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Moral Responsibility in the Novel and the Drama

FROM ADVANCE-SHEETS sent to us by the Messrs. Appleton, we have selected the following paragraphs from Mr. Hall Caine's Address on opening the Session of the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, on Nov. 7:—

There are writers who tell us that such light forms of literature as the novel and the drama have no moral responsibility whatever. These writers are of two classes. First, there are those who think of a novel as Johnson defined it in his dictionary:—"A smooth tale, generally of love." A novel to such persons is merely a piece of recreative reading. The main question about it is—Did it amuse? As Sydney Smith says:—"Were you, while reading it, surprised at dinner coming so soon? Did you mistake eleven o'clock for ten and twelve for eleven? Were you too late to dress, and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects it is good. It is only meant to please, and it must do that or it does nothing." The second class are those who think too meanly of all forms of imaginative writing to allow either novel or drama a place among the works that have anything to do with serious thought or the real facts of life. Such persons are often historians, and think the man who finds his facts ready made to his hand works on a far higher plane than the man who makes them for himself. But they are sometimes grim theologians, such as Hawthorne imagined in the grey shadow of his stern old Salem forefather looking down on his degenerate son, the author of "The Scarlet Letter." "A writer of story-books! What kind of business in life, what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation, may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!" With regard to the first of these two classes I have only to say that, while I would not despise the art of ministering to the idle hours of busy men, I am so far at one with the second that if the writer of novels is to hold no better place in the economy of life than that of a literary merry-andrew, whose highest usefulness, perhaps, is to beguile us of the pangs of the toothache, I had rather be a kitten and cry "Mew!"

A novel should not be an abstract idea put into the form of a human allegory, and, like the figures on the front of a barrel organ, ground out to slow music by the machinery inside. It should not be conspicuously branded with an aphorism. It should not even have a moral. It should be no more moral than a story in the "Arabian Nights." Art and morality have nothing to do with each other. When the novelist or dramatist presents his characters he should stand aside from them; he should disappear, he should annihilate himself. This is the attitude of many of the more notable French authors at the present moment. I think it extraordinary that the doctrine should have taken such hold in France, considering the influence on French fiction of our English Richardson, who was the first of moralists; the enormous vogue of Victor Hugo, who was forever claiming to have put abstract ideas into concrete form; and the power of the French drama, which is always trying to put down something and to assume the right to teach a higher morality. You will find the pros and cons at full length in the correspondence of George Sand with Gustave Flaubert. Flaubert had published "Madame Bovary," and the book that he meant for a merciless and striking lesson given to unconscientious and faithless women, had been regarded as immoral and denounced as a scandal. He was angry and down-hearted, but

all that he got from George Sand was a sort of Job's comfort, which amounted in effect to "serve you right." George Sand urged that Flaubert should have made his lesson plain. He ought not to have withheld his own opinion of his heroine, her husband, and her lovers. Six sentences spoken in his own person would have left the reader in no uncertainty as to the opinion he should form. Without these six sentences the reader, seeing only bad people, understands that the bad people are intended for his sympathy, and he is shocked. To all this Flaubert had one answer. He would be infringing the rules of art if for a moment he disclosed his own thought and the object of his literary undertaking. Let the people find it out for themselves. That was their business.

The truth appears to be an art question more than an ethical one. I cannot believe that British humanity, at all events, feels an opposition to morality itself, that it has any objection to being preached at. It is preached at on Sunday, and it is preached at on Monday; it is preached at from the pulpit, and it is preached at from the press; it is preached at when it is born, it is preached at when it is mangled, and it is preached at when it is dead—no, I cannot believe that it has any rooted objection to being preached at. And taking its preaching from so many mouths, I think it would take it as resignedly from the mouths of the novelist and the dramatist also, but for one fundamental difficulty. It is in terror lest the play should become as dull as the pulpit sometimes is, lest the three-volume novel should become a three-volume tract. The fact is that our western genius cannot develop a story from an idea. They say the eastern genius has that gift. I know very little Oriental literature. The storyteller in the market-place of an eastern city seems to hold his circle of hearers by a spell, but their grinning faces have sometimes made me suspect that the centre of interest was not unlike that which brings a crowd round a print-shop in Holywell Street. However it may be with the eastern genius, certainly the western genius, when it tries to combine imagination with moral aim, is like a bear dancing in chains. It lacks freedom, spontaneity and vitality, and these are the qualities which a novel or a drama must have first, whatever else it falls short of. Give us freedom, says the reader to the novelist, give us spontaneity, give us vitality, in a word give us nature—and we'll get the preachers to give us the sermons.

But I would say to the novelist and the dramatist, don't think that conscience has therefore no place in the novel. Though you are incapable of putting a moral idea into a work as a motive, don't suppose that your work is unmoral, and that you are free from moral responsibility. Your work is what you are. It cannot help but carry with it the moral atmosphere in which you live. The worth of it will be precisely your own worth. Tell me what manner of man you are, and I'll tell you what the moral effect of your work will be. Strip it of all moralizings, all aphorisms, all texts, all moral platitudes, but don't imagine that you are therefore stripping it of all moral effect. You cannot obliterate all trace of yourself, you cannot disappear behind your work—it is not human, it is not possible. If Shakespeare and Scott are impartial artists (of Shakespeare I don't believe it for a moment), their work is none the less moral or immoral.

It is a frightening thought that the morality of a man's book is exactly his own morality. This is most of all true in imaginative literature. Imagination is a chemical which, let a man pour it on to any plate whatsoever, is sure to develop the features of his own face. George Sand puts it well:—"Art," she says, "does not wholly consist in depict-

ing." Guy de Maupassant puts it better:—"Art consists," he says, "in following the logic of facts," whence he concludes that the higher order of realists should rather call themselves illusionists. "Every fact," says Emerson, "is related on one side to sensation, on the other to morals." Therefore you cannot escape morality in your novels and your plays. Don't attempt to escape it. Don't deceive yourself that you are trying to be an impartial artist like Shakespeare or Scott, if you are merely suffering from a want of conviction, a want of moral earnestness. Don't try to shelter yourself in the evasive cowardice of "Am I my brother's keeper?" That you dare to write books at all shows that you consider yourself something stronger than your brother. Then look first to yourself; search yourself; know yourself; that's the only way of safety for you or for the world. * * *

Far be it from me to deride any activities of the moral conscience. Only let it be informed by knowledge, and we cannot easily have too much of it. The novelist and the dramatist usually give the public what it wants. As Macaulay says, it is not so much by his own taste as by the taste of the fish that the angler is determined in his choice of bait. Smollett's masterpiece owed its first success to an episode, "Memoirs of a Lady of Fashion," supposed to contain the history of a notorious woman who had paid the author, they say, to publish the facts of her infamous life. That was a case of an author giving the public the bait that suited its taste. There are other cases of authors wishing to give the bait that only suited their own. Some time ago Mr. Grant Allen published in *The Athenaeum* an affecting account of how he had written a book into which he had put all his heart, and then destroyed it at the advice of his publisher. The public is supposed by authors to be a very stubborn patron. To use the language of the advertisement, when it asks for a thing it sees that it gets it. I am not in the least of this opinion. There is only one thing the public demands, and that is human nature. It says to the novelist, "Amuse me! Sustain me! Comfort me!" But it leaves him to please himself how he does it. He can sing what song he pleases. All it asks is that the song shall be good, and that he shall sing it well enough. Otherwise it may be either a song of love or a ditty of the forecastle. Undoubtedly there are subjects which it forbids. It forbids all unwholesome and unnatural passions; it forbids the imaginative treatment of sacred personages.* Short of these, it welcomes anything, religious questions, political questions, or even dangerous moral questions. This was not always so. In my earliest days in London they produced on the stage Tennyson's "Promise of May." I was present at that frightful fiasco. The play was not a good one, but its failure that night was not so much due to its artistic defects as to its daring treatment of morals. It presented the conventional seducer of innocence, not as a ruffian who ought to be kicked, but as a thinker who had even something to say for himself. This was grotesque to the English public, and they howled and howled. I alone, or almost alone, with my friend Theodore Watts, cheered and cheered. It wasn't that we cared a ha'p'orth for the scoundrel on the stage, but that we claimed the right of the drama to deal with moral questions. That night in my lodgings I wrote to Tennyson. I meant him to get my letter with the newspapers next morning. "The stage," he answered, "must be in a very low state indeed, if, as some dramatic critics are telling us, none of the great moral and social questions of the time can be touched upon in a modern play." That was only twelve years ago, and what have those twelve years witnessed? They have witnessed the rise of Ibsen. Think what you will of Ibsen, consider him a morbid, unhealthy, middle-class sceptic, if you will (and I have no great idolatry to spend on him myself, either as an artist or a man), you must admit that once for

all he has brought back the living moral questions to the stage.

Then politics. Napoleon complained that poets and novelists showed no enterprise in dealing with the rich materials of the modern world. What could be more tragic than the struggles in the mind of a wise and powerful ruler? Then Ruskin complains that the fiction of our age has swept its heart clear of all the passions known as loyalty, patriotism, and piety. It has only one sentiment, the sentiment of love. This it magnifies out of all proportion. In Scott the most important business of man and woman was not marriage. Love with the great romancer was only a light by which the sterner features of character were to be irradiated. * * *

But perhaps literature sometimes goes too far—farther than life itself. When Mr. Pinero produced his most successful play, Mr. Clement Scott, an earnest dramatic critic, whose opinion is worthy of respect, urged that art should not be less moral than life, and that a play should not deal with subjects that cannot be discussed at the dinner-table. "Art should be as moral as life," says Mr. Zangwill, implying that it is sometimes apt to be less moral. "A modern school," says Mr. Stephen, "has turned to account all the most refined methods of breaking the Ten Commandments." Ruskin calls their books the literature of the Prison House, and says, "the specialty of the plague is a delight in the exposition of the relations between guilt and decrepitude."

God forbid that I should stand here as an apologist for what George Eliot calls "the Cremorne walks and shows of fiction." But I want to stand here for the twin angels of freedom and truth. If the novel and the drama is to act upon life, it must be at liberty to represent it, not in one aspect only, but in all aspects; not in its Sunday clothes merely, but in its week-day garments; not in part, but altogether. You tell me that that is fraught with dangers. So it is, with great dangers. You say the world is not all fit for all eyes to look upon. True. But the dangers of life are worse than the dangers of books. Don't run away from the one, while you are compelled to expose yourself to the other. Don't shut your eyes in the street and open them only in the library. Don't be vexed with the author who tells you that for you, for your children, perils lie in wait—that man in the story was too fond of his sleep, who was angry with the lizard that waked him when the viper was creeping into his mouth. Only, when a writer tells you of danger, look first to his intention in telling you, and look next to see what manner of man he is himself. "All is proper to be expressed," says J. F. Millet, "provided our aim is high enough." This is what I would say to the reader, and to the writer I would venture, if I dared, to give similar counsel. I would say to him:—To the reader I have pleaded for freedom with truth; to you I plead for truth with freedom. If you are to be free to find your subjects in any scene of human life, remember that your responsibility as a man is the greater for your liberty as an artist. If you are allowed to get very close to human experience, beware lest you wrong it by want of reticence and sincerity. You are coming nearer than a brother, nearer than a sister. If you are to walk in the inner sanctuaries of the hearts of men and women, for God's sake have a care to walk as with God's eye on you. * * *

Modern novelists and dramatists seem to find it hard to combine unity of purpose with freedom of invention. The author of "Les Misérables" show mastery over motive, and so does the author of "Anna Karénina." These two, and these alone, seem to me to realise George Eliot's ideal of the "intensest realism of presentation with the highest idealism of conception," and by virtue of this mastery, and not because of any special superiority in delineating character or depicting scene, I claim for Victor Hugo and Count Tolstói that, with Walter Scott, they will in the time to come be recognised as the three greatest authors of the nineteenth century.

* How, then, account for the success of "Ben Hur"? EDS. CRITIC.

Literature

"Philip and His Wife"

By Margaret Deland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE MOTTO of this book shows that it is written with the purpose of adding more human documents to those which have already been contributed, on one side or the other, to the discussion as to whether marriage is or is not a failure. Among American women who write, Mrs. Deland has probably the most serious position, and to those who do not regard novels as primarily meant to be amusing, her work is always interesting, as she is herself intensely in earnest. In the present instance, as not infrequently happens, several of the little group of figures brought before us are more life-like than the pair who are meant to be the principal actors, and who give the book its name. Cecilla Drayton, who is married to Philip Shore, has a half-sister, Alicia, whose mother belongs to that most exasperating type, the thoroughly selfish and deeply religious invalid. We are told that she did very little besides read her Bible and meditate over certain small, good books of the nature of "Gathered Pearls" and "Daily Food." She kept a stand at her elbow for her half-dozen devout and well worn volumes. Thomas à Kempis was there, and her Prayer-Book, with flowers pressed between the pages of especially significant saints' days, and small marginal ejaculations scattered through the Psalter—ejaculations which Mrs. Drayton not infrequently read aloud to her callers. There was, also, upon the stand a little calendar, with a text, a hymn and a prayer for each day. This was a distinct interest in the poor sick lady's life, for there was the element of surprise in tearing off each slip; she was apt to enclose an especially beautiful page to any correspondent to whom she chanced to be writing, and she would add "True!" or underline a word or phrase, to show how personal were these printed outbursts of religious feeling.

This exemplary person has settled herself like an incubus on the life of her sweet, gentle daughter, and is at last the means of separating her from her lover and almost wrecking her life, by developing in Alicia, to a morbid degree, the passion of self-immolation so often inherent in her sex. As Mrs. Deland says, with keen observation:—"This immoral selfishness is characteristic of many excellent women. They practice an abnegation of their comforts, their rights, their necessities even, which they feel endears them to their Maker, and at the same time gives them real happiness. Apparently they are unable to perceive that this selfishness of theirs brutalizes and enslaves to self the man (for men are generally the victims of this unscrupulous virtue)—the man who accepts the sacrifices made for him, indeed, often thrust upon him in spite of his gradually weakening protests. And young Alicia, painfully conscientious as she was, never once realized that, if it were selfish for her mother to accept a sacrifice, it was a sin for her to make it." Her sister, Mrs. Shore, is a much more complicated character, and in her peculiar relations with her husband, whom she has married for love, the interest of the book is intended to centre. When we first meet her we are told that the peculiar and distinguished beauty of her face "was less noticeable than was that peculiar brutality one sees sometimes in refined and cultivated faces which have known nothing but ease: faces which have never shown eagerness, because all their desires are at hand; nor pity, because they have never suffered; nor humility, because their tributary world has made their sins those of omission rather than commission."

Mrs. Shore's selfishness is of the gross and direct kind, and her husband, unfortunately, has one of those hyper-sensitive natures which cannot be satisfied unless they can live themselves, and compel others to live, up to certain ideal standards. The author has worked so hard over this ill-matched couple that she has somewhat "painted out the likeness," as portrait-painters say, and her hero, like most men drawn by women, is shadowy and abstract rather than real; indeed, the impression left on the ordinary mind will

be that he is a prig, and that his wife, if she could not justify her conduct towards him, might plead extenuating circumstances. It is a relief to turn from the hothouse atmosphere of their self-made problems to the simpler characters, who are touched with a sure and loving hand. There is the capable old maid, Miss Susan Carr, who spoke of her neighbors' faults as though they were simply virtues gone to seed, and knew how to praise without any sting of insinuation or suggestion that she could speak otherwise if she chose; little Molly, who wants to say a prayer to the devil as well as to the Lord, in order to be on the safe side, like many wiser people; kindly Dr. Lavendar, with his willing slavery to his old terrier, Danny—all these are framed in simple and sympathetic descriptions of village life and rural scenery which recur to the memory more pleasantly than the stormier scenes of the little drama.

"My Lady Rotha"

A Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co.

TWO OF MR. WEYMAN'S novels were noticed at length in *The Critic* last spring (April 14 and May 26), and his new book calls as much for a repetition of what was said then, as for a series of new generalizations. It is not that there is a sameness in his stories, but because the same sterling qualities are present in them all. Mr. Weyman's writing is sane and virile, his character-drawing strong, his plot composition skillful. His favorite method is to let an important character tell the story—a method that avoids certain difficulties of construction and possesses certain disadvantages. On the one hand, it relieves the author from the necessity of managing several groups of characters, and enables him to present the entire sequence of events from one point of view. On the other hand, this evasion of difficulty deprives the author of the triumph of overcoming it, and sometimes ends in monotony. The best inventiveness, it is safe to say, finds its broadest scope in handling several groups of characters harmoniously presented from several points of view. But this is a question of more interest to the student of literary form than to the general reader. It is just to say of Mr. Weyman that he is a master in the art of letting a character narrate a story.

In "My Lady Rotha" the scene is no longer the France of Henri Quatre or Richelieu, but Germany in the days of the Thirty Years' War. My Lady is Countess of Heritzburg, and when the inhabitants of her little town become turbulent and besiege her castle, she flees for safety with a small train and her faithful young steward, who tells the story. She first falls in with a band of freebooters under Tzerclas, an aid of Wallensteins, and then escapes to Nuremberg, where she puts herself under the protection of Gustavus Adolphus. These things are in the background of the story, which it is unnecessary to outline here. It is enough to say that the tale is at all times stirring and sometimes thrilling; that good and evil characters pass over the stage; that more than once lives hang in the balance; that battles are won and lost; and that in the end comes to My Lady Rotha the reward that belongs to every true maiden, highborn or lowly—a brave and wise husband.

Mr. Weyman is unusually successful in attaching his action to the skirts of some great historic movement. Over his novels fall the shadows of great personages, who throw the whole action into deeper relief. In such wise Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus dominate the book, although the parts they play in it are relatively small. Perhaps it would be clearer to say that the author is remarkably strong in reproducing the current impression that a great man makes upon his age. Mr. Weyman's way of revealing this is not hard to describe. Old-fashioned historians reveal it from the hero's point of view; modern historians from a generalization of documentary evidence of all sorts and conditions; Mr. Weyman, picturesquely, from the heart out. This, be it observed, is not the same thing as portraying the spirit of

an age. Mr. Weyman has not tried to do for seventeenth-century Germany what Sir Walter's Nigel did for England under James I. In Scott, the great characters appear and mold the action of the story; in Weyman, the action is complete in itself, yet colored by the great men. In Scott, we see with our own modern eyes Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, Claverhouse and a host of other worthies, magnificently pictured; in Weyman, we see Richelieu, Navarre, Tilly, through the eyes of the contemporary people. Scott reproduces the movement of an age; Weyman lets the great movement envelop his action. In "Woodstock," Scott brings in Cromwell, to show one great phase of the Puritan cause; in the subtly-named "Under the Red Robe," the masterful Cardinal is felt, rather than seen, as the power back of all the motion. To put it in a word, Weyman gives us such a picture as we might well have seen, had we been contemporary with the events depicted; Scott's canvas is painted from a vantage-ground that only a favored few of us could have reached. Scott, as portrayer, is the peer of his models; the atmosphere of Weyman's pictures is that of more familiar life. This difference in method, it is noteworthy, has no bearing upon the relative amount of inventive power possessed by the two authors. The present writer would shrink instinctively from flinging down the gauntlet of Lady Rotha as a challenge of comparison with Scott. Whoever maturely reads the Waverley Novels knows that the achievement of Sir Walter is unapproachable. Mr. Weyman has aimed at a less dazzling mark, but not the less his arrow flies true to his aim.

"Round the Red Lamp"

Being Facts and Fancies of Medical Life. By A. Conan Doyle. D. Appleton & Co.

EVERY PROFESSION has its technical lore—unwritten stories and anecdotes, handed down from generation to generation, adapted to changing conditions, occasionally enriched by a brilliant new addition, but all and ever dealing with the science and traditions of the guild. The professions here referred to especially are, of course, the four, although the statement is true in a much wider sphere—for there is legend and humor, it seems, even in the undertaker's shop. The lore of the Church is rare and rich in quality; that of the law too often hieratic; and a certain grimness is inevitably connected, at least in the lay mind, with medical stories and jokes. There should be a certain family likeness between the tales of the operating-room and those of the battle-field, but in reality they have little in common. Some of these stories, whether they be ecclesiastic, legal, medical or military, appeal to the appreciation and understanding of laymen, and are often produced with brilliant results, which proves that everything is relative, and that a good story never loses its qualities, if only its audience be judiciously chosen. Dr. Doyle has gathered a few of the well-known stories going the rounds in the profession, and has inserted them between the original fancies of his own mind in this volume. "The Surgeon Talks," the closing paper, is, perhaps, the clearest instance in these pages: the physician who suddenly discovers, while lecturing on a horrible disease to his students, or talking about it to a patient, that it has stealthily stolen into his own system, is served up in all forms and under all conditions wherever medical men do congregate. Mr. Kipling may have heard this very story of "poor old Walker of St. Christopher's" from the lips of an army surgeon, and evolved from it his "Love o' Women"—the disease is the same, though the story is different; and "The Third Generation" is a case that has occurred in the practice of almost every medical man. In brilliant contrast to these dark pages stand such delicate fancies as "A Physiologist's Wife" and "The Doctors of Hoyland," the weird histories of "Lot No. 249" and "The Case of Lady Sannox." The opening story, "Behind the Times," a sketch of an old country physician, is a gem, and "A Straggler of '15" is of interest because it has been dramatized and played by Henry Irving. It is difficult to pass judgment upon this book: it is in part a human document of undoubted value to all who give to the medical man his true and enviable place in mundane affairs; and in part it is the product of a brilliant storyteller, and as such, of course, of interest to all that read. We are not prepared to say that we like the book in its entirety, but we acknowledge that we have read every line of it with appreciative interest.

"The Maiden's Progress"

A Novel in Dialogue. By Violet Hunt. Harper & Bros.

IF A BOOK can be at the same time inexpressibly silly and downright clever, this slangy volume has attained that paradoxical position. Its plot has circulated through hundreds of love-stories, its hero is the conventional prig, and its heroine encounters men only to enslave them; and yet the book has a freshness in the character-drawing and a racy terseness in the dialogue, which give it a kind of sparkling, effervescent life. It is all froth, however, and the author makes no attempt to analyze emotions which sink below the surface. It belongs to the "Dodo" species of novel, without displaying Mr. Benson's novelty of invention and shrewdness in the study of character. The story follows Moderna, who, notwithstanding her nickname, is but superficially modern, from her début in society through a long succession of balls and conquests, experiments, misgivings and disappointments, the latter always tempered, however, by a never-failing popularity. The atmosphere of success pervades the book, for it is of the world, worldly, and the lively young heroine meets no obstacles. This rose-colored view of life is very pretty for the moment, and makes us forget the sombre greys and intense purples of existence; but it tires us quickly, in the absence of artistic contrasts and subtle variations. If life itself were made up of flirtations, the most frivolous of us would weary of it, as we weary of this gossip dialogue with never a serious word by way of relief.

That the gossip is a good imitation of jerky, inconsequential society talk makes no manner of difference after a while; it bores one like a succession of afternoon teas. Even the heroine's excursion into Bohemia has the same mild flavor of Oolong, and the chatter continues uninterrupted. So that the sublime condescension of the stalwart, haughty Philistine who rescues her from this abyss of bad manners seems to be a trifle unnecessary. Nevertheless, the chatter is lively and amusing, and therein the book fulfils its purpose. For it is phenomenal in that, though written by a woman, it has no ethical mission whatever. Let us be grateful, therefore, and acknowledge that there is art in the book. The author shows us only one side of her characters, but from that point of view they are certainly vivid. The dialogue is gay and vivacious to a degree, and extremely clever in its reproduction of the modern society girl pure and simple—or, rather, devious and sophisticated.

"The Wings of Icarus"

By Laurence Alma Tadema. Macmillan & Co.

THIS IS A very taking title for a story, and, as he looks at it, the question arises in the reader's mind, as it does in that of the heroine, "What lesson comes from the heart of Icarus to the sons of men?" In Emilia Fletcher's case the answer is uncertain: she did not know how to read the lesson of her own life. Her wings were strong, and should have borne her further, but the weakness inherent in human nature caused her to falter, and she did the thing that ruined more lives than her own. She was in an congenial atmosphere and without occupation when she met her fate—a man she grew to love devotedly, but in whom she found no response. At last he saw her love for him, and in a moment of enthusiasm on his part they became engaged. She invited her best friend to come and share her happiness and congratulate her upon it. The friend came, and from that moment Emilia saw her happiness melting before her eyes. Her lover, who had been so openly in name, gave his heart completely to the girl who had just arrived, and the latter returned his devotion as passionately. Emilia knew it all, and realized that she should give him up; she even resolved to do so, but at the last moment could not. They were married, she believing that, once hers and separated from her friend, she could make him love her. At the end of a year she recognized the hopelessness of it all, and saw that she had uselessly sacrificed their lives. She brought him home, intending to give him up to the woman he loved, but the ruin was complete and past her ability to remedy. The theme is not new, but the manner of treatment here is sufficiently novel to claim one's interest without effort. Entire sympathy with it is lacking, because the man is so unattractive that it is impossible to imagine one girl loving him to distraction, much less two. The struggle that goes on in Emilia's mind and heart, however, is well treated. Generosity and pure reason tell her that she should give him up, but the woman in her prevails and she cannot, deluding herself all the while with the fiction that she can win him. The story contains passages of very clever writing, and a few light character sketches that are very striking. Emilia talks a great deal of nonsense in her letters to her friend, but that is what we are to expect from such a woman.

Anthony Hope's New Books

1. *The Indiscretion of the Duchess: Being a Story Concerning Two Ladies, a Nobleman and a Necklace.* Henry Holt & Co. 2. *The Dolly Dialogues.* Henry Holt & Co. 3. *The God in the Car.* D. Appleton & Co.

MR. HOPE certainly deserves success: since he leaped into fame with "The Prisoner of Zenda," he has not rested on his laurels, but kept his publishers busy. The publication, a short time ago, of "A Change of Air" may have been a mistake; yet the story was in no way bad enough to hurt him; in fact, we believe that his reputation, and what it gives us a right to expect from him, made the shortcomings of that book more prominent. At all events, he has now vindicated himself by the publication of three books, widely different in subject, and appropriately as widely different in treatment. "The Indiscretion of the Duchess" (1) may be classed with "The Prisoner," and shares with that story the unabated interest from first page to last, and the superb handling of the romantic and adventurous. Even if this book had been published anonymously, a mistake as to its author's identity would have been impossible: Mr. Hope's touch as we have learned to know it is here on every page, almost in every line, and a successful touch it is, indeed. The book furnishes pleasant reading; it is one of those rare boons—a story that will rest and refresh the brain of any person whose occupation involves continuous and serious mental work.

"The Dolly Dialogues" (2) is a series of conversations between an Englishman of excellent family and limited means—a very ornamental drone in the beehive of society—and Lady Mickleham, whom he has known since she was a young girl, and with whom—well, their reminiscent dialogues tell all about it, and about a great many other people and things besides. The character-drawing in these short, crisp, elliptic sentences is admirable: the wealth of wit stored in them does not make them seem stilted or unnatural; in fact, we believe that the brilliant Gyp has at last found a rival, who, with a smiling apology to Mrs. Grundy, goes delightfully near the brink and peers cautiously over to tell us what he sees. And we, of course, are "dying" to know what goes on beyond that awful chasm, though we can never be induced to confess it. And we can listen to the very end, for not once does Mr. Hope sin against good taste.

