MARBOT'S MEMOIRS.

LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE.

THE MEMOIRS OF BARON DE MARBOT, LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN THE FRENCH ARMY. Translated from the French by Arthur John Butler. In two volumes, with portrait and maps. 8vo, pp. viii 452:472. Longmans, Green & Co.

Baron de Marbot's memoirs are truly characterized by the translator as in some respects the most interesting book that has appeared in France for a generation. Of their authenticity there is no question. They relate with frank and soldierly simplicity the principal events in a life literally crowded with adventure and vicissitude. Entering upon a military career at the age of seventeen, under the Directory, Marbot was aide-de-camp, first to Massena, then to Lannes, then to other marshals, until after years of fighting in Italy, in Spain, in Germany, he obtained his colonelcy and the command of a fine regiment, the 23d Mounted Chasseurs, which he raised to a very high degree of efficiency, and with which he performed many gallant feats of arms. He was present at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Leipzig, and finally at Waterloo. He seems to have been wounded in nearly every battle, and his hairbreadth escapes were numerous. Promotion was slow in his case. He labored for several years under peculiar difficulties, for one of his brothers had by accident got entangled in Pichegru and Moreau's conspiracy, and Napoleon took a prejudice against the name of Marbot in consequence.

The young soldier did such excellent service that the First Consul was finally forced to recognize him, and after that he rose more quickly. Throughout his memoirs he shows himself a devoted follower, but not a blind admirer, of his chief, and he does not hesitate to criticise the latter when he thinks himself sure of his ground. As Napoleon left General Marbot in his will a bequest of a hundred thousand francs for having defended his combinations at Essling against General Regniart, it is clear that the exile of St. Helena fully appreciated his friend's candor and recognized the accuracy of his information. Young Marbot entered upon the scene just as the Revolution was breaking out. His father, who held Radical views, joined the Revolutionary Army and quickly rose to be a general. The son was educated partly at a girl's school and partly at the military academy of Sarezo. He had a glimpse of the Terror at Bordeaux, when, going one day with his father, he saw a procession of carriages surrounded with troops, and learned that the sorrowful-looking people in these vehicles were prisoners—aristocrats who had just been arrested and were being conveyed to the Revolutionary Tribunal, which would no doubt quickly send them to the guillotine. The troops were very brutal to the prisoners, and this roused young Marbot's indignation. Seeing an old lady repulsed in an effort to procure a loaf of bread, the boy rifled the pockets of his father's carriage, which had just been provisioned for a two days' journey, and, watching his opportunity, handed the food to the prisoners.

General Marbot hated the Terror, and when he learned what his son had done he praised instead of scolding him. The lad was originally intended for the sea, but the French fleet was then powerless, for England ruled the sea, and the prospect of glory or promotion in the navy was very poor. General Marbot finally asked whether the lad would go with him to Italy, and the proposal was at once accepted. He was consequently enlisted as a private in a hussar regiment, and at the very outset of his military career an odd accident imperilled his future. His father had asked the colonel of the regiment for the name of some good soldier who might be instructed to look after the youth and teach him his duties. A name had been given, but it happened that there were two brothers in the same regiment bearing this name; and while one of them was an excellent man the other was a scamp and daredevil, though brave and efficient. Now through a mistake the scamp was put in charge of young Marbot, and so instructed the latter that soon his greatest ambition was to be admitted to a coterie of regimental rascals called "the gang," who were notorious for their pillaging, their reckless and irregular night expeditions, and their ruffling, swaggering ways. A bold act on his part procured him admission to these choice spirits, and next he found himself about to fight a duel, but was arrested before he had crossed swords with his antagonist, and was taken, a prisoner, before his own father.

The intercession of some general officers procured his release after a brief confinement. He won promotion by his prudence and gallantry in taking charge of a reconnoitring party and surprising the Austrians, from whom he took several prisoners. When Massena was shut up in Genoa, the Marbots, father and son, were with him. The siege was a dreadful one. The English fleet blockaded the port, and took turns with the Austrian land force in bombarding the place. The French garrison was reduced to the greatest straits. A quarter of a pound of horse-flesh and a horrible kind of bread made from all manner of refuse became their only sustenance. General Marbot was wounded, and died after a long struggle. Massena, seeing the grief of the son, decoyed him from the death-chamber and hurried on the burial as the most humane course in the circumstances. After the capitulation of Genoa, Marbot went to Germany as aide-de-camp to General Augereau. On the field of Austerlitz he was attached to the Emperor's staff. He gives a clear and vivid account of the battle, one terrible incident being related as follows:

The Emperor, whom we left on the plateau of Pratzen, having freed himself from the enemy's right and centre, which were in flight on the other side of Austerlitz, descended from the heights of Pratzen with a force of all arms, including Soult's corps and his guard, and went with all speed toward Telnitz, and took the enemy's columns in rear at the moment when Davout was attacking in front. At once the heavy masses of Austrians and Russians, packed on the narrow roadways which lead beside the Goldbach brook, finding themselves between two fires, fell into an indescribable confusion. All ranks were mixed up together, and each sought to save himself by flight. Some hurled themselves headlong into the marshes which border the pools, but our infantry followed them there. Others hoped to escape by the road that lies between the two pools; our cavalry charged them, and the butchery was frightful. Lastly, the greater part of the enemy, chiefly Russians, sought to pass over the ice. It was very thick, and five or six thousand men, keeping some kind of order, had reached the middle of the Satschan Lake, when Napoleon, calling up the artillery of his guard, gave the order to fire on the ice. It broke at countless points, and a mighty cracking was heard. The water, oozing through the fissures, soon covered the floes, and we saw thousands of Russians, with their horses, guns, and wagons, slowly settle down into the depths. It was a horribly majestic spectacle which I shall never forget. In an instant the surface of the lake was covered with everything that could swim. Men and horses struggled in the water amongst the floes. Some—a very small number—succeeded in saving themselves by the help of poles and ropes, which our soldiers reached to them from the shore, but the greater part were drowned.

