LEJEUNE AND OUDINOT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TWO NAPOLEONIC SOLDIERS.

MEMOIRS OF BARON LEJEUNE, Aide-de-Camp to Marshals Berthier, Davout and Oudinot. Translated and Edited from the Original French by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers). With an Introduction by Major-General Maurice, C. B. In Two Volumes. Octavo, pp. xx, 341, 309. Longmans, Green & Co.

MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL OUDINOT, DUC DE REGGIO. Compiled from the Hitherto Unpublished Souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio by Gaston Stiegler, and now first Translated into English by Alexander Teixera da Mattos. With Two Portraits. Octavo, pp. viii, 474. D. Appleton & Co.

All memoirs of a serious character are valued for their historical significance, yet it is interesting to see how the personal note, which seems to be crowded into the background by events, ultimately triumphs and colors the entire narrative, gives it its vitality and charm. This is especially the case with Napoleonic memoirs. They are fruitful in sidelights upon history. Marbot, Meneval, Barras and the central figures in the present volumes serve to enrich our knowledge of the life and campaigns of Bonaparte. But it is Oudinot the man and soldier who holds the attention in his wife's pages, and Baron Lejeune counts for much more to the reader than the ruler whom he served.

I.

How the strictly historical side of these memoirs requires to be considered apart is shown by the disagreements, tacit or explicit, between the two writers. The Duchesse de Reggio, for example, in her account of the ghastly passage of the Beresina, is disposed to regard her valiant husband as the most useful figure in the episode. "It is your father, my children," she says, "who saved what returned from there, as has been universally acknowledged." We are not so sure of this. The Duchesse de Reggio's confidence in the man she unmistakably adored is touching, but Lejeune, who is not by any means a niggardly eulogist of the Marshal, conveys no such impression of the pre-eminence of the latter in that disastrous time as the Duchesse would have us receive. The truth is that individual exploits, no matter how important they were, sprang from a situation so complicated that it was impossible to judge, even at the time, as to which man was most to be praised. In the long run it would seem as though honors were to be evenly distributed, if distributed at all. The crossing of the Beresina was a frightful catastrophe at the best, and the less said about the achievements of this general or that the better for the entire company. As a body they failed their chief in important particulars, and he was himself lamentably to blame. The Duchesse says nothing of the impedimenta of her husband's corps, while Lejeune frankly points out that throughout the retreating column carriages and other baggage had been preserved in defiance of Napoleon's orders that as many of them be destroyed as possible. When the troops attempted to cross, and the deadly fire of Wittgenstein's artillery began, the vehicles of the French troops were a terrible handicap to them. Again, when Marshal Oudinot was wounded on the Russian retreat and his cottage at Pletchnitzy was attacked by Cossacks, he seized his pistols, and, still lying on his pallet, fired several shots through the window. "His shots were lost in the general din," says his Duchesse, to whom he was sure to confide the full tale of his successes. Lejeune pictures the Marshal firing steadily upon the enemy and bringing his man down unerringly at every discharge. All through these volumes there are differences in matters of detail. But broadly they are alive with the same spirit.

This spirit is essentially one of personal adventure. Lejeune shared in the belated political prescience manifested by so many of Napoleon's officers as the tide of success was turning, but his reflections on the drift of his master's policy are few and far between. When they are most pointed they relate to some isolated incident, as in the case of the disastrous treatment of Spain, and even here the young officer is too full of the excitement of the moment to take much account of what its fruits are going to be. This gives his memoirs their weakness and their charm. Oudinot was shrewder. He knew, as Napoleon knew, the importance of keeping bad news quiet, and he showed, in fact, a discretion rather surprising in view of his swashbuckling character as a fighter. He made an excellent administrator, and his pacific course in Neuchatel and Holland forms a delightful contrast to the excessive measures taken by many of Napoleon's representatives. Lejeune was an artist by temperament and an adventurer by choice. He recalls the heroes of fiction, and, most of all, the hero of Stendhal's famous romance. He appears to have sprung from a bourgeois family, but he had by instinct the ways and tastes of a man of higher class. Possessed of five or six languages, really gifted as an artist, he rose rapidly in the army, and Napoleon used him upon many important missions. If he failed to grasp a marshal's baton it was because he was, in the nature of things, unfitted for quite that position. He was better off as an aid, having initiative enough to carry him through perilous errands without the broader grasp necessary to vast military operations. His loss, if so it may be regarded, is our gain. Oudinot, for example, could never have detached his mind sufficiently from the business in hand to grasp, as Lejeune grasped, the artistic effect of the famous night reception of the Emperor on the eve of Austerlitz. Sixty thousand men turned their bedding into torches in order to light their commander on his way. In Lejeune's pages the scene is presented as on a canvas. This constitutes the final attraction of his memoirs. They are full of vivid pictures. He wrote with a kind of artistic gusto, forgetting the horrors in the satisfaction of his pictorial genius. Thus at Austerlitz he witnessed an extraordinary episode, one rivalling the passage of the Beresina in its grisly character. He paints the scene with the care of a miniaturist, thus:

> The Austro-Russian corps, driven back by Marshal Davout, and unable to rejoin the main body at Austerlitz, were endeavoring to escape by way of the Tellnitz dyke, and thus to reach the road to Hungary; but the height was already occupied by the artillery of the Guard, and the cavalry alone ventured to risk the passage, galloping by under a hail of grapeshot, while the infantry, hesitating what to do, finally imagined that their only chance of safety was to try and cross the ponds dividing them from the other side on the ice floating on their surfaces. A few men, indeed, might have got over safely; but when a number had reached the middle of the water, the ice began to crack beneath their weight. They paused, and the troops behind them, pushing on, there were soon some 6,000 men collected in a dense crowd on the swaying, slippery ice. There was a pause, and then, in the brief space of a couple of minutes, the whole mass, with arms and baggage, disappeared beneath the broken-up ice, not one man escaping or even appearing again at the top of the water. We looked down upon the churning, rippling waves produced by the struggles of so many human creatures swallowed up so suddenly, and a thrill of horror ran through us all. Very soon the fractured ice, broken up by the useless efforts of those beneath it, sank again into repose, the clouds were once more reflected on its gleaming surface, and we knew that all was over. . . . Just as the waters closed over the last relics of the army which in the morning had all but surrounded us, the sun went down behind a mass of clouds on the horizon and snow began to fall very much as a curtain does after the last scene at a theatre.

Lejeune lived on spectacles like this, sometimes sharing in their miseries. In fact, none of the Napoleonic memoirs can surpass his, if they can equal them, in the vivid reproduction of the worst sides of the Emperor's campaigns. Fate threw him early into the Spanish imbroglio. He watched with dismay the stratagem resulting in the detention of the Prince of Asturias, and, loyal Frenchman though he was, his gorge rose at the game Napoleon played with the unhappy peninsula. The French were received as liberators. The dethronement of Charles IV had left the Spaniards in a more or less self-satisfied frame of mind, and the Prince of Asturias felt after the revolution of Aranjuez that his future was tolerably secure. It took but a short time for him to discover his error, and his countrymen were in little humor to receive Joseph Bonaparte with the amiability desired by that timid individual. The country was almost instantly in an uproar, the French found themselves detested and repulsed where they had been received with rapture, and, taking up the narrative at this point, Lejeune tells, with a sympathy and skill unrivalled elsewhere, the story of the Spanish struggle in general, and the heroic defence of Saragossa in particular. The manner in which he would approach the subject has already been indicated, but his note on one engagement early in his Spanish experiences may be cited as further illustrating his artistic preoccupation: "The fog gradually cleared away, and we were able to contemplate with delight a battlefield bristling with entrenchments and redoubts, strewn with abandoned cannon, dead and wounded. The site was an admirable one, and later this scene furnished me with a fine subject for a picture, in which I introduced all the details which had particularly struck me in the morning." Lejeune's love of his art is irresistible. He stops in the midst of his Spanish narrative to describe the costume he had designed some years before for the aides-de-camp of Prince Berthier, and whether he is expatiating upon this, or the pictures in Madrid, or the awful sights of Saragossa in its bloodiest moments, he reveals the same enjoyment of the spectacle before his eyes.

We wish that he had had a closer acquaintance with Palafox. He was himself a gallant officer and could appreciate the qualities in his antagonist. Palafox has had many eulogists, but no portrait painter of the peculiar gifts of Lejeune. The latter witnessed, moreover, the entire long siege of Saragossa, and knew the conditions with which the Spanish general had to deal in organizing the defence. The townspeople had been inflamed to a point of delirous fanaticism by Bazila and his more reckless comrades. The Junta was unmanageable. Palafox was wrenched to the core by the sufferings of his people, and would perhaps have sacrificed his own ambition and ended the siege sooner with an honorable capitulation, rather than permit the carnage to continue. But the blood of the defenders was heated to a murderous pitch, and the combat, as Lejeune describes it, was worthy of barbaric times. The women not alone gave their husbands and sons with joy to the battle, but themselves aided in Amazonian ways, led on by the famous young Countess Burida. From house to house the French fought their way, week after week, undermining Saragossa as they advanced and blowing up whole districts with indescribable results. The Spaniards would not swerve, and the fighting went on in the streets, in the monasteries, at last in the churches, where, upon one occasion, Lejeune beheld protruding from one of the old broken coffins "the livid, shrivelled features and part of the body of a bishop still wrapped in his sacerdotal robes." The incident was as nothing to besiegers and besieged. The latter had lost their senses, very nearly, and often were as cruel to their own people as to the invaders. The Junta hanged whoever advised surrender or attempted flight.