Of quite another character is the story of "The God in the Car" (3). Here we find the large canvas of serious life brushed over with a firm hand, relentless in general outlines and details—telling the tragedy of a woman's love and the price that ambition pays for its own gratification. It is said that a certain English colonial statesman suggested the character of Rushton; we do not know, nor do we care. What we do know, however, is that in this story we meet not one or two, but several, characters that are worth knowing, and whom we will remember for many a day. Juggernaut, "The God in the Car," is the incarnation of all the qualities and shortcomings of what the French are pleased to call the *strugfortliser*, and under the wheels of his rolling throne he crushes the woman that loves him, relentless of the ruin and misery he leaves behind. Mr. Hope has shown that quantity is not always detrimental to quality. The three books here reviewed are each of excellent quality in its own particular genre.

The First Step

My First Book. With an Introduction by Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE LOVER of literary gossip will welcome this book, with its confessions and fancies, its records of long struggle or immediate success, of the happy gift, or of grinding perseverance. All beginning is hard, but, surely, the art of writing seems more difficult to master than any other. The aspiring author must work out for himself a method, make his own rules, and learn to steer free of the numberless sins of commission and omission to which the critic is apt to point with sharpened quill. Mr. Besant's school for authors is still a dream of the future; and so, while his brethren in painting, sculpture and music receive careful preparatory training, the novelist must struggle with his gift of fancy alone, and give it voice, equipped for the task only with a more or less polished style, a pen, ink and a bundle of paper. It is for this reason, probably, that all but a few of the twenty-two authors who tell the story of their first book have to chronicle a period of struggle and hardship, and of returned manuscripts; and the invariable answer, when the reason of rejection was asked and vouchsafed, was that "the story needed rewriting." Even the greatest talent is hopelessly hampered, and often crippled permanently, by lack of technique. However, the twenty-two contributors to this volume saw success crown at last their untiring efforts; and throughout these

many pages there is a note of love for the art, of easy forgetfulness of hard times in a better present, and of a life that is not all hard fact, but largely pleasant fiction.

Walter Besant leads off with the story of "Ready Money Mortiboy" and of his literary partnership with Rice; W. Clark Russell tells us that "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" was really not his first story, though it is his first tale of the deep sea; Rudyard Kipling writes of his "Departmental Ditties," written while he was sub-editor of an Indian journal, and admired by Ruhn-Din, the foreman of the press-room:—"Your pot'ry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper." Marie Corelli, whose portrait we miss, by the way, confesses that she has "had no difficulty in making my career or winning my public." Of her first story, "A Romance of Two Worlds," she states that it was sent to the Bentleys, and condemned with depressing unanimity by all the manuscript readers of that house, with the unexpected result that Mr. George Bentley, moved by curiosity, read the story himself, and resolved to publish it. The other contributors are James Payn, Grant Allen, Hall Caine, George R. Sims, A. Conan Doyle, M. E. Braddon, F. W. Robinson, H. Rider Haggard, I. Zangwill, Morley Roberts, David Christie Murray, Jerome K. Jerome, John Strange Winter, Bret Harte, "Q." Robert Buchanan and Robert Louis Stevenson. R. M. Ballantyne's sketch of his own career proved to be the *finis* written by his own hand on the last page of his life; of all this successful throng he is the only one whose voice has been silenced by death, though his name still endures among our boys. The sketches are accompanied by illustrations of the authors' homes, horses and dogs, their portraits, and, in some cases, those of their husbands, wives and children as well.

"Cœur d'Alene"

By Mary Halleck Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN THE CARNIVAL of riot to which rebellious labor has invited the attention of the world in recent years, no episode has been more dramatic and fearful than the troubles at the Cœur d'Alene mines in the summer of 1892. We had at the time, with our morning coffee, histories of battle, murder and sudden death hot from the wires, and bristling with exclamatory and head-line adjectives. Our blood was stirred, but our commonwealth did not collapse, as the English newspapers predicted; other things filled our attention, and, with the complacency which is a national foible, we soon dismissed the Cœur d'Alene to the limbo of past excitements, where historians and political economists do delve. There was one among us, however, with an eye for the picturesque, who saw the possibilities of these riots as the background for a strong and typical story of the Western country. That Mary Halleck Foote is an author who possesses a rare charm of style, we have had several occasions to remark, and in this story we find much of the zest of its predecessors, as well as the same exasperatingly lovely virgin and adventuresome youth, in whose love-affair the interest of Mrs. Foote's novels usually culminates. But blood so streams across this page, that love-affairs are merged, and Mrs. Foote's young people become rather colorless *raisons d'être* for an essay in the terrific. We do not like this, and we think the artistic merits of the story suffer in consequence. We should like "Cœur d'Alene" better if its manner were a little more restrained and a little less like the newspaper accounts of these same outrages, to which we have referred. Take, for instance, her account of the massacre of the "scabs." We are told how men and women writhed in death under the rifles of the brutal strikers, how providentially the troops arrived exactly at the moment when a bullet was about to crash through the wounded hero's skull, and how still other things occurred to bate the breath. This sort of thing, we venture to say, is not within Mrs. Foote's province; and as staunch admirers of much of her prior work we deprecate it.

Other Fiction

A NEW STORY from the pen of S. R. Crockett, the author of "The Stickitt Minister," is always a pleasure to look forward to, and the present volume, "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills," is no disappointment. Sir Uchtred has a half-brother, Randolph, who is in love with Philippa, the charming young wife that his elder and more serious brother has just married. Randolph is a lady-killer by profession and does not doubt that he can soon win Philippa away from her allegiance to her lord. Uchtred has full confidence in his wife; nothing can make him doubt her, but he broods over his brother's conduct until his mind becomes affected and he wanders from home and lives among the hills like a savage. His wife tries by gentle and loving means to reclaim him; Randolph

hunts him with the hounds, hoping to be able to kill him and in time to induce his widow to marry again. At last the brothers come face to face and a gleam of returning reason causes the elder to spare the younger, in spite of his conduct towards him. The return to reason means a return to happiness for him and the faithful Philippa. The story is beautifully written, and the two principal characters are exquisitely portrayed. It is a tiny volume but a charming one. (Macmillan & Co.)

POETIC JUSTICE gets small consideration in "The Match-Maker," by L. B. Walford. The little busybody in question, though she is, as usual, a mischief-maker rather than a match-maker, wins the prize that she was anxious to bestow upon another, Miss Penelope East (such is her name), while visiting Lady Carnoustie's lonely place in the western highlands of Scotland, is thrown much in the company of her hostess's daughter, Mina, and of a Mr. Redwood, tenant of a shooting-lodge in the neighborhood. Lady Carnoustie has two other daughters, "elderly young ladies," and Penelope determines that her favorite, Mina, youngest of the flock, shall not, if she can help it, graduate into elderly young ladyhood. So, thinking Mr. Redwood a suitable party, and entertaining a slight fondness for him herself, she endeavors to bring about a match between the two. But Mina had not altogether neglected her own interests, and Penelope discovers that she has clandestine meetings with a handsome young Highlander, one Torquil McAlister, her father's shepherd. The little matchmaker is properly shocked, and remonstrates with Mina, who repents and sends Torquil away. For a time she apparently permits herself to be disposed of by Penelope; but—such are the ways of women—she repents again, and calls Torquil back. Nevertheless, she is still so much under her friend's control as to keep up more than merely amicable relations with Redwood. The unsuitable Highlander returns, becomes madly jealous, and blazes away at the couple, killing Mina. The latter, with her dying breath, informs Redwood of the passion that she has all along seen growing up in Penelope's bosom. Lady Carnoustie goes mad, the unfortunate Torquil shoots himself, and Penelope and Redwood are married. This synopsis does not, of course, do full justice to the story, for there are many little traits of quiet humor and pleasant bits of description, and the plot is so managed as to keep the reader in a subdued glow of expectation. The book is also free from those marks of haste and incompetence which are getting to be more and more common in novels by female hands. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

TIMES OF POLITICAL commotion are not favorable to the production of good fiction. A writer has only to choose his side and show sufficient heat or venom in dealing with the opposing party to be sure of a public. An Irish novel of the present day is certain to be either a Home-Rule or an Anti-Home-Rule pamphlet, in which the author, free to invent facts as he needs them, triumphantly makes out his party's case. But the traditions require that there shall be more or less humor, fighting, whiskey and sentiment, so that the worst is seldom as dull as it might be; and the beautifully complete contrast between the English and Irish types, never in reality more marked than when they appear to agree, is an unfailing source of interest, no matter how it is treated. These remarks apply to Edna Lyall's "Doreen" as fully as to most novels of its class. The author is content to pitchfork Irish nationalists and English conservatives together, to let them shock one another and charm one another, and finally reach an agreement on Home-Rule. Irish conservatives get scant justice; but that is the less to be regretted, as they have more than enough apologists of the same quality. Doreen's father is imprisoned as a Fenian and dies soon after his release. She becomes a popular singer, and is imprisoned herself, as an active member of the Lady's Land League. Her betrothed, an Englishman, gets into trouble with the police, being implicated in the murder of a tyrannical land agent, and he, too, finds his way to Kilmainham prison. Doreen, knowing the circumstances, obtains his freedom, retires from the stage—a wedding, slow music, curtain. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

THE SCENE of Mr. Justin McCarthy's new story, "Red Diamonds," is laid in London, but the main incidents are derived from South Africa, where the mine that produces these diamonds has been located. One of the men most deeply interested in the mine comes to London with a number of precious stones in his pocket, and spends the evening at the Voyagers' Club. The Voyagers are men of the moment, who like to travel far, but who like, above all things, to travel fast. If an expedition is to be started into the unexplored heart of Asia or into the darkest part of Africa,

these men are sure to be found among its organizers; in fact, the Voyagers' Club is a very characteristic creation of an age that loves to wander, an age when civilized men have become as restless as the nomad Arabs, and move about hither and thither, having no home, and yet at home everywhere. In and around this Club and its members the story centres. It is full of incident, carefully planned and well carried out. The action is rapid, and the characters are spirited and well sustained. The end is weak, and quite a disappointment after what has gone before, but the book is well written and worth reading. (D. Appleton & Co.)—IN "THE WEDDING GARMENT," a tale of the life to come, by Louis Pendleton, we are taken into the regions beyond the earth, and told again what we are to expect when we die. In the first chapter we are present at the death of our hero; in the second we follow him into the unknown regions beyond, and are initiated with him into an imaginary heaven, intended for the instruction of those who suppose that the life of heaven is a life of idleness. They are taught here that such a heaven is really a hell. After this has been sufficiently impressed upon their minds, they are let out, and, though they scatter widely, each one is looked after, instructed and told what heaven really is. Some are pleased, others are indignant; the state of one's mind under the circumstances determines one's course. Those who love the good and the true will travel towards it surely, being led in that direction; but those who love the evil and the false will gravitate irresistibly towards hell. These ideas are elaborated at great length here, and will probably interest those who care for such things, as they are fairly well described. But the book is too mystical to appeal to the average reader. (Roberts Bros.)

WE OPEN Harriet Prescott Spofford's "A Scarlet Poppy" with pleasant anticipations, for we are so easily impressed by an attractive binding, that it is strange that publishers do not oftener bribe our indifference in that way. The beauty of the covers may be no indication whatever of the condition of the ground that lies between them, but we never fail to expect them to open into pleasant meadows of thought, where the flowers bloom and the grasses bend in the breeze. In the present instance we are not disappointed, for the atmosphere of the stories is certainly exhilarating. Humor is the dominant note in them, and it lends a piquancy even to the melodramatic situations which Mrs. Spofford is fond of evolving. They weaken her work, however; for, after one of her spirited descriptions of a lively quarrel, with its inconsequential premises and logical sequences, we do not like to have the story made commonplace by a dime-novel adventure. Her plots are simple and often hackneyed—a husband and wife quarreling over the latter's extravagance and reconciled after the former's miraculous escape from death in a snow-storm; a woman's remarkable plan to found an ideal race with the help of vegetarianism, and its disastrous failure; the adventures of a lonely gentleman, who, in pursuit of his fourth wife, marries the wrong girl at a masquerade, and is speedily reconciled to the change. Of such slight material are these structures built, and yet their very flimsiness makes them the more amusing. The story of Binns is much the best thing in the book, and there is a new kind of pathos in this romance of the butcher's boy who was courted against his will by the faithful Roxy. The tragedy of its dénouement consists in the fact that the helpless youth was finally won. Mrs. Spofford's keen appreciation of the humor of the situation is not allowed to obtrude itself; she treats it lightly, delicately, with a dash of sympathy for the fate of the hapless youth. Her satirical touch is so delightful, also, in "The Composite Wife" and in the vegetarian story, that one does not in the least mind the improbability of the chain of circumstances. It is when she is serious, as in the latter part of "The Scarlet Poppy," which should not have given its title to the volume, that she loses her magnetism. But such moments are rare, and the book is certainly a sprightly one, good-naturedly gay at the foibles of human nature and the absurd situations resulting from them. (Harper & Bros.)