On the day after the battle Marbot had an adventure growing out of the catastrophe described above, which but for his youth and strength might have closed his career. The Emperor was surveying the battlefield, and reaching the shore of the Satschan Lake, he dismounted, and was chatting with several marshals round a campfire, when he saw, floating about a hundred yards from the bank, a large isolated cake of ice, on which was stretched a wounded Russian non-commissioned officer, who begged for mercy and rescue. Napoleon was touched by the appeal, and ordered General Bertrand, his aide-de-camp, to do what he could to save the poor man. Some abortive attempts were made, but the rescuers were nearly drowned themselves. Marbot continues:

I bethought me then of saying that the swimmers ought to have stripped; in the first place, to preserve their freedom of movement, and secondly, to avoid having to pass the night in wet clothes. General Bertrand having heard this repeated it to the Emperor, who declared that I was right and that the others had shown more zeal than discretion. I do not wish to make myself out better than I am, so I will admit that just having taken part in a battle where I had seen thousands of dead and dying, the edge had been taken off my sensibility, and I did not feel philanthropic enough to run the risk of a bad cold by contesting with the ice floes the life of an enemy. I felt quite content with deploring his sad fate. But the Emperor's answer piqued me, and it seemed to me that I should be open to ridicule if I gave advice and did not dare to carry it into execution. So I leaped from my horse, and stripped myself naked and dashed into the water. I had gone fast in the course of the day and got hot, so that the chill struck me keenly, but I was young and vigorous, and a good swimmer; the Emperor's presence encouraged me, and I struck out to ward the Russian sergeant. At the same time my example, and probably the praise given me by the Emperor, determined a lieutenant of artillery, by name Roumestain, to imitate me.

While he was undressing I was advancing, but with a good deal more difficulty than I had foreseen. The older and stronger ice, which had been smashed to pieces the day before, had almost entirely disappeared, but a new skin had formed some lines in thickness, the sharp edges of which scratched the skin of my arms, breast and neck in a very unpleasant fashion. The artillery officer, who had caught me up half-way, had not perceived it at all, having profited by the path which I had opened in the new ice. He called my attention to this fact, and generously demanded to be allowed to take his turn of leading, to which I agreed, for I was cruelly cut up. At last we reached the huge floe of old ice on which the poor Russian was lying, and thought that the most laborious part of our enterprise was achieved. There we were quite wrong, for as soon as we began to push the floe toward the layer of new ice which covered the surface of the water, being broken by contact with it, piled itself up in front, so as in a short time to form a mass which not only resisted our efforts, but began to break the edges of the big floe. The bulk of this got smaller every moment, and we began to fear that the poor man whom we were trying to save would be drowned before our eyes. The edges, moreover, of the floe were remarkably sharp, so that we had to choose spots on which to rest our hands and our chests as we pushed. We were at our last gasp. Finally, by way of a crowning stroke, as we got near the bank the ice split in several places, and the portion on which the Russian lay was reduced to a slab only a few feet in breadth, quite insufficient to bear his weight. He was on the point of sinking when my comrade and I, feeling bottom at length, slipped our shoulders under the ice slab and bore it to the shore. They threw us ropes, which we fastened round the Russian, and he was at last hoisted on to the bench. We had to use the same means to get out of the water, for we were wearied, torn, bruised and bleeding, and could hardly stand.

In his account of the battle of Jena Baron de Marbot gives a story of the occupation of Landgrafenberg which no previous historian has mentioned. This was the key to the position, but the bluffs surrounding the plateau were so steep that Napoleon thought that it was inaccessible. This is how his lucky star aided him:

A priest of the town, excited by the sight of the conflagration which was devouring it, and regarding the Prussians as the enemies of his sovereign and his country, thought he might give Napoleon the means of driving them from the land by pointing out to him a little path which infantry could use to climb the steep sides of the Landgrafenberg. He therefore guided a detachment of voltigeurs and some staff officers to the place, which the Prussians, thinking the passage impracticable, had omitted to guard. Napoleon, however, took a different view, and on the strength of the report which the officers made went up there himself, accompanied by Marshal Lannes and guided by the Saxon parson. Having observed that between the highest point of the path and the plain which the enemy occupied there existed a little rocky platform, the Emperor resolved to assemble there a portion of his troops, who might issue from it as from a citadel to attack the Prussians. The difficulty of the task was such that no one but Napoleon, commanding Frenchmen, could have surmounted it, but he sent at once for 4,000 pioneering tools from the wagons of the engineers and artillery, and ordered that every battalion should work in turn for an hour at widening and levelling the path, and that as each finished its task it should go and form up silently on the Landgrafenberg, while another took its place. They were lighted at their work by torches, the light of which was concealed from the enemy's eyes by the blaze of Jena. The nights being long at this period of the year, we had time to make the climb accessible not only to the columns of infantry, but even to the wagons and the artillery, so that before daylight the corps of Lannes and Soult, and Augereau's first division, together with the foot guards, were massed on the Landgrafenberg. The term massed was never more correct, for the breasts of the men of each regiment were almost touching the backs of those in front of them. But the troops were so well disciplined that, in spite of the darkness and the packing of more than 40,000 men on that narrow platform, there was not the least disorder, and although the enemy, who were occupying Cospoda and Closevitz, were only half a cannon-shot off, they perceived nothing.