If there is a gleam of sunshine in these volumes it lies across an abyss of gloom. The sangfroid of Lejeune gives, as we have shown, a peculiar artistic quality to his pages; but for all his enjoyment of a beautiful landscape or a brave action, he is unconsciously oppressed by the savage elements in life as all Europe was compelled to live it so long as Napoleon remained unsatisfied in his ambitions. When the French finally got control of Saragossa and released Prince Pignatelli from the Palace of the Inquisition, the poor old grandee died of joy. When, in a stable on the line of the French retreat from Russia, the warm breath of the horses wakens three infants in the manger, wherein they had been deposited by their flying parents, Lejeune's sympathies are touched, and he dwells prettily upon the occurrence. But he winds up by quoting one of the men whom he had interrogated about the babes the next day. Their crying had grown heartrending, said the man, so he had broken the ice in one of the troughs with a hatchet and drowned the three, to put them out of their misery! In Germany, on his return to France, after leaving the army, Lejeune paused at the house of the Countess of Koestoritz, who complained that she had been compelled to give to the servants of a General stopping with her such a quantity of food that her supplies threatened to run out. The servants took the food to their master, who was so ill that he had been carried from his carriage to his room, and had not been seen since. Lejeune penetrated to the invalid's chamber and found him stone dead. "We were ordered to take the General's body back to France," said the servants, "and we have suffered so dreadfully from hunger all through the campaign, we thought we would pretend that the General was still alive, so as to get a good meal every day as if for him, and thus regain a little strength ourselves." Lejeune was himself in predicaments as bitter as this one of the lackeys. In Spain he at one time narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of bandits, he suffered imprisonment and other woes, besides going through some of the worst phases of the Russian retreat. But he left the column in Russia under circumstances a trifle too expeditious to please the Emperor, and upon his arrival at Paris he fell into a disgrace from which it took him some time to emerge. Napoleon was in no mood then to appreciate his services, which, in many cases, had been of extreme value. Closing his memoirs the ardent soldier writes: "It was long since I had got any satisfaction out of the glory of war, or received any reward for my zealous service, or for the many sacrifices I had made in the cause of the Emperor. My chiefs had again and again applied to him for recognition of what I had done, but nothing came of their efforts on my behalf, and I felt the neglect keenly."

II.

Many of Napoleon's officers could make the same complaint, but Oudinot was not one of them. He suffered temporarily upon the return from Elba, for he was faithful to Louis XVIII in spite of the defection of his soldiers to Napoleon. But he was not long out of favor, and after Waterloo he was made Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, while the Duchesse de Reggio was appointed Mistress of the Robes to the Duchesse de Berry. It is in the latter capacity that the writer of these memoirs describes one of the most important of the occurrences that came within her personal experience, namely, the assassination of the Duc de Berry by Louvel. She watched by the side of the victim as he breathed his last, and her portrait of him during that sinister hour and before is remarkably vivid and interesting. She notes the strange foreshadowing of the Duke's death in an incident upon which his wife had herself gayly commented. "Oh, how funny the Duke was," she said, "ferociously sharpening all the fifty little knives which he drew from his pockets. His imperturbable face in the midst of this occupation, which he continued through all the ballrooms, was exquisitely comical." The Duchesse de Reggio gives a well-balanced sketch of this curiously unsatisfactory Prince. She mentions his fancy for throwing eggs at his officers when at table, but she sets down with care, too, his magnanimous pleadings for the life of his assassin. That, at any rate, was a noble impulse in the young Prince, who otherwise had so little that was impressive in his character.

But the Duchesse de Reggio's best portrait is her portrait of herself. She describes with perfect frankness her devotion to the Marshal. She was enamored of his fame, and when the offer of his hand was made she accepted with downright alacrity. At once she began to think of the Emperor, of her presentation at court, and so enraptured was she with the prospect that, to quote her own words, she knew not whether it was hot or cold, whether it was winter or summer. She was simply overjoyed at her good fortune and ready for the ecstasy, as it proved to be, of hearing the servants announce "The Duchesse de Reggio's carriage." This naive gratification of hers in her marriage to one of the most tempestuous fighters in the army runs through all her pages, and presents Oudinot in a guise of unfailing heroism. It cannot be said, however, that she makes him exactly sympathetic. He was enormously clever, and the list of his wounds is eloquent of his courage, but Napoleon's confidence in him inspires respect without regard, ratifies his deeds without throwing anything like such an atmosphere about him as accompanies, for example, the more or less neglected Lejeune. The Duc de Reggio was bourgeois by birth, and, again unlike Lejeune, remained a bourgeois till the day he died. His wife was of the same strain, and her recollections, without containing a passage that is really offensive, are nevertheless a shade vulgar. On the other hand, there is much good anecdote in them, and while one may smile at her grief because the rules of court mourning compelled her to cover up the very armorial bearings on her coach, there is a great deal else that is of serious interest. She has one superb story of Princess Borghese travelling in Germany and ordering the prefect of a town to do miraculous things. Her milk bath was an absolute necessity, and the whole force of the Departmental Guard was sent to scour the neighboring villages for the liquid. Then she asked for her shower bath. No apparatus was available. Upon this she calmly ordered the Prefect to make one. "Have some holes pierced in the ceiling just over the place where my bath will stand when it is brought in," she commanded, and the thing was done! The Duchesse de Reggio has another anecdote, equally picturesque, of Josephine brought to bay by Mme. de Stael, who brazenly asked her, after the divorce, whether she still loved the Emperor; but perhaps the best thing in this bundle of discursive recollections and unconscious garrulities is the following incident on the return from Elba. Oudinot was preparing to review the troops of Louis XVIII, and was uncertain as to what they would do with Napoleon's onward march ringing in their ears. When he cried "Long live the King!" would they cheer or not? He called a meeting of all his officers and proceeded to address them:

> "Gentlemen"—he said—"in the circumstances in which we are placed I wish to make an appeal to your loyalty. We are marching under the white cockade. I am to review you to-morrow before our departure; with what cry will you and your men reply to my 'Long live the King?'"
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> These words were followed by absolute silence. Nothing so striking ever passed before my eyes. I was hidden behind a curtain, and had remained a forced witness of this unparalleled scene. Two hotel candles lighted it sufficiently to prevent me from losing any of it; but their pale reflection on those manly and gloomy faces produced an indescribable effect. This silence, expressive though it was, could not be accepted by the Marshal as a reply. I saw the storm about to break forth; each second was a century. . . . At last the Marshal said:
>
> "Well, gentlemen?"
>
> Then a young officer of inferior rank stepped forward, and said:
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> "Monsieur le marechal, I am bound to tell you, and no one here will contradict me; when you cry, 'Long live the King!' our men and we will answer, 'Long live the Emperor!'"

It is on that loyal note that nearly all Napoleonic memoirs are bound to close. The years traversed by the present volumes are dripping with the life blood of countless thousands. Lejeune and Oudinot both went through the bitterest sufferings. Yet both point proudly to their wounds, both rejoice that they served the Emperor, and though Oudinot could not with honor side with his recalcitrant officers, in his heart he was with them, and the Duchesse de Reggio felt as he felt.

IN WOOD AND GARDEN.

OUTDOOR ESSAYS AND POPULAR SCIENCE.

UPON THE TREE-TOPS. By Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated by J. Carter Beard. 16mo, pp. 245. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A-BIRDING ON A BRONCO. By Florence A. Merriam. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 226. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BIRDLAND ECHOES. By Charles Conrad Abbott. With Illustrations by William Everett Cram. 12mo, pp. 270. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE STORY OF THE BIRDS (Appleton's Home Reading Books). By John Newton Baskett. 16mo, pp. 263. D. Appleton & Co.

PLANTS AND THEIR CHILDREN. By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated by Alice Josephine Smith. 16mo, pp. 272. American Book Company.

FAMILIAR TREES AND THEIR LEAVES. By F. Schuyler Mathews. With over two hundred drawings by the author. 12mo, pp. x, 320. D. Appleton & Co.

ROUND THE YEAR. By Professor L. C. Miall. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. viii, 290. The Macmillan Company.

BY OAK AND THORN. By Alice Brown. 16mo, pp. 226. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FISH-TAILS. By Bradnock Hall. With an original etching by the author and twelve illustrations by T. Hope M'Lachlan. 12mo, pp. 255. Edward Arnold.

HAUNTS OF WILD GAME. By Isaac McClellan. Edited by Charles Barber Bradford. 16mo, pp. 207. Charles Barber Bradford.

The quaintest picture in Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's "Upon the Tree-Tops" is a casual bit of autobiography; it depicts how she watched a nest full of young shrikes for a morning. Undeterred by the weather—for the day "broke dismally with strong wind and a drizzling rain," —she marched to her point of observation in the woods, "planted her camp chair in the least wet spot she could find, and, tucking her garments up from the ground, sat down." There, happy under her swaying umbrella, she peered through her opera-glass, hour after hour, at the domestic felicity in the thorn tree. The scene illustrates not only the thoroughness but the maternal solicitude with which Mrs. Miller observes nature. The chief pleasure to be had from her volume comes from the acquaintance it gives one with the author. Her tone is intimate. She writes with the naturalness of friendly conversation, and by means of a certain unassuming skill in description, seems to be conversing in the very presence of that which she describes. Her picturesque bits of phrasing, her skilful imitation of the call of birds, her passing allusion to flowers, her innumerable suggestions of color, sound and movement, all flow easily from her pen. In details she shows unusual accuracy of observation. One passage—her description of the hermit thrush—will suffice to show the zeal with which she notes minute things:

> "The bird began to sing his way down to us about 10 o'clock in the morning. I heard him first afar off, then coming nearer and nearer, till he reached some favorite perch in the woods, behind and very near the farmhouse, before noon, where he usually sang at intervals till 8 o'clock in the evening. I studied his song carefully. It consisted of but one clause, composed of a single emphasized note followed by two triplets on a descending scale. But while retaining the relative positions of these few notes he varied the effect almost infinitely, by changing both the key and the pitch constantly, with such skill that I was astonished to discover the remarkable simplicity of the song. A striking quality of it was an attempt which he frequently made to utter his clause higher on the scale than he could reach, so that the triplets became a sort of trill or tremolo, at the very extreme of his register. Sometimes he gave the triplets alone, without the introductory note, but never, in the weeks that I studied his song, did he sing other than this one clause."

This is as good a bit of writing as is to be found in Mrs. Miller's volume. Ordinarily, it must be confessed, much of what she gains in fanciful sentiment she loses in soundness and strenuousness of tone. Her enthusiasm is so mellow, she is so cheerfully occupied with little things, she mingles fancy and didacticism in such quaint fashion, she is so frankly feminine that one is pleasantly diverted by her zealous anthropomorphising of nature, but to every one interested in nature for what it is Mrs. Miller's treatment of it as if it were something which it clearly is not will seem a radical defect in her work. Were nature as anthropomorphic as she would make it, it would soon, under her well-meant and assiduous attentions, be as spoiled as any child. She constantly imputes the most amiable motives where clear sight can see only the workings of a wonderful insight, and reads into the glorious liberties of unmoral nature the pleasant but certainly restricted moral notions to be found in a family sitting-room. As a general rule, we see in life only what we have prepared ourselves to see. It is the reflective, the philosophic, the critical bent with which we enter on any scene that determines the character of what we find there. That Mrs. Miller has seen so much, notwithstanding the fancifulness inherent in her general attitude, speaks volumes for the natural keenness of her eyesight, her energy as an investigator, and her instinctive open-mindedness.

Unquestionably there is a reality in Miss Merriam's "A-Birding on a Bronco." Nature takes on a vigorous aspect to one who sees it from the saddle, and Miss Merriam was more adventurous than most riders of her sex. She galloped over the plains, took her chances in the bogs, and skirted the briars of Southern California. At one moment she was studying a humming-bird; at another, chasing a deer. She has heartily interested herself in the vicissitudes of a great number of nesting birds through the valley of Twin Oaks, and she has individualized them all. But she gives us little or no insight into their instincts or characteristic ways. Her book is taken up in healthy, superficial fashion with the mere spectacle of them. To her mind, as to Mrs. Miller's, asunder as is the quality of their thought in other particulars, nature is but a modified repetition of the drama of human life. There is much virtue in the classification with which Mr. C. C. Abbott's "Birdland Echoes" divides birds into those respectively of the millpond, of the lowlands, of the fields, of the woods and of the highways. He lacks Mrs. Miller's skill, however, in suggesting the notes of the birds; he lacks Miss Merriam's vigorous enjoyment of sheer activity; he is, to tell the truth, discursive usually about little or nothing, drops occasionally into platitude, more often into confidences, and in general devotes himself to an analysis of mood as it responds to the tones of nature. Scattered sparsely through his rather graceful essays can be found specific details of the objective world as it really is.

If such adults as Mrs. Miller and Miss Merriam, to be interested in nature, need to think it something other than it is, children, one may be sure, will be thought to have the same limitations and to need the same illusions. Mr. Baskett's "Story of the Birds" represents, not what he thinks nature is like, but what he assumes children will wish to think it is like. It is one long series of distorting personifications. They lead him at times into confusion of mind, at times into violations of taste. To stimulate the children's appreciation of plumage, he purports to find in the external appearance of birds an analogue to the décolleté dress and the grosser forms of the ballet; to gain the children's sympathetic interest in birds' habits of mating, he plays flippantly with the ideas of bigamy and polygamy. Surely, if a child can be stimulated to an interest in nature by such painful sophistications as this, he had better not be stimulated at all. If he cannot be made to see nature rightly, he can at least be saved from seeing it wrongly. No exception, of course, can be taken to the taste of Mrs. Dana's "Plants and Their Children." Whatever may be said in criticism of her method, it has unquestionably been carefully considered and is discreet. She has combined a great deal of substantial information with some sweetening that must be termed misinformation. Many children under their teens will enjoy the combination, but the boy of twelve who is not a bit ashamed of all that he has learned from the book at eight will show unusual powers of discrimination between what is true and what is false, or else will sorely need developing in masculine traits. No honest boy, on the contrary, will ever be ashamed of what he has learned from Mr. Matthews's "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves." The volume is clear, vitalized, sound. It is very far from presenting merely dry analytical detail. The author deals with the vital aspects of his subject, and he deals with them thoroughly. The sap runs in his trees and it is sap, not blood, not "broth."

To learn what capital pleasure such downright treatment of nature as this can give the general adult reader, one needs to turn to Professor Miall's "Round the Year," a Yorkshire diary of the changing seasons. Simple and familiar in its literary form, unusually penetrating in observation, it makes no pretences, cajoles itself with no fancies, preaches no homilies. The author prefers nature as it is to any substitute of fancy. He comes prepared to recognize the intense warfare of it all. "Overpopulation," he says, "may be the source of many evils, but it is the mainspring of life." "We understand the dominance of Englishmen over remote savages better," he later goes on to say, "when we reflect upon the ancient wars within the islands, the 'scuffling of kites and crows,' when tribes of all kinds strove together with life or death as the issue. Let the survivors of such a competitive examination as that be brought face to face with some long isolated Polynesian people, and can it be doubted for a moment which will prevail? . . . Our common European weeds are the very strongest in competition of all plants. They have come out first in the contest for place. . . . But our garden plants are selected by Man for their beauty. Many of them come from the Southern continents, where competition is less severe than with us. Many are rare in their native land. We clear a bit of ground, plant it with a miscellaneous collection of such species, and then a struggle begins between the natives and the foreigners. It is all that we can do to keep the weeds from exterminating their feeble competitors. We tear them up by the roots, chop them to pieces with hoes, and with much pains just succeed in preserving our favorites from destruction. The naturally selected are so much stronger than the artificially selected that every three or four acres must have a man to turn the scale against nature and keep it turned."

It would be hard to find a more exacting test of a man's sincere admiration of life than is furnished by the weeds in his garden. It is the virility of nature, the adaptability of each part to its proper function, the tenseness of each muscle in the universal struggle for existence that rouses Professor Miall's admiration, and it is this essentially sound attitude of his which determines the nature of all his observation. His appreciation of the cat is typical of his perception as a whole. "I admire her," he says, "yet more than I love her. The cat has a beauty which comes of perfect adaptation to a life of emergencies. She is light, swift, adroit, quick to perceive, quick to act. She is most at home on trees, where her wild progenitors sought their prey. The stealthy and self-effacing movement by which a cat in pursuit of a bird creeps along a bough reminds us of a tree-snake. The peculiar iris of a cat, which can change the pupil from a vertical slit to a circle, is excellently suited to an animal which has continually to pass from the shade of dense foliage into full sunlight, and back again into shade."

Professor Miall's jottings have the scope which comes from a rational imagination and the amenity of a thorough classical scholarship. He knows something of the natural science of the ancients, of their domesticated animals and household plants; he knows his English history; and his facts part and join company along new and unconventional lines. Were there space for it, it would be interesting to trace the apparently valid connection which he discovers between the decrease of leprosy in modern Europe and the much berated inclosure of common lands. Other juxtapositions, quite as reasonable and quite as ingenious, can be found scattered through his volume. Other turns of the kaleidoscope give us humor, none the less genuine for being unobtrusive. His volume is of the sort one instinctively associates with an English rectory.

Miss Alice Brown's book of English travels, "By Oak and Thorn," purports to belong to the society of outdoor books, but it hangs very loose upon that society. For the most part it is spun from the author's inner consciousness. It consists of euphonious words, euphoniously grouped, and has a eulogizing, aspiring tone. Mr. Bradnock Hall's "Fish Tails" shows a certain zest for the social asides of angling. He can often tell a good story, racy of camp soil. He gains a certain scope and breadth for his work by depicting typical fishing scenes in England, Scotland and Norway. There is little in his volume, however, to please the appreciative, meditative angler of the old school. As a whole, it may be characterized roughly as an essay in humor, ostensibly occasioned by fish, and the humor is undeniably "up to date." It will please those whom Jerome K. Jerome pleases. To Mr. Hall's especial consideration, by the way, may be commended the following lines from Mr. Isaac McLellan's "Haunts of Wild Game":

> "Be ever prompt and vigilant for game law rights to care,
> Protecting in close time the game of wave and wood,
> The red deer of the woodlands, the birds that beat the air."

Mr. McLellan's verse is throughout the work of a man who is first and foremost and all the time a sportsman.

BYRON AND GREECE.

SOME FRAGMENTS OF HIS POETIC ENTHUSIASM FOR THE NATION.