A SHORT TIME since we picked up "Tales of the Maine Coast," by Noah Brooks, on an afternoon when the ghost-like mantle of the fog was stealing over the rocky shore of Mount Desert. In the reek of brine, with the occasional vista of a scudding schooner going down to the sea, we read the stories and rejoiced in their vigor and picturesqueness. That they have the "air vraisemblable" we can testify from a spot but a few miles from Old Castine, where their scene is laid. In this latitude every native you meet might cap one of Mr. Brooks's tales with another as strange, for it is a land where, as Mr. Crawford has lately recorded, your

gardener has probably sailed in Indian seas, and the man who brings your milk been a dozen times around the Horn. From Castine an Oriental commerce has now fled, but there romance still lingers, and from its point Mr. Brooks goes far afield with the slow-spoken, hardy men of the locality. None who love the smell of tar and hemp, or find pleasure in brave deeds, will lack a sensation in reading this book. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"THE THING THAT HATH BEEN; or, A Young Man's Mistake," is a story of the old-fashioned Sunday-school diluted kind, wherein is a young nonconformist with an unnecessarily ugly face and uncompromising manners, whose chief joy it is to pose his conventional contemporaries with sudden queries as to the abstract nature of right and wrong. Of course, he achieves the inevitable moral victory that entitles him to become the hero of a provincial English story. His history is written by Arthur Herman Gilkes, the Master of Dulwich College, and deals also with the amenities of life in a large English public school. The book is as harmless as the dove and intellectually as exhilarating. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

IT IS TO BE feared that the title of Effie Adelaide Rowland's story will prejudice most readers against it; yet "My Pretty Jane" is an unusually sweet, sympathetic, attractive story, well written and interesting all the way through, both as to plot and characters. Jane is the daughter of a very rich English baronet, and has always idolized her father, her mother having died when she was an infant. The child's happy life comes to an abrupt end when she is seventeen, with the announcement that her father is to be married to a woman scarcely two years older than his child. This young woman is heartless, selfish, worldly, and does not hesitate to discard a man who has loved her devotedly for years to marry this wealthy widower for the sake of the fortune and the position he can give her. The young man's love turns to hate and when, a few months later, he comes unexpectedly into a title and a fortune himself, he determines to be revenged in some way upon the woman who has made him suffer. She really loves him in her selfish way, and is perfectly embittered by the fact that she has lost her power over him. This bitterness vents itself on her step-daughter, particularly after Jane and her stepmother's former lover meet and show that they have an irresistible attraction for each other. The circumstances arising from this love-affair form the basis of the drama, and its chief actors are strong, consistent characters. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THAT MAN LOVES brevity is shown by the deserved success of certain volumes, called collectively the Incognito and Unknown Libraries. These delightful little books have already, by the shrewdness of their observation, the delicacy of their humor and the crispness of their style, served to give many a true and caustic picture of life. Certain books in these series have been dense failures, as, doubtless, certain others will be in the future, but the brilliant qualities of such satires as "A Sinner's Comedy," "Some Emotions and a Moral" and "A Study in Temptations" has served to keep the average high, and to make up for the veritable calamity of an occasional dull book. The public that reads for entertainment is beginning to regard these two libraries very much as the traveler does a good inn, in the character of whose entertainment he has confidence. "Young Sam and Sabina," by Tom Cobbleigh; "Wanted, a Copyist," by W. H. Brearley; and "Chaperoned," have just been added to the list of Unknown publications, and "The Hon. Stanbury and Others," by Two, to the issues of the Incognito Library. "Young Sam and Sabina" is a tale of Somersetshire life, delightfully told with the truest humor and the deepest appreciation of the quaintness and rusticity of the village of Middledney, which was a "positive Arcadia, although sometimes a little damp." "Everybody was baptized; all were married (with here and there an exception) who wished to be, and any duly qualified parishioner was buried without delay." The awakening of Sam and Sabina is worth quoting and gives a key to the charming simplicity of life in Middledney:—"Sabina was driving home the cows, beating the loiterers with a blossom-laden lilac branch, and laughing the while as they leisurely mounted the causeway. Just then Sam crossed the barton and stood leaning against the gate... 'Sabina!' 'Za-am!' That was all, but there is a pleasant modulation about a Somersetshire voice which makes this simple salutation very friendly. Sabina passed on. He smiled, stepped into the road, and from the wayside selected a small clod of earth about as big as a little crab-apple, or a bantam pullet's egg, and threw it, striking Sabina fairly between the shoulders on the curtain of her white sunbonnet. Without turning she looked back over her shoulder and laughed. It was an attention, and Sabina

liked attentions dearly. And so Sam fell in love." The entire volume is full of such delicious bits as this, and shows, as did "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," that Tom Cobbleigh, whoever she is, knows by heart the quaint dialect and old-fashioned ways of the country folk of Somersetshire. (Cassell Pub. Co.)

"WANTED, A COPYIST," by W. H. Brearley, is a burlesque quite as pronounced and full of action as many of the farces that are put upon the stage. Indeed, scene succeeds scene with such celerity that it is decidedly tiresome reading and produces a mental bewilderment for which the entertainment received in no way compensates the reader. The plot of the story lies in the confusion caused by the insertion of an advertisement for a copyist in a daily paper. Forty young women apply, and the benevolent young advertiser, seeing that he can give the work to but one, and being the proud possessor of a daily paper himself, inserts these letters asking for work in his afternoon issue. The scrapes he got into through these letters were enough to unbalance the mind of most men. That the hero's sanity was somewhat impaired may be inferred from the expressions wrung from the bottom of an embittered heart, and attached in italics to the end of each chapter. We subjoin several of these bits of wisdom:—"Men are often misunderstood in this world, but their true character will be known and appreciated in the next. The only angels described in Scripture are masculine." "It is equally futile to try to become, overcome, withstand or understand a woman." "The only statements which one never regrets are those he does not make."—"CHAPERONED" is a tale of American watering-place life. It is composed of letters and extracts from the journal of a young lady, who is the ingénue and heroine of the story. It describes the fatal error the young woman was about to make, spurred on as she was by the ambition of her mother, in accepting the hand of a wealthy suitor, who, it was found, was already married. The story is aimed at the vanities and hollowness of the smart set, but is so lacking in clever writing and interest of material, that it must be acknowledged to be one of the calamitously dull books which, as we have said, sometimes slip into the Unknown Library. (Cassell Pub. Co.)

"THE HON. STANBURY and Others," by Two, is an altogether delightful affair. It contains three stories full of delicacy and feeling. The first, "The Hon. Stanbury," is the record of the brief and touching honeymoon of a younger son and a danseuse. He had lived a life of selfish and stupid gluttony, consorting with idle, dissipated men, far worse, as is often the case with good-natured men, than himself. She was the daughter of a renegade clergyman, had always lived in penury, and had broken down on the eve of the only piece of luck she had ever had. She had a hemorrhage in the midst of the marvellous skirt-dance that was to make her fame and fortune. Something in the sight of the delicate woman's misery and misfortune touched the big, strong man, and, in spite of the consternation of his family, he married her then and there. He had the joy of her bright and winning companionship, that of the only decent woman he had ever known who had not upbraided him for his good-for-nothingness, until she died shortly after in Algiers. Charming to read, it is a story to read for its own sake, and not merely to kill time. And the same may be said of the other two in the volume, "Poor Miss Skeat" and "An Indigent Gentlewoman," neither of which carries pathos too far, or sacrifices incident to sentimental speculation. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

ERNST ECKSTEIN'S "A Monk of the Avenine," translated by Helen Hunt Johnson, has been well known to the majority of novel-readers for a long time. A new edition of this story has recently been published, but it is only necessary to recall the purity of its motive and the strength and beauty of the characters of Julia Colonna and Bernardus the Monk, to make the older generation go back to it and the younger desire to read it. It is a little antiquated in its style at present, but cannot fail to be interesting. (Roberts Bros.)—A VERY GOOD translation of André Theuriet's "Abbé Daniel" has just appeared. It is a summer idyl, perfectly simple and perfectly sweet—in its way a literary gem. The old Abbé devotes his life to the rearing of his two adopted children, a boy and a girl. His one desire, as a reward for all his pains, is that they may love each other and be married. When this comes about just as he has wished it, he is ready to give up his life, realizing that his work has been well done. No one can help loving the old man, or rejoicing with him in the happy consummation of all his hopes. The translation is by Helen B. Dole, and the book is nicely illustrated. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

"A HUSBAND OF NO IMPORTANCE" is something in the nature of a satire on the "New Woman" and is immensely clever. In this instance the wife represents the new type of woman, considers her husband not at all, ignores his opinions, in fact doesn't think he has any, writes volumes on the new theories of woman's sphere in life with which she is thoroughly imbued, and goes her own way day in and day out, without meeting her husband oftener than once a week. A comedy called "The New Woman" is announced for a certain night at a prominent London theatre. The wife goes to see it, admires its cleverness and the logic of its arguments, though they are diametrically opposed to her own, is very much struck with the wonderful character study exhibited in the heroine of the play, and, before the curtain has gone down on the last act and the fact that her husband is the author of the play becomes known to her, she realizes that she has sat for this portrait. This man, this being of no importance, whom she had thought a blind, witless creature with no opinions worth considering and no gifts deserving credence, had at one stroke achieved a success that she knew to be entirely beyond her. It opens her eyes to the kind of life this man must have led by her side, and she resolves, if she finds that he has not completely lost his affection for her, to do better in the future. This story is well done throughout, the argument is logical, and the situations are not strained. It is by Rita, and is published in the Incognito Library. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"THE BURIAL OF THE GUNS," by Thomas Nelson Page, is the title-story of a bundle of six, the others being "My Cousin Fanny," "The Gray Jacket of 'No. 4,'" "Miss Dangerlie's Roses," "How the Captain Made Christmas," and "Little Darby." Mr. Page has done right in choosing his title: the story is worthy of the honor of leading the others. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—POLITICS PLAYS an important part in the marriage of "Sibylla," whose story is told by Sir S. H. Cunningham. Married to a younger son who has ruined himself to save the family name from the disgrace brought upon it by his senior, Sibylla first drifts apart from her husband through one of the scapegrace's many crimes; and finally, when it is found that the man had left a wife and child in an American mining-town, she is ready to face still deeper poverty for her husband's sake. The story of their married life, estrangement and final reconciliation forms the most interesting part of the story. Sibylla is a noble woman well depicted; the sins of the scapegrace serve to emphasize the lights and shadows, but they are not visited on his brother. (Macmillan & Co.)—MR. ERNEST A. VIZETELLY'S translation of Zola's "Lourdes" is an excellent piece of work, artistic and true to the original in every detail. The story itself, a study rather than a novel, was reviewed at length in these columns some time ago. (Frank T. Neely.)—MR. FRANK HARRIS, until recently editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, has gathered a number of his sketches of American life under the title of the first of them, "Elder Conkling." These stories are clever and well written, but decidedly conventional, Mr. Harris's observations of us evidently having been made between the covers of our books as well as in the streets and homes of the land of the setting sun. (Macmillan & Co.)—OF RIDER HAGGARD'S "The People of the Mist" it may be said that it possesses in abundant measure all the qualities that have made this author's works so popular. There is no end of adventures, dangers, fights and strange things in South African wilds, and the hero finally returns to England with a beautiful wife and a large fortune. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—A NEW, revised edition of Paul Heyse's "Children of the World" makes a clearly printed volume of 573 pages, neatly bound in dark red cloth. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"NARCISSA" AND "IN VERONA," by Laura E. Richards, are two stories, the scenes of which are laid in the heart of Maine. Glancing at them casually, one's mind instantly conjures up visions of white palaces, of narrow streets across which tall houses nod at each other, hinting at the mysteries they dare not reveal, of ancient fountains, embowered in laurel and myrtle, and, finally, of Juliet's tomb and a thousand memories of the immortal lovers. All this is natural, but it is a mistake. Neat, white houses, with green blinds, and flowers in their front yards, inhabited by commonplace people, furnish the setting for these two stories. They are of no great importance, but are told with a certain humorous touch that makes them, on the whole, decidedly readable. (Estes & Lauriat.)—"SARAH: A SURVIVAL" would have done better to succumb. In an effort to discover the whys and wherefores of Sarah's survival, one is struck with the absolute incompetence of the average novelist, who half the time really does not know what

he is doing, much less how he should do it. Sydney Christian is responsible for this survival; let us hope that it will be his only one. (Harper & Bros.)

"BEFORE THE GRINGO CAME" is a collection of eleven short stories of old California, written by Gertrude Atherton. The time is a period previous to the discovery of gold, and the scenes are laid from one end of California to the other. From certain points of view these stories are full of interest. The first one, "The Pearls of Loreto," is a fair sample of the whole. A woman who is the beauty of her section of California vows that she will never marry anyone who cannot bring her all the pearls she can wear. One of her lovers hears that in an old Mission chapel the Indian converts have hung the statue of the Virgin with pearls. He murders the priest in charge of them and throws them in his sweetheart's lap, requesting her to wear them to the ball that night; she does so, but their triumph is short-lived; the assistant at the chapel denounces the murderer and he and his bride pay the forfeit with their lives. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)—"VASHTI AND ESTHER" is an anonymous story of society in London to-day, and a very poor story at that. A man marries and neglects his wife, because she does not care to display his diamonds enough, and he finally wanders off after another woman. He breaks this woman's heart and returns to his wife, who receives him humbly and is very penitent when she has done nothing to be penitent for. (D. Appleton & Co.)

PAUL HEYSE'S "A Divided Heart, and Other Stories," translated by Constance Stewart Copeland, which won the only prize awarded in a competition for translations from the French, German, Spanish and Italian, represents that author in the salient features of his talent. The title-story deals with a psychologic puzzle worthy of Bourget, as felt and judged by the Teutonic temperament; "Minka" is German in every line, in every word—a new presentation of the speculations of the German mind that may be traced back a thousand years in Teutonic literature and recur again and again in the folk-tales gathered by the Grimms; and "Rothenburg on the Tauber" is a story of domestic life, and of the blindness of man and the cleverness of woman. The translator's introductory study of Heyse is a satisfactory and serious bit of work, and an excellent portrait of the German author, etched by Mr. James Fagan, forms the frontispiece. (Brentano's.)—THE LATIN QUARTER, American art students and a Parisienne such as the left bank of the Seine harbors in great numbers are the actors in Mr. Robert W. Chambers's "In the Quarter." The story shows an inexperienced hand on every page. (F. T. Neely.)

AMONG THE RECENT issues of Cassell's Sunshine Series are "Under the Great Seal," by Joseph Hatton, a story of Newfoundland and the fisheries in early Colonial days; "The Medicine Lady," by L. T. Meade, a novel with an English background, whose heroine is a young woman forced by circumstances to earn her own bread, and choosing hospital nursing, for which her nervous temperament and infinite pity make her eminently unfit; "All Along the River," by M. E. Braddon—a tale of the trail of the serpent in which an Anglo-Indian officer leaves his young wife alone in a dreary English country place, where monotony preys upon her mind until her fall becomes inevitable; "Half Brothers," by Hesba Stretton, a story of two generations, the half-brothers being the sons of a rich young Englishman, who had deserted his humble-born first wife on the Continent, and, years after, believing her dead, had married again a girl of his own social rank; and, finally, "Nurse Elisia," by G. Manville Fenn, a conventional but interesting story of English country life. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—A PAPER-COVERED edition of "Gerald Ffrench's Friends," by George H. Jessop, has just appeared. The book, which was first published in 1889, contains six sketches of the Irish Colony in San Francisco, where the author resided for several years, depicting a few of the most characteristic types of the native Celt of the original stock—as yet unmixed in blood, but modified by new surroundings and a different civilization. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE SCENE in which "A Daughter of Music" is laid is a weird, lonely, almost deserted heath, in the heart of which a girl and her grandfather live. The man is a miser, the girl, a poetic, passionate creature with an untrained gift for music that increases her other charms tenfold. Paul Garnet persuades her to marry him. His manner towards her is masterful, as it is towards all things, and she cannot resist him. He has an estate in the neighborhood, and a house which contains many art treasures, including a head

of a woman attributed to Leonardo, which bears a striking resemblance to Rhoda. Paul tells her that the wickedness in the face of the Leonardo is in her face also, but she must not attempt to cast it out, because it is that potential wickedness which feeds his love, and she could never have become a part of himself without it. Anthony Dexter comes on the scene just here, and Rhoda, after a useless struggle, leaves Paul and goes to Italy with this man. For a while she gives herself up to her passion for her paramour, but at last the misery of the position she has created for herself is too great to be borne, and she leaves him and returns to London, where, in the midst of poverty and degradation, Paul finds her. He takes her home where he can best have his revenge, where he can both punish and protect her, where they can go on side by side, together, yet forever apart. The story is painful but extremely interesting, the characters are strong and well drawn, the situations striking and not overdone, and it is harmoniously well written. The unexpected constantly happens, and yet this tale is so well constructed, that it does not jar at all. It is by G. Colmore. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"A CUMBERER OF THE GROUND," by Constance Smith, opens with a conversation between two men, the younger of whom says that he is miserable because he has to go off to Australia and leave the girl he loves without any assurance from her that she will be true to him until he returns. The other advises him to seek the assurance again, he adopts the suggestion and goes away satisfied. In his absence his friend meets his sweetheart and falls in love with her. Her choice is in favor of the old lover, however, and eventually they are married. Several years elapse, and the husband has drifted from his wife and grown careless of her. She bears a great deal, and very patiently, but at last his conduct becomes too flagrant, and she leaves him. Again he appeals to his old friend to know what he shall do, tells him that he cannot live without his wife, and begs him to induce her to return to him. The friend has an interview with her, and when it is over she asks him if he will take the responsibility of anything that may happen in case she does return to her husband. He says that he will and bitterly regrets it afterwards, for he is out in India and cannot help her when her next great trouble comes. The story is well told, the characters are human and act and feel in a very human way. It is interesting and appealing to the very last. (Harper & Bros.)

Trilbyana

THE WIDESPREAD and intense interest that is taken in "Trilby" (reviewed in *The Critic* of Sept. 8) and all that pertains to the book, is well illustrated in the constant demand for *The Critic* of



BY HIMSELF.

June 16, containing two Lounger paragraphs on Mr. Whistler's attitude toward the book, together with his letter denouncing his friend Du Maurier for the unflattering portrait of himself. This number of the paper is now out of print, but so many people wish the paragraph, for the purpose of pasting it in their copies of the book, that we have decided to reprint it, with other interesting and con-

cerning the book and its author. We begin with the Lounger paragraphs and Mr. Whistler's letter:—

"Mr. Whistler has mastered two arts besides painting and sketching. One he has immortalized in that unique brochure, 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies'; the other is the Gentle Art of Advertising Oneself. These two gentilities are not always



to be distinguished from each other. It is quite possible to make an enemy in advertising oneself, and nothing is easier than to draw general attention to oneself, by the same act that incurs the enmity of an individual—especially if the individual be eminent. At the present moment Mr. Du Maurier happens to be one of the most conspicuous figures in the field jointly occupied by Art and Letters. In choosing him as an object of clamorous attack, Mr. Whistler has shown himself a past-master of the art of advertising oneself. By identifying himself with one of the characters in a story that every one is reading, he brings himself more conspicuously before the public than by painting a new picture. Moreover, in sending to an English newspaper a letter in which he vituperates his quondam friend and fellow-artist, he interrupts himself for but a moment in the pursuit of his legitimate calling as a painter.

"In America, at least, few readers of 'Trilby' would have known that in Joe Sibley, Mr. Du Maurier had hit off some of the most salient 'peculiaristics' of the immensely talented etcher, who, when he takes the newspapers into his confidence, dips his pen in the corrosive acid with which he bites his plates. Joe Sibley is not an engaging character; he is a Bohemian of the Bohemians, clever, witty, penniless and presuming. In taking his sibilant surname as a pseudonym for Whistler, we have the endorsement of the artist himself, though he does not expressly declare himself to be the archetype of this particular character. Sibley is the only man in the book who *could* have been drawn from Whistler—the Whistler of a generation ago; and no one but Sibley could have written the following letter, in which the creator of the character is so wittily vilified:—

"TO THE EDITOR—SIR: It would seem, notwithstanding my boastful declaration, that, after all, I had not, before leaving England, completely rid myself of the abomination—the 'friend'! One solitary, unheeded one—Mr. George Du Maurier—still remained, hidden in Hampstead. On that healthy heath he has been harboring, for nearly half a life, every villainy of good fellowship that could be perfected by the careless frequentation of our early intimacy and my unsuspecting camaraderie. Of this pent-up envy, malice and furtive intent he never at any moment during all that time allowed me, while affectionately grasping his honest Anglo-French fist, to detect the faintest indication. Now that my back is turned, the old marmite of our *pot-au-feu* he fills with the picric acid of 30 years' spite, and, in an American magazine, fires off his bomb of mendacious recollection and poisoned rancour. The lie with which it is loaded *à mon intention* he proposes for my possible 'future biographer'—but I fancy it explodes, as is usual, in his own waistcoat, and he furnishes, in his present unseemly state, an excellent example of all those others who, like himself, have thought a foul friend a finer fellow than an open enemy.

"PARIS.

J. McNEILL WHISTLER.

"Reflection: The companion of the *gladiateur* we guillotine. Guineas

are given to the popular companion who prepares his infernal machine for the distinguished associates in whose friendship he has successfully speculated."

The following card appeared in *Harper's Monthly* for October:—"Pursuant to an arrangement made with Mr. J. McNeill Whistler by our London agents, Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., the publishers of the English edition of *Harper's Magazine*, the following letter is published:—

August 31, 1894.

"DEAR SIR,—Our attention has been called to the attack made upon you by Mr. Du Maurier in the novel *Trilby*, which appeared in our *Magazine*. If we had had any knowledge of personal reference to yourself being intended, we should not have permitted the publication of such passages as could be offensive to you. As it is, we have freely made such reparation as is in our power. We have agreed to stop future sales of the March number of *Harper's Magazine*,* and we undertake that, when the story appears in the form of a book, the March number shall be so rewritten as to omit every mention of the offensive character, and that the illustration which represents the Idle Apprentices shall be excised, and that the portraits of Joe Sibley in the general scene shall be altered so as to give no clue to your identity. Moreover, we engage to print and insert in our *Magazine* for the month of October this letter of apology addressed to you. Assuring you again of our sincere regret that you should have sustained the least annoyance in any publication of ours, we are,

"Yours respectfully, HARPER & BROTHERS."

"J. McNEILL WHISTLER, Esq."

Readers of *The Critic* will remember that the publication of "Trilby" was delayed, in order that the offending matter might be cut out, and also that a beard might be added to the chin of "Joe Sibley" (rechristened "Antony") in the picture opposite page 132.

One of the humors of the controversy is a letter that appeared the other day in the first number of Harry Furniss's new paper, *Lika-Joko*. This was supposed to have been written by Whistler to express his indignation at having been cut out of the book. The English as well as the American papers fell into the trap, and discussed the letter as a genuine expression of Mr. Whistler's outraged feelings. It was only a joke, however, and is said to have been the only joke in that issue of Mr. Furniss's comic paper.

To an interviewer for *The Westminster Budget* Mr. Whistler has expressed his surprise that anyone should have been taken in by the parody. "There was no harm in the appearance of the article," he said, "but what caused my merriment, though not surprise, is that anyone would have thought for a moment that I had written it. But then, it was in England, and in England anything is possible!"

That the parody was a clever one will be seen from the following extract:—"In the fascinating numbers of 'Trilby,' as they appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, I read with delight of one Joe Sibley, idle apprentice, king of Bohemia, *roi des truands*, always in debt, vain, witty, exquisite and original in Art, eccentric in dress, genial, caressing, scrupulously clean, sympathetic, charming; an irresistible but unreliable friend, a jester of infinite humor, a man now perched upon a pinnacle of fame (and notoriety), a worshipper of himself; a white-haired, tall, slim, graceful person with pretty manners and an unimpeachable moral tone. My only regret was that too little was said about so charming a creation. I looked to see more of him in the published three volumes. But no! I found the addition of some thoughtful excuses by Mr. Du Maurier upon nudity, agnosticism, and other more hazardous subjects, which had, presumably, been judged too strong for the ice-watered, ice-creamed constitution of the American Philistine; but I looked in vain for the delightful Joseph Sibley. In his place I find a yellow-haired Switzer, one Antony, son of a respectable burgher of Lausanne, who is now tall, stout, strikingly handsome and rather bald, but who in his youth had all the characteristics of the lost Joseph Sibley—his idleness, his debts, his humour, his art, his eccentricity, his charm. I rubbed my eye-glass. *Je me suis demandé pour-quoi.*"

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Du Maurier is from *Lika-Joko*; that of Mr. Whistler, from *The Westminster Budget*.

Trilby's American publishers send out the following note:—"A letter from Mr. Du Maurier to the late James R. Osgood is given here-

* Unless in amended form.

with. Possibly the hint it contains as to the secret of an exquisite literary style will interest the greater number of readers; or perhaps his saying (in 1890) that he has "several good ideas," which would seem to be an answer to those who have maintained that 'Trilby' was written many years ago. * * *

'MY DEAR OSGOOD:—Of course I remembered my promise, and as soon as my book—'Peter Ibbetson'—was finished and type-written, I wrote to you—last week, as it happens—at 50 Fleet Street, but behold! you were in America; so I sent them the copy, and I believe it starts by to-day's mail for Harper in New York.

"I don't know how it got into the papers that I was coming out in this new line, but I have already offers to come to an arrangement. I have no notion whether it is suited to a periodical or not—you will see; probably not—but if it is I want to be well paid for it; first [illegible], as far as my first book is concerned, whatever its merits; secondly, because the only people to whom I have told the story (H. James, Canon Ainger, poor Allingham, and a few others) thought so well of it—or said so—as an *idea*; and I have taken great pains in the carrying out thereof. If Harper's doesn't see its way to it, I shall offer it elsewhere; and after that, I shall put it in the hands of an agent. And if I don't get what I think I ought to, I shall keep it and write another, as I have several good ideas, and writing this has taught me a lot. All of which sounds very cheeky and grand; but I am in no hurry to come before the public as a novelist before I'm ripe, and to ripen myself duly I am actually rewriting it in French, and you've no idea what a lesson that is! * * *

"Yours ever,

G. DU MAURIER.

"15 BAYSWATER TERRACE, LONDON, April 18, 1890."

Appropos of the use made of the song "Ben Bolt" in "Trilby," *Harper's Bazar* published the words and music; whereupon the author, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, sent this letter to the editor:—

"It is very pleasing to an old man like myself to have the literary work of a half-century since dragged to light and commended, as has been the case with 'Ben Bolt' of late. I was flattered by seeing my likeness—or, rather, the likeness of a younger man than myself—in your pages; but I must protest against some errors which, in spite of careful editing, enter into your transcription of the song. The words of the original were:—

'Don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?'

"This has been changed in the song, as usually sung, to read:—

'With the master so kind and so true,
And the little nook by the clear-running brook,
Where we gathered the flowers as they grew?'

"You have copied this, but in a better shape, with the exception of changing the rhythm. I must protest against this change, because the school-masters of between sixty and seventy years since were, to my memory, 'cruel and grim'; they were neither kind nor true. They seemed to think the only way to get learning into a boy's head was by the use of the rod. There may have been exceptions, but I never met them. At all events, 'what I have written, I have written.'"

In a recent *Harper's Weekly* we find this paragraph:—

"The *Weekly* has received a copy of the programme of a novel and decidedly interesting literary and musical entertainment that was given on Oct. 17, at Omaha. It was called 'An Evening with Trilby.' The participants were all gentlemen. The subjects of the papers read were 'The Story of Trilby,' 'Du Maurier, his Life and Work,' 'The French of Trilby,' 'The Identity of the Artists in Trilby,' 'Trilby's Voice and Method,' 'Trilby as a Hypnotic Subject,' 'Could Trilby be Successfully Dramatized?' After each paper there was Trilby music, which included 'Ben Bolt,' 'Au Clair de la Lune,' 'Malbrouck s'en va-t-en Guerre,' and other songs and instrumental pieces. At the end of the programme comes the inquiry, 'What shall we have the pleasure of drinkin' after that werry nice 'armony?' and then the page turns over to the farewell couplet—

'A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night.'

"It is a pretty far cry from Paris to Omaha, but Trilby's voice seems to have carried that distance without the least trouble. It is worth remarking that these Omaha gentlemen made seven 'papers' about her without finding it necessary to discuss her morals."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

On looking over Roche's "Prosateurs Français," I find that one of the "plus jolis" contes of Charles Nodier (1788-1844) is en-

titled "Trilby"; therefore the title of Du Maurier's much-bought novel is not original with him. I should be pleased if any reader of *The Critic* would inform me as to the plot of Nodier's story.

WM. J. MCCLURE,

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI RECTORY, MT. KISCO, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1894.

"Trilby" has now reached a sale of 95,000 copies and will undoubtedly reach 100,000 before Jan. 1. The limited edition of 600 copies at \$10 each was sold *en bloc*, before publication, to a concern known as the Syndicate Trading Co.

We announced last week that there was to be an exhibition and sale in this city of the originals of Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations of "Trilby." So there was to have been, but something has happened to prevent it. A cablegram to the Harpers, received after *The Critic* was printed, announced that the drawings had all been sold in London.

The Lounger

IT IS, I UNDERSTAND, positively denied that the firm which is said to have been contemplating the publication of a new magazine, has any such intention. The story came to me very straight, and, as it seemed quite a natural thing for the house in question to do, I never doubted it. For the firm's sake I regret having written the paragraph; for it has loosened an avalanche of propositions for magazines, and of proffered services from editors full of "unique" ideas. A correspondent suggests to me that the way to make a magazine "unique" would be to publish known and unknown authors side by side. Now it seems to me that this is just what the magazines do. Their "cast," to borrow theatrical terms, is not composed of "stars." The known and the unknown stand side by side in their pages every month. My correspondent must make a more original suggestion than this.

SPEAKING OF *The Yellow Book*, a friend said, after looking over the last number, that we must give it credit for one thing—"it makes indecency repulsive." There are many books—yellow ones, too—that don't do that.

MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS is a loyal friend. He has prefaced the volume of verses by Mr. Frank L. Stanton of Savannah with a bit of flattery so obviously sincere, that one neglects to take it with a pinch of salt. Mr. Stanton is a writer of a certain style of poetry that has found great popularity among the newspapers. It is somewhat in the style of James Whitcomb Riley, but has less finish and is more sentimental. I doubt if many of the readers of *The Critic* have seen any of it, and yet Mr. Harris says that "the writings of no American poet have achieved such wide popularity, if we are to measure popularity by the daily and weekly newspapers of the country, or by the interest which makes itself manifest in private correspondence, or by the appreciation which betrays itself in the irresistible desire of composers, professionals and amateurs, to give a musical setting to the poems." Not only in this country but in England has Mr. Stanton's muse received recognition. Now that his verses are regularly published in book-form, Mr. Harris thinks that it "will be interesting to note what the critics—the apostles of culture"—will say of them. They will not say of them, I am sure, that they said of Mr. Harris's plantation songs—that they are marked by consummate literary art.

MR. HARRIS goes on to tell us that Mr. Stanton's poems "have all been struck off in the white heat and hurry of newspaper work." His department in the *Atlanta Constitution* is prefaced "with at least one original piece of verse every morning." This is not, however, the last product of his muse for the day. Before the sun sets he has written four or five more—"not because he is expected to write them, but because they are waiting to be written."

DEAN HOLE swung a very gentle lash, in castigating "Imposers, Bored and Other Unpleasant People" at Calvary Baptist Church, last week. He denounced the bore and all his ways with such evident amiability as to persuade each of his hearers that there was at least one man whom he would *not* be bored by—that clever fellow, namely, who has his cards printed from the listener's plate. This was the Autocrat's great art—to tell the reader his faults, without letting him suspect of whom the fable was narrated.

IN HIS STRICTLY clerical dress—including knee-breeches and silver-buckled patent-leather shoes—the Dean of Rochester, standing six feet four, and beaming benignity from a head of leonine dimensions, made a strikingly picturesque appearance on the platform. Moreover, he showed a keener appreciation of the public speaker's obligation to make himself heard and understood by his audience than certain of his English predecessors in this country have done. He spoke slowly, audibly and agreeably—even if he did suppress the final letter in words ending in *ing*, and the *th* in "them," and the *h* in "he" and "him," except where the pronoun began a phrase. He told some good stories, and read several original poems of a rather old-fashioned sort; and showed himself to be a fine type of the fox-hunting parson, of whom we read in so many English books. The good-will of his first hearers will follow him all over the country.

* * *

A NEW YORKER well known in literary circles had occasion, some time ago, to advertise for manuscripts in prose and verse. Liberal terms were promised, and from 200 to 250 replies were received; yet not one manuscript in the whole lot was "available." And the worst of it was, that the unavailability was due in almost every case to a sheer lack of literary merit. A more worthless mass of reading-matter the experienced reader had never had the ill-fortune to examine. He wanted manuscripts and was willing to pay well for them, yet the money spent in advertising and the time spent in reading the inane poems, stories, etc., which the mails brought him, in response to his call, were absolutely thrown away. The poverty of ideas and crudeness of expression, he tells me, were really pathetic. But the humblest of unpublished authors will always believe himself a Great Unknown.

An Exhibition of Fine Bindings

FINE BINDINGS are surely the most reasonable of luxuries. There is on exhibition at the store of Charles Scribner's Sons, in Fifth Avenue, a collection which includes specimens of the greatest living masters of the art, some of whom are among the best that have ever lived, and yet he must be a poor man who might not save enough from his meaner luxuries within a year to purchase the most costly of them. Among the French bindings, the examples of Lortie are the most beautiful, but there are two or three tooled by Marius Michel that will run these close in the estimation of amateurs. These French binders—the best of them—do not aim at originality of design. They work on traditional lines, and regard the bound book as an artistic object in itself, not merely as furnishing surfaces to receive decoration. Lortie's work occasionally looks best without any tooling whatever. But it must be confessed that the old-time designs, though still beautifully executed, have begun to weary the binders themselves, and the few Englishmen who have taken the lead in designing for bookbinding have not appeared any too soon. There are here some beautiful examples from Dove's bindery, designed by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, which are at once novel and strictly appropriate to book-covers. But the English do not excel in "forwarding," and consequently the best example is a binding in vellum, with strings adorned with little gilt balls to tie the cover close. It is to be feared that the art of making a good morocco cover may die with the older French, such as Gruel and Lortie. The English, after having reached a higher standard than they ever did before, are beginning now to give up the fight for perfection and to content themselves with good designs poorly wrought out: some of them even contend that the ruder the work the better. The American bindings shown are not as original in design as the English, nor as well forwarded as the French, yet there are examples of Blackwell, Stikeman and Bradstreet that promise well for the future, because they seem to aim at a balanced excellence not to be found at present on the other side of the Atlantic. Collectors would do well, we think, to encourage our designers for cloth bindings, such as Mrs. Whitney and Mr. Sidney L. Smith, to design for leather, and to give our binders an opportunity to cultivate that *main d'œuvre artiste* without which the best design goes for nothing. Two particularly handsome bindings are by women, one by Miss Nichols, who has bound a copy of *The Germ* in an original design of chrysanthemums and leaves in appliqué, and the other by Miss Prideaux, who has bound a volume of W. E. Henley's poems and a book of her own. The latter is an "Historical Sketch of Bookbinding," bound in crushed levant, with panel in blind tooling mounted with gold points. It is not often that in one person are combined the arts of book-writing and book-binding. A few bindings of historic interest are also shown.

Mrs. Deland

THOSE WHO HAVE looked upon Mrs. Deland's novels as the results of New England birth and training will be surprised to know that she was born in Pittsburg, Penn., and passed there the days of her childhood. She was not even educated in New England. Her education was more of old England than of the New, for she was a pupil of the Misses Bolton's famous school, the Priory, at Pelham on the Sound. In this pretty corner of Westchester County, these two English ladies had set up their school, which was not only run on English lines, but, indeed, was so very English that an ivy-covered ruin had been built upon the place to make it look like its namesake, Bolton Priory in England.

Mrs. Deland's maiden name was Campbell, and she is descended from Scotch ancestors. Her life has not been a particularly eventful one, though it has been very successful. Her husband, Lorin F. Deland, is a New Englander and a Harvard man, and their home is in Boston. It was in Boston that she wrote her books, and in Boston they were published. Her first published book, if I remember correctly, was "The Old Garden," a volume of poems



MARGARET DELAND

which made an instant success, thus turning the tables on the oft-repeated saying that "poetry doesn't pay." Then came her now famous novel, "John Ward, Preacher," which shared public attention along with "Robert Elsmere," published at the same time. Mrs. Deland did not take advantage of this success to hurry another book upon the market. It was a long time after the publication of "John Ward" that "Sidney" appeared, and three years after "Sidney" comes "Philip and his Wife." Mrs. Deland is a most careful writer. She sometimes re-writes a story three times before it is ready for the printer. To my personal knowledge she worked over "Philip and his Wife" for a year after I had seen the manuscript and thought it ready for the printer. Unlike some writers, she has not had to struggle for an existence. She has always been in easy circumstances, and could afford the time for care and consideration of her manuscripts that those who write with the dun on their doorstep are obliged to forego. In her Boston home she has a prettily arranged writing-room, where she works to the music of a crackling log fire. Her writing-room at Kennebunkport, where she has her summer home, is in the hay-loft of her barn. There she has a desk and a few books and a beautiful view over the meadows and down to the creek that would be sure to distract me

from my work, but which only stimulates the pen of this writer. Mrs. Deland's work has, I think, the "staying quality." It is not dashed off at white heat to take advantage of a popular fad, but is done slowly and for its own sake. It stands side by side with the work of the few, for it has high literary merit besides the mere attractions of a good story. J. L. G.

The Hans Sachs Celebration

THE INCREASING INTEREST in German studies in the United States, evinced not alone in the gradual multiplication of German text-books by various publishers, but also by the increase of courses in the colleges and the acquisition of German libraries (notably that of Zarncke for Cornell), was further proved by the celebration of Hans Sachs's four-hundredth birthday on Nov. 5, under the auspices of the University of the City of New York. Owing to the unfinished state of the University's new buildings, the celebration was appropriately held at the hall of the Liederkrantz Club; and the audience that braved the heavy storm was abundantly recompensed. The programme was unique in its presentation of the different aspects of Sachs's literary activity, and of his relationship to the movements of his day. After Chancellor MacCracken had briefly welcomed the assemblage, Dr. Charlton T. Lewis gave the opening address, referring chiefly to two points, the first of which, Sachs's eminence as a poet, sprang, in his opinion, largely from the fact that the Meistersinger's poetry was in touch with the people, and not cut off from the life of the day. It was thus an example for the poets of every age. The other point to which Dr. Lewis alluded with much suggestiveness was the character of the working people in Sachs's time. Labor, then, did not combine against labor, but cooperated for mental and moral growth. Prof. W. T. Hewett of Cornell spoke at some length on "Nuremberg in History and Legend." He gave a brilliant picture of the famous city, its rise, growth and decline, its relations to art, trade and commerce; its contributions to science and useful enterprise; its long list of famous artists, inventors and men of affairs. Prof. A. S. Isaacs of the New York University followed with a concise sketch of the poet and his times. He thought Hans Sachs's one special merit was in his making an art of his trade, when the fashion now is to make a trade of one's art. "His life was his best poem—it translated into action the inspiration of his verse." The personal traits of the poet and the chief elements of his character, in an age of unrest, when mankind began to shake off mediaevalism, were briefly described.

The Rev. Dr. M. R. Vincent of the Union Theological Seminary devoted his incisively written paper to "Hans Sachs and Luther." He began with a glance at the conditions of Sachs's youth and the religious atmosphere of his surroundings, and then at his spirited advocacy of Luther's cause, which was a powerful aid to the Reformation. He drew a parallel between Luther and Sachs: both sprang from the people, but Sachs had the gentler temperament. He showed the marked religious character of the poet as delineated in many a poem and parable. Prof. Learned of Johns Hopkins took up the critical and philological side of the subject in an essay on "The Language of Hans Sachs." He illustrated the different elements in Sachs's language, and made an interesting analysis, showing that when the poet discussed religious matters, his language was charged with foreign words, but when he wrote on popular themes, the German word-stock was most drawn upon. Prof. Learned is elaborating this topic for presentation at greater length.

Frank Damrosch read a rather short but charming paper, on "Hans Sachs and Wagner." It began with a glorification of the poet as a German national songster, and then referred to Wagner's share in the poet's resurrection. Mr. Damrosch recited some lines from Sachs, and made them musical in his distinct enunciation. Prof. Palmer of Yale devoted his essay to "Goethe and Hans Sachs," showing much industry in collecting from the later poet's works allusions to the poet of Nuremberg. Goethe's services in "restoring" Sachs, so to say, were fully described. Prof. Henry Wood of Johns Hopkins furnished an admirable literary paper on "Hans Sachs and the German Novel," principally comparing Sachs as a novelist with Grimmelshausen. He analyzed the latter's "Simplicissimus" and showed how much its author was indebted to Sachs, although the treatment may have differed. Prof. A. Werner of the College of the City of New York closed the proceedings by reading two stories from Hans Sachs, the time being too advanced to permit his presenting his paper in its entirety. It is possible that the essays will receive publication in book-form at no distant date.

Early Printed Books at the Grolier Club

OF THE RARE BOOKS presented to the Grolier Club by Mr. David Wolfe Bruce some eighty-five volumes of special interest to bibliophiles have been put on exhibition in the Club's meeting-room. The selection has been made so as to include the first notices in print of the invention of typography. There are examples from the presses of Gutenberg, Peter and John Schoeffer, Mentelin, Jenson and Aldus. There are fragments of the Mazarin Bible, Schoeffer's impression of the works of Thomas Aquinas, a *Livy* of 1518 with a preface by Erasmus, in which he ascribes the invention of printing to Fust; the first Bible printed in German, by Mentelin, in 1466; the *Cologne Chronicle* of 1499, which ascribes the invention of printing to Gutenberg; the *Decretalium* of Boniface VIII., printed by Koberger in 1482; Durer's treatise on fortification, 1527; Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, printed by Aldus Manutius in 1502; a *Book of Hours* on vellum, printed by Pigouchet, and other rarities of the sort. But the present collection does not aim to show the most beautiful early books, its bearing on the historical questions of Fust *vs.* Gutenberg; and of the beginnings of printing in Mainz, Strassburg, Cologne, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Venice and the other cities, being the main points kept in view. Still, there is something to please the eye in the fine Roman type of Gunther Zainer's *Isidore* of Seville, the first work printed in Germany with true Roman letters copied from Jenson's Venetian type, and in the Aldine italics. The copy of Mentelin's Bible has floral borders painted by hand; and the curious woodcuts of Pigouchet's *Book of Hours* are worth looking at. Some illuminated Persian manuscripts are also shown. The Club will give an exhibition of historical bindings early in the coming month.

Mr. Gibson and His Girls

THE COLLECTION of "Drawings by C. D. Gibson," just published, represents that admirable illustrator in all his best qualities. The American woman plays the principal part in these spirited



CHARLES DANA GIBSON

compositions; and she fares well at his hands, for he succeeds—no light task, indeed!—in doing her full justice. The difference between Mr. Gibson's fair American and Mr. Du Maurier's tall Englishwoman is as pronounced as is that between the two weekly

publications in whose pages they oftenest appear. We love the one, we respectfully admire the other. On the other hand, Mr. Du Maurier is a more truthful portraitist of noblemen—probably



ONE OF HIS GIRLS

because he has seen more of them than has his American *confrère*. It would be difficult to make a choice among these many sketches, but the two plates devoted to the Horse Show attract attention for other reasons than their timeliness. Again, the portrait of Mme. Réjane as the Maréchale Lefebvre shows the artist's perfect mastery of his craft; while in the first plate in the volume, the rapt look on the faces of the lovers, the far-away dreaminess in their eyes, do not make us entirely forgetful of the rights of the dear doggie that has gone hungry all day. Mr. Gibson's social satire is all his own, and those phases of *Vanity Fair* that displease him he holds up to ridicule without mercy, and with an artistic versatility that makes the sting lasting as well as acute. The volume is a large and handsome one, and not without significance in the history of American art.

The accompanying portrait of the illustrator is reproduced from the *New York World*; the sketch of one of his girls is taken from the cover of his book.

London Letter

THE PRESENT WEEK has been rendered lively by a great stir in the circles of journalism, a stir due to the report that *The Saturday Review* has again changed hands. Only a few weeks ago I recorded in these columns the purchase of that important paper by Mr. Edmonds, and congratulated its readers that there was to be no essential change in the staff. Now everything is altered. The new owner is Mr. Frank Harris, late editor of *The Fortnightly*, and rumor says that he intends an entire reversal of the policy of the paper, and the introduction of an absolutely new body of writers into its pages. For one thing, it is said that the review will in future consist principally of signed articles by notable writers; that the noticing of new books will form a minor part of the scheme; and that the whole paper, while it still remains a weekly publication, will approximate to the character of a magazine. It is even suggested that there will be a weekly illustrated supplement. Mr. Harris, of course, will edit the paper himself; presumably, then, Mr. George Saintsbury resigns his post. It is not too much to say that every man-of-letters in London will regret his resignation. Mr. Saintsbury stands alone as, perhaps, the best-equipped, and certainly the most level-headed, literary critic in England, and it may well be a cause of pride to any journal to have his name upon its editorial staff. For years he has been the main factor in making *The Saturday Review* what it has been, eru-

dite, vivacious, authoritative. Under Mr. Harris's guidance it will, one supposes, lose its conservative tone, a loss which gives a fresh opportunity to *The National Observer*, whose circulation, under the new management, is reported to have risen from week to week. It gives an opening, also, to a new weekly which is to appear on Nov. 16, under the joint editorship of Mr. Earl Hodgson and Lady Colin Campbell, entitled *The Realm*. Mr. Hodgson was for some years acting editor of *The National Review*, and has contributed many clever articles to the magazines. *The Realm* is to cost threepence, and calls itself a "Review of Politics, Society and the Arts." It will be of about the same shape as *The Spectator*, and is to be politically independent, in the sense that, whilst opposed to the methods of the Radical party, it will not consider itself obliged to vindicate the attitude of the Tories on all occasions. There will be argumentative political articles, leisurely papers on philosophy, sport and manners, a financial review and a trustworthy chronicle of society. Poetry will not be tabooed, art will be adequately discussed, and new books will receive attention. An occasional interview of topical importance may be expected. Altogether a palatable programme. As for the new *Saturday Review*, its progress will be watched with keen interest. That Mr. Harris will make it interesting is more than probable, when one remembers his conduct of *The Fortnightly*; that he may cause it to lose authority seems not impossible, when one recalls his partiality for slashing, but uncritical, articles of the Francis Adams type. In any case, it is a very important change in journalism, and one that is bound to result in a re-shuffling of appointments during the next few weeks.

Mr. William Watson (it is good news to tell) has practically recovered from his serious indisposition, and has settled for a while at Richmond. He writes to his friends in excellent spirits, and may be expected in London in a few weeks. Meanwhile he takes great interest in the new books, and especially in the new poetry, of some of which he writes enthusiastically. His own new volume will shortly be ready, and will include, of course, all the verses which he has recently contributed to newspapers and periodicals. Mr. Ernest Rhys is to edit for J. M. Dent & Co. an edition of English Lyric Poets, the first volume of which will soon appear. It will take the form of the poets' defence of their art, including the Apologie of Sidney, the Defence of Shelley, and essays by Dryden, Wordsworth, Coleridge and others. Among the poets to be represented in subsequent volumes are Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shelley, Keats, Burns and many others. The books will be daintily bound and printed. Talking of Keats reminds me that Mr. Robert Bridges has written an introduction to the edition of that poet announced by Lawrence & Bullen, in which he will treat of Keats's prosody with the particularity which he has already applied to Milton. Next week Maxwell Gray, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is to make what I fancy is a first appearance as a poet. Her book consists of "Legends of the Dragon Slayer," in the Spenserian stanza, and is to be published by the young firm of Bliss, Sands & Foster. The Rev. H. C. Beeching, one of the trio of poets who some years ago published "Love in Idleness," will also have a new volume of verse ready shortly, and a like contribution is to come from the pen of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, who, by the bye, has written for the current number of *The New Review* a discriminating study of the poetry of Mr. Edmund Gosse. Mr. Theodore Watts's volume of sonnets is also on the tapis, and altogether there is a renewed activity among the bards, of which more anon.

The new Ibsen play is finished. I have before now remarked on the marvellous regularity with which Ibsen works, finishing his manuscript every other year almost on the same day. And here is the latest example. The play will be published shortly before Christmas, and probably produced on the London stage in the early spring. The old secrecy is still maintained. The author is said to have read the manuscript to his wife and son, but even they do not know the title. Rumor crudely remarks that it is in three acts, that the characters are few, but that there is some "devilry" in the plot. All of which, despite the purple patch of the final phrase, does not help us very much further. I believe that an English edition will appear almost simultaneously with the original.

Mr. John Hare has returned to the Garrick Theatre, where the revived run of "Money" has been resumed with every symptom of success. The piece is admirably cast. Mr. Arthur Cecil's Graves and Mr. Forbes Robertson's Evelyn being uniformly excellent in their several lines, while Mrs. Bancroft laughs with a melody which it does your heart good to hear. A silly burlesque

with a sillier title, "All My Eye-van-hoe," was produced last night at the Trafalgar, and was chiefly noticeable for some vivacious acting by Miss Phyllis Broughton. Possibly it may work up into a success, however: it is proverbially rash to judge a burlesque by its first performance. The excitement which has raged round the Empire Theatre culminated yesterday. After closing the theatre as soon as the County Council ratified the decision of the Licensing Committee and insisted upon the abolition of the promenade, Mr. George Edwardes brought off his *coup d'état* by appealing in the law-courts for a *mandamus*, obliging the County Council to show cause why they should not re-hear the case. The *mandamus* was sought on the ground that several members of the Council had instigated the opposition, and were thus standing in the double role of accusers and judges, a position subversive of the laws of their existence. The learned judges concurred in the accusation, and the case will have to be re-heard. Meanwhile the posters at the doors of the Empire announce its re-opening to-morrow night, and the gaiety of the nation is no longer eclipsed. On the Stock Exchange this week music-hall shares have vacillated with lively inconsistency, and probably the ill-wind has not failed to blow somebody good.

LONDON, Nov. 27, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

THE FIFTY-THREE "Immortals" of Massachusetts have been selected. In other words, upon the base of the dome in the chamber of the House of Representatives in the new State House will be inscribed the names of fifty-three sons of Massachusetts selected as representing the highest fame of the Commonwealth. Some names, according to Senator Hoar, deserving to go in this list will have to be omitted for lack of room, but, as Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott says, the list has been approved by the Governor and his Council, and the names have been selected in such a way that each shall either mark an epoch or designate a man who has turned the course of events. Probably the selection, taken altogether, will be regarded as just. In that list stand Prescott, Motley and Parkman. There, too, are Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier, while Carver, Bradford, Endicott, Winthrop, Vane, Pickering, Knox, Lincoln, John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Quincy are among the early patriots thus honored. Howe, the husband of Julia Ward Howe, the great worker for the blind, and tutor of Laura Bridgman; Morton, who discovered the safe use of ether, Copley, Hunt, Edwards, Channing, Brooks and Morse are also there, together with the great statesmen Webster, Sumner, Wilson, Andrew, Choate, Everett, Phillips and Garrison. Among the later names are those of Devens, Bowditch, Pierce and Agassiz, while Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is the only man still living who is included in the list. These names will indicate the general drift of the selection.

I have just seen a manifold letter written by Dr. Holmes, which evidently was often used by him in his later years, when the press of correspondence compelled this formal and stereotyped method of reply. He sent it to a friend with the preface, "Dear—This is what I have come to!"

"BEVERLY FARMS, MASS.

"DEAR—Yours of the—is received. I can do little more than acknowledge the reception of the very numerous communications which come to me from unknown friends, near and distant, many of them containing requests to which I cannot conveniently pay the desired attention. Regretting that I find my time, my eyes, and my hand overtaxed by an ever increasing correspondence, I am

Yours very truly,

"O. W. HOLMES."

Has any one noticed the quotation from Dr. Holmes's own work standing under the date of Oct. 7 (the day of his death) in the "Selections from the Poetic and Prose Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes" for each day of the year? It is significant:—"The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labors; the poet, who reproduces himself in his creation as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song." The words are, as we all know, from "The Poet at the Breakfast Table."

The Harvard governors are not taking kindly to the haphazard development of new college buildings. Year by year new buildings are given to the University, which, being designed by various architects and placed wherever a vacant spot can be found, are destroying whatever harmony existed before in the college architecture. The new Fogg Art Museum, now nearly completed, has apparently been the last straw. Some little time ago, I remember, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, than whom there could be no higher

authority, contradicted a statement that he was responsible for the character of the building of the new Museum, and declared emphatically that he approved neither its design, plan nor site. And now the Harvard Overseers have formally decided upon the creation of an art commission for Harvard, on the ground that it is desirable to formulate and complete a scheme for the future development of the college property; and this scheme will be followed in future work as closely as the progress of events makes possible. They will, therefore, have a standing advisory committee, composed partly of several competent professional men and partly of members of the governing board of the University, this committee to pass on all artistic questions relating to University property. While writing of Harvard, I may add that Pres. Eliot states that he has prepared a scheme regarding our public school system. He was consulted about the organization of a city school system by a committee of the National Educational Association, the aim being to organize a school-board or committee in such a way that it should determine wisely questions of general policy, but leave administration and action to experts. Pres. Eliot has, therefore, prepared his scheme to meet this aim, but states that the difficulty at the root of every such problem is to get a discreet and honest appointing power. His idea, therefore, would be to have the people at large elect that power.

A coming gift to the Boston Public Library is a copy of the laws of Justinian, printed in Latin in 1659, and given to the Library by Chevalier Alfred John Rodway, F. R. H. S., who vouches that it is an original edition, and that it bears on one of its pages the autograph of Shakespeare—who died in 1616.

BOSTON, Nov. 13, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

MR. ELWYN A. BARRON, the dramatic critic of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, recently wrote a notable play for Mme. Rhéa, and the actress is about to give its first performance, probably in Toronto. She wished to apply to it the ponderous name of "Elizabeth and Shakespeare," but the dramatist's title, which finally prevailed, "When Bess Was Queen," much more happily suggests the light, idyllic character of the comedy. It is a daring experiment that Mr. Barron has tried, as these titles indicate, and his success is the greater in proportion to the height of his ambition. Elizabeth, Shakespeare and Falstaff are the characters about which the tale winds in and out, fanciful, elusive, capricious. It is a kind of whimsical fairy-tale, a masquerading revel, in which the gracious figures appear in unexpected guises and confuse each other merrily, as they did of old in the Forest of Arden. And underneath the shimmering gaiety, a kind of poetic seriousness is occasionally visible. It is earnest and eager and strenuous, this undercurrent; but on the surface the light dances and wavers and calls forth color. The plot of the comedy is simple. It opens at an old inn on the Thames, with some delightful fooling between the tavern-keeper and his maid, and afterwards Falstaff. Preparations are being made for the supper which the latter is to give that night to Will Shakespeare, who is sixty of the world's great poets come to life and compressed into one fair body too little to hold 'em." "Was there a play to-day, Sir John?" asks Peter. And Falstaff answers, "Ay, marry, there was; the noblest the world hath ever seen; that same Hamlet over which the town went mad at its first giving t'other day. But the town knew not how to take it, Peter, till I waved my hand in approving fashion, and bade them cheer, and then the fools thought they had made discovery of its worth themselves." Burbage was ill, he says, railing at the stupidity of Wadeson, who took his place. And Shakespeare, too, when he enters later with the actor, is moved to remonstrate with him for his unhandsome treatment of the Prince. Wadeson, in nowise daunted, replies, to the despair of playwrights before and since, "I have my own conception of the part, and I have played at acting now these twenty years. Methinks I should know something of my craft." And when the dramatist illustrates his idea of the character by reciting a soliloquy, the horrified actor criticises him thus:—"You speak as you would utter it from nature, whereas to be natural is to put away all art."

The colloquy is interrupted by Falstaff's summons to the banquet, and followed by the entrance of the Queen and Olivia, her faithful attendant. Like Prince Florizel of Bohemia, Elizabeth wishes to see the world and gain experience, to live and breathe outside the shadow of the crown. Her admiration of Shakespeare leads her into this adventure, coercing her reluctant companion, who is beset by two misfortunes, terror and love. The dialogue between them is cleverly handled to suggest the natures

of the two women—the feminine misgivings and emotions of the one, and the high-hearted courage and generous appreciation of the other. They dispatch a messenger to Falstaff to tell him that two comely ladies are below; and his entrance is the signal for some pretty jesting, which vividly displays Sir John's pompous vanity.

His artful efforts to discover their identity are about just as happy as his assertion that, as keeper of the Queen's preserves, he eats her best venison. In the shifting scene Elizabeth and Will Shakespeare are finally tossed together, the woman striving to uplift the poet, to show him the responsibility which his genius entails. "Honor! honor!" he cries in reply. "Know you not that I am Will Shakespeare, *player*? a thing the rabble may pelt from town, the servant of contemptuous lords, the shuttlecock of royal favor or disdain, a creature that to-night may please dull fools at court and to-morrow be jeered through the streets dragged at a cart's tail?" He storms at her and laughs, but she remains faithful to her high purpose. Finally, half tipsy, he abandons her for "a moralizing petticoat that makes heaven weep." She then sends a warrant to Sir John, ordering him in the Queen's name to carry Shakespeare to the palace at Richmond, and the curtain falls as the sleeping poet is being borne away. The scene of the second act is in the park at Richmond, and contains some amusing misunderstandings and hot-headed quarrels. Its climax is reached in a poetic dialogue between the playwright and his Queen, preceded by his relation of a dream. When Elizabeth, veiled in white, appears to him, he thinks her the embodiment of the vision he had seen, and her admonitions have the greater weight. In the more serious but less idyllic part of the scene, she says:—"The work of thy genius shall indeed endure while time shall last. But character is something, too, and what man is must go with what man does. Amend thy ways and take thy rightful station, or, while thy works are green in the world's regard, thyself shall seem scarce better than a myth." And, later, "Why, 'tis not enough to have writ these plays—the world must know thee fitted to their writing, or else the world will doubt." The poet listens reverently until such time as his attitude changes somewhat suddenly to love. The act ends with a skirmish between Shakespeare and Olivia's lover, who has mistaken him for a rival.

The third act, which is in the audience room of the palace, opens with a womanly confession of a weakness for the poet from Elizabeth to her confidant, Olivia. It is followed by the gathering up of the threads of the play and the straightening out of its complications. Olivia and the testy Latimer, a character most cleverly drawn, are reconciled; Falstaff learns that someone has betrayed to the lenient Queen his taste in venison; and Shakespeare discovers, in recognizing his dream on the throne, that he has cried for the moon. The play ends with his eulogy of Elizabeth and her command, uttered after a moment of silence, "Lead the way, lords. Under the cooling boughs of our ancient trees some players wait our pleasure. They shall teach us how love was made in Arden!" There is much more action in the play than this sketch has indicated, and, to judge from a reading only, the construction is skilful. With adequate setting and actors it could be made a charming idyllic performance. It is assuredly unreal and improbable; it comes from fairyland, but its graceful figures are affected by the emotions and ambitions and passions of the larger world. Falstaff is no puppet; he has life and character and wit. And the others are imaginatively conceived, touched with light and color. The scene in the second act may be on too high a pedestal, and the last act is, perhaps, occupied too exclusively in finishing up the play; but these defects do not alter the poetic character of the comedy. The first act is the strongest, full of variety and movement and gaiety. Many a witty sentence can be found in the play, and many an imaginative one. Here are a few of them:—"Poets who are gods doing some little masquerading in the world." "Ah, child, what a plague is love! It mocks reason out of countenance. 'Tis the very excellence of clowning." "Prick me and I shall bleed Cupids." "I'll seek spirits that wear the wings of joy and keep the upper heights where laughter lives." "Tragedy averted is the very essence of comedy. All makes for laughter when mischance is past." Falstaff:—"This mingling of truth with lies but cripples wit. Man is a liar by nativity; truth is a device of the devil to cheat us out of wisdom. I would I had never tampered with it. . . . It was no serpent lessoned Eve. The devil himself might go to school to woman." And with such banter the dainty play is enlivened.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

Notes

THE AMERICAN edition of Paul Bourget's "Ostre Mer," which is running in the *Herald*, will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, simultaneously with its appearance in France, probably in December. M. Bourget's criticisms have given offense in various quarters; but, on the whole, he seems to be amiably disposed towards his entertainers in the United States.

—The Messrs. Scribner are fortunate in having the only portrait of the late P. G. Hamerton known to be in this country, and they have had it engraved for the January *Scribner's*.

—The review of Vol. II. of *Bibliographica*, printed in *The Critic* of last week, omitted to state that the publication is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—Sir Edward Strachey's "Talk at a Country House" will be issued on the 21st inst. by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The book, which will contain a portrait of the author, consists of conversations on Englishmen of note, English social life, Persian poetry, Assyrian inscriptions, characteristics of modern literature, and a great variety of other topics suggested during the supposed visit of a cultivated, bright-minded gentleman to an English country house of great antiquity and rich in associations and memories of charming and distinguished persons.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce for publication next week "A Story of Courage: Annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation," by George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. The special large-paper edition is embellished with a picture of the Convent, and portraits of persons famous in its history.

—A new edition of Dr. C. Ellis Stevens's "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," revised by reference to the original documents, is announced by Macmillan & Co. News comes from Lisbon that the King of Portugal has created the author a Knight Commander of one of the highest orders of knighthood in Portugal. Dr. Stevens has also received the decoration of a Knight of the Order of Isabella, from the Queen Regent of Spain.

—E. P. Dutton & Co. have just issued "Margaret Arnold's Christmas, and Other Stories," by Mary D. Brine, author of "Grandma's Attic Treasures."

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have published more copies of Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," with Hugh Thomson's illustrations, than of any other book in the series of volumes by the same illustrator. This proves anew the popularity of Miss Austen with the present generation; there are many new editions of her works before the public at this time, and each seems to find special favor.

—The biographical and historical notes accompanying the new complete edition of Browning, published by Macmillan & Co., cover forty-nine pages of small type, and may almost be said to do away with the necessity of Browning Societies, as they are very full and exhaustive. As already announced in this column, the work of compiling them was done by Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, the poet's son.

—Dr. James McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, is ill, and his great age gives cause of anxiety to his physician and friends.

—Mr. Crockett's little story of "The Play-Actress," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, was written before "The Raiders" and "The Lilac Sunbonnet." It is reported to have enjoyed the unusual privilege of being revised by a distinguished Scotch critic and the most widely read Scotch novelist. It deals with the adventures of an old minister of a strict sect who comes to London to find out if any good thing can come out of the "City of Great Babylon."

—Harper & Bros. have secured the American rights of the story which Mr. Crockett intends to publish during the year 1896. *The Bookman* hears that the price is one of the largest paid during recent years to any British author. The same firm will also publish Mr. Zangwill's "The Master" in book-form. The story has appeared serially in the *Weekly*.

—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs" will be published next week by Harper & Bros. Mrs. Ritchie's first title for the book was "My Witch's Caldron," and some of the chapters appeared under that name; but she finally decided that "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs" would be the better title. Her name on the title-page is signed "Anne Thackeray Ritchie." This is an unusual way for an Englishwoman to write her name; she seldom, if ever, retains her maiden name, though the custom is almost universal in America.

—Palmer Cox's "Brownies" have achieved as great a success on the stage as they have in the literature of the young. The first performance of the fairy play in this city was given on Monday last, and proved to be entertaining, not only for the young, but also for their elders, being cleverly written and excellently staged.

—The lovers of Emily Dickinson's poems have been so eager to see some of her prose that a collection of her letters has been made, dating from 1845, when she was but fourteen years old, to 1886, a few days before her death. They have been carefully arranged and edited by Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd of Amherst, and are issued by Messrs. Roberts Bros. this week. The letters are said to be "even more piquant, brilliant and characteristic than the poems." Many of them are addressed to a number of well-known persons.

—Roberts Bros. publish this week, besides the Letters of Emily Dickinson, "A Child of the Age," by the late Francis Adams; "The Power of the Will; or, Success," by H. Risborough Sharnan; a second series of "The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems," by F. L. Hosmer and W. C. Gannett; and "Father Goose's Melodies," by Adelaide F. Samuels.

—An American verbatim reprint of the third edition of Dr. Norman Kerr's "Inebriety, or Narcomania: Its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment and Jurisprudence," has been authorized by the writer, and is announced by J. Selwin Tait & Sons. It is largely rewritten, and includes 317 additional pages, increasing the total number to 650.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have almost ready for publication two volumes of letters and extracts from the journals of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, compiled and translated by M. A. Belloc and M. Shedlock. These books are made up of the cream from the seven volumes already published, and will contain eight portraits.

—If Charles Knowles Bolton's book "On the Wooing of Martha Pitkin" is as pretty as the circular sent out by its publishers (Copeland & Day), it will be worth owning, if only for its appearance. The story is a true one and is partially recorded in the genealogies of the Pitkin and Wolcott families.

—Mr. Henry B. Fuller, author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani" and "The Cliff-Dwellers," returned from Europe just in time to witness and rejoice over Tammany's overthrow. The Horse Show and the opera will keep him in New York for a few weeks, in connection with a contemplated work of fiction.

—Sardou's new play, "A Woman's Silence," will be produced at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday, Nov. 20.

—Mrs. Jefferson Davis has just obtained possession of the memoirs of Mr. Davis which she wrote some time after his death. The book was published by the Belford Publishing Co., the failure of which concern obliged Mrs. Davis to bring suit for the recovery of her property. She is now trying to recover the plates and sheets of Mr. Davis's book, "A Short History of the Confederacy," which was published by the same house.

—Among the books sold by Bangs & Co. on Friday of last week was "The Athenian Oracle," London, 1728, which brought \$4.80. The sale of the library of the late Nelson J. Waterbury was begun on Nov. 12. Among the books sold were first editions of Byron.

—Dr. Conan Doyle gave a series of three readings at Daly's Theatre on Nov. 12, 14 and 16. His tour ends on Dec. 6, the Aldine Club will offer him a dinner on the 7th, and he will sail for home on the 8th. Dean Hole was entertained by the Rose Growers' Association of America at the Hotel Savoy on the 14th, and started on his Western tour on the following day. Major Pond will also manage David Christie Murray's lecture tour, beginning in January; and it is said that Florence Marryat will visit us, to speak on "The Mistakes of Marriage," "The New Woman" and "Can the Dead Return?"

Publications Received

- Bandello, M., Twelve Stories of. Tr. by P. Pinkerton. 72s. 6d. London: John C. Nimmo.
 Barclay, T., Correspondence of. Ed. by G. L. Rives. 8s. Harper & Bros.
 Baring-Gould, S., Deserts of Southern France. 2 vols. 8s.
 Baring-Gould, S., Book of Fairy Tales. 8s.
 Barnett, S. A., Making of the Body. 60c.
 Barr, R., In the Midst of Alarm. 75c.
 Becke, L., By Reef and Palm. 8s.
 Bell, M., Primroses. 60c.
 Bellamy, W., Century of Charades. 8s.
 Bouvet, M., My Lady. 8s. 2s.
 Brace, Charles Loring, Life of. Ed. by his Daughter. 8s. 2s.
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 Charles Scribner's Sons.

- Bramwell, A. B., and Hughes, H. M. Training of Teachers in the United States. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
- Brownell, J. L. Significance of a Decreasing Birth-Rate. 35c. Phila.: American Academy of Political & Soc. Science.
- Burstall, S. A. Education of Girls in the United States. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
- Byron, Lord. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. \$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
- Carus, P. Gospel of Buddha. \$1.50. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
- Cary, E. George William Curtis. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Cobb, S. Blanche of Burgundy. 50c. Robert Bonner's Sons.
- Croker, B. M. Mr. Jarvis. \$1. J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- Cutts, E. L. Villa of Claudius. 50c. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
- Davidson, T. Education of the Greek People. D. Appleton & Co.
- De Amicis, E. Holland. 2 vols. Tr. by H. Zimmern. \$5. Porter & Coates.
- Dickens, C. Tale of Two Cities. 2 vols. \$3.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Durand, J. Life and Times of A. B. Durand. \$6. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Everett-Green, E. Afterthought House. Soc. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
- Fenn, G. M. Vast Abyss. \$2. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
- Fenn, G. M. Life's Eclipse. \$1. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
- Fischer, W. Die Wandelnde Glocke. Ed. by R. H. Allpress. 25c. Maynard, Merrill & Co.
- Fouard, C. St. Paul and his Missions. \$2. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Gerstaecker, F. Germelshausen. Ed. by C. Osthaus. 25c. D. C. Heath & Co.
- Gibson, C. D., Drawings by. R. H. Russell & Son.
- Goethe's Faust. Tr. by J. Anster. \$3.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Golden Fairy Book. \$2. D. Appleton & Co.
- Gontaut, Memoirs of the Duchesse de. Tr. by Mrs. J. W. Davis. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Gordon, Mrs. Life and Correspondence of William Buckland. \$2.50. D. Appleton & Co.
- Griffith, S. M. Elkeville Girls. \$1. Phila.: Am. Baptist Pub. Co.
- Grossman, E. D. Edwin Booth. \$3. Century Co.
- Harrison, Mrs. B. A Bachelor Maid. \$1.25. Century Co.
- Henley, W. E., and Whitley, C. Book of English Prose. \$1. J. B. Lippincott & Co.
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