At the battle of Eylau Marbot had a really terrible experience. The 14th Regiment was surrounded on a small hill, and was being rapidly destroyed. The Emperor ordered Augereau to send an officer to them with orders to leave the hillock. The mission was almost certain death. Two aides-de-camp were dispatched, and both were killed on the way. The third call came, and it was Marbot's turn. Now Marbot had a swift but very vicious mare named Lisette, and to her on this occasion, he owed his life, as the sequel will show. He had observed that the two officers who went before had gone with drawn swords, which he thought imprudent. So he left his sword in the scabbard and galloped as straight and as quickly as possible. He reached the square, but found that the commander of the 14th could not possibly make his way to safety. He recognized the fatal nature of the situation and sent a gallant message to the Emperor, begging Marbot to take charge of the eagle of the doomed regiment. Finding the pole of the eagle unwieldy the aide-de-camp resolved to detach it. We will let him tell the rest of the story himself:

But at the moment when I was leaning forward from my saddle in order to get a better purchase to separate the eagle from the pole, one of the numerous cannon balls which the Russians were sending at us went through the hinder peak of my hat, less than an inch from my head. The shock was all the more terrible since my hat, being fastened on by a strong leather strap under the chin, offered more resistance to the blow. I seemed to be blotted out of existence, but I did not fall from my horse; blood flowed from my nose, my ears, and even my eyes; nevertheless, I still could hear and see, and I preserved all my intellectual faculties, although my limbs were paralyzed to such an extent that I could not move a single finger.

Meanwhile the column of Russian infantry which we had just perceived was mounting the hill; they were grenadiers wearing mitre-shaped caps with metal ornaments. Soaked with spirits, and in vastly superior numbers, these men hurled themselves furiously on the feeble remains of the unfortunate 14th, whose soldiers had for several days been living only on potatoes and melted snow; that day they had not had time to prepare even this wretched meal. Still our brave Frenchmen made a valiant defence with their bayonets, and when the square had been broken they held together in groups and sustained the unequal fight for a long time.

During this terrible struggle several of our men, in order not to be struck from behind, set their backs against my mare's flanks, she, contrary to her practice, remaining perfectly quiet. If I had been able to move I should have urged her forward to get away from this field of slaughter. But it was absolutely impossible for me to press my legs so as to make the animal I rode understand my wish. My position was the more frightful since, as I have said, I retained the power of sight and thought. Not only were they fighting all around me, which exposed me to bayonet-thrusts, but a Russian officer with a hideous countenance kept making efforts to run me through. As the crowd of combatants prevented him from reaching me, he pointed me out to the soldiers around him, and they, taking me for the commander of the French, as I was the only mounted man, kept firing at me over their comrades' heads, so that bullets were constantly whistling past my ear. One of them would certainly have taken away the small amount of life that was still in me had not a terrible incident led to my escape from the melee.

Among the Frenchmen who had got their flanks against my mare's near flank was a quartermaster-sergeant, whom I knew from having frequently seen him at the marshal's, making copies for him of the "morning states." This man, having been attacked and wounded by several of the enemy, fell under Lisette's belly, and was seizing my leg to pull himself up, when a Russian grenadier, too drunk to stand steady, wishing to finish him by a thrust in the breast, lost his balance, and the point of his bayonet went astray into my cloak, which at that moment was puffed out by the wind. Seeing that I did not fall, the Russian left the sergeant and aimed a great number of blows at me. These were at first fruitless, but one at last reached me, piercing my left arm, and I felt with a kind of horrible pleasure my blood flowing hot. The Russian grenadier with redoubled fury made another thrust at me, but stumbling with the force which he put into it, drove his bayonet into my mare's thigh. Her ferocious instincts being restored by the pain, she sprang at the Russian, and at one mouthful tore off his nose, lips, eyebrows, and all the skin of his face, making of him a living death's-head, dripping with blood. Then, hurling herself with fury among the combatants, kicking and biting, Lisette upset everything that she met on her road. The officer who had made so many attempts to strike me tried to hold her by the bridle; she seized him by his belly, and carrying him off with ease, she bore him out of the crush to the foot of the hillock, where, having torn out his entrails and mashed his body under her feet, she left him dying on the snow. Then, taking the road by which she had come, she made her way at full gallop toward the cemetery of Eylau. Thanks to the hussar's saddle on which I was sitting I kept my seat. But a new danger awaited me. The snow had begun to fall again, and great flakes obscured the daylight when, having arrived close to Eylau, I found myself in front of a battalion of the Old Guard, who, unable to see clearly at a distance, took me for an enemy's officer leading a charge of cavalry. The whole battalion at once opened fire on me; my cloak and my saddle were riddled, but I was not wounded nor was my mare. She continued her rapid course, and went through the three ranks of the battalion as easily as a snake through a hedge. But this last spurt had exhausted Lisette's strength; she had lost much blood, for one of the large veins in her thigh had been divided, and the poor animal collapsed suddenly and fell on one side, rolling me over on the other.

Stretched on the snow among the piles of dead and dying, unable to move in any way, I gradually and without pain lost consciousness. I felt as if I was being gently rocked to sleep. At last I fainted quite away without being revived by the mighty clatter which Murat's ninety squadrons advancing to the charge must have made in passing close to me and perhaps over me. I judge that my swoon lasted four hours, and when I came to my senses I found myself in this horrible position. I was completely naked, having nothing on but my hat and my right boot. A man of the transport corps, thinking me dead, had stripped me in the usual fashion, and wishing to pull off the only boot that remained, was dragging me by one leg with his foot against my body. The jerks which the man gave no doubt had restored me to my senses. I succeeded in sitting up and spitting out the clots of blood from my throat. The shock caused by the wind of the ball had produced such an extravasation of blood that my face, shoulders and chest were black, while the rest of my body was stained red by the blood from my wound. My hat and hair were full of bloodstained snow, and as I rolled my haggard eyes I must have been horrible to see. Anyhow, the transport man looked the other way, and went off with my property without my being able to say a single word to him, so utterly prostrate was I. But I had recovered my mental faculties, and my thoughts turned toward God and my mother.

This would have been the end of Marbot but for a fortunate accident. The man who had stripped him happened to show his plunder to a servant of Augereau, who recognized Marbot's uniform and his watch. He procured help, hastened to the spot where Marbot lay, rescued him and had his wounds attended to. Our hero, however, was no sooner out of one trouble than another befell him. One of his feet had been frost-bitten while he lay on the field. There was an old wound on it, and gangrene appeared in this. "The doctor turned pale when he saw the foot; then, making four servants hold me, and taking his knife, he dug the mortified flesh from my foot just as one cuts the damaged part out of an apple. The pain was great, but I did not complain. It was otherwise, however, when the knife reached the living flesh, and laid bare the muscles and bones till one could see them moving. Then the doctor, standing on a chair, soaked a sponge in hot sweetened wine, and let it fall drop by drop into the hole which he had just dug in my foot. The pain became unbearable. Still, for eight days, I had to undergo this torture morning and evening, but my leg was saved."

After this the Marshal had a rest and recovered from his wounds at home. His next move was to Spain, where he served on Massena's staff; and here he had another narrow escape. The whole country, save that immediately occupied by the French, was up in insurrection. The roads and mountains swarmed with guerillas. Small detachments were cut off. Supply trains were attacked. There was no safety in travelling save with a strong escort. At this time, Marbot, now on the staff of Lannes, was ordered to carry dispatches announcing the victory of Tudela to the Emperor, at Aranda. The most direct route was over the mountains, and this Marbot was directed to take. He had but two orderlies with him the first part of the journey, and only one later. They had not gone far, when they were fired at from the roadside. A little further on they found the bodies of two French soldiers, recently killed, in the road. Still proceeding, they came upon a horrible sight. A young French officer, still wearing his uniform, was nailed by his hands and feet, head downward, to a barn door. A small fire had been lighted under his head. He was recently dead, for his blood was still flowing. Then seven Spaniards fired at the party from behind a hedge. Marbot and his two hussars, furious at what they had seen, shot two of the wretches, dashed, sword in hand at the rest, and gave a good account of themselves; in fact, none escaped. The two hussars could not go much further, and Marbot's horse being lame, he had to proceed on foot, with one raw infantry recruit as a guard. After travelling several miles through the night, he reached a village at dawn. He had passed almost through it without seeing a soul, when suddenly he found himself face to face with four mounted gen d'armes. The village street was so covered with vine leaves that no footfall could be heard, and while Marbot was considering what to do, the brigadier of the gen d'armes crept up behind him, and was about to cut him down, when he turned, thus receiving the blow on his face instead of the back of his head. He was not stunned, but blinded with his own blood, yet he fought his enemy, and finally ran him through, and escaped to the hills, where by climbing the rocks, he baffled his pursuers. They began to fire at him, and the sound of the shots was heard by a small French detachment, who came on the double to the rescue, just in time. The recruit had abandoned Marbot promptly when he was attacked, and had returned to the bivouac, where he coolly sat down to his soup, volunteering no information until the officer in charge asked him where he had left the officer whom he had been told off to escort. "Good Lord, sir," replied the fellow, "I left him in that big village with his head half split open, and fighting with Spaniard troopers, and they were cutting away at him with their swords like anything."

The Baron has a number of interesting portraits of the Marshals whom he knew. Napoleon paid his favorites lavishly, and allowed them many lucrative privileges; but probably Marshal Lannes had the greatest stroke of good fortune when he was Ambassador at Lisbon. During this time a son was born to the Marshal, and the Prince Regent of Portugal asked to be godfather. "On the christening-day," says Marbot, "in the course of a visit to the rooms of the palace in which Brazilian curiosities were kept, he took Lannes to a room where were boxes full of precious stones, and, opening one, he took out three double handfuls of uncut diamonds, and put them into the general's hat, with the words: 'The first for my godson, the second for the ambassadress, his mother, and the third for the ambassador.' From this time Lannes, from whom I had the story, was really a wealthy man." This sounds like a reminiscence of the days of the good Haroun Al Raschid.

Of Massena's miserliness several amusing instances are given. The old Marshal had a fall from his horse at Lobau, and so hurt his leg that he had to use a carriage at the battle of Wagram and the subsequent actions. Now the Marshal's own coachman and postilion (both civilians) refused to let soldiers or anybody else drive him, and both remained with the carriage through the hottest fire. Everybody praised them, and said they would be handsomely rewarded. Massena concurred in this opinion, but his notion of a handsome reward was a money gift of 400 francs apiece. Marbot, by a neat ruse, compelled him to make the sum an annuity, but the Marshal never forgave the officer who had thus, as he conceived, robbed him. His revenue at this time was nearly one million francs.

The memoirs so abound with good stories and bits of description that it is difficult to know when to stop culling from them, but many are too long for quotation, and this is the case with some of the best, as for instance, Marbot's awkward adventure at the masked ball at Paris. The Emperor and Marshal Duroc were together at this ball, and Marbot was actually sitting close to them when a strange grenadier of a woman, who had some real or fancied grievance against Napoleon, and who had been introduced to Marbot only that morning, came up to him, and began to pour out a torrent of abuse upon the Emperor and his Government. Poor Marbot's feelings may be imagined; but he had plenty of tact and presence of mind, and he got neatly out of the scrape.

The disastrous Russian expedition was accompanied by Colonel Marbot, who was then in command of the 23d Chasseurs. He kept his command from the worst of the hardships of the retreat from Moscow by his forethought in clothing the men warmly, and his energy in finding provisions; and he brought back a larger percentage of troopers fit for active service than did almost any other commander. The Baron's narrative of the passage of the Beresina is thrilling, but too long for extraction. He states that there was abundance of time for the 50,000 disorganized men who remained on the wrong side of the river to have crossed, but there was nobody to take them in hand. They waited until the last moment, then madly rushed for the bridge, got into a hopeless block, and the catastrophe followed as recorded in history.

The effects of the cold during the retreat were felt most by the men who had until recently occupied warm barracks. Within forty-eight hours nearly 12,000 conscripts who had come from Wilna to meet the retreating army perished. The first night passed in the snow killed 200 Neapolitan troopers of Murat's guard. But we must tear ourselves from this really fascinating book. Marbot accompanied Napoleon until his abdication, and joined him again during the Hundred Days. Unfortunately the memoirs do not include the Waterloo campaign, in which Marbot was made a major-general. His account of that period would no doubt have been exceedingly interesting. On the second Restoration he had to leave France, but was amnestied later, returned, re-entered the army, and rose again to be major-general, his first promotion not having taken effect. His book ought to be popular, for it is full of thrilling adventures, gallant deeds, perils encountered, lofty patriotism, and frank and manly spirit. Marbot was a brave and capable soldier, a man of unblemished honor, and an annalist whose veracity is not likely to be called in question.

THE NOVELIST'S METHODS.

MR. CRAWFORD'S NEW STORY.

THE THREE FATES. By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, pp. 412. Macmillan & Co.

In his new book Mr. Crawford has entered so largely into the work and the methods of the novelist that he is sure to be suspected of autobiography. His hero is a young man who begins life as a paid contributor of book notices to a daily newspaper. It is only the books of slight importance which are entrusted to him, and as he receives instructions as to the amount of space to be given to each volume, and is not permitted to indulge his inclination to cut and slash with youthful recklessness, he, of course, thinks himself ill-used. After a sufficient discipline of this kind, George Winton Wood begins to write articles for the magazines, and in describing his progress, his hopes, his disappointments and partial successes, the author exhibits, no doubt, an intimate acquaintance with the kind of career he is chronicling. It by no means follows, however, that the story is in any true sense autobiographical. All fiction deserving the name embodies the personal experiences and observation of the author. Whoever sits down to write a novel without any experience and observation of life is predestined to failure, and though, unfortunately for the public and the critics, the rash experiment is often made, the end is ever the same.

Mr. Crawford's full knowledge of this phase of his subject imparts a solidity and shrewdness to his running commentary which will render this book particularly interesting to journalists, men of letters, and critics. Romance writers indeed are likely to be startled by the really extraordinary feats of literary production ascribed to George Wood. As Mr. Crawford observes, authors have many methods of composition, and it would be difficult to draw a line and to say that any special mode was impossible. But it is safe to assume that not many writers have ever exhibited the ease and celerity of composition here shown by the hero, who, being urged by his sweetheart to write a novel, evolves a plot in an hour or so, immediately begins writing, proceeds for eight or ten hours at a stretch, and keeps this up until the book is finished in a very few weeks. Another of his stories is completed in twenty-nine days—a "tour de force" which is the more calculated to impress the reader inasmuch as the book so hastily produced is represented as a good one. We do not venture to say that Mr. Crawford could not do this, or that he has not done it; we merely observe that there are not many similar instances to be found in literary history, and that these are to be found in the annals of the giants principally. The description of George Wood's inspiration, however, is highly interesting, and here there can be no doubt that personal experience has been drawn upon. The complete absorption of the mind in the work; the strong relief assumed by the creations of imagination, and the melting into immateriality of the actual world, its occupants and affairs; the apparent extraneousness of the characters, who come forward as it were of their own volition, and who say and do things which seem to the writer to have originated outside his own consciousness; all this kind of experience has been common to every great novelist.

Interesting as this literary analysis is, however, it must yield to the final purpose of Mr. Crawford's story. The title—"The Three Fates"—has reference to the influence upon the hero's career of three women who in turn attract him. The first, Constance Fearing, does him an inestimable good in persuading him to attempt the novel whose success almost at once establishes his fame and fortunes. With her he believes himself to be passionately in love; but she is cool, cautious, and distrustful, as is perhaps almost inevitable in the case of a rich girl who dreads being approached only for her money. When Constance finds herself unable to love him as she thinks he ought to be loved, and refuses to marry him, he considers his career blighted. There is no conscious self-delusion in the case, yet three months later he is virtually making love to another girl, to whom he becomes engaged. It is true that he is entrapped into this engagement by the guileful "Tottie," who knows, though he does not, that he is the sole heir of a very rich old man; and it is equally true that the love of poor Mamie for him is utilized by the manoeuvring mother to make him propose. But when all is said it is clear—as he finally realizes—that he was not really in love with Constance, who he thought had broken his heart. As to Mamie, he knew that he was not in love with her. As to Grace Bond, the widowed sister of his first love, to whom he inclines strongly at the last, the reader is left in doubt.

It is not at all easy to penetrate the author's ultimate meaning. In George Wood he has created his most complete character; and the reader may be pardoned if he fails to comprehend thoroughly the workings of a mind whose subtlety is so profound that half the time it does not understand itself. This, of course, constitutes a proof of the author's art, for do any of us understand ourselves truly and wholly? How much less can we hope to comprehend one another. In the case of George Wood the inference which seems most probable is that he was temperamentally incapable of a deep and abiding love. Reflecting upon his own past he is surprised to note how little impression his disappointments in love have made upon him. In the most moving crisis of the kind he has been able to plunge into his chosen occupation, to exchange the real for the ideal, and to lose himself in the latter. When the deceptions of Tottie were exposed by Tom Craik, and his engagement with Mamie was so suddenly broken off by the honest, humiliated girl, he gets himself out of the difficulty by beginning a new novel on the spot; and no personal sentiment interferes to prevent him from working at this so strenuously and absorbedly that the world is utterly forgotten while he is thus engaged, and that a six months' undertaking, under ordinary conditions, is finished in a few days.

This is the character of a man who has a vocation which dominates him. In his books he finds himself creating situations and describing emotions which, it occurs to him sometimes with surprise, he has never felt himself. His fickle love is somehow more real and impressive than that personal emotion which, while it lasted, he believed to be a master passion. Is not this the explanation of "The Three Fates"? George Wood stands for that deeply interesting but mysterious temperament to which the ordinary relations of life are reversed. To the born creator of fiction it is only the ideal which is real. "Let us talk about something practical," said Balzac, tired of things of the material world—"let us talk about Eugenie Grandet." To him, as is well known, his own characters and their doings were far more real than the men and women whom he met and conversed with. To this race George Wood belongs. We take leave of him rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but loveless. Is this final view of him quite in harmony with the rare art which has developed and presented his complex character so finely, however? The man who lives in his art, the abnormal force of whose creative imagination so reverses actual conditions as to make the ideal more real than anything else in existence—can such a one suffer like an ordinary mortal thoroughly adapted to his environment? Can the failure of earthly attachments seriously affect one whose firmest attachments are not earthly; whose nature is really incapable of evolving or maintaining a deep-seated passion? That is a question which Mr. Crawford appears not to have worked out quite so artistically as is his want. It is no doubt a deep problem, but we know of no one who is better able to do justice to it, and therefore we regret that it is here rather slurred. But "The Three Fates" is none the less an admirable novel; original, powerfully conceived and executed, full of ingenious and profound psychological analysis, abounding in keen observations, in knowledge of human nature and the world, strong as to situations, direct and sprightly in dialogue. Nothing in it recalls any of the author's previous work, varied and extensive as it has been. The versatility which is his characteristic is once more exhibited in a surprising manner, and the thoroughness and honesty of workmanship which we have learned to associate with all his writings, are as conspicuous as ever.

LITERARY NOTES.

Swinburne's forthcoming play, "The Sisters," is not, of course, to be put upon the stage. It is strictly a literary performance. The period in which the scene is set is just after Waterloo, and the place is a Northumberland country seat. Two men, Sir Francis Dilston and Sir Arthur Clavering, are the principal characters. The book will be published next month.

Mr. Howells has written a poem for "Harper" and called it "Materials of a Story."

In "The Westminster Review" we find an amusing article by Mr. A. A. Hayes—an article which deals with the extraordinary mistakes made by Englishmen in regard to America and the Americans. Mr. Hayes thinks that nothing in the direction of geographical blunders "comes up to the achievement of a most courteous and open-minded Englishman who crossed the Atlantic with the intention of familiarizing himself with the New World. He carried letters to an eminent American, who answered all his questions, advised him to travel extensively, and gave him an itinerary. The visitor followed this religiously; he went, he saw, and he returned to his friend's house. He was astounded, he said, and delighted. He had no idea what a magnificent country it was, what vast strides it had made, and how much there was to admire.

"'But, my dear ——,' he continued, 'one thing is quite certain. The Union cannot long endure; separation must ultimately occur upon geographical lines.'

"'How, and why?' asked his host.

"'Why, my dear ——, when the Panama Canal separates the North from the South!'"

An exact reprint of Lord Mahon's edition of Chesterfield's "Letters" is announced by Lippincott. It is to be in five octavo volumes printed from pica type.

Theodore Watts, writing about Walt Whitman, admits that Whitman had the temperament of the poetical thinker; that "whenever he writes about death, and in one or two lyrics about Lincoln, he is fine—sometimes he is almost sublime; and it is by no means sure that if he could have been compelled to give his attention not merely to English metres, but to English grammar and English common-sense, he might not have left something notable behind him." There Mr. Watts's praise stops. He records that "it chanced once in Rossetti's studio that the late W. Bell Scott (who always claimed the honor of having invented Whitman for England) was talking with his admirable incisiveness about the 'Leaves of Grass.' I knew, of course, that not only he, but other men of genius and intellect—such as my dear friend, W. M. Rossetti, for instance—had, in their noble yearning to see a promised land beyond Philistia, arrived at the conclusion that whatever came from America had upon it the cachet of heaven. But I felt sure that Dante Rossetti, who was absolutely free from political, or social bias—I might almost have said free from political or social sympathy—could not accept Whitman as a poet. Moreover, I saw by an uncomfortable twitching of the eye, as he looked up at me over his spectacles, that he wished the conversation would take another turn. And when I said, 'Do you also believe in the Jack Bunsby of Parnassus?' he who, although not a good Dickensian, was a lover of Jack Bunsby, gave vent to that splendid guffaw of his, and rolled upon the sofa in an ectasy of delight."

"The Equal Woman," is the title of Walter Besant's new story. Mr. W. E. Norris's new novel is to be called "The Late Viscount Brent." Both are to be first published as serials. The tart Mrs. Lynn Linton is finishing a novel with a purpose—one on which she has been at work for two years. It is a study of the modern woman at school and college and is to be called "In Haste and at Leisure."

"The Elizabethan Library" (edited by Dr. Grosart) is to be published here by McClurg. The first volume will present selections from the writings of Philip Sidney; the second extracts from those of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Professor Masson doesn't believe that John Keats was killed by the "savage and tartarly" "Quarterly" article on his poems, and he certainly goes far to prove that Shelley was in the wrong in his somewhat hysterical statement to that effect. Masson shows that the feverish sore throat, which was the beginning of the development of his inherited disease in Keats, was acquired in a Scottish walking tour before the poet saw the criticism. The three months after he returned from his journey he spent in nursing his younger brother, Tom, who was dying of consumption; and his own condition grew worse from that time. One can hardly doubt that had "The Quarterly" been mild as a June morning the effect of these experiences would have been the same.

Dr. John Skelton's "Life of Mary Stuart" is to be richly illustrated with reproductions of contemporary documents, pictures and prints. Queen Victoria is much interested in the publication, and has opened the royal archives to the biographer. It is said that the work promises to be one of the great books of the year.

The late Mr. Lehmann, who was the intimate friend of most of the eminent Englishmen of the last generation, left many interesting letters and rough notes of his recollections. Among the latter we find a paragraph which gives a new view of Dickens. "Dickens fond of Americans," writes Lehmann. "But when I returned from America in the spring of '63, and expressed my firm belief in the ultimate triumph of the North, he treated my opinion as a harmless hallucination."

Of Rudyard Kipling an English periodical, "The Young Man," says that he owes everything to hard work. "Of course he has genius, imaginative power, observation; but they have been trained and developed in the school of hard work. At sixteen he had written reams of tales and verse. It was at this mature epoch that he met at dinner the proprietor of a great Indian newspaper, who was struck with the old-fashioned cock-suredness of the boy. He asked him if he had written anything, and finally engaged him at £300 per annum to go out to India as sub-editor of its most influential paper. Every one who knows anything knows that the life of a sub-editor is much like that of the toad under the harrow. Add to that the debilitating climate of India, and think of what the life of this youth of sixteen must have been. He has given a glimpse of it in the impressive opening of one of his most powerful stories, 'The Man Who Would be King.' What chance there, most folk would say, of producing stories? But it was in such conditions that much of his best work was done. He can toil terribly, as Queen Elizabeth said of Raleigh. Last year, when he was the lion of the London drawing-rooms, he suddenly disappeared. He left no address; his own relatives called at his chambers in vain. He had gone into the heart of the country with a man and a typewriter. There he worked steadily for ten hours a day till he had produced his last book. When the task was finished, he was almost speechless and paralyzed with the tremendous nervous strain. But he had done what he meant to do; he had refused to fritter his time in social frivolities, and had kept the public ear at a time when it was most necessary for him to justify the fame which his first book had brought him."

Miss Betham-Edwards, the novelist—who has often been confounded, to the indignation of both, with the late Amelia B. Edwards—has in press a book which promises to be both important and interesting. It is to be called "A Survey of France: Rural, Social, and Economic, from Personal Observation One Hundred Years After the Revolution." The author has lived much in France.

The Macmillan series of "Men of Letters" is coming to the front again with Professor Nichol's monograph on Carlyle.

A collection of the latest writings of Count Leo Tolstoi appeared recently in Moscow. Among these was an essay upon "Handwork and Intellectual Activity," an essay which is really an extract from a letter to a Frenchman. Tolstoi declares therein that we "are caught in the net of false belief in our civilization"; that which society calls "science and art is only a great soapbubble"; that in order to recognize the real meaning of life it is neither necessary to have positive philosophy nor deep knowledge, but only a negative quality;—no prejudices. "The principal fault in our society," adds the Count, "has been and is, the efforts to avoid labor with the hands, and, without exchanging the results or products of labor, to make use of the work of the ignorant and poor classes." He asserts that there is a high moral law, leading to contentment and happiness, directing us to use the services of others as little as possible, but to serve others as much as possible.

"The Foresters" in book-form has had a notable success in England. It is said that the sale has been greater than the sale in the same time of any of Tennyson's previous plays.

THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS.

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

LOCAL EVENTS—SALES AT THE ACADEMY—AMERICAN ART AT MUNICH—SUMMER EXHIBITIONS ABROAD.

To-morrow, at the Knoedler Gallery, will begin an exhibition of landscapes done in America, England and Scotland by Mr. George H. McCord, and pictures by Antoine Vallon and Josef Israels. There will be an exhibition at the Keppel Gallery, from April 19 to April 30, of pictures and drawings by Mr. Thure de Thulstrup and Mr. Rufus F. Zogbaum. The pictures by the late B. R. Fitz at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries will remain there until Thursday, the 21st, when the sale, which is to be concluded on the 22d, will be begun. On May 2, the same day that has been chosen for the public opening of the next exhibition at these galleries, that of the Society of American Artists, the Metropolitan Museum of Art will hold its regular spring reception. The Museum closes to-morrow, and the next eight or ten days will be devoted to the placing of the objects of art bequeathed by Mrs. Elizabeth Coles and Mr. E. C. Moore.

In a letter printed in The Tribune of last Monday, replying to the query which had been put in this column as to why his pictures were so slow in coming to New-York, Mr. Walter Crane stated that his "works were exhibited at Boston, at Chicago and at St. Louis by special invitation from the authorities of the art museums and institutions of those cities, ... who gave their bond to the customs and undertook the expenses of transport," and he added that "the liberality of those authorities had enabled him to show his works with a completeness that would not have otherwise been possible." The inference is that if New-York had been so inclined, she might have had the pictures, too, before this. As it is, it has remained for the Brooklyn Art Association to come forward and assume the responsibilities attendant upon arranging an exhibition of the collection. The exhibition is promised for next month, prior to the transportation of the pictures to Philadelphia, where the Art Club has agreed to show them for awhile. New-Yorkers who really care about such things will not mind taking the journey over the Bridge. The remote possibility that an exhibition of Mr. Crane's designs may be held in New-York upon some future occasion may do something to mitigate the unpleasantness of the fact that in a matter of art which appeals to every intelligent person, New-York has thus far shown no unwillingness to be outdone by Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

The following pictures in the exhibition at the Academy of Design have been sold in addition to those mentioned in The Tribune last Sunday: "A New Story," by Seymour J. Guy, $750; "On Guard," by J. G. Brown, $650; "The First Day of Indian Summer," by J. Alden Weir, $400; "Low Tide—Grand Menan, "by A. T. Bricher, $500; "Flowers from Grandma's Garden," by Carrie L. Carter, $90; "La Cigale," by Lydia Field Emmet, $100.

About three months ago the Central Committee of the fourth International Exhibition of Fine Arts, which is to be held in the Crystal Palace at Munich from June 1 to October 31, appointed Mr. Charles F. Ulrich, the well-known American artist, to come to this country and "enter into arrangements with the artists and with the press for the especial furtherance of the interests of the exhibition." That, at any rate, is the way in which the Central Committee expressed it. From "The Studio" we learn that "the American artists living in Munich had the good sense, avoiding the cumbersome machinery of a committee, to put the whole matter of the selection of the pictures into the hands of one person in whose judgment and taste they place confidence." Quite aside from the question of the source of Mr. Ulrich's appointment, many artists would doubtless like to have the exact nature of his duties, as laid down in his instructions, explained with authority. The following list, taken from "The Studio," gives the names of the artists selected by Mr. Ulrich and the number of pictures by which they will each be represented: J. Alden Weir (1), Dennis Miller Bunker (1), Benjamin R. Fitz (1), Charles Melville Dewey (1), Kenyon Cox (2), George Inness (3), Winslow Homer (1), George de Forest Brush (2), A. H. Wyant (1), Emil Carlsen (1), Robert W. Vonnoh (2), Horatio Walker (2), John S. Sargent (3), William M. Chase (3), T. W. Dewing (3), Childe Hassam (3), H. S. Mowbray (2), Edmund C. Tarbell (2), Frank W. Benson (1), D. W. Tryon (3), A. H. Thayer (3) and J. McN. Whistler (4). Augustus St. Gaudens and Olin L. Warner will send casts of their works, the former six and the latter three; drawings will be lent by the publishers of "The Century," "Scribner's" and "Harper's," including Abbey's illustrations to the comedies of Shakespeare, and the entire American exhibit is to be placed in a room designed by Stanford White.

There will be no lack of art exhibitions abroad this summer. In London the Royal Academy opens on May 2 and the new English Art Club a week or two later. In Paris the Societe des Artistes Francais opens at the Champs-Elysees on May 1, and the Societe Nationale des Beaux-Arts opens its rival salon at the Champs-de-Mars on May 7. The date of the opening of the exposition at Munich has already been given. In Genoa the Italo-American exhibition, organized for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, opens on June 1 or thereabouts, and in Madrid, on September 12, a similar exposition will be inaugurated, each having a section dedicated to the fine arts. There will be no end of special exhibitions like that of old masters of the Dutch and Flemish school, which the Burlington Fine Arts Club is preparing for May, or like that of "Cent Chefs d'Ceuvre," which is to occupy the Georges Petit galleries in June.

"Show Sunday," the day upon which the artists of London give their friends and the critics a glimpse of their Academy pictures, has flooded the London papers with "puffs preliminary." The list which one journal offers of the chief pictures of the year is headed by five of Sir Frederick Leighton's works, of which two, "And the Sea Gave up its Dead" and "The Garden of the Hesperides," promise the most. These are followed by two Tademas, neither remarkable in subject; two landscapes and a portrait, by Millais; another Napoleonic picture by Orchardson, "Napoleon Dictating the History of his Campaigns to Las Casas at St. Helena," which is said to be more than equal to his "Napoleon on the Bellerophon" in the Chantrey Bequest; a corporation portrait group by Professor Herkomer; an "Orpheus and Eurydice," by Solomon J. Solomon; landscapes by Leader, Boughton, Vicat Cole and Alfred East; historical compositions by Pettie, Gow, Rudolf Lehmann and Colin Hunter; miscellaneous figure pieces by Poynter, Briton Riviere, Marcus Stone, Calderon, J. Sant, Arthur Hacker, Stanhope Forbes, Chevallier Tayler and Herbert Schmalz. The only American besides Mr. Boughton whose pictures are described is Mr. George Hitchcock. He is sending a large pearly landscape called "Holland" and a picture of a Dutch poppy field. It is not known positively whether Mr. Sargent will exhibit or not, but it is rumored that he is busy upon a study of Isaiah.

Mr. Whistler was interviewed by a representative of "The Illustrated News of the World" on the eve of his exhibition in London, and he said, among other things: "I look upon this collection merely as a prelude to that which I hope to show before long in Paris, where all my strongest art sympathies are centred. But I wish it to be particularly understood that I do not regard this little show as in any way a representative exhibition of my work, as some of those important exhibitions at the Grosvenor represented different distinguished artists like Millais, Leighton and Watts. You see, I am showing here merely some forty paintings in oil, but they do not include the Sarasate, for instance, or many other equally well-known pictures. Then there are here no etchings, no lithographs, no water-colors, no pastels; without examples of these no exhibition could be said to represent my work." He said further: "I am at work on a full-length portrait of a distinguished man, the Comte Robert de Montesquiou. It is a standing figure, and in Paris those who have seen it declare it is quite one of the best things I have ever done." Some of Mr. Whistler's etchings have been bought for the Luxembourg lately, which museum, by the way, is paying much attention to the impressionists. A marine by Claude Monet, a portrait by Renoir and a rural subject by Pissaro are among the works that have recently been acquired and efforts have even been made to secure a canvas by Degas for the National collection. Yet this ought not to be surprising, not after the episode of Manet's "Olympia."

There is more unexpected testimony to the catholicity of the cautious elements in French art circles than these purchases of impressionistic pictures in the "Gazette des Beaux-Art" for April. The editor has admitted an article on John Opie, least French of all English artists of the last century; he has permitted the author, Mr. Claude Phillips, to praise his subject heartily, and he has employed M. Gaujean to etch one of Opie's best works, the "Portrait of Mistress Frances Winnicombe." The wonder is the greater in view of the fact that Opie is not by any means one of the first English artists. The principal article in point of interest in this month's "Gazette," is on Cesare da Sesto, one of the Lombard painters who fell under the influence of Leonardo. It deals with several doubtful questions of attribution, too complicated to be discussed here in small space, but one of M. Reymond's points may be referred to—his assigning to da Sesto the beautiful "Madone au Donateur," in the little church of San Onofrio, on the Janiculum, which some critics give to Leonardo himself.

An appropriate frontispiece to "The Art Journal" for April, is a picture called "Spring," by J. R. Weguelin. It is a pretty fancy, gracefully composed, and is fairly well etched by C. O. Murray. Other welcome outdoor subjects appear in the body of the magazine, a description of Poona, in a series of articles on "Outings in India," and the second of two papers on the Marne, in a series on "Paris Pleasure Resorts."