The Cretan difficulty has given an unexpected turn to the Byron revival in England. With two new editions of his works and correspondence in press, there has been abundant discussion of his genius everywhere; but the situation in which King George and his subjects have become involved has set the poets to emulating the author of "The Iles of Greece" and the second canto of "Childe Harold." Byron's own impulsive and splendid participation in Greek affairs, terminating so tragically in the bogs of Missolonghi, is, for all its splendor, a more pathetic than thrilling incident in his biography; but the verses dedicated to Greece have never lost their puissant vitality. It seems fitting at this time to reprint some of them, and we select, accordingly, the following, beginning with the famous "translation" of the war song of the Greeks:

> Sons of the Greeks, arise!
> The glorious hour's gone forth,
> And, worthy of such ties,
> Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

> Sons of Greeks! let us go
> In arms against the foe,
> Till their hated blood shall flow
> In a river past our feet.
>
> Then manfully despising
> The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
> Let your country see you rising,
> And all her chains are broke.
>
> Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
> Behold the coming strife!
> Hellénes of past ages,
> Oh, start again to life!
> At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
> Your sleep, oh, join with me!
> And the seven-hill'd city seeking,
> Fight, conquer, till we're free.
> Sons of Greeks, etc.
>
> Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
> Lethargic dost thou lie?
> Awake, and join thy numbers
> With Athens, old ally!
> Leonidas recalling,
> That chief of ancient song,
> Who saved ye ounce from falling,
> The terrible! the strong!
> Who made that bold diversion
> In old Thermopylæ,
> And warring with the Persian
> To keep his country free;
> With his three hundred waging
> The battle, long he stood,
> And like a lion raging,
> Expired in seas of blood.
> Sons of Greeks, etc.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

> The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
> Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
> Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all, except their sun, is set.
>
> The Scian and the Teian muse,
> The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
> Have found the fame your shores refuse;
> Their place of birth alone is mute
> To sounds which echo further west
> Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."
>
> The mountains look on Marathon—
> And Marathon looks on the sea;
> And musing there an hour alone,
> I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
> For, standing on the Persian's grave,
> I could not deem myself a slave.
>
> A king sate on the rocky brow
> Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
> And ships, by thousands, lay below,
> And men in nations—all were his!
> He counted them at break of day—
> And when the sun set, where were they!
>
> And where are they? and where art thou,
> My country? On thy voiceless shore
> The heroic lay is tuneless now—
> The heroic bosom beats no more!
> And must thy lyre, so long divine,
> Degenerate into hands like mine?
>
> 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
> Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
> To feel at least a patriot's shame,
> Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
> For what is left the poet here?
> For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.
>
> Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
> Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
> Earth! render back from out thy breast
> A remnant of our Spartan dead!
> Of the three hundred grant but three,
> To make a new Thermopylae!
>
> What, silent still? and silent all?
> Ah! no—the voices of the dead
> Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
> And answer, "Let one living head,
> But one arise—we come, we come!"
> 'Tis but the living who are dumb.
>
> In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
> Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
> Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
> And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
> Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
> How answers each bold Bacchanal!
>
> You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
> Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
> Of two such lessons, why forget
> The nobler and the manlier one?
> You have the letters Cadmus gave—
> Think ye he meant them for a slave?
>
> Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
> We will not think of themes like these!
> It made Anacreon's song divine:
> He served—but served Polycrates—
> A tyrant; but our masters then
> Were still, at least, our countrymen.
>
> The tyrant of the Chersonese
> Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
> That tyrant was Miltiades!
> Oh! that the present hour would lend
> Another despot of the kind!
> Such chains as his were sure to bind.
>
> Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
> On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
> Exists the remnant of a line
> Such as the Doric mothers bore;
> And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
> The Heracleidan blood might own.
>
> Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
> They have a king who buys and sells:
> In native swords, and native ranks,
> The only hope of courage dwells;
> But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
> Would break your shield, however broad.
>
> Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
> Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
> I see their glorious black eyes shine;
> But gazing on each glowing maid,
> My own the burning tear-drop laves,
> To think such breasts must suckle slaves.
>
> Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
> Where nothing, save the waves and I,
> May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
> There, swan-like, let me sing and die!
> A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
> Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

STANZAS FROM "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE."

> Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild:
> Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
> Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
> And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields;
> There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
> The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
> Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
> Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
> Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.
>
> Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
> No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
> But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
> And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
> Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
> The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
> Each hill and dale, each deepning glen and wold,
> Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
> Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LITERARY NOTES.

It appears that Eugene Field wrote a fragment of biography which he never published. He would probably have completed it and given it to the press. Hence his executors have felt justified in printing the fragment in a limited edition which has just been brought out in Chicago.

Little, Brown & Co. have just published Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson," reviewed in these columns a fortnight ago.

The author whose features are presented in the accompanying sketch has a celebrity which throws a curious light upon the debonnair heedlessness and susceptibility of that portion of the reading public in England which is browbeaten into subjection by the New Critic. The latter individual has cultivated with considerable success the bluggy methods of Mr. W. E. Henley, who is himself, in some ways, tremendously New. In fact the skilful and vigorous editor of Byron and other classics is a

man with singular infelicities of taste, and one of them has been Mr. Arthur Morrison, whom he has supported through thick and thin. The upshot of it has been that the author of "Tales of Mean Streets" and of "A Child of the Jago" is to-day the most noticeable image on the literary horizon of London, and has therefore to be regarded whether he is liked or not.

The other day Mr. H. D. Traill "went for" him in fine style, assigning him to the same limbo with Mr. Stephen Crane as a writer of obnoxious and stupid "realism." Instantly Mr. Morrison retorted that Mr. Traill was very much in error, he really should never have called him "a realist," the last man in the world to be kept still under a label was Mr. Arthur Morrison. Nay, in matters of art, he was frankly neither to bind nor to hold. This is all very diverting, for it is so obvious that Mr. Morrison is missing the point, that what his critics object to in him is not that he is a realist or an idealist, but that whether he is one or the other his stories are as sordid as an ash-barrel in the last stages of decrepitude. Street fights and gutter slang are not literature. Mr. Morrison seems to think they are. Poor Mr. Morrison!

A short time ago, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole pointed out in "The Boston Transcript" that Rudyard Kipling had probably been thinking of Omar Khâyyâm when he entitled his latest book of poems "The Seven Seas." In a private letter recently received in this city Mr. Kipling confirms the surmise. The title was suggested to him, he says, by the forty-seventh quatrain in the fourth edition of Fitzgerald's translation, the one which runs as follows:

> When You and I behind the Veil are past,
> Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
> Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
> As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A new edition (the ninth) of Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" is about to be published in London with illustrations. It has been dedicated to Lord Roberts, more familiarly known as "Bobs."

"He has commentators," said Voltaire of a classic, "which is one reason why he is never understood." It might be said in the same spirit that when a classic has publishers, countless publishers, there is one strong reason abroad for nobody's caring to possess his works. Of very recent years the publishers have brought their new editions of the old masters within reasonable limits as to cost and "artistic" manufacture, but even to-day there is many an old writer who has been reprinted scores of times without once having achieved a dress in which he is really readable. Either the volume is too large or too heavy, or the paper is too thick, or the margins are so wide as to make the text look silly, and so on. This being the case, it is difficult to speak in measured terms of approval of the new "Gadshill" edition of Dickens issued by the Scribners. Thus far "Pickwick," in two volumes, and "Oliver Twist," in one volume, have appeared. The succeeding twenty-nine volumes will presumably be as well turned out, and, that being assured, the lover of Dickens may feel that here, after years of patient waiting, is the edition he wants to buy. The volume is an admirably proportioned octavo, and the handsome page is of light enough weight for the book to be held lightly in the hand. The paper is of pleasant surface, too, and the excellent type shows in clear relief. The old illustrations by Hablot K. Browne, Cruikshank and Seymour are retained in impressions from good plates, and a number of distinguished artists have agreed to supply some additional pictures. Finally, Mr. Andrew Lang's introductions are as sympathetic and as agreeable as could be desired. His passion for Dickens is of long standing. When he compares Mr. Pickwick with Don Quixote, and Sancho Weller to Sancho Panza, he does it with a touch of affectionate feeling that is not often encountered, even among the most ardent students of the novelist. Altogether, this edition is a boon, and it is published at a price so small that it is within the reach of everybody.

Mr. H. M. Stanley is about to bring out a popular edition of his book, "In Darkest Africa." It will be in one volume, with all the old illustrations and a map. The text will be somewhat revised and the author will supply a new preface.

Mr. Bellamy's new story, the first he has published since "Looking Backward," is to be brought out by the Appletons in a short time. It will be called "Equality."

That giddy young periodical, "The Lark," is going out of existence. The April number, in fact, brings the series to a conclusion. "We want it to die like the fabled swan," said the publisher the other day, "just when its note is clearest. We want it to be remembered as it was in the hour of its greatest strength and beauty. So, just at the happiest, sunniest hour, when its columns are filled with bright verse and original drawings, 'The Lark' will disappear from the sky, leaving memories that can never die, pictures that will return like visions of sunshine and gold." Mr. Doxey is quite Larkey.

Mr. Gelett Burgess also has something to say as his bantling departs. It departs, he observes, "because our mission is ended. It flowed along naturally, and was not forced, but to go further would be forcing it. The 'Lark' lived because of its beautiful optimism, being at the same time a sort of joke in earnest and a protest against journalism that is merely commercial. Almost all of the fads and freaks are already dead and we are content to go also, now that the spirit of spontaneity is over." Mr. Burgess notes that his greatest hit was "The Purple Cow." He retires certainly with a good grace. "The Lark" was often a bore, but it was often captivating. The "Purple Cow" was a little masterpiece, and there must be many who can say as the author says, "I cannot get rid of it." Mr. Burgess is probably right in thinking that he will be remembered by this bit of doggerel.

Professor R. W. Moore writes to us announcing that the first number of "The Journal of Germanic Philology" has finally made its appearance. This periodical is edited by specialists identified with the University of Indiana, Yale and Cornell universities, and the University of Michigan. It was originally intended to call it "The American Journal," but some sixty Europeans have promised to contribute, and it seems probable that the magazine will eventually possess an international standing.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, whose pen has not been much in evidence of late, is now engaged upon a new novel of considerable length.