

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Julia Ward Howe is going to print in "The Atlantic" next year a series of recollections of the notable men and women she has known.

The Century Company has reserved well of the public in gathering together from the pages of the magazine a collection of portraits of celebrated people. In this portfolio, published under the title of "The Century Gallery of One Hundred Portraits," there are presented some extremely valuable prints. It has been the policy of the magazine to secure portraits not only authentic, but artistically important. These have been engraved with unflinching sympathy and skill. Hence the collection is of a serious character, the admirable work of the De Vinne Press supporting the work of the artists and en-

Crawford's hands. The first, too, we may suppose he will treat with ability. But how is he to treat the Italy of Horace in such a way as to appeal to the majority of those who read his novels and go to his lectures? They are not Horatians. Nine out of ten of them would not appreciate an Horatian allusion if it were presented to them with a diagram.

Little, Brown & Co. publish another novel, "Hania," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Like its predecessors, it is woful long, but Sienkiewicz is one of the rare novelists who can be voluminous without being prosy.

With Gladstone "of writing many books there is no end." He has only just finished his Commentary on Butler's Analogy, and now proposes to write the lives of a series of distinguished modern divines. Of Lord Campbell's



JOHN OLIVER HOBBS
(From the portrait by Schmalz)

graviers. The range of selection is wide—military and political history, letters and art, science and adventure are all represented. The owner of the portfolio will have in it an indispensable resource.

Will the memoirs of the late Dr. Evans ever be published? It is to be hoped that he wrote them and that they will see the light, though the extent of his revelations does not promise to be very wide. He was a reserved man when he wanted to be, and though he could be "drawn" on most topics, he fought shy of saying anything about the things which most pliqued the curiosity of his friends. All the world knows how the famous dentist aided the Empress Eugénie in her flight from France. When he was asked for his impressions of the events of that tragic time, he replied: "I only told one living being, and that is His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The secret is perfectly safe with him, for he rarely opens his mouth unnecessarily; say, he often refuses to open it when necessary, for I cannot always get him to let me look at his teeth."

We reproduce on this page another one of Mr. Nicholson's admirable drawings. This is taken from the "Almanac of Sports," which the original young artist has prepared in collaboration with Rudyard Kipling, the latter writing the verses. Mr. Kipling does not approach his subject, by the way, without a due sense of the temerity required. Here are his inaugural and concluding lines:

Here is a horse to tame
Here is a gun to handle,
God knows you can enter the game
If you'll only pay for the same,
And the price of the game is a candle—
One single flickering candle!

Now we must come away,
What are you out of pocket?
Sorry to spoil your play,
But Somebody says we must pay—
And the candle's down to the socket—
Its horrible, tallowy socket!

No complete life of the Prince of Wales has hitherto been published. Accordingly, the public may take an interest in the announcement that an anonymous author, whose name, however, is said to be an important one in English letters, is to prepare a biography which will be full of new and authoritative matter. The book will be richly illustrated.

The publishers have nearly all brought out their chief books for the present season, and important works are not copiously promised for the spring. One book, however, that is to appear at that time is pretty certain to be of more than passing significance. This will be a new book by Mr. John Morley, who has not published anything—save his brief study of Machiavelli—in some time.

"Punch" depicts Mr. Barrie in the guise of "A Little Minister" at the Haymarket upon the occasion of the presentation of the play of that name. "Hagris at the Haymarket," the dramatic critic of "Punch" calls the drama. But the reception of both play and author is amiable, and Mr. Barrie can complain of nothing worse in Mr. Punch's testimony to his importance than the picture to which we allude. And he should not mind that.

Mr. Marion Crawford's lectures have promising titles. He is to deliver extempore talks on "The Italy of Horace," "Italian Home Life in the Middle Ages," "The Early Italian Artists" and "Leo XIII in the Vatican." All but the first of these subjects are bound to be attractive in Mr.

lives of the Lord Chancellors Brougham said that it added another to the terrors of death. No such thing need be said of the Gladstonian series, as he will not wait for the ecclesiastics to die before performing his biographical autopsy upon them. The veteran sometimes lags superfluous on the literary as well as the dramatic stage. Gladstone has written enough books. Himself and the public are in equal need of rest. Of his tremendous procession of volumes—none



DECEMBER.
(From a drawing in W. Nicholson's "Almanac of Sports.")

of them useless or worthless—it is somewhat melancholy to reflect that not ten lines of them all will rank as literature, when his account with that art is balanced.

One chapter of Mr. Anstey's new book, "Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B. A.," which is just published by the Appletons, will serve the reader as well as the entire thirty-two, yet if there is nothing new in the later pages they are all, at any rate, amusing. Mr. Anstey has caught admirably the accent of the over-educated Oriental along his attainments proudly. It is Mrs. Malaprop all over again, with new colors and an extended vocabulary.

THE BUTTERFLY.

MR. WHISTLER AND HIS "GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES."

Max Beerbohm in The Saturday Review.

The world is to be enriched by further instruction in the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," for "the continued demand for this unique work has enabled the publisher to induce Mr. Whistler to consent to the issue of another edition." Oasis found in the desert of Mr. William Heinemann's Autumn List! Most exquisite announcement! Reading it, I know not whether to laugh for Mr. Whistler or cry for Mr. Heinemann, to laugh for Mr. Heinemann or cry for Mr. Whistler. It is even as a little animatograph that recreates a perfect scene. I see Mr. Whistler, attired delicately, lordly recumbent on a sofa, doing a series of paper-lithographs with a planchette. To him enter, noiselessly, Mr. Joseph Pennell, who says: "There's a person outside, sir, says he wishes to see you on business." "Fair Fentler, Joseph," says Mr. Whistler. Exit, noiselessly, Mr. Joseph Pennell, soon to usher into the presence-chamber Mr. William Heinemann. Mr. Whistler glances up through his monocle and resumes his work. Mr. Heinemann, pale with diffident resolve, shuffles nervously from one foot to the other. He is about to take a chair near the door, but another glance from Mr. Whistler causes him to start violently and change his mind.

After the lapse of several minutes and the completion of several dainty planchettographs, Mr. Whistler motions the publisher forward and bids him justify his ridiculous intrusion. Mr. Heinemann blushes crimson, brushes his hat (the wrong way) with his sleeve, clears his throat furtively and stammers to the following effect: "Mr. Whistler, sir, you may remember, or rather I had ventured to hope you might possibly recollect, that I had the great honor of publishing a certain book, the 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies.'" Mr. Whistler frowns darkly at the mention of his book. Mr. Heinemann drops his hat, picks it up, apologizes and proceeds feverishly: "Well, