."

We are puzzled to account for Mr. Palmer's error—here is one which is quite incomprehensible. In the great Russia behind the veil, however, the average Russian is most unreasonably ashamed. For him the interesting or picturesque in the old-world life is there. It is, in his eyes, merely a humiliating Russia, as a whole, is still far behind other Europe in social progress." Mr. Palmer does not appear there is no country in the world where people are their peasantry and their national customs than the ladies of the Court, whose regulation dress is a tulle of the costume of the peasant, to the red-shirted everybody worships the "people." It is not even go to Russia to learn this, Russian literature teems of the peasantry and their customs. There is no motto of conversation among all classes of Russia behind the veil of which Mr. Palmer reproaches being ashamed. Russians have their faults, but not one of them, and to be ashamed of one's country is the most contemptible form of snobbishness.

Mr. Palmer introduces us to a doctor who "holds" at Court, and is highly decorated, one of the last has received giving him the *Tchin*, or rank of a general right to wear a uniform, although he is in no way the army." If this doctor had a position at probably in the Civil Service, and every branch of Service has its uniform. The rank of general is held as well as soldiers in Russia, because in the military and civilian titles are tabulated, and the doctor has its equivalent in the Civil Service. A general is his children can be educated in the Corps des various Ladies' Institutes which are under the patronage of the Empress. The decoration which carries with it a rank is known only to Mr. Palmer. In speaking of government and the *Zemstvo* he tells us that of these councils is "extremely small," but that they nevertheless serve a useful purpose in counteracting the routine and red-tapism of the executive." In other words, Mr. Palmer, lacking the courage to gingerly walks round the functions of the *Zemstvo* is excusable than his statement that the Russian name is loudly. There is no such word as this in Russian, Judea, but a Jew in Russian is either called *Jid*, or *Goy*, the first is of course identical with our Jew, the German the French *Jid*, while *Yevrey* means Hebrew. He talks about a chateau, forgetting that the Russian is not a chateau, although, of course, the German shores of the Baltic have castles. He tells us that recently been a tendency to discard the curling style of the national Russian furniture in favour of that produced by modern dealers in Austria and the reverse is the case. The old style of Russian wood embroidery, &c., has been largely applied to modern some very interesting and quaint designs have been in consequence.

Mr. Palmer, in fact, is far from accurate, and his style is not sufficiently entertaining to compen-

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LITERATURE.

ceased to be their mother tongue. The chapter on literature makes no mention of Vondel, generally esteemed the greatest of all the Dutch poets. The chapter on the position of women tells us nothing of the practice of marriage by proxy, whereby girls in Holland are enabled to land in Java or Sumatra or Borneo or Celebes as the duly-wedded wives of officers or merchants living in the Indies. The section on the Dutch Indies is, indeed, the most inadequate in the book. "The abuses of the infamous" culture system," introduced by Van den Bosch, are not brought into such clear relief as they should be. No one would gather from Mr. Hough's pages (what is nevertheless the fact) that this was a system of shamelessly exploiting the natives, many of whom emigrated and even committed suicide in order to escape the tyranny of their Dutch oppressors. The truth may be found in M. Charles Grad's article on colonization in "La grande Encyclopédie." Moreover, only a portion of the truth is told concerning the relations of the Dutch emigrants with the native women, and the position of their half-caste children. The fact that well-to-do half-caste girls are continually sent to Europe to be educated at the same schools as the children of pure Dutch race, and are sought in marriage by officers in the Dutch army, is a feature of contemporary Dutch civilization which clashes strangely with English, and particularly with Anglo-Indian, ideas of the fitness of things, and ought, therefore, to have been emphasized. This said, however, we have done with fault-finding and can proceed to praise. The book is lightly and brightly written, and Mr. Hough has obviously a first-hand knowledge of his subject. Tourists who visit Holland should certainly make themselves acquainted with what he has to say about the country and the people.

PERSIAN POETS.

BIOGRAPHIES OF PERSIAN POETS IN THE *TARIKH-I-GUZIDA*. Translated by E. G. BROWNE. (Luzac. 2s.)

PERSIAN HISTORICAL TEXTS. Vol. I. The *Tadhkiratu-sh-Shu'ara* of Dawlatshah. Edited in Persian, with Prefaces and Indices, by E. G. BROWNE. (Luzac. 12s. n.)

Professor Browne of Cambridge has rendered a useful service in publishing Dawlatshah's "Memoirs of the Poets" and in translating Hamdu-llah's biographies from the *Tarikh-i-Guzida*. The latter work originally appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. To appreciate Persian character and realize something of the life and surroundings of the poets one ought always to have the same scholar's delightful "Year among the Persians" at one's side; it is a priceless commentary. Hamdu-llah, the Mustawfi or Auditor, wrote his history in 1330, and the chief merit of his "Biographies" is that they include extracts from poems, partly in dialectal Persian, which would otherwise be lost. So unfamiliar are some of these dialects, and so perverted and mutilated are the extracts by the pardonable ignorance of a succession of copyists, that even Mr. Browne is compelled to abandon the attempt to translate them. The extracts are the best part of Hamdu-llah's "Biographies," for the biographical data are exceedingly scanty. Ibn-Khatib of Ganja was the hero of a not very creditable love affair, but his triumphant retort to his defiant mistress, unfortunately, does not bear translating—though no Oriental would consider it coarse. Most of the poets, however, are merely described as living in "so and so's" reign and having written some "fine verses," of which the author then cites an example. Sometimes these examples cast a lurid light upon the poet's character. Jamalu-d-din Kashi writes

poems," of which one or two are quoted, not FitzGerald. Firdaus has five lines of biography extant. The last ends with his name and post, (the last whom Ibn-Khatib mentions) but a poet-biographer, of all people in the world, and of feelings as follows:—

Every knife that he withdraws from the victim's back and takes in his sugar-sweet lips and tooth.
Were he to place it once again on the throat of would renew its life for desire of the lip.

Some of the extracts, however, contain fine language. Persian there is always a grace that eludes translation. FitzGerald wrote a hundred and fifty years after the M. his "Memoirs of the Poets" has already been in the Bombay, as well as extensively quoted by von Hammer. A really good edition, however, was what Mr. Browne has supplied as the first volume of what to be a most valuable series of Persian Texts with Messrs. Luzac. As the earliest systematic biographer of Persian poets Dawlatshah has his importance, though early nor very accurate or critical; for he preserves some that have now vanished, and besides his discursive biographies the "anthology of poetical fragments" which he throws in a good deal of incidental history and anecdotes. Mr. Browne recommends the work as valuable and pleasant reading to the Persian student and we must agree with him that it forms an introduction to Persian poetic literature. Such portions read are written in a good style, and the illustrations are generally well chosen. Mr. Browne has, of course, a scholarly text, based chiefly upon three manuscripts, together with a fine codex belonging to E. Denison Ross, and collated in certain parts with MSS. in the British Museum, India Office, Bodleian Society, and Bibliothèque Nationale. The manuscripts of FitzGerald's work are very numerous and it would be a waste of labour to collate all that could be consulted. Indexes of persons, places, and books, form an important complement to this serviceable publication. The projected series of Persian Texts will receive adequate Editions of Persian authors are much needed, and we devote their time and learning to the "somewhat soul and mechanical work" (as Mr. Browne laments) and collating such texts, the least that scholars can do is to give the results an encouraging welcome.

CLASSICAL.

THE AMHERST PAPYRI: Being an Account of the Collection in the Collection of the Right Hon. Lord Hackney. By B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. II. FRAGMENTS AND DOCUMENTS OF THE PTOLEMAIC AND BYZANTINE PERIODS, with an Appendix of Additional Theological Fragments. (Frowde, and 22 12s. 6d. n.)

The study of papyri is fast becoming a science in itself, and we may congratulate ourselves that this country has been so successful in discovery, publication, and interpretation. No one knows more about the subject than the editors of the present volume, whose earlier publications are too numerous to need mention here. Their work has been done with all the care, accuracy, and success which we could expect of them. Whether in transcription, illustration, or in the careful examination has revealed no serious fault, although, of course, does not imply that they have solved every problem suggested. The relation of the Maecesian

of Heracles or the charming ode of Sappho from Oxyrhynchus. There is a tragic fragment, parts of fifteen lines, which may be by Euripides, a list of the Sciron of Euripides, with didascalia; a scrap of comedy, which contains a phrase quoted from Aristophanes and from Plato; and an epic fragment, of which no line is complete. There are the usual fragments of Homeric vulgate, a piece from the second Philippic, two columns of Isocrates' *Demonstrations*, two columns of Babrius. In these there is little of interest, excepting the last, which proves that "some at least of the epigrams of the fables" are ancient. There is more interest in a portion of a commentary on Herodotus, otherwise unknown, by Aristarchus, which records a new reading, *ἀνταρ* for *αὐταν* in Herod. I., 215, and quotes a new fragment of the *Panegyrics* of Sophocles, *ὁ γὰρ ἄνθρωπος ἀνταρ ἄνθρωπον*. There are also twenty columns of Scholia Minora on Homer, *Od.* xv., which are for the most part a glossary on the rarer words; these will be of some use in criticizing the text. Here a new explanation of *εὐνοῖα* as *ἀνταρ* is given (xv., 4). The writer apparently had not lines 113-119 in his text. There are, besides, part of a Homeric Lexicon, Scholia on Callimachus, and some grammatical fragments.

Amongst the Ptolemaic papyri is part of a roll of royal decrees, which resembles the well-known Revenue Papyrus; most of the pieces are official reports, receipts, records of loans, orders for payment, bankers' dockets, petitions, and the like. We get a good many side-lights on the times. Egyptians quarrel with Greeks and burn title-deeds; landowners move their boundaries forward by secret, are induced by "forcible persuasion" to recede, and are fined; law-court procedure is illustrated (as particularly in No. xxviii.), and the conditions of loans.

From the Roman period come Imperial rescripts, decisions of prefects, records of judicial proceedings, petitions, leases, sales, and other official documents. The longest document is a copy of official correspondence relating to a piece of land (first century after Christ). A Report of Sitologi confirms Wilkins's account of the *ἀστυνόμος*, as given in his monumental "Ostraka." In the registration of inheritance, returns of flocks and cattle, census returns, and so forth, we see an elaborate political and social organization; it is curious to note another time proving that *ἀπὸ γυναικός*, those descended from a grandmother, were exempt from poll-tax. The caravan-trade appears in great activity; there were more exports than imports, and the evidence of the tax-receipts is thus confirmed. The *ἐλεγκτής*, otherwise known as a revenue official, appears as public trustee of orphans. New light is thrown on the government of monopoly, which in the second century seems to have been no monopoly at all. The means of identifying persons are curious. Whole groups are recognized by their scars. Satabous, aged sixty-five, having a scar on his left eyebrow, and his son, having a scar in the middle of his forehead, acknowledge a receipt to eight men, who have scars on the left cheek, little finger of the left hand, left shin, left knee, nose, or forehead; the two witnesses are also decorated with scars. The scars reappear in the next receipt, fifty years later. Another odd relic is a ticket for a voyage on a canal. There are also accounts and letters, the last showing some touches of human nature. The Hymnæan section has the usual official documents; amongst the rest may be mentioned a case of assault and battery on a poor widow woman and some interesting letters. One letter concerns the property of a hospital. The Theological Fragments include part of the "Shepherd of Hermas," which is important as containing one piece from the missing Greek Testament. There are also a few lines from Exodus, Deuteronomy, and Proverbs.

As regards the palæographical value of the collection, it there are no hands quite so beautiful as the best of the Petrie Papyri, there is a great variety of facsimiles ranging from the third century B.C. to the seventh after Christ. (Why do the editors use the curious phrase "7th century A.D."?) There is an early fragment of vellum and No. cxvi. is "one of the very best fragments of a Byzantine hand to which an approximate date can be assigned with certainty," this being of the fourth or fifth century of our era. Amongst the illuminations must also

Homer during the period. There is, indeed, a fragment of Homerica which has been untouched, perhaps of the literary side. As those who refused to recognize the consummate art of the parts of the "Iliad," so the new school of linguists years ago held the field seemed blind to all thematic and athematic forms. Nor have they been free from the usual prepossession of the amount of new knowledge which must be brought to the subject is enormous; and we are much impressed with which Mr. Monro has done it. We shall not criticize; but, on the whole, the appendices to the most satisfactory summing-up of the Homeric papyri have yet seen.

First as to the notes. They are few, but good; scholar's notes, in fact, not the tireless grammar and etymology Mr. Monro is so much to be expected. Amongst others we may note on *ἐρασσιότροπος*, xvi., 360; but *ὁλασθῆναι* (xiv., 25) is noted with Cottle, and Mr. Monro used not altogether. The notes on the text are of weight given to literary considerations, especially a specialist in language. On the principle of necessity, for instance, he condemns the last book of the *Iliad*, then reinforces his view with an array of lines which quite settle the matter. In the appendix the literary structure prove that the Telemach is original poem. New and often convincing suggestions of many passages. It was literally suggested to Mr. Monro that *λυαῖσθαι* might mean "burst out with laughing"; surely, year (xiv., 161); and why should it not? We are satisfied with xviii., 100, where *γὰρ ἔλαβον* mean "burst out with laughing"; surely, common phrases as "to die of laughing" ordinary interpretation is enough. On xvi. seems to have been missed, *ἀλλοθὶ παράρρη* being where from (*i.e.*, than) his country"; away I phrase, not by *ἀλλοθὶ*. When what is called more fully studied such difficulties as this we The few analogies which are quoted from modern so interesting that it is a pity they were not.

The appendices are as follows:—Composition of the "Iliad," to "Iliad," Homer and the History of the Homeric Poems, Thucydides and the Homeric House. They are written with good judgment, clearness, and fairness; in fact, though, no important point has been although some are perhaps not fully treated also shows a most open mind; he does not flatter, and from the volumes of the Folio gathered not a few things of worth; he has gathered the Homeric house from the old Icelandic palæographical appendices are admirable; all essential facts are those who may disagree with this or that point learn much from them. We welcome especially Mr. Monro's hand in literary criticism; he says things. One point is here brought out for the full importance—the number of places where parodies or half misunderstands the "Iliad," to the fifth, we cannot feel that Mr. Monro justice to his subject. We should have liked to see the question of memory *versus* writing European origin of Homer, and whether "Homer" should be ascribed to the same place; of the conditions which preceded the Homeric Age, here and there in the poem things which the Ulysses' use of the bow, the superseding of later family and offers suggestions as to not attempt to fit them into a larger scheme, for example, the bow of Heracles and Ulysses' bow together. Nor is the author quite fair

A new edition of the *Ætina*, such as that now given us in *MSSA*, a Critical Revision of the Text, with Prolegomena, Translation, Commentary, Emendations, and Index of the Words, by Professor Robinson Ellis (Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. n.), was certainly wanted. Since Munro published his, there have been two important studies of *Ætina* made, by Kruezkiewicz and Mzinger, and the edition, with translation and commentary, of Sudhaus; and Mr. Ellis himself has been for years examining and weighing the MS. evidence, part of which he has published. He has come to the conclusion, which he supports by ample evidence, that too much weight has been given to the inferior MSS., and that the editor must to a great extent neglect these. He bases his text on the Cambridge MS. C and the Stahelensian fragment S, reinforced by three collections of extracts, in rare instances calling in one of the fifteenth-century MSS., in which the true reading appears amidst numbers of preposterous corruptions. He also gives all the so-called Tyrardian variants in one list, and the *Excerpta Pithoeana* in another, besides the *apparatus criticus* at the foot of each page. Thus the MS. evidence is for the first time fully and clearly set forth for scholars. By the use of italics, it is made easy to see what part of the text is beyond question; and all doubtful problems are fully discussed in the notes.

And yet there is something to seek. Mr. Ellis has a wonderful knowledge of facts, but his literary taste is not beyond dispute—a point which has its importance in dealing with conjectures, or deciding between doubtful variants. It is hardly conceivable that any one endowed with a keen literary sense should think that *Ætna* could belong to the Augustan age. Mr. Ellis carefully sets out the limitations or echoes of Virgil, and notes the evidences in language of later authorship; yet he can think it "not improbable" that the piece was written "not long after the death of Virgil." But the rhythm bears unmistakable marks of a style more like Lucan than Virgil, and *que* carries on the negative quite in Lucan's obscure manner—not to speak of such expressions as *mens carminis hæc est, cessata per sidera* (the editor's own conjecture), the rhetorical *nee tu terra satis*, and others. The translation is a great help, and is well done. There are places, however, where Mr. Ellis seems to be incorrect—*melius sua tempora nosse* is rendered "to have a happier knowledge of his time"; *sacrare* (226) "to deify" instead of "consecrate"; "effects should seem as they do" (456) is hardly intelligible; and surely *mille vera* (180) is an extraordinary phrase for "a thousand truths." We have noted other points for criticism, but these will suffice to show the limitations of the work. As a whole, it is a useful and able performance, which well sums up the present state of criticism on the poem, and takes it a step further.

It is strange to find an editor apologizing for having spent twelve years over his work, which should rather be a cause for rejoicing. Mr. E. S. Thompson at least is to be congratulated on his long labour over *THE MENO* OF PLATO (Macmillan, 5s.), for it is far the best edition of the "Meno" yet published. The "Meno" is peculiarly well fitted for the student's first piece of Plato; as J. S. Mill says, in this dialogue "more than is characteristic of Plato is brought together in a smaller space than in any other." But the schoolboy will have to go elsewhere than to Mr. Thompson; he has no milk for babes, but addresses himself to those who have passed the first stage and desire to begin the systematic study of Plato's philosophy. We do not imply that he neglects the linguistic problems which come up. On the contrary, his notes on conditional clauses (72 B.), ἀν' ἧ (75 B.), ὅπως μὴ (77 A.), ποῖος (71 B., 80 D.), μὴ οὐ (80 D., 90 E.), εἰ ἀρα (91 B.), τίςτιν πράγματος (96 A.), the Middle Voice (93 B.), and many other points are full of sound discrimination, and his views supported by large numbers of new examples. It is but rarely that he fails to appreciate a linguistic point; as on 70 C. he does not realize that the verbal noun can imply either a passive or an active sense according to the context. He misses a chance, however, to show by a wider range of examples that the speaker's feeling is expressed in variations like ἡ δὲ ψυχή.

language (an *eye* and *eye*, *eye* *ye*, *e* with *ye* philosophy, as the important discussion of the *Pha* might have been found for *eye* more if Mr. T. realized how unjust a picture Plato gives of *eye* *ye* *e*; he may hint his respect for them as Mr. T. but the figures are really caricatures. The *eye* *ye* *e* so well put together as the rest of the book. *eye* *ye* *e* is put into the text which should have been put into the impression which it makes is indistinct. But the whole is a valuable contribution to the study of Plato here what is more important than opinions—the mere opinions for ourselves.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Ensayos

The secret of Mr. Augustine Birrell's charm as a speaker would seem to lie in an airy spirit of irresponsibility and heartlessness. He has no great merits of style, his manner is always easy, and pleasantly conversational, and a great depth of feeling; he seldom surprises the audience by sudden and illuminating flashes of wit, or by drollery, or by a revelation of unsuspected tenderness; he seldom makes the mistake of taking himself too seriously in the midst of the gravest subjects; some of the only passages in his volume are very grave indeed—he will suddenly introduce a quietly humorous turn of phrase that serves to brighten the page. Take a sentence from the opening essay, the "Wesley," selected from the first page we open at the eighteenth century our two Universities, for their faults, were always open to the poor scholar who to subscribe, not to boat clubs or cricket clubs. "Thirty-nine Articles." This little jest at the expense of modern tendency to athleticism in our Universities is in Mr. Birrell's manner of securing his reader's good will in a manner of a practised orator, who fires off his little rhetorical witticisms to put his audience in a good humour before he comes to serious business. These Mr. Birrell's (Stock, 5s.) are all readable, but they are not so good as his previous volumes. In fact, the majority of the essays at all, but simply papers, lectures, or addresses given at private or public meetings, and reprinted apparently without attempt to bring them into line with the essays proper to the book. It would have been worth while to revise the form, and address on "Walter Bagehot," delivered at Leighton March 5, 1901. The matter was most suitable for an address, but in Birrell's discursive and gossiping style; as it is rendered in this form, it is perpetually being caught up by the little tropes, proper no doubt to the occasion but sadly out of place in book-form. We refuse to believe, for example, that Birrell, had he been writing instead of speaking, would have said down the banal sentence on page 138, speaking of a description of Lord Jeffery and his friends, "people! I hope there are a great many of them in the London County Council." The address on "Robert Browning" is also out of place here; it was passable as a spoken address but it was not worth reprinting in a book of essays. The book is something of a disappointment. It contains much readable matter, but it will not advance Mr. Birrell's reputation as a light and graceful essayist.

Mr. Edmund Holmes, himself a poet of a considerable order, gives us in *WALT WHITMAN* (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.) a copy of the author of "Leaves of Grass," together with one of his poems designed to infect the reader who reads Whitman with a desire of remedying the om- Holmes has no new and startling theories to propose (which is more to the point) a faculty of sane and criticalism which is as uncommon as praiseworthy. He means an idolatrous admirer of Whitman, and he has not yet two glowing points to make about the General.

poem is as rapidly or as easily made." We can recommend Mr. Holmes as a safe and potent guide to any one who wishes, this late in the day, to begin an acquaintance with the poet of the Democracy and his works.

Another volume proving that the art of essay writing is not altogether extinct is by the author of "Exploded Ideas," and is called *Essays in Paradox* (Longmans, 3s.). Of its kind it is good work, but it is unlikely that it will be widely read. Some of the qualities that go to make a good essayist are here, but not all. The author has sensibility, he is seldom diffuse, and he handles happy memories of childhood with a very pleasant touch. Unfortunately, however, he is also a careless writer, and essay-writing is just the one form of literature in which carelessness of diction is the unpardonable offence. The opening paragraph of the essay called "Non-Intervention" is an excellent example of clumsy and ungrammatical writing. But the essays have a certain value, and display more than common depth and subtlety of feeling.

Anthologies.

A collection of *PATRIOTIC SONGS*, such as that which has been made by Mr. Arthur Stanley, and published by Messrs. Ivimey (2s.), is no new thing in the history of English letters. To go no farther back, there is the "Lyra Heroica" of Mr. Hasky, not yet more than two years of age, covering much the same ground and introducing many of the same poems as Mr. Stanley's anthology. Here, too, we have the "Agincourt" of Michael Drayton, the "School Fencibles" of William Cory, and Sir Francis Doyle's "The Private of the Buffs." But since Mr. Hasky published his volume there have been several patriotic singers. Perhaps, indeed, they were not a little stimulated by the resurrection of so many spirited poems. We have had Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Admirals All," from which some quotation was unavoidable in a book of this kind; and Dr. Cecil Doyle's "Songs of Action," which necessarily furnishes a contribution, and that excellent poem of Thomas Hardy's (included in his volume of poems published the other day), "The Thing of the Battery." On the whole, Mr. Stanley may be said to have carried out his scheme satisfactorily. The intention of his book was, apparently, to foster the "Imperial" spirit, and, to that end to make a representative collection of the patriotic poetry of the British Empire. England, Wales, Scotland (with a slight infusion of Jacobite songs), Ireland (with a considerable amount of Nationalist verse), Canada, India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand—each of these is provided with a separate section. If, after reading this sumptuous volume from cover to cover, we are not "patriots" of some sort or another, it is obviously our own fault. Dr. Welldon contributes a short introduction. Two little collections of lighter verse we have already alluded to—an anthology of *HUMOROUS VERSE* (Virtue), edited by Mr. T. A. Cook, and *A LITTLE BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE* (Methuen), for which Mr. Anthony C. Denny is responsible. Of the two editors Mr. Cook takes his business the more seriously. His "Foreword" is a thorough exposition of the subject with which he deals, while Mr. Denny's introductory remarks are (as is natural) considerably lighter vein. Mr. Cook's anthology has the wider range of the two; it includes Geoffrey Chaucer and A. D. Godley, James V. of Scotland and Barry Pain. There is food here for lovers of all kinds of humour. It is rather curious to notice what poems attain to the double honour of pleasing both editors. John Milton's lines on Holman the Carrier come in both anthologies as does Thackeray's "Ballad of Bachelors." We prefer Mr. Denny's selection from the verses of J. K. Stephen to that in "Humorous Verse"; it contains "The Last Ride Together" and that excellent sonnet in imitation of Wordsworth, while Mr. Cook gives us only the lines in imitation of Myers and the poor verses "To R. K." On the other hand, Mr. Cook has the better of the selection from Mr. Owen Sounder. W. M. Praed figures largely, with justice, in both volumes; three Colverleys only figure in each—the "Ode to Tolson" among them. Mr. A. D. Godley is justly conspicuous, and Thomas Hood and Matthew Prior, Messrs. Lang, Johnson, Denny, and Anstey appear in both, and, as was forebode, Channing's "Friend of Humanity and the Knives" is in both.

book, are not merely behind the times, but cover part of the ground taken up in the new venture although aided by 400 scholars and experts, it is no notice many names of European reputation, has him a task so vast and complex that it will take utmost to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. The motto to deem nothing strange which bears in Jewish life and thought, from the earliest days to the present hour, he divides his subject into three—"History, Biography, and Sociology," "Theology and Philosophy," which are further specific headings. The editor is an ardent enthusiast. "The book," he tells us, "is the Israel; it is the national property of the tribe; scholars preside over its literary form and the clerk and clerk are destined to become the financial vast undertaking, which is not only a great glorious past of Israel, but shall be also a mighty future." As for the rest of the world, the book to become the "spiritual centre of the world" trust that the promoter's expectations will be to extent; for it must be confessed that Christendom to learn from Judaism and that most of us are ignorant of its literature and history. The book supplies the required information with a fulness before. An ideal encyclopedia, to our thinking, has four features; it should present the facts of scientific accuracy; it should be thoroughly presentments; it should aim at scientific objectivity, individual opinions, and it should give the knowledge conveyed in as concise and popular a form as have examined several of the articles in the book. Dr. Singer's work and found them excellent. Some of the comparatively unknown authors and condite subjects, are especially admirable. We have complete mastery of the subject in hand, and brim there is no obtrusive display of learning, which is singularly free from bias, and tone and style modern and lucid. The book contains some illustrations in elucidation of the text.

The sources of Jewish moral philosophy are the Talmud. The latter, that vast storehouse of history, is an enormous *potpourri* of the sayings of the leading men of Israel, who, in countries at different stages of civilization, and dissimilar social conditions, had nothing in their membership of the same religion. To compile out of a medley so strange and heterogeneous, but impossible task. In *THE ETHICS OF JUDAH* (2s. 6d.), Dr. M. Lazarus claims to have discovered by means of which to extricate himself from mazes and to emerge safely from the labyrinth of spirits less fortunate or less bold have been hoped. The underlying formula of unity is, according to the moral is divine, therefore you shall be moral; divine is moral, you shall become like unto God; man was created and whose copy and image it is strive to become." That many of the Jewish sages the connexion between morality and religion is admitted. "Who does not know the Torah," an ignorant of morality, and where there is no morality does not exist." Other similar utterances are quoted, but it would be just as easy to adduce opposite direction inculcating a mild form of utilitarian morality. In the concluding section the author discusses the attitude of Judaism to and foreign communities. He argues that "the particularistic in order to formulate and hold a moral ideal." The school of Hillel, and even that of traditional and most conservative of men, even stranger. Unfortunately, theory and practice, and the Jewish teachers failed signally to improve their principles. It may be said that universalism was foreign to the Jewish mind.

forced upon us as we read Mr. Robert M. Sillard's considerable volumes, *Barry Sullivan and his Contemporaries* (Fisher Unwin, 21s. 6s.). The lines which run:

Where are the passions they essayed,
And where the tears they made to flow?
Where the wild humours they portrayed
For laughing worlds to see and know?
Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall?
And Millaunt and Romeo?
Into the night go one and all—

seem particularly applicable to such men as Sullivan, at once so famous in his day, so little known in ours. But to Mr. Sillard, at least, he is very real. The actor's art is so utterly extinguished when his admirers pass away that he must rely on the biography as his sole monument. His history and his art can alone survive in the written tradition of his method. From this point of view Mr. Sillard has done his work well. Within the four corners of his volumes is stored a complete account of Barry Sullivan's art and life. It is not always interesting, nor, from the literary point of view, of high value, but it is full, true, and just. The work is a compilation that must have cost the author an immense amount of labour. It will remain a mine wherein others may dig with a certitude of finding many illustrative stories of the second half of the last century, many "documents" of the old bad days of the life theatrical, which are now rapidly disappearing. But the student will have to dig, for, although Mr. Sillard gives us a very full contents bill of each chapter, he does not supply that invaluable aid to research, the compendious index.

Barry Sullivan came upon the world at a time when the way was rough, but when it was far easier to enthral an audience than at the present time. He took the stage with a highly robustious air; from the early days in Ireland, when a leading actor foretold his success, until his last appearance the key-note of his art was boldness. He was always certain of himself and the gods, and the groundlings will never tire of applauding such a one. He was an earnest, conscientious worker at his own conception of art; great at new (and futile) Shakespearian readings; unwearyed in the study of fresh parts; a hard worker at rehearsals. The rôles that Mr. Sillard mentions when added together number no less than 301. For fifty years he laboured—fifty years in which he may be said to have made his tremendous voice heard in every corner of the world, and to have garnered fame and money wherever his professional duties called him. Although Mr. Sillard finds the actor a sympathetic character we cannot say that we do. His humour usually took the form of rather obvious vituperative repartee. For instance, one night in Dublin, when he was playing *Richard III.* and, in his great part of Gloucester, comes rushing on the stage, shouting "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" a boy in the gallery called out "Will an ass do you, Barry?" To this Sullivan replied "Yes, come down." But Mr. Sillard informs us that Sir Squire Baneroff, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Tree, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Warner, Mr. Toole, and others have borne testimony to Sullivan's good nature and uniform courtesy.

Dutch Painters.

The series of volumes on *Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century* (Sampson Low, 42s.), edited by Max Rooses, is now brought to a conclusion by the publication of the Fourth. It does not deal on the whole with men as famous as those treated of in more than one of its predecessors. Mauve, Jacob Maris, and the great Bosboom—to speak of no others—have helped to give material to the earlier volumes. For the present one, Mathieu Maris seems the only very famous man who is available; but we by no means resent the inclusion in the volume of men like August Allebé, George Poggendieck, Théophile de Boek, and Willy Martens. Allebé by this time is, in a sense, a leader. He has had an influence. He has made disciples. Poggendieck and De Boek are painters not without individuality, and, yet more certainly, not without skill. Willy Martens, by no

means not very long afterwards, that his work was negligible. Since then he has passed on to remain, it is not and even to obscurity which have left only the few already prepossessed come—or quite ready to. Between the lines the critic who writes of this volume it is M. O. Martens, who writes and much. He is a poetic writer, or rather a poetic; he understands Mathieu Maris. We wish we could much confidence that we invariably understand him. Intricate, difficult, and, we should suppose, has abominably translated. There is something in his of theless; so is there in that on Martens by the young man. But the defect of the volume as a whole—and its predecessor—is the extraordinary incomplete literary, as distinguished from the artistic—ex-writers are, speaking generally, tasteful people of good hardly a remote idea of literary form. Had thought often is, it is evident that the original idea not infrequently be at fault. We call out, not for the beauty of the amateur, but for the terse appreciation of a professional writer. What value these would have given now too full of the amiable incubations of the well-

Science

Sir Michael Foster is to be congratulated on his scholarly essays that go to form *Lectures on the Physiology* (Cambridge University Press, 9s.) and on a series of lectures delivered at San Francisco in of last year; he writes of the pioneers of physiology with much sympathy, and places clearly before the peculiar difficulties with which they each had to contend limitations of contemporary human knowledge that he in. Beginning with Vesalius, the first anatomist of Galen, the researches and influence of such masters as Malpighi, van Helmont, and Sylvius in the various physiology are described in detail, and illustrated by from their works. In his account of the English—or rather say the Oxford? School of the seventeenth century Michael devotes several interesting pages to the "Quinque" of John Mayow, that variable star of physiological history, whose work has been twice or twice disinterred by antiquarian zeal. Ample justice to his important advances in physiological theory Michael has not brought out very clearly the fact that experimental chemical work does entitle him to be called original discoverer of oxygen gas, named by Priestley "stinted air," and by Lavoisier "oxygene." A history of physiology has yet to be written; but the present will materially lighten the labours of the author of when he comes to deal with the period 1550-1775.

In *The Commonwealth of Cells*, by H. G. B.A., Oxon. (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, 2s. 6d. n.s.) has made a bold attempt to explain the latest scientific about the workings of the human body in language to the unscientific mind, and he meets with a fair success. The book consists of five essays, which deal with various chemical, physiological, and nervous processes of life depends that are known or supposed to take place in animal economy. Mr. Spurrell is an avowed materialist; medical training forbids him to pursue the study of when it passes out of "the material plane." He is an easy conversational style, and has illustrated the various he wishes to emphasize with simple pen-and-ink drawings. The facts are thoroughly up-to-date, particularly those of histology and the properties of muscle and nerve; perhaps, we may be permitted to recognize the Oxford student but the book would probably gain in completeness were some of the abstruser "micro-diagrams omitted and replaced by more commonplace

Law and Medicine.

To the majority of hospital students, the study of jurisprudence appeals but slightly. This unfortunate

well-worn paths, but is undoubtedly clear. In exposition. The last three chapters are devoted to insanity. The first, treating the subject "as a form of disease," is illustrated by eighteen excellent plates. We venture to think Dr. Myers should have briefly discussed the line of treatment to be adopted in different cases by the practitioner who is often called upon to take charge pending removal to an asylum. The next chapter deals with the legal relations of the insane and the statutes on lunacy—the Act of 1860 in particular. Copies of the numerous documents that the law requires to be filled up are given, accompanied by useful advice as to the part the medical man must take in the proceedings. The plea of insanity in the Law Courts, with special reference to criminal cases, testamentary capacity, and divorce, are discussed in the last chapter. Dr. Myers naturally has a few words to say on affective insanity, a "disease" defined "as the fact that a man is affected abnormally by normal conditions"—a charitable theory that cannot stand against the practical considerations of civilization. In spite of Shakespeare's psychological dictum. The several appendices contain many important facts arranged concisely, thereby facilitating ready reference. The student will find this volume amply sufficient for examination purposes and easy to consult, while the specialist will regard it as no mean companion to Taylor's classical work.

How to Train.

Physical culture is a subject that seems to grow in importance year by year; with kindergartens for the young, gymnasiums and Sandow exercises for those that are older, and increasing interest in out-of-door sports for their own sake, we are to improve the physique and morals of the individual and increase the power of the nation. Mr. E. H. Miles is an enthusiast of sport, and has, with Dr. F. A. Schmidt's assistance, compiled *THE TRAINING OF THE BODY* (Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.) to show how and why one should train, not for games only, but for the common purposes of daily life as well. Using Dr. Schmidt's scientific work on physical culture as a basis, Mr. Miles has taken numerous excerpts and diagrams from it, and supplies the data of the German doctor by an extensive general commentary of his own. The result cannot be called wholly satisfactory; this is especially the case in the physiological sections of the volume, which might with advantage have been submitted for revision to some one even moderately acquainted with the subject. The special advice on training for each of the different forms of athletic exercises, whether carried on in open air or under cover, are from the pen of Mr. Miles alone, and though somewhat laden with generalities they form the more valuable part of the book; but the remarks and advice given on the subject of rowing. If given on the strength of the author's own observations from the banks of the Cam, would go far to explain the alleged decay of Cambridge rowing. The author is also an ardent vegetarian, and at the end of the book puts in a strong though temperately-written plea for purely vegetarian diet and training.

Self-Made Men.

STORIES OF STORIES, by James Burnley (Grant Richards, 6s.), relates in a scrappy, anecdotal manner the careers of an immense number of men who have made their fortunes in various fields of activity. It is due to Mr. Burnley to say that he is no blind worshipper of wealth, and regards a certain number of rich men as having really failed in life. At the same time, he does not properly examine the doubtful methods by which some of his heroes gained the financial triumphs with which he dazzles the eyes of his readers. Such details require the particular attention of the moralist in an age which tends more and more to worship wealth without asking questions as to its origin; and a strong line of demarcation ought always to be drawn between the rich men who, like the inventors and the engineers, have acquired riches by means beneficial to the community, and those who have only juggled with stocks and shares to the damage of people less clever than themselves. His failure to draw this distinction—or at any rate to draw it with proper emphasis—does not, Mr. Burnley is fond of saying, detract from the value

we are to have a study of philosophy seen through temperament. There is no more suggestive mingling the problems of life, as may be seen in "A or in Paul Elmer More's "The Great Refutation Beautiful" fails, however, to convey any sense while the cross which is introduced with such but a feeble echo of familiar truths and truth floats with exasperating vagueness between reflections and practical precepts, which are obvious. Gently optimistic platitudes cannot philosophy by repeated use of the word "Cos than the discords of life can be explained by the God the Beautiful and Creator of Beauty express the harmonies of nature. Nor can the essence poetry be adequately rendered by the rapture of the poet "fans the flame on the altar of devotion high the starry banner of love." This well book will probably find its welcome among the Miss Whiting's "World Beautiful" with some enthusiasm.

Theology.

ANSELM AND HIS WORK, by the Rev. A. C. W. AND DOMINIC AND THE MENDICANT ORDERS, by (T. and T. Clark, 3s. each), are volumes from a series of the World's Epoch Makers, edited Smeaton. The "Life of Anselm" will naturally mostly to English readers. A keen metaphysical theologian, the father of scholasticism, an advocate of realism, a devout son of the Church well intellect to its authority, the distinguished Canterbury is perhaps the greatest name in the annals of the English Church. It is true, as Mr. in his interesting little book, which, though so be commended on account of its historical sobriety of tone, that Anselm in appealing to strengthened greatly the Pope's spiritual England. But it should be remembered that, adherent of the Gregorian absolutism, he could assert his episcopal claims against the Bishop as the Episcopate at home. On the other hand which he wrung from the English King, who was by political considerations, religious fears, and of his wife and sister, was of service both to Church. It may have been formulated as Charters, but the credit of the execution belongs Anselm. It secured for the Church its spirit at the same time guarding the rights of the paving the way for political freedom. Dr. story of the Franciscan and Dominican orders in which he does full justice to the religious inspired the movement, and describes with cop power the poetic atmosphere amidst which it which it lived and moved during its halcyon Indeed, a charm about St. Francis, his life and v of character, and unsparing devotion to his fel even the sternest of Puritans can deny. The Dominican order was cast in a sterner mould the maintenance of theological doctrine in its was the paramount consideration. The theolog Dominicans and Franciscans, which lasted f forms one of the saddest chapters in the Church went hand in hand with their internal falling high ideals taught and practised by their found

A SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHY THE HARMONIC THEOLOGY (Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.) is a work, which is not, we fear, likely to be to students either of metaphysics or theology the writer is obscure, and he evidently has no of his subject. One feature of the work is a in the order of chapters. Thus a note prefix informs us that it "should be read immediately. It should have stood as Chapter IV., but a time, as the work was really through the

A COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES OF ST. PETER AND ST. JUDE, by the Rev. C. Bigg, D.D. (P. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.), will be warmly welcomed as the first work published by Dr. Bigg since his promotion to the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. The book is, however, the fruit of the comparative leisure enjoyed in a country vicarage, and, though Dr. Bigg pleads the disabilities of a resident in the country, the book gains in originality and force more than it loses through want of complete literary apparatus. The section on "St. Peter and St. Paul, in the New Testament" owes much of its striking suggestiveness to the imaginative power of Dr. Bigg's mind. The study of St. Peter's character, and of the distinctive points in which he differs from St. Paul, is one of the best sections in a commentary of unusual merit. As might be expected, Dr. Bigg believes that the real amanuensis of the Epistle was a disciple of St. Peter, possibly Silvanus, and that while the Apostle dictated in Aramaic, "Silvanus expressed the substance in his own Greek." He argues effectively against the comparatively late date (circa 80 A.D.) to which Professor Ramsay assigns the Epistle. The "Babylon" from which it was written Dr. Bigg identifies with Rome, in accordance with the view universally prevalent before the sixteenth century. In the introduction to the Second Epistle the questions of date and authenticity are discussed thoroughly and impartially. Dr. Bigg is inclined to agree with Zahn in ascribing the Epistle to St. Peter himself, and he suggests that it was "directed to Corinth not long after the date of the Pauline epistles." The notes are sober, learned, and scholarly. It would indeed be presumptuous to criticize in detail work of such calibre as Dr. Bigg produces at his best. As a study of the Greek text, his commentary stands in the front rank of the series to which it belongs. But the most characteristic part of the book is the preface and the introductory matter, in which Dr. Bigg's genius as a historian finds ample scope.

In a volume entitled *INTER AMICOS*: letters between James Martineau and William Knight, 1860-72 (Murray, 5s.) Prof. Knight has published a fragment of his correspondence with the illustrious Unitarian. The main topic of the earlier letters is the divinity of Christ, Prof. Knight, of course, maintaining the more orthodox view. Later in the volume there are letters from Prof. Knight on a doctrinal conflict in which he had become involved within his own communion. The religious views which Dr. Martineau expresses in friendly controversy with his correspondent do not materially differ from the authoritative printed statements of his doctrine. But the volume gives one more proof of his sympathetic readiness to answer those who applied to him for counsel. His letters are written with all the familiar grace of style. Style, indeed, was not an effort with Martineau. Everything he wrote fell naturally into beautiful form. At the close of the volume there is the text of the famous address presented to Martineau on his eighty-third birthday, with the full list of signatures.

THE CONFIRMATION AND COMMUNION OF INFANTS AND YOUNG CHILDREN, by the Rev. H. Holloway (Skeffington, 5s.), is introduced to the reader by some vigorous remarks of Lord Halifax, who insists in the preface that "the best way to teach the Sacramental doctrine of the Church" is to admit little children to communion, and that the fixing of an arbitrary age-limit for confirmation is nothing less than an abuse of episcopal power. The tone of the book as a whole is moderate. Mr. Holloway does not plead for the immediate restoration of a custom which the Western Church has practically abandoned for three centuries; but he argues that there is nothing in Scripture or in the Prayer-book against it, and he has no difficulty in showing that the practice is Catholic and primitive. There is some one-sidedness in the argument, and a tendency to insist on the objective aspect of the Sacraments to the exclusion of certain moral considerations. Mr. Holloway is probably right in contending that the question of the age for presenting candidates for confirmation should be left to the discretion of the parochial clergy.

THE ATONEMENT AND INTERCESSION OF CHRIST, by the late Principal D. C. Davies, M.A., edited by D. E. Jenkins (P. and

T. Clark, 10s. 6d.), will be warmly welcomed as the first work published by Dr. Bigg since his promotion to the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. The book is, however, the fruit of the comparative leisure enjoyed in a country vicarage, and, though Dr. Bigg pleads the disabilities of a resident in the country, the book gains in originality and force more than it loses through want of complete literary apparatus. The section on "St. Peter and St. Paul, in the New Testament" owes much of its striking suggestiveness to the imaginative power of Dr. Bigg's mind. The study of St. Peter's character, and of the distinctive points in which he differs from St. Paul, is one of the best sections in a commentary of unusual merit. As might be expected, Dr. Bigg believes that the real amanuensis of the Epistle was a disciple of St. Peter, possibly Silvanus, and that while the Apostle dictated in Aramaic, "Silvanus expressed the substance in his own Greek." He argues effectively against the comparatively late date (circa 80 A.D.) to which Professor Ramsay assigns the Epistle. The "Babylon" from which it was written Dr. Bigg identifies with Rome, in accordance with the view universally prevalent before the sixteenth century. In the introduction to the Second Epistle the questions of date and authenticity are discussed thoroughly and impartially. Dr. Bigg is inclined to agree with Zahn in ascribing the Epistle to St. Peter himself, and he suggests that it was "directed to Corinth not long after the date of the Pauline epistles." The notes are sober, learned, and scholarly. It would indeed be presumptuous to criticize in detail work of such calibre as Dr. Bigg produces at his best. As a study of the Greek text, his commentary stands in the front rank of the series to which it belongs. But the most characteristic part of the book is the preface and the introductory matter, in which Dr. Bigg's genius as a historian finds ample scope.

THE LETTERS OF ST. PAUL TO SEVEN CHURCHES AND FURTHER, by Arthur S. Way (Macmillan, 2s.), has been put before English readers St. Paul's letters in English. There is no doubt that our Authorized Version, in its majestic and stately style, leaving out of consideration the frequent misrenderings, is frequently misunderstood by common people. The author of the book before us has sought to place the thoughts of the great Apostle before the reader in a connected form and in plain English. We do not dissent from his interpretations, but he has shed light on several passages and he has made an interesting contribution to Biblical literature.

Mr. E. A. Abbott's object in *THE CORRECTIONS ADOPTED BY MATTHEW AND LUKE* (A. and C. Black) is to show that Matthew and Luke borrowed from a tradition common to Mark and to show the corrections made by the former. The priority of Mark is now all but universally admitted. It is still a moot question whence Mark derived his material. Petrine traditions and several versions of the Aramaic Gospel furnished, probably, the foundation of the Proto-Matthew. It is very likely that Matthew used Mark and other documents, in the compilation of his Gospel, and had recourse to the two preceding Gospels and to the Logia. There are numerous instances of corrections justifiable or otherwise, made by the later Evangelists. Mr. Abbott, however, seems frequently to suggest alterations which were intended, and at times to unduly exaggerate the import of various readings. His assumption that the corrections could neither read nor write, because they are designated as "ignorant and illiterate men," is a perfectly gratuitous assumption.

The Rev. F. S. Millard's *HAND-BOOK TO THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK* (Rivington, 2s. 6d.) is intended for use of Sunday-school teachers and Biblical students. It is strictly on orthodox lines and looks upon the Gospel of Mark as the work of an eyewitness. The foot-notes given at the end of each chapter are partly explanatory and partly practical. The book will, no doubt, prove of use.

Sir James Simpson contributes to the Famous Series a *LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND* (Oliphant, Anderson, and Fife, 6d. 6). It might be questioned whether the life of a man who was worthy to be placed in the series. His work for the reconciliation of science and religion in his "Naturalism in the Spiritual World" rested to some extent on the use of false analogy, and scientific men riddled them with objections to which his biographers do not but scanty justice. Dr. Drummond was nevertheless an amiable and successful man, and his work in this line deserved to be recorded. Simpson has recorded it sympathetically, and has been somewhat lenient in some of the details of his biography. Some interesting material not included in the biography by Professor G. A. Smith.

FICTION.

"The Usurper."

The central idea of Mr. W. J. Locke's novel *THE USURPER* (Lane, 6s.) is a good one, and it forms the backbone of the story.

Mr. Locke has made his sufficiently real, though perhaps Cudliff, his secretary, is the more lifelike of the two. In a novel of this kind it is understood that the real claimant (or a specious imitation) should turn up some time to mar the full tide of success, and the man Burke is used by the author with considerable effect in this depressing rôle. Woven in with the main threads of the plot is a pretty love story of a certain youthful poet and the niece of an Italian restaurant-keeper. We confess that Mr. Locke's poet makes some rather strong demands upon our credulity: he is so singularly attractive to the ladies, so remarkable a compound of the healthy athletic young Englishman and the writer of erotic verse. But the book is a good one. As modern novels go it is as good as any but the very best—well contrived, well written, with a good deal of solid thought at the back of it. Mr. Locke is decidedly one of the most promising of our younger novelists.

Western Canada.

The qualities that "Ralph Connor" displayed in "Black Rock" are visible also in *THE MAN FROM GLANGARRY* (Hodder, 6s.). But this is something more of the customary novel than was that earlier book, and in our opinion it loses in consequence. There are excellent passages in it. Whenever the author has to describe Western Canada, its men, and its customs he is as vivid as ever. We could wish for nothing better of its kind than the earlier chapters, with the two Macdonalds, the minister and his wife, and the life-like pictures of Canadian shanty life. The Glangarry men, one and all, are admirable. It is in the later portions of the book that the author goes astray for awhile, and comes on one or two occasions perilously near melodrama. The love story of young Ronald Macdonald is not well done, and some of the aristocratic characters (young De Laey, for example) are merely ridiculous. To some extent Colonel Thorp makes amends, but the author, generally speaking, seems to lose his grip of the situation when he comes to depicting town life. With all its defects—and we admit ourselves to be disappointed in the book—there is something genuine and earnest in "Ralph Connor's" work that gives it a certain value.

The Kailyard.

It is clear from *LOVE IN ITS TENDERNESS*, by J. R. Aitken (Alex. Gardner, 6s.), that we have not done with the kailyard yet. Aitken the Southerner has by this time conquered some of his repugnance to the dialect that flourishes the saving side of Tweed, and assuming that this initial obstacle is safely surmounted Mr. Aitken's idylls are calculated to afford a great deal of pleasure. They bear witness to imagination, as they certainly betray an apt turn for a graphic and fanciful description. More than all, the characters are drawn with firm lines, and in every case the author has exerted his sympathetic imagination with the happiest results. One becomes deeply interested in the simple lives of the Enochdu folk, in the minister whose conception of the all-embracing love of God is too broad a thing for the rigid Calvinists, in the triumph of his well-lived and well-preached evangel. If we were to make any selection for special praise, our choice would fall upon "A Mathematician's Love Story," and "Through Great Tribulation," both of which in their several ways are excellently contrived and convincingly written. Tenderly sentimental without being maudlin, Mr. Aitken's stories deserve the warmest welcome.

A Determined Spinster.

There are some unusual characters—and several not unusual—in *SPINNING AND PLATTING*, Mrs. Henry Dudeney's latest novel (Harcourt, 6s.). Shalisha, which is the rather remarkable name given to the chief figure in the book, is certainly not cast in the common mould of heroines. She is tall, and vigorous, and masculine—and she earns her living as a head gardener, going about her work at Bramble Tye in the rational costume that we may see on the lady gardeners at Kew. With her contrasts well enough the silly, fragile Dresden china figure of her mother, with her constant attacks of nerves and her invincible love for the romantic. The book contains much that is interesting—a good deal of smart dialogue and some subtle touches of feminine psychology. Mrs. Dudeney paints realistically the drab, dreary

supposed that he can only write one sort of book. *IN THE WIND* (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) Mr. Dawe left the hands of the chrysanthemum and the daisy to his scene in Mayfair. The experiment is in fact a failure. Mr. Dawe has produced some really good work, but he must confess to a little disappointment with the rapier is not the weapon with which Mr. Dawe can best fight. But there are many superficially clever sayings. Lord Capington's courtship is clever comedy type, and there is some good work-a-day philosophy of a healthy sort sprinkled over the pages. Mr. Dawe is concerned we think his London is drawn than his brides of Japan. In the end, the nature, which is the only thing worth dealing with, the West he seems not to see it, or not any rate. Although we thus suggest that the book is not what we are none the less glad to bear witness to it as well written and amusing.

Tolstoy.

Some of Tolstoy's short stories, translated into English, and already published serially, are reproduced in *TOLSTOY FROM TOLSTOY* (Jarrold, 6s.). prefaced by a biography which the publisher describes as "a biography in English," but the description is Eugene Schuyler's life of Tolstoy is in English. The life of Tolstoy has been translated into English, but merely remarks that his biography "contains uncommunicated details." Some of these are in contradiction with Tolstoy's own statements. Mr. Tolstoy's life in St. Petersburg after the death of his father, that Tolstoy "never could believe in the religion of mere culture." Tolstoy's own words, in his period, are:

Our vocation was to instruct people. In instruction there was no need of inquiring; in theory that artists and poets instructed considered myself a remarkable artist and very naturally accepted this theory. . . . the importance of poetry and the development of the mind and I was one of its Priests. Being an advantage and very agreeable, and I lived in this belief without doubting its truth.

Some of the other details are more picturesque instances:

We are told that, on his return to Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy came to him in the morning frequently and his master hanging in flannel on a trapeze, in which position he would perform modes of sowing and threshing, the story his young master round and round the somersaults without interrupting the conversation. The case of Old Father William (Lewis Carroll) is the closest historical parallel that occurs. The appreciation of the detail is enhanced by recall with Mr. Sergiyenko's remark that Count Tolstoy's situation is ridiculous. As regards the detail so appropriately introduced, there is no need of saying that they have appeared already, become famous, except that the author's master was glad to have them collected into a volume.

A Virginian.

Presumably it was "The Virginians" that inspired Mr. Marriott Watson with the idea of *THE HOUSE DIVIDED* (Harcourt, 6s.). Unfortunately it has had no very happy result. The opening is good enough, but by the time we reach the middle of the book Mr. Marriott and all his relations, "the lady" Tabard, the perpetual intrigue and gossiping to duels, and, above all, the perpetual manner which is Mr. Marriott Watson's habit, which his characters employ in their dialogue

January 11, 1902.]

LITERATURE.

THE ISLANDERS.

(Reprinted from *The Times* of January 4, 1902.)

"Early in January, 2,000 . . . are to be enlisted and mobilized. . . . The men are to be sent to Aldershot in batches of 500 for eight weeks' training."

" . . . So the Cape Government asked the Colonel to come home and secure suitable men for his regiment."

" . . . Any form of compulsory service being impossible among a free people."

" . . . 1,728 head of game falling to four guns. Thanks to careful and scientific attention, the—moors were never in better condition."—*Daily Press*.

" . . . My fifteen months out here have made me fairly keen on compulsory service for all England. It is simply awful that after two years you send us out men who have to be taught to shoot and ride. It's like expecting a board school boy to play in a county eleven."—*Private Letter*.

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your leaden seas,
Long did ye wake in quiet, and long lie down at ease;
Till ye said of Strife:—"What is it?" Of the Sword:—"It is
far from our ken";

Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your
armed men.

Ye stopped your ears to the warning—ye would neither look
nor heed—

Ye set your leisure before their toil, and your lusts above
their need.

Because of your witless learning and your boasts of warren and
chase

Ye grudged your sons for their service and your fields for their
camping-place.

Ye forced them glean in the highways the straw for the bricks
they brought:

Ye forced them follow in byeways the craft that ye never
taught.

Ye hindered and hampered and crippled: ye thrust out of
sight and away

Those that would serve you for honour and those that served
you for pay.

Then were the judgments loosened; then was your shame
revealed,

At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.

Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land's long-suffering
Star),

When your strong men cheered in their millions while your
striplings went to the war.

Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet—

Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from
the street.

And what did ye look they should compass? War-craft learned
in a breth?

Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of Death?

So! And ye train your horses and the dogs ye feed and prize.

How are the beasts more worthy than the souls you sacrifice?

But ye said:—"Their valour shall show them"; but ye said:—
"The end is close";

And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help them harry
your foes.

And ye vaunted your fathomless power and ye flaunted your
iron pride

Ere—ye favoured on the Younger Nations for the men who could

Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set—
Life so long untroubled that ye who inherit forget
It was not made with the mountains; it is not one with
Men, not Gods, devised it. Men, not Gods, must keep

Men, not children, servants, or kin-folk called from
But each man born in the island broke to the matter
Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the same
Each man born in the island entered at youth to the
As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in haste
But after trial and labour, by temperance, living cha
As it were almost cricket—as it were even your play
Weighed and pondered and worshipped and practised.
So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless fight
In the womb of the blotting war-cloud and the pall
quake.

So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall
Forthright, full-harnessed, accepting—alert from th
sleep.

So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need ye
Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught
Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice.

But ye say:—"It will mar our comfort." Ye say:
minish our trade."

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn
is laid?

For the low red glare to southward when the rail
towns burn?

(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time
Will ye pitch some white pavilion; and lustily even
With nets and hoops and mallets, with racquets and
rods?

Will the rabbit war with your foemen—the red-deer
for hire?

The kept cock-pheasant keep you? He is master
shire.

Arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking, gelt—
Will ye loose your schools to flout them till the
columns melt?

Will ye pray them or preach them or print them or
back from your shore?

Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them strike
Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because y
both,

Pride by insolence chastened? Indolence purged by
No doubt but ye are the people; who shall make you
Also your gods are many; no doubt but your gods
Idols of greasy altars built for the spirit's ease;
Proud little brazen baals and talking fetishes;

Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-pavement G
These shall come down to the battle and snatch you
the rails?

From the gusty flickering gun-roll with viewless salvo
And the pitted hail of the bullets that tell not wh
were sent.

When ye are ringed as with iron, when ye are scourged
whips,

Books to look out for at once.

- "I, the Land of the Blue Crown." By Mrs. Archibald Little. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6.
 [See under index.]
 "I have a Lucky Land." A view of England as seen through German eyes. Fisher Unwin. 1s.
 "The University Song Book." Gerald Richards.
 [With musical setting. See under notes.]
 "Gruel and Sin." By Thomas Cobbs. Grant Richards. 6s.
 "House of Ignorance." By Frederic Carrel. John Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ARCHÆOLOGY.

- A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF EGYPTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY. By MARY HANCOCK and ANNA ANDERSON MORTON. 7x5, 198 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
 [A small and handy reference book for students and travellers, with eighty illustrations and a bibliography.]

BIOGRAPHY.

- SCOTTISH MEN OF LETTERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By H. G. GRAHAM. 9x5½, 401 pp. Black.
 [An extensive work, giving accounts, biographical rather than critical, of thirty-three writers, from Adam Ramsay to Dugald Stewart, including Burns, with admirable portraits.]

- GABRIELE ROSSETTI. By W. M. ROSSETTI. 8x5½, 199 pp. Sands. 7s. 6d. n.

[A verse translation of the autobiography in Italian verse, written by the father of Dante Gabriel and Christina, with prose additions and appendices illustrating Gabriele's life from his correspondence, and including six specimens of his verse.]

- LAMARCK. The Founder of Evolution. His Life and Work. By A. S. PICKARD. 8x5½, 451 pp. Longmans. 6s. n.

[A book by an American Professor, called forth by the tendency to rehabilitate Lamarckism. Translations from Lamarck, illustrations, and bibliography.]

- STAGE SILHOUETTES. By S. DARR. 7x5½, 160 pp. Tinsorne. 1s.
 [Short impressions of the personal characteristics of some actors, dramatists, and critics, with photographs.]

- THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN. By J. A. RUS. 8x6, 443 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s. 6d. n.

[Mr. Rus is a Dane who narrates (in a very American spirit) his life as an American journalist and social reformer. There is a chapter on President Roosevelt ("For two years we were brothers in Mulberry Street").]

EDUCATIONAL.

- A COLLEGE TEXT-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. By IRA REMSEN, President of the Johns Hopkins University. 8x5½, 689 pp. Macmillan. 6s. 6d. n.

- AID, ABOUT CHRISTMAS. By MARGARET W. RUDO. 7x4½, 39 pp. Blackwell. 6d. n.

[Brief notes for children on Christmas customs. Paper bound.]

FICTION.

- THE YELLOW FLEET. By Mrs. ALEXANDER. 7x5½, 332 pp. Unwin. 6s.
 [The "Yellow Fleet" is Gold; the heroine the granddaughter of a miner. The book gives the story of her love; her devotion to art, and her trials—and ends happily.]

- "GOD WILL IT." By W. S. DAVIS. 7x5½, 352 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.
 [A story of the First Crusade. Illustrated.]

- WHICH HONOUR LEADS. By MARIAN FRANCIS. 7x5, 339 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

[Upper class social life under George II., at York and elsewhere; and the 45.]

- THE KILGATHERIE FOREST. By ELIA W. PRATTIE. (The Dollar Library.) 7x5, 320 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[The autobiography of an American girl before and after her married life with a drug-drinking husband in the middle of a forest.]

FOLKLORE.

- TRACES OF THE OLDER FAITHS OF IRELAND. By W. G. WINDMILL. Ten vols. 9x8, 402+402 pp. Longmans. 20s. n.

[An elaborate work in ten volumes on the folklore and pagan customs in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity, with illustrations.]

HISTORY.

- ROMAN AFRICA. By ALEXANDER GRAHAM. 9x6½, 325 pp. Longmans. 10s. n.

[The extensive work, tracing the history from 201 B.C. to

MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS YEAR-BOOK. 7x5, 506 pp.
 THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S YEAR BOOK, 1902. Jastre. Black. 2s. 6d. n.

- THE ADVERTISER'S ABC for 1902. 10x7, 1,000
 CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH
 LITERATURE AT MURIE'S SELECT LIBRARY
 Muller's. 1s. 6d.

[Contains among other useful features the classified under authors, titles, and subjects.]

POETRY.

- A SCORE OF SONNETS. By F. W. G. CAMPBELL (Brown paper bound.) Dublin: Hodges. 6d.

- HAROLD THE SAXON, AND OTHER VERSES. 6x5½, 47 pp. Elkin Mathews. 1s. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Three vols. Third
 Newnes. 10s. 6d. n.

[Well printed on fine paper, in dark blue limp bindings, with imaginative portraits of Shakespeare. E. J. Sullivan.]

- TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM. (Caxton Series)
 Newnes. 3s. n.

[Similar to the Shakespeare. Illustrated by A. J. Sullivan.]

- THE WORKS OF GEORGE ELIOT. POEMS, ESSAYS, &c. 8x5½, 457+463 pp. Blackwood. 10s. 6d. n. each.

- CASTLE DANGEROUS, AND THE SIEGE OF
 COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. By SIR WALTER
 SCOTT. Century Library. 6x4. Nelson. 2s. n. each.

- PENDENNIS. By W. M. THACKERAY. Authorized
 Dent. 9s. n.

[Small octavo, very pleasantly bound in green cloth, with a graphical note by the Editor, Walter Jerrold, and a line by C. E. Brook.]

- HYMNS AND OTHER STRAY VERSES. By I. J. WELLS. Wells Gardner. 2s.

- MAUPRAT. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by S. G. FRENCH. 9x6. 426 pp. Heinemann.

[The third in this handsome series; with "John Oliver Hobbes," a biographical note by and an illustrated appendix on the portraits of George Sand.]

- A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. 6x4. 485 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

- A REPORT ON CANADA. By the EARL OF DUNELM. 9x5½. 216 pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d. n.

[Exact reprint of the famous Durham Report, with an appendix—with introductory note.]

- SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY. By the late J. T. B. BY J. G. LEATH. 7x5, 275 pp. Macmillan.

[Mr. Todhunter's book was published in 1851, and has been thoroughly revised and rewritten much of it.]

- THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By H. SIDGWICK. 9x5½, 592 pp. Macmillan.

[Mr. J. N. Keynes, the Editor, has incorporated notes left by Professor Sidgwick, and parts of a Professor for the Dictionary of Political Economy.]

THEOLOGY.

- FATHERS IN THE FAITH. By MARY C. DAWSON. 7x4½, 96 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d.

[Lives told in simple language of eleven Fathers of the Church, the selection being made by the Scottish Board of Christian Education to the requirements of Sunday school teachers.]

- ON THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY OF THE
 QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. By CONSTANCE
 8x5½, 117 pp. Watts. 1s.

[Traces the unrestricted growth of Rationalism, the best features of the reign. Paper bound.]

- A SHORT HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY. By J. H. R. 7x5½, 429 pp. Watts. 6s. n.

[This is issued by the Rationalist Press Association, who is a well-known writer on politics from the proposition that "It is not even certain that Jesus took shape round the memory of an actual person."]

- LIFE EVERLASTING. By J. FISKE. 7x4½, 87 pp.

[An address delivered by the late Mr. Fiske at Cambridge (Mass.), Dec. 10, 1900. An evolution in favour of immortality.]

- THE EXPOSITOR. Vol. IV. (Sixth Series.) H. 7s. 6d.

- THE DIVINE IDEA OF PREACHING. By G. H. 7s. 6d.

Literature

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

SOME ILLUSTRATORS OF "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

I SUPPOSE that among artists and people of any artistic appreciation," says Mr. Pennell in his trenchant way, "it is generally admitted by this time that the greatest bulk of the works of 'Phiz,' Cruikshank, Doyle, and even many of Leach's designs are simply rubbish, and that the reputation of these men was made by critics whose names and works are absolutely forgotten, or else by Thackeray, Dickens, and Tom Taylor, whose books they illustrated, and

any new illustrator with this remarkable little book have endeavored in this ghostly little book—"Dickens 1843," to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which sent readers out of humour with themselves, with each the season, or with me." But we doubt whether Pennell has a ghost of an idea of the liner meaning of this idea, and his work does not properly share with author the favour with which the little story has received.

The etching for the "Christmas Carol" well known is "The Pezziwigs' Hall"—an excellent material to the progress of the story, and not even affects the action of a remarkably dramatic narrative. Ghost, again, who (if we may be personal to a ghost) attracts the attention of the reader at the outset and is the door to the plot, might have commended himself to the most careful attention of the illustrator, but is, as Leach says, by no means convincing. We recognize in the ghost a droid visitor more burlesque than Dickens intended that is either impressive or awe-inspiring. Leach's phantom of Scrooge's seven-year-old partner is a much-reduced major-general, not at all sure of his return to his old haunts or of the expediency of it, and as one who relies more upon the effect secured by his unexpected reappearance than upon his case or the lesson that his partner is likely from his strange reappearance. He stands as ready to relinquish his command should the effect of his awful appearance fail—did he fail—to strike horror into the soul of the soulless Scrooge. An attempt to improve the circumstances is, moreover, made by Leach, for the flame of the one candle upon the table (out of a face, with an expression of intense horror, a spectator of the dire visitation might have been expected to wear. This is purely comical, of an elementary kind, and we should be much mistaken if that Dickens intended the element of comedy to enter into the scheme of "A Christmas Carol." It is those who wrote to him concerning the Last Judgment, and a host of unrecorded correspondence, that reveal in the author's intention. There is no possibility of an attitude of the reading public towards the Christmas Carol years ago; for there poured in upon its author daily, as has recorded, all through the Christmas season, from complete strangers to him, but friendly, of all, simplest domestic kind, of which the general reader him, and many countless short their names. "Carol" had come to his mind, and there, and was upon a little shelf by itself, and was to the theme of good—just as if it was a new-born Christmas tree, there is Thackeray's whole-hearted willingness to do of the story—the moral of it, it is said, is in Dickens's



THE MAGICIAN DICKENS INVOKING THE SPIRIT OF
FATHER CHRISTMAS.

(By permission of Messrs. A. Maurice and Co.)

who had absolutely no intelligent knowledge of art, their one

Who can listen to other than the story of the

this little publication, fostered more kindly feelings, and prompted more positive acts of beneficence, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals since Christmas, 1842."

Putting aside the impression that a careful re-reading of the "Carol" must make upon us, it is difficult to imagine that there was the slightest intention upon the part of the author to introduce any element of burlesque into it. Leech, however, did not in his illustrations rise above himself, certainly not in the same way as one at least of the more recent illustrators of the "Carol" has done. The frontispiece, for example, is a very dainty etching, but Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig are marionettes, and the fiddler who went up to the lofty desk and "tuned like fifty stomach-aches" is the fiddler of low comedy. It would seem that, in the very selection of this incident for the first illustration, Leech showed himself hardly the man for the

grasp the inwardness of the "Carol" may be found. Leech was just then at but the commencement of his (1840-64), and was endeavouring to qualify for the somewhat recently established (1841) *Punch* very much better as he became more experienced; but at no time did his intellectuality rise to humorous, almost conventional respectability, which Dickens demands much more than this. He refused upon Cruikshank, who, in his turn, refused upon Gillray and Rowlandson, but he never appropriated truly into the Dickens manner as Habbok K. comparison is somewhat hard, for it is undeniable instances the conception of "Phiz" was superior description which was, frequently, all that "Phiz" Dickens. The difficulty which would beset a man

is illustrated by the difference between the representation of Sam Weller as a humourist, and the alert, ready-to-hand ostler which the genius of the later artist imposed upon the brain of the reader. Leech never possessed, and the conception of character which underlies of "Phiz" only second to the genius continued with the artist almost to the end when he did his last work in *Two Cities*."

In justice to Leech it is only to say that his work must not be judged from the few that are so plentiful. His teeth were studied in the original edition, or the first edition in which the four illustrations were etched for the "Carol" are printed on original plates, as in the 1869 edition (and Hall), and not from the imperfect reproductions of these very designs which disfigure so many editions. The illustrations in the first brown cover of the foolscap octavo issue of the "Carol" were etched by Leech on steel, and the plates coloured by hand; and the drawings on the wood by the artist were engraved by W. J. Linton—for whom the engraver received something under a poor remuneration for an artist. It was not well equipped for this purpose, had, as Dickens himself recognized, an admirable quality. Leech was one of the most humorous English draughtsmen, and recognized that it was not necessary to be funny. Into his most accurate work he endeavoured to introduce agreeable touches, sketched with considerable grace and grace. He had hitherto had relied for their interest on eccentricity, deformity, contortion. Personal ugliness did not appear to him a necessary adjunct to humour. He represented the other day, "certain delicate creatures with countenances encased in severe



MARLEY'S GHOST. (From F. HARRARD, 1842, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

work. There was too much domestic respectability about his mind, too much of the good humor in his nature, to make him an ideal personification of a story with a very far-reaching moral,

that amazing garment, the ladies' pailotot. Fair creatures would have been made as ugly as possible, and then the point would have been

its career by being illustrated by an artist who, apparently, never had so much as a skeleton in his cupboard! It is, of course, difficult to set the designs and illustrations in



MARLEY'S GHOST. Drawn by F. S. COBURN.
[By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

Dickens' works free from early associations, free from the glamour of Dickens' romance, and then exact a frank, unprejudiced opinion; but if it were possible the opinion would, we feel sure, not be altogether in the favour of those whose reputation has been handed down, protected by the shadow of the great writer. Inasmuch as appreciation is governed by experience the second-best remains acceptable until the best is known, and the child of five accepts without protest the scratches on his plate as real pirates, savages, cats, and railway engines, until he knows better.

The projectors of the Household Edition of Charles Dickens' complete works (Chapman and Hall) set themselves the very difficult task of re-embodiment characters already stereotyped, and that it did not wholly fail is very much to the credit of those artists who illustrated it.

Not the least remarkable among them was Fred Barnard, an artist whose melancholy death is fresh in our memory. We turn to his illustrations of the "Carol" with anticipation. He sets his mark upon the very first page. Here are Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, the one old, keen, hawklike, and aggressive, the other ill-clad, suppressed, and simple almost to the verge of nonentity, and both in an atmosphere which offers no apology for being as miserable and uninviting as it can well be. It is, without question, the picture which Dickens himself described, and shows the advance that the English school of illustration had made during the memorable epoch of "the sixties." Marley's Ghost, is not, perhaps, much better imagined than usual, but the Scrooge is undoubtedly more real and far less comfortable

Mr. Bedford contributes to the small 1900 reprint of (Chapman and Hall), and the equally successful version of the appearance of Marley's Ghost by W. Chitt, figures as the frontispiece to Mr. Dent's very dated (1892). Neither of these illustrators has attempted the spirit of the story, and their illustrations would Mrs. Molesworth quite as well as Charles Dickens.

There remain two artists of established reputation Simpson Colburn and Charles Green, R.L., who have subjects for treatment in this short story than predecessors. It is interesting to note how the seems to run, in some instances, upon curiously parallel lines. In fact the drawing of "A lonely boy was reading a fire," by Charles Green, published in "Penny Annual" in 1892, is barely distinguishable from a drawing of the same underlined by Mr. Colburn in 1900. We Green's drawings a standard of technique which others have attempted, but the realization of meaning is not always so felicitous. Bob Cratchit "is a fairly bulky, apparently not ill-fed person, the rest of the Cratchit family buxom and well favoured." "Tiny Tim" has a chubby face. Scrooge, moreover, four inches of his height between the time when he children on the head" and went to dine with his friends. This inconsistency must be accounted for, grace in. He fails to convey the pathos of the story less as he has seized upon the pictorial qualities of its setting and of it." Then the real Scrooge seems to be himself to the mind's eye of the artist, and he draw which is neither too good nor too bad for the part meant he should play, and which satisfies us.

The pictorial quality is, possibly, best of all of Colburn (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1902). More than





GEORGE AND YOU CHATCHIT.

FROM "THE MAN WHO".

(An illustration of George and You Chatchit.)

and his friends with every and has more than the usual literary sagacity. His drawing of the light-hearted vagrant who "sings" there at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas song is worthy of the best tradition of Dickensian caricature. The picture of Scrooge in "the tank" is very good, the figure of the stoutest with his top a very grotesque-looking, the whole a very real type, and, to one of the illustrations of the book will delight the most exacting art critic.

Many Mr. Gallon will find true if not truly in his subject, he is one of the most powerful of modern Dickens illustrators. When we have asked the work of "Kyd" (S. Clayton Clark), a better established example of which, reproduced from one of a very numerous collection of Dickens drawings by this artist in these pages, we are enabled to present by the same Mr. Gallon, A. Morrison and Co., we have considered much of the most interesting of these illustrations for "A

We give on another page an Mr. Gordon Browne, the son of Mr. Tom Gallon's "The Man who" a story founded on Dickens' "Chr and we may note here another Gallon, who seems to be a conse the master. There is a rich fa In his book RICKERBY'S FOLLY. This is the good old full-blood and no mistake; a murderous villa his name, and is it not an excel villain?—playing at his old game rightful heir and stepping into his making love to his sweetheart. On he kills the wrong person, and we have the pleasing satisfaction the real heir and tracking the ruff Things are lively enough in this and the characters play the most pranks. The heroine is abducted we forget how many times; she is fro like a shuttlecock, and it is poor girl loses her reason. Peop coming across each other at dea gaged in burying corpses or other and catching each other by the th hissed between their teeth. M trust, will dramatize his book. fancy, his mission to bring Dick Certainly he sets out with that chapter is an excellent copy of manner. Here is the opening par

London, on a wild and gusty spring. A night on which shut down, and men and women hur corners, and flung against each hurled boisterously into unexp A wild night, with heavy clouds across the moon, and a bitter whipping and cutting into passers-by. A whirling, shriek to make peaceful folk shiver and bless God that they had them.

Mr. Gallon cannot keep it up to this level, but he does his best. To make amends for any falling-off in style he has gone far beyond his model in the melodramatic element—and that was no light task. We confess "Rickerby's Folly" amused us considerably.



THE ROMANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

ROMANTICISM is the name given to the first strange utterance of the haunted man. One must say something of this first strange utterance before passing to the shadows and the dull, red fire of that Christmas eve on which a certain haunted man cast away the memory of what he heard in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night.

It may be that all the great seers, the great world-poets, Aeschylus, Job, Isaiah, Dante, Shakespeare, have been haunted men; for they, too, tell us what they heard in music, in the



THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

[From "Stories from La Mort d'Arthur in the Temple Classics for Young People Series (Doubtless). See p. 11.]

wind, in the dead stillness of the night, in the revolving years; and they, too, seem often strangely and bitterly eager to cast away their memories and their delusions. But their real message has been told so often, albeit to deaf ears, that at last we begin to understand, or at least to mimic the movement of our masters' lips, and to pause upon its meaning; for we are all poets nowadays, and there is only one meaning in all poetry. True, we often mistake that meaning and misname it. When it is almost pure poetry we are apt to call it merely fine music. We do not think how different in effect and intention have the two.

To that degree, also, we are haunted men. We are Alexander of Macedon and the steel that that gallant shouts at Julius and Artaba flitting from our heads into another; we that have seen Napoleon with retreat and Austria's empire as vanishing like a smoke; night hideous with itself; we that see, thousand million apparitions, woven from such stuff as are made of, walking the earth openly at new tide, all haunted men!

Some, perhaps, are haunted by the sound of bell, tolling, a great way off, in the spiritual forests all pilgrim souls; others there are that struggle in places of despair with the clutching white fingers of ancestry, the ghosts of sins that are visited upon into the third and fourth generation. Others, again, by the homeless cry of the sea, the cry that is heard upon the wintry mountains uttering the old Psalmist's man. Night and day that cry goes up to heaven so that universal sea breaks itself against the iron shores of *Ell, lama Sabachthani!*

Others there are who are only haunted at certain seasons, or at the performance of certain rites; but or another probably every one in Christendom is haunted at Christmastide. And, since we are all poets, it is no crude and conventional Christmas ghost that haunts the dream of the Romanticist.

Between the moonlight and the fire
In winter twilights long ago,
What ghosts we raised for your desire
To make your merry blood run slow!
How old, how grave, how wise we grow,
No Christmas ghost can make us chill,
Save those that troop in mournful row,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

The beasts can talk in barn and byre
On Christmas Eve, old legends know.
As year by year the years retire
We men fall silent then I trow,
Such sights hath memory to show,
Such voices from the silence thrill,
Such shapes return with Christmas snow,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.



Scotch writer, Charles Dickens in the "Haunted Man," that magnificently poetic in prose. Dickens was the first English novelist who could paint a haunted man, the first to add the ghoul, the necromancer, the light that never was on sea or land; the first who had the romantic conception of childhood; the first who had the romantic conception of Christmas; and being first in so many things he is naturally the butt of most of his pupils. How large a part the romantic conception of Christmas occupies in his writings is not commonly realized. Certainly he is the only writer in the language who has adequately dealt with it.

The romantic conception of Christmas is closely connected with the romantic conception of childhood, and this last is not at all free of prehistoric gravity, wisdom, or age, as Mr. Lang's poem on Christmas ghosts would seem to suggest. In the eighteenth century the child was a thing to be educated; in the nineteenth, such to the disgust of many well-meaning but rather unsentimental men, the child was deemed worthy of almost equal reverence with stars and flowers and birds, concerning which they had been a Renaissance of Wonder. A book of the transition period was Charles Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School" with its account of the little girl who was looked upon merely as a thing to be educated, and avoided by her grim old aunt. The child, however, the nature of the primitive man, is wonderfully portrayed by the great poet, instinct of the author, an instinct, in such a sense, far less likely to lead astray than an empirical knowledge of the facts. The child is very lonely, rummages for comfort in the great library, finds a book that mentions one of her favourite names. Isolated, reads it and discovers it to be a book on the Mahomedan religion. She is greatly impressed by the solemn meaning of it and especially by an account of the punishment after death of all who were not Mahomedans. Then the proselyte begins to work in her, and she, like many another, is thrown into a fever. Her aunt sleeps with the child, and in the night, the dark, unhappy night, the little one turns to the grim old lady and implores, supplems her to become a Mahomedan.

The pathos of the story is the care for others, the sympathy displayed by the lonely child as contrasted with the selfishness of the merely rational human being. It is the glory of sympathy: a part of our essential nature, and not the mere

reason, which is only a polished tool, almost primitive man; it is, I say, the sacred light of sympathy, even though it entails mental pain. In the works of Charles Dickens hallows the haunted man, making him a Man of Sorrows, a child. The first novelist and poet in France to write with Christmas and Childhood displays the same life. R. L. Stevenson selects the passage where up her little stocking and Jean Valjean fills it with things in Shakespeare, and well he might. But it is the gospel of Dickens and the gospel of Valjean, the gospel of every great poet since the French gospel that warns us not to fill the chambers of our heads with so much lumber of what we call knowledge, and so have no time or inclination to live. It is a greater gospel: "Except ye become as one of the little children, ye may think and think, and yet be a villain; instrument not a part of our essential nature."

It is in the light of this indubitable fact that upon the romantic conception of Christmas, the beard must cry with strange reminiscence of an evangel—

Behold the simple sum of things,
Where, in one splendour spun
The stars go round the Mulberry,
The Burning Bush, the Sun.

Hoary and bent I dance one hour
What though I die at morn?
There is a shout among the stars
To-night a Child is born.

Even the singer of Empire must cry to the Romance:—

Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter cry;
I shall not find thee quick and kind
Or know thee till I die,
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch thy garment's hem,
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.



Who holds by thee hath heaven in fess
To gild his cross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die,
Devil and brute thou dost transmute
To higher, lordlier show,
Who art in sooth that utter truth
The careless angels know.

For, in very truth, it is only our essential nature that can come into communion with the highest; it is not the reasoner, but the human child that has ever attained to the kingdom of Heaven. At Christmastide so many years have rolled away with crumbling creeds and dogmas that it is only the human child that may still see the light that never was on sea or land, only the human child for whom the music of the carols may, in Mr. Davidson's words, roll away the burden of the year:

And with the charm, the homely rune,
Our thoughts like childhood's thoughts are given,
When all our pulses beat in tune
With all the stars of Heaven.

Hush! hark! the waltz far up the street!
A distant, ghostly charm unfolds,
Of magic music wild and sweet,
Anones and clarigolds.

It was this gift of the human child that called forth those beautiful verses by Swinburne:—

Baby, baby wise,
Love's divine surmise
Lights your constant eyes,

Day and night and day
One mute word would they,
As the soul saith, say.

For the modern poet, whatever his view of finite faiths may be, has looked into the fundamental paradox and has understood that everything is true, everything exists, and the earth is only a little dust beneath our feet. The crude spiritualism of the ancient season of Christmas is dead; yet agnostic and scoffer, Pre-Raphaelite and Impressionist, aesthete and mystic, are all alike taking up and fulfilling the prophecy of Matthew Arnold concerning poetry, and the whole of the West is looking towards the light that never was on sea or land.

Christ was born upon this wise,
It fell on such a night,
Neither with sounds of psalteries,
Nor with fire for light.
Mary, that is God's spouse,
Bring us to thy Son's house.

The star came out upon the east,
With a great sound and sweet;
Kings gave gold to make him feast,
And myrrh for him to eat.
Mary, of thy sweet mood,
Bring us to thy Son's good.

Ah! we are all of us haunted men at Christmas; when the fire burns dull and red and the shadows come out to dance upon the walls and ceilings. Some time ago Mr. Kipling wrote a tale about India and the Indian Christmas, the conclusion of which was condemned by several critics as mawkish and unworthy of its author. Perhaps at this season we may be inclined to think it worthy rather of a great poet. Can we not feel that scene—the smoke of the cigars, the hot fragrance of that dusky night, the foolish chatter of the flirting men and women? And then, as human children, can we not hear and appreciate that hush, when suddenly a sound of Christmas carols floated in from the darkness; and then again the burst of chatter:—

"Oh, I hope they are going to give us another! Isn't it pretty, coming out of the dark in that way? Look—look down, There's Mrs. Gregory wiping her eyes!"

"It's like home, rather," said Scott. "I remember—"

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS



[From "Fancy Fair Land," Mrs. Myra H. Bland's series for young people, not sold in the United States.]

THE WOULD-BE-GOONS, by E. Nesbit (Pisces) comes very near being the best Christmas book. When we read Mrs. Bland's delightful children's magazine they appeared in, we hoped she would re-issue this happy title and charming illustrations as a delightful present for any child; though its probably see a fuller beauty to them. Mrs. Bland's feeling and strong sympathy with children are needed for a writer of child-books, and what is more,

THE WORLD'S DRAGON, by Mary Stowe (Jung) is a beautiful book about children, perhaps better than Betty and Peggy, with their quaint ways and things, are living, pathetic, delicious children, weep over them. The nursery (full of little Pithies) baby sniff and call them "silly." But they are exquisite.

THE CHILDREN'S CAMPAIGN, by the author of "Peacemaker," &c. (S. P. C. K., 1s. 6d.), is an excellent of how two wild little girls had a strong prejudice against "grown-ups" who seemed to them objectionable adventures before the prejudice was really of interest any properly-minded person not yet in her

There is a distinction of style about PETER AND THE NEW RIVER, by Maude U. Barclay (Dodd), which should secure it plenty of readers of all ages. It is a natural tale of a child's life, and there is much of the author's Bobs and Lancelots that we often grown-up personages of the novelist. The story, of whom Bobs, by the way, is a little girl, most of general of that name or more than the heroine. The book is sold by Messrs. H. K. Lewis, 15, Bedford Square, London.

the old family room were knee-benches and "that unlovely fungus, the advanced woman, had never been dreamed of, or appeared to spoil the ideal of gentle maidenhood."

Topsy's FORTY HOMES, by Isabel Worley (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), will delight hundreds of children; for Topsy is a dog, her adventures are told by herself, and she is a raconteuse; and the illustrations are from photographs—proof positive that there is "no deception."

COSY CORNER (Chambers, 3s. 6d.) is another by Mrs. Mayne, prettily bound and illustrated. It tells of how four children experimented in farm-life. It is a bright and wholesome story.

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S HOT PARTY, by Annie Fellows Johnston (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), is delightful, though English children may be a trifle bothered now and then by the spelling of the Little Colonel's conversation. In the latter part of the book she (for it is a girl, and a very charming one) talks like other people. The author made a success with a book called "The Little Colonel," which has encouraged her in writing a sequel. The result justifies her completely.



"SITTING IN THE SHADE OF AN OLD STONE-WALL."

[From "Strange Adventures in Chick-Land" (Cassell).]

FROM A LITTLE FOX, by E.L.S. (Elliot Stock), begins with some rather pathetic little people, immured in a town-house "where the sun only reached the front windows of the top story, and where the windows never stayed clean, and the paint always looked shabby." They end in a paradise of cats, kittens, rabbits, hens, and a pony, after some brightly described intermediate changes.

THREE TWINS, by Elmer Davenport Adams (Blackie, 2s. 6d.),

and Pats, the Sawdust Elephant, and other of land of One Fine Day. How entertaining these can be the readers of "The Patty Pats" will will delight in the funny adventures and in Errol A. Mason.

For the very young also is Mrs. Molesworth's stories with the not very engaging title "My P. LITTLE BROTHER 'TOO'." (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), the author's well-known manner; they are much clear and charming pictures of Mr. Lewis Baum PICTURE BOOK (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) contains stories a dozen of gay pictures for little boys and girls book.

There is always a demand for little picture people the want is filled in an excellent fashion **BOOK OF PLAYS AND OPERETTAS** (Warne, 3s. 6d.) induces the most popular of this class of work for Something like a score of pieces is collected music, many with charming illustrations. *ST.* the children one more good turn in presenting a volume. (See p. 14.)

His Honour Judge Parry appears to be an excellent judge of that which will delight children. He gives us the proper treatment and cure of "Katawam who have known his "Book of Knap" and "Butter-Scotia" will understand that, when he **BOOK OF RHYMES** (Sherratt and Hughes, Manx a mine of gay conceits and amusing verses, supplies many drawings for the rhymes. These are admired by Judge Parry, but we do not agree with

FAITHFUL FRIENDS (Blackie, 2s.) is a most drawings and good stories for little children:—

Faithful friends and playmates kin

In these pages you will find,

Friends that you have met before,

And are glad to see once more

You will say before it ends,

'Tis a bookful of old friends!

London is always beloved of children; the its mysteries and drain its drama and its Charlotte Thorpe has, in the **CHILDREN'S I** hall Press, 10s. 6d.), produced a book which help the rising generation to understand it; will show those at a distance what they may they come to London town. Miss Thorpe is a discerning as she is well-informed. If there is an unexplained Mr. William Laker, Jr., comes to hundreds of excellent drawings. "The City is, indeed, a pleasant city." (See page 15.)

ANIMALS.

Although not a fairy-book in the ordinary Kearton's **STRANGE ADVENTURES IN DICKY-BIRD** 3s. 6d.) is full of fascination and originality. He told by mother birds to amuse their chicks," but ready audience, too, among those of the young feathered. Many stirring adventures went of these tales, and the birds enact their without knowing how keenly they were of delightful book for all who love wild nature Kearton's photographs will alone astonish and interested in the habits and life of birds. Many once well composed studies and satisfactory illustrations.

THE WORLD OF ANIMAL LIFE (Blackie, 5s. Fred Smith, the author of "The Boyhood," justly claims to be strictly scientific in all written in simple and effective language. It to the animal kingdom; comprehensive but not

GRAMMAR.

From the alphabet to GRAMMAR LAND (Spottiswoode, Eton, 2s. 6d. n.) is no far cry. Here Miss Ida I. Over tries to help mothers to teach children under who the difficult business of English grammar in an easy and amusing way. The drawings are not good, but they are laughable, and Miss Over's book will very likely effect its laudable purpose.

FAIRIES.

Following to some extent the plan of the series which Mr. Lang edits is the admirable collection QUEEN MAH'S FAIRY REALM (Newnes, Ltd., 6s.). Here are well-chosen stories from the German and Spanish, with many original ones by skilful writers, all of which might well be inspired by the Fairy Queen herself. Added to these entrancing narratives are dozens of excellent drawings by such clever artists as Mr. Garth-Jones, who is particularly happy when illustrating tales with a touch of German folk-lore in them; Mr. H. Cole; Mr. Rackham; Mr. Savage, and Mr. Millar. "Queen Mab's Realm" should have many visitors.

One never need be tired of welcoming new editions of the prodigiously interesting work of Hans Andersen, and certainly the present issue of FAIRY TALES (Wells Gardner, 6s.) is one of the most engaging we have seen. Mr. Edward Clodd, who knows all about myths and dreams, primitive man and savage philosophy, writes a very instructive introduction, and Mr. Gordon Browne gives us more than one hundred beautiful drawings. Here, indeed, this artist is seen at his best; the wit, the pathos, the wisdom and kindness of Hans Andersen find in him a truly sympathetic interpreter.

CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATED BY



"I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other on the course of the day besides my dinner. . . . Why have we books, those spiritual repasts?"

(From "The Essays of John Methuen.")

ELIA.

The new edition of the *Essays of ELIA*, issued Methuen (10s. 6d.), is one that all lovers of Charles Lamb will be glad to possess. It is excellently appointed in that it has an introductory note on Lamb by Mr. E. V. Rieu, whom we could not desire a better guide; and the drawings, by Mr. A. Garth Jones, are quite out of the way of illustration. To the ordinary artist the essays would probably not seem a favourable field for exercise of his talent, but Mr. Garth Jones has caught the spirit of the author, the fresh, the tender, the occasionally, the tenderness. Mr. Lucas, by the way, none of that time-honoured epithet, the "gentle," Twenty and more years, he says, before the "Essays" were begun Lamb wrote a vigorous protest to Coleridge already dubbed him the "gentle-hearted Charles." It is cult to see why the adjective has survived with such persistence. At the best (as Lamb himself complained) it is "and almost always means poor-spirited." Under Mr. Lucas' own suggestion if we must needs have an epithet by which to classify him. This is in every admirable edition, and the illustrations (some of which are by Mr. Garth Jones), with their original and never-failing delightfulness. They are in no sense imitative, but here there is a distinct suggestion of Mr. E. J. Sullivan's "Sartor Resartus."

TO THE MOON.

From the earth to the moon is no new idea, but at least original in his method of getting there. Mr. J. H. Parnall, when he handled the subject, devoted care and time to the arrangements, to the casting of the "Columbus," and the result was a most successful and interesting story.





OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

*"Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself
of what degree or standing I please."*

(From *The Essays of Elia* (Moses Methuen).)

equally real. This, as we have pointed out before, is Mr. Wells' great merit—that in the wildest flights of his imagination he never loses sight of the humanity of his men and women. It is this, with the many little natural touches that he introduces so deftly, that brings home to us the most astounding adventures he prepares for his *dramatis personæ*. "The First Men in the Moon" is slighter and more sketchy than "The War of the Worlds" or "When the Sleeper Wakes," but it is no less ingenious in the way it is worked out, and in the air of plausibility with which it is surrounded. It is well worth reading, and the illustrations (see an example opposite) are a real addition to the reader's enjoyment.

FANCY FRIZ (Methuen, 6s.), by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, is one of those hard-working attempts to be funny in some twenty different pieces of prose and rhyme with which certain authors hall the season. Although many of the sketches, such as "The Nine Mucksters" and "Greensmith's Charge," are of the mildest kind of humour, a few—"The Diary of a Gentleman," telling the history of a Persian kitten, "Johnson's Boswell," in which the doctor's manner is fairly well reproduced, and "Quite out of the Common"—are extremely amusing. In verse such as "The Zangobog" and "The Mate of the 'Bunch o' Keys'" Mr. Phillpotts appears as an entirely pedestrian poet; in "The Bills," as a talented parodist of Edgar Allan Poe's least interesting work. Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Sims, and Mr. Cecil Aldin each add an excellent drawing. That from the "Archdeacon and the Deacons" we reproduce. (See p. 11.)

To the "Lover's Library" is now added the LOVE POEMS OF RUSS (Lane, 1s. 6d. and 2s.), under the editorship of Mr. Freshyde Chapman, whose previous volumes have been greatly appreciated by all lovers of graceful literature.

To all who know the pleasant and reposeful town and grand chateau, Mrs. Boyd's book, A VERSAILLES CHRISTMAS-TIDE;

(Chatto, 6s.), will prove very agreeable historically and personally. The sort of Versailles, as it is and as it was, is with a picturesque and observant style. With again the busy people of the market, the great gardens, and the once gay life of the palace and shone in the Galerie de S. Boyd, whose work is familiar to *Punch*. Fifty-three illustrations, many of which (See p. 11.) "A Versailles Christmas-tide" little domestic history of "the Boy," which is of wide interest, is one of the brightest Christmas books the season has produced.

The singular taste and judgment of Tuck's Christmas output show no fall from the very attractive specimens there are, of course, some of the old-fashioned picture-books—many people prefer the old.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER, CINDERELLA, BRITISH ISLES, PA CATS, MA CATS, AND



[From "The First Men in the Moon"]



by Louis Wain, and so on. In book for telling and artistic style of illustration are FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL, the EMIL AND HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES, (6s.) SUNDAY TALES, too, has one or two beautiful pictures. Of a religious cast are THE JESUS, written by the Rev. H. R. Haw his death, OUR LORD'S MIRACLES, and (a more and a more) the best three by



A VETERAN OF THE CHATEAU

[From "A Versailles Christmas" (Chatto and Windus). See p. 10.]

The most recent presentation of Thomas Moore's once widely read "Oriental Romance" *LALIA ROOKH* (P. Warne), recalls successfully the sentimentalism and florid pageantry that pervaded the literary atmosphere in the first quarter of the 19th century. Some score of American artists have here given of their best to embellish again "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," "Paradise and the Peri," "The Fire-Worshippers," and "The Light of the Harem." They have given new life to the *beaux-yeux* of Zelia, and add a touch of grace and passion to the loves of Selim and his Nourmahal. So handsome a volume should do something to compensate the shade of Moore for the rather harsh treatment he has received from our generation. He has suffered by comparison with the great men who followed him. But he was a master, if only a little master, of his genre, and in that light is worthy of a good re-issue like this.

Number XII. of the series which is called by its editor, Mr. Money-Coutts, "Flowers of Parnassus" contains William Blake's famous *SONGS OF INNOCENCE* (Lane, 1s. 6d.). The poet's introductory lines are well known, but will bear repeating:

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:
"Pipe a song about a lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer,
"Piper, pipe that song again!"

Whether every child will delight in these songs as in 1789, when the verses were first written and copied, is doubtful. But it is believed that they will grant so much, they find Miss Tappin's book a delight. She tells again, and with the same spirit, stories of "a simple people, loving the poverty, endurance in the woman and valour in the man, and in the servant, and generosity in the lord."

Mr. Theodore Watts-Duntton's spirited poem *THE MINNERS' LIRMS* No. XI. of the "Flowers of Parnassus" (Lane, 1s. 6d.), than that of old English ballads, and will grant so much, they find Miss Tappin's book a delight. She tells again, and with the same spirit, stories of "a simple people, loving the poverty, endurance in the woman and valour in the man, and in the servant, and generosity in the lord."

Mr. Theodore Watts-Duntton's spirited poem *THE MINNERS' LIRMS* No. XI. of the "Flowers of Parnassus" (Lane, 1s. 6d.). Mr. Herbert Cole has contributed page illustrations to this dainty little volume. The illustrations are rather violent in action; that which is (p. 14) is of a more quiet, and perhaps a more pleasing.

Miss Beatrice Clay's selection of *STORIES FROM D'AUTREUX* is one of the "Temple Classics for Young People" (Dent, 1s. 6d.), and has a dozen pretty illustrations by Hughes. The stories are simply and pleasantly a general get-up of the book, as with all of this series. We reproduce one of the illustrations, which gives a good idea of the artistic method (p. 51).

BOYS' BOOKS.

WAR.

First, of course, the Boer War. Mr. Henty, who has written an interesting article recently in our columns on "The Young," handled last year the Natal campaign "WARRIORS OF NATAL"; this year he deals with Methuen's march, Kimberley and Mafeking, and the advance of Lord Roberts to Pretoria (Blackie, 6s.). Does their boys to get a clear idea of the operations on the Mafeking line can hardly do better than buy this book, which is remarkably full and clear in its chief actions *en route*, and gives an excellent idea of the traversed. Yorke Harberton serves with Methuen's Column, and comes across most of the chief men. So Bulwer (Nelson, 1s. 6d.), by Mr. Herbert Hayer, with a fine coloured portrait of the general, pleasantly the adventures of the usual young English up on the Natal border, who becomes one of a com-



called "Harker's Own," gets into and out of Ladysmith with despatches, and turns a hand in most of the fighting from Colenso to Lydenburg. An exciting tale, written throughout in short, staccato sentences. Very much the same ground is covered by Mr. Harecourt Barrage in *CARRIBIAN AND SCOTT* (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), which narrates the adventures of Hugh Dunstan, Cyril Jamieson, and other young fellows on the Natal side from Pieterburg onwards. Needless to say, there is plenty of spirited fighting in all three of these books, and the youthful heroes come out very strong indeed.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's work needs no recommendation to the schoolboy, with whom he is already a prime favourite. *THE KORT GARRISON* (Chambers, 5s.) is a tale of the Boer war, and opens in spirited fashion with a chapter relating how two young men in khaki started on a fishing expedition in South Africa and caught more than they bargained for. The brisk little fight



[From "Two Girls on a Ranch" (Blackie) See p. 15.]

that caused a good sample of the rest. The book is well got up and illustrated.

Mr. Henty does not confine himself to the Boer War. Few writers present historical information in a small compass with more interesting detail than he can. For his other two books this year he has gone to India and Afghanistan. *AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET* (Blackie, 6s.) is a tale of the Mahratta

avenging campaign. We note, by the way, the illustration is inadvertently repeated, opposite p.

UNDER THE SUDAN'S FLAG (Partridge, 2s.) W. Johnston, carries young Tom Craven enlistment and the Athara and Omdurman service and wins the V.C. in orthodox style his adjutant. It is a stirring tale with plenty of war, marred by an unfortunate habit of using fine language. The enlisting hero is Phil Western, in Captain Br. *GALLANT GUNSHOOT* (Blackie, 5s.), but it is a C. time, who disappoints his friends by taking lives to be captured by the Russians at the Alm in the Balacava charge. Ultimately he wins his discovers that he is of "no obscure parentage" of his kind are singularly frequent in these two. The writer has another spirited tale of the Box *DRAGON OF PUKIS* (Blackie, 5s.), which contains illustrations by Mr. William Rainey. Captain better than most of his competitors.

Mr. Willis Boyd Allen has written a story of the American War in *CREATED FOR ACTION* (John S. contains vivid descriptions of most of the naval struggle. Dewey's Manila battle and Hobson's *Merrimac* both come in, as well as plenty of land both in Cuba and the Philippines. Much of it is taken from official and other accounts; for the chapter entitled "Hobson's Choice" is in the own words. In *SHIPS OF STEEL* (Shaw, 5s.) is veteran Dr. Gordon Stables, and is written in free-and-easy manner, adorned with numberless and Latin. It is very modern, as its name is young Tom Bowling Gorgon Gordon McGregor (hero's somewhat remarkable name) from the marriage as a lieutenant. It is a bright and yarn, containing plenty of information about his

THE KING'S BOY (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.) days when it was perilous for a young man to exceed height. Young Geoffrey Latimer, grandson of John, was a veritable son of Anak, and Miss consequently ships him off, as Wilhelm Brann in his Majesty Frederick William I.'s Grenade modern English, the unfortunate young gentleman "in the most approved fashion. The boy and the author has got up her local colour with plenty of excitement, especially during the comes right in the end.

COURAGE AND CONFLICT (Chambers, 5s.) is another of these collections of stories for boys, becoming popular. It is a sumptuous volume, with above the average, and the list of authors (count of Messrs. F. T. Bullen, Manville Fenn, Henty) sufficient guarantee that the collection is worth the contribution. "A Partial Blockade," Haytian Rebellion, which we recognize as an "The Log of a Sea-Wolf."

DAUNTLESS: a Story of a Lost and Forgotten Martin (Pearson, 6s.), is a fine fat money's worth of valour and picturesqueness in general—readable small print and its 365 pages.

REDSKINS.

Mr. Wilkey's book *WITH REDSKINS ON* (Cassell, 3s. 6d.) is the real stuff for boys, and to start to finish it is one breathless round of tomahawk. Blyth Cary is the chief figure, a New England Ranger, and he goes, at Wolf the period is that of the struggle which culminated to raise the Five Nations for England, carrying tomahawk as a sign. His adventures begin as a struggle in his bed room on the night he nee

THE ROAD TO FRONTIAC (Murray, 6s.) leads directly to the happy hunting-grounds of Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper, French Canadians and Red Indians. The atmosphere of the seventeenth century and all the other well-known properties are handled by Mr. Samuel Merwin with the utmost skill. He is interesting once in the desperate adventures of his characters. There is a touch of the heroic spirit in the picture of the leader in many a daring undertaking, Captain Menard.

NORMAN'S STRUGGLE, by J. MacDonald Oxley, B.A. (Partridge, 2s.), cannot be said to possess any graces of style, but it is full of incident—bears, Indians, gold-mining, claim-jumping by unprincipled villains, and so forth.

VARIOUS ADVENTURES.

Young Gerald Carleton has some rare adventures in THE GIANT KHAN'S TREASURE, by Charles Squire (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), which is a story of exploration in Chinese Tartary. The Mongol Kurra is the young traveller's faithful henchman, and he speaks pidgin-English with immense volubility. These two, with O'Reilly the Irishman, have many strange and startling encounters with men and beasts, and one especially brisk five minutes towards the end. It is quite an amusing yarn and should do well. IS QUESTER OF THE GIANT SLOTH (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) is by that prolific writer Dr. Gordon Stables, who tells in his own peculiar staccato fashion of the desert lands of Patagonia, of Bolivia, and of the lost treasure of the Incas. The Giant Sloth, to judge by the illustrations, must be a prodigiously fine animal, at least twenty feet in height. There is plenty of miscellaneous information in this volume about South America in general.

For several years now the illustrations for boys' books have shown improvement, the old, bad, wooden "wood blocks" have passed into the limbo of forgotten failures, and "process" reproductions, which have taken their place, show in one or two books this year, as we think, a great advance, especially in the true presentment of values. We note this, for instance, in Mr. Barrow-North's "school yarn of merriment and mystery," JERRY DODDS, MILLIONAIRE (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), in which Mr. Harold Copping's six pictures are excellently given, while the story itself is a good example of what a boys' book should be. BEARS AND DACOITS, by Mr. G. A. Henty, and CRUISE OF THE FROZEN NORTH, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Blackie, 1s. each), are two small books with interesting illustrations which will delight many small but romantic readers.

"Fortunately, I am a strong swimmer," says young Stephen Thirlwall on p. 66 of O'CALLAGHAN THE SLAVE-TRADER (Digby Long, 3s. 6d.). But Mr. Dudley Lampen gets so bemused by the remarkable adventures of his hero that on p. 168 he makes him say the exact opposite. "Unhappily, I am no swimmer. (It is a thing I have always regretted)." Well, it is a rousing story in spite of this remarkable lapse of memory, and has some pretty villains in it, and much high-flown language.

IN THE DICTIONARY'S GUT (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) is by Mr. John Samson, and the Dictator in question is none other than our old friend Dr. Francia, of Paraguay, famous as the subject of one of Carlyle's essays. Mr. Samson keeps close to history in his tale, but contrives to send young Stephen Herriek through plenty of exciting adventures none the less. The book should be useful to any parents who wish their sons to gain some information on that period of South American history. CAPTAIN ISHMAEL (Hutchinson, 6s.) calls itself "A Saga of the South Seas" and deals with an imaginary corsair of the days of Nelson who knocks the fleets of those times to pieces with modern rifles and modern shells. He rescues a certain Dr. Ravelin, a French inventor, from the Inquisition, and the doctor repays him by teaching workmen to construct these weapons, and by fortifying Hawk's Nest so as to render it impregnable. Mr. George Griffith is a capable writer, and possesses a powerful imagination. His book is something more than a book for boys, but no doubt it will be duly appreciated by them, as well as by their elders.

THREE SAILOR BOYS (Nelson, 1s. 6d.) is a modern version of Robinson Crusoe by Commander Lovett Cameron, in which three

out to report upon a battle in Newfoundland, to come on his way out, and something else, and the most remarkable is pictured in the story, which is to a mysterious being called the Man Who

Ascott R. Hope, but for long been a name to amongst boys, and many a schoolboy will have read volume, AN ADAM OF ADVENTURE (A. and C. 10s.) contains a dozen of adventure narratives, some remarkable, but most of which are readable enough, then seem to us a little thin and hardly worthy of a narration as they receive. This is especially true and Dry." "Up a Tree," and "Stuck in the M might read a dormitory after nine and enough, possess body enough to warrant looking at a school stories. On the other hand, "The On the Bay" and "Crusoe" contain a good deal of what a schoolboy "used" and are called with a humorous aptitude, (a l



In another ten to each member of the party had found the treasure!

[From 'Jerry Dodds, Millionaire' (Chambers)]

The writer might have made, we think, better play with one or two others, but it would be ungracious to be hyper over a book which we confess to have enjoyed and doubtless be fully appreciated by its appropriate public.

In Ice-Born (Partridge, 2s. 6d.) Mr. Ed



[From "St. Nicholas Plays and Operettes" (Warne). See p. 12.]

If the reader still be young of heart and retain a pretty taste in the adventures of the Spanish main, we can strongly recommend him to read JOHN TOFF, PIRATE (Methuen 6s.), by Mr. Wetherby Chesney, for that gentleman redresses the figures that engrossed the days of our youth with considerable skill, and retells the desperate quests, the passionate strivings, the horrors of the Inquisition, the lust for gold, and the other happenings of the world of adventure with skill and sincerity, and an almost pathetic disregard for the fact that it has all been done, although in a slightly different way, some ten thousand times before. But it must be merry to follow the history of John Toff when the heart is young.

Miss Besse Marchant, whose "Three Girls on a Ranch" we notice on p. 15, tries, in the case of TOMMY'S TREK (Blackie, 6s.), to provide a story easily understood of the unaided young, and her Transvaal story fulfils this intention. It is a pleasant tale with agreeable drawings by Mr. Walker and Mr. Brock.

HISTORY.

Mr. Alfred Armitage's story of the stirring times of Richard III., *RAN ROSS AND WHITE* (Macquenn, 6s.), should not find its sale altogether restricted to the young. It is a stirring tale with plenty of fighting, and young Ralph Mortimer takes a full share in any that comes his way. Mr. Armitage has contrived many spirited scenes, and the illustrator has done some of them full justice. The story is well told in a not too archaic fashion.

A prim little heroine appears in *Den Clavel* (R.T.S., 3s. 6d.), which has already run through the pages of the *Sunday at Home*. Her troubles are mostly of a religious nature, for Miss Palgrave's story is of the early days of James II., when the struggle between Puritan and Catholic was made fiercer by the failure of Monmouth's rebellion. An account of the trial and martyrdom of Elizabeth Gaunt has been cleverly worked into the plot, and the book gives a vivid and faithful picture of those troublous times.

The same sturdy Protestantism characterizes *THE KEY TO THE RING* (Nisbet, 5s.), by Margaret S. Conrie. Milton's poet has kept the persecution of the Vaudois fresh in the memory of Englishmen, and this story of the valleys of Piedmont, cleverly worked out and illustrated with more than average excellence, deserves success. The vein of romantic plots, which runs through it, makes it appealing.

Bess and popish and treads the machinations of treacherous Maxshelling Manor and it is told throughout in rather but there are some good scenes the beacon fires and a town author has a distinct fondness

IN THE DAYS OF PRINCE IS. (6d.) is a simple boys' girls by H. Elfrington with and sport, narrow escapes and all the many things exciting and well-written. The same sort of thing is and always with success.

THE FIFTY-TWO

Mr. Alfred H. Miles (when he started the "Series" (Hutchinson, 5s.), imposing-looking books, and contain a great amount for the money. FIFTY-COURAGE AND ENDEAVOUR rather a cumbersome (title reference) makes the thirty series, and some thirty or more contribute each of pluck and daring. Mr. the company, which does not known names. FIFTY-TWO

BRITAIN has one or two rather good tales. Mrs. L. T. Meade, and Mr. C. G. D. Robt. stirring stories of adventure, and the cover enough to tempt any schoolboy. Girls are in TWO STORIES OF COURAGE AND ENDEAVOUR contains some of the most remarkable stories of our lot to read.

TALES OF SCHOOL LIFE

Mr. S. R. Crockett has written boys' books to some purpose, so that it is natural enough in arms, "Ian MacLaren," adventuring in the able field. YOUNG BARBARIANS (Hodder, 6s.) We read it with great interest, and "Speng" is a good specimen of the young barbarian at while Muirtown Seminary is a true end



Scottish school of a quarter of a century ago. It is pleasant reading for adults as well as for boys—only Dr. Watson will always be trying to make his readers weep. He has a wonderful scent for the pathetic; and the case-hardened reviewer cannot but think he plays on that stop something too frequently. When it comes to that touching scene of "Bulldog" (the mathematical master) being brought back from the gates of death by a thoughtful scholar offering himself for a ending we confess that the author seemed to be going rather far. It is an amusing book, though, and far better written than the majority of school stories.

ACTON'S FIVE (Newnes, 3s. 6d.) is by Mr. Frederick Swalson, and calls itself a "public school story." We cannot blame St. Amory's, but they do great things in the athletic line, winning the Bluequets at Queen's Club and taking the boxing championship at Aldershot, beating the Eton choir in the final. It is smartly told, and a good way above the average school story. The captain of St. Amory's is the narrator. We suppose Raffles, the customary sporting tout who gets young lads into trouble, is a necessary factor in stories of school life, but we have never met him in flesh and blood. Another "public school story" is THE CHRONICLES OF DUNSTON (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.). Mr. John Cartwright is the author, and he follows very much in the ordinary lines. There is an amusing trial by jury, conducted with an immense amount of pomp and ceremony. FOR THE OLD SCHOOL. (Blackie, 2s.) is by a lady, Miss Florence Toombs, who displays a most remarkable acquaintance with strange forms of slang. It details the loyal efforts of the pupils at Mr. Henschel's school at Amberley to keep up their end against a rival establishment. Mr. W. E. Cole has written a story called THE CAPTAIN'S EAGS (Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d.). It is about a good little boy who gets into trouble through not owning up to breaking a window, and, needless to say, gets deeper into the mire day by day afterwards. It will make improving reading for small boys.

There is a healthy bracing air about A LOST INTERNATIONAL AND OTHER STORIES of a big boy's school by Mr. S. L. McIntosh (Brimley Johnson). Most of them tell of breathless Rugby football matches leading up to the most exciting finishes. A little long-haired boy who wears gloves turns out in the end to be a splendid half back, and so forth. The author knows the technique of the game well, and he finds an admirable "full back" to support him in his illustration, Mr. Jack B. Yeats.

DICK VAUGHAN'S FIRST TERM (Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d.) is by Mr. R. W. K. Edwards, whose name we recollect as author of another and more ambitious work. It is thoroughly good stuff, and the author clearly knows school life pretty thoroughly, which is by no means always the case with writers of school stories. He has humour in plenty, and can draw character, and has a refreshing sense of style. We hope Mr. Edwards may continue his history and give us Dick Vaughan's second and succeeding terms at an early opportunity. A collection of school stories is brought together by Mr. Andrew Home in a neat volume with numerous illustrations which he calls OUR OLD BOYS (Chambers, 3s. 6d.). They are told in a pleasantly breezy manner, and some of them are very amusing. Mr. Home makes his boys more natural than do most writers in this field.

THE YOUNG ENGLAND LIBRARY.

Mr. George A. B. Dewar has undertaken to edit a series to be called "The Young England Library" (Allen, 6s.), which promises well for the entertainment and, more subtly, the instruction of boys. The library begins with the Rev. G. M. A. Howell's book THE OPEN-AIR BOY, which deals with fishing, bird-nesting, butterfly-hunting, caterpillar rearing, ferretting, and sport in the fields and woods generally. It is full of out-of-the-way information and quaint knowledge, and well illustrated. The volume will teach something of the ethics of sport—but by insidious rather than the usual means. In the second volume of the library, SEA FIGHTS AND ADVENTURES, Mr. John Knox Laughton gives some wonderful accounts of old adventures. As Stevenson once sang:—

Sailor tales to sailor times,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
Schooners, islands and men-of-war.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

THE YOUNGER GIRL IN THE SCHOOL, by Eve (Macmillan, 6s.), gives a vivid picture of a girls' school, quaint little crowd of affectionate (often hysterically affectionate) and overtable small women. The little heroine has advantage of a purely masculine exterior, and it has a distinctive touch which first alienates the others and then wins their hearts. It is well-written and quite wholesome gift to a schoolgirl of, say, ten or twelve years old.

GOLDENHEART, by M. Brewster (S. P. C. K.), is a simple, straightforward little tale to tell, with a more refreshingly direct. It is a young girl's novel rather than a book for a child.

LIKE CINDY LARK, by Catherine Malmström (S. P. C. K., 1s. 6d.), will appeal to "big" girls. It is about a girl who was won over to amiability by a niece who refused to be intimidated. There is a mild love-story running through it. This author's books are always pleasantly written and together.



THE BANK OF ENGLAND GARDEN.

[From "The Children of London" (London: P. S. K. & Co., 1901).]

HOW THE DREAMS CAME TRUE, by the author of "Swallows Come Again" (R. T. S., 2s.), is a charming tale for spirited young girls. "I don't mean to do anything marry," says one of them. But she does.

TWO BUSYBODIES, by Mrs. Arnold (Fisher & Unwin), is a delightful book to look at. We do not altogether care for the tone of it. Old-fashioned reverence for one's parents may have gone out. But does one wish to have schoolroom education, the young people who are

by the special pleasure from Mr. Webster's brush (see p. 12). It is a book that all "need-her" girls will appreciate.

ANOTHER CHANCE TO LIVE, by Agnes Gilman (R. T. S., 2s. 6d.), is a good story, with an exciting episode of a falling from a cliff, and two very sympathetically drawn characters—a kindly, elderly gentleman and a very sweet young girl whom he befriends.

THE TWO TOWN MEN, by Evelyn Everett-Green (R. T. S., 2s.), is one of Miss Green's interesting tales. Its subtitle is "A Story of Bury Day," for it is concerned with Nottingham attorneys and their troubles.

THE SYBIL OF GIRL HEROINES, by Evelyn Everett-Green (Harrison, 3s.), is a fine, handsome, blue-and-gold volume of inspiring contents. No girl will read it without yearning for an opportunity to be heroic. The heroines are of one spirit but many actions. It will make an admirable Christmas present.



Illustration by

John Philip Colman for the New Review (Illustr. for p. 12)

THE TWO TOWN MEN, by W. Edward Chadwick (S. P. C. K., 3s. 6d.), is a fine, handsome book, suited for girls who have left the schoolroom. The heroine is a striking girl of a rather uncommon type. Mr. Chadwick's style is cultivated and interesting.

HEAVEN'S MESSAGE, by Amy Le Feuvre (R. T. S., 2s. 6d.), is a story of two girls who were brought up in rigid seclusion by a kindly grandmother and thrown into the midst of a gay world when they reached. A wholesome and readable story.

marries quite comfortably. A blameless, the loyal of the very enthusiastic Press. Fisher's work, which appear at the end of the

A diffident, middle-aged doctor is here in MARGARET HERRINGTON (Fisher's work, which appear at the end of the). Margaret's visit to the Continent as given unusually good descriptions of German. This is certainly a book that will be read by girls.

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL, by T. M. Callaghan, is the prettily-written story of a very engaging who are suddenly left a little property in enough to furnish them with all manner of seals to smugglers. A fascinating tale.

TWO OF A TRADE, by the Author of "Laddie," concerns two young dressmakers who are a very different type from the other, and the results are the natural ones, convincingly.

THE CAT, by the Author of "Laddie," tells of a new edition. It is quite well. Adventures of Lotty and Sybil are charming.

DEAR, by the Author of "Tip-Top," is a story. It is a graceful, rather sad, little sentimental in parts.

INTO STORMY WATERS, by Mrs. Henry School Union, 1s. 6d.), tells of a high-spirited to live in a very uncongenial household, so a prospect of education. Marjorie's difficult story is well told.

A HANDFUL OF REBELS (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), is a name that we are inclined to regret of a lady. It tells how the Pemberton family are gradually reduced from the wild of something like discipline by the governess, Miss Friend. It should make for girls.

A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL, by L. T. Meade, is a handsome and readable book, a little setting, but depending for most of its interest of the very original little heroine of the vulgar and contumacious and is softened by indulgent old uncle whom her wildness has read it breathlessly. Mrs. Meade seems to know schoolgirls really talk. "We have asked to come to the castle to-night for the purpose should you wish to be in a higher form than warrand?" inquires another. Girls of the same author (Chambers, 6s.), will interest. It is a lively book both inside and out.

A NEST OF GIRLS, by E. Westyn Timble, is for rather older maidens and deals with a young teacher, whom at first the pupils themselves. It is good reading, even for a very handsome book for a present.

Railing as it does from the Religious, **ANOTHER PEGGY** (Illustrated, 3s. 6d.) is the the young person. Peggy is of all you delightful—vivacious, bold, timid, and tender could not but take a real interest in congratulating her on choosing the right man being delayed with considerable fluency. The Hon. Arthur Saville, Rosalind, Estlin, in whom love triumphed over Latin prose. Father's embarrassed lover, are all drawn in little exception we must make; there seems Rosalind should have been burdened with eccentricity of speech; she would have been without it. Over all the narrative hovers wit, and a neat but not bitter turn of satirizations not much praise can be recorded.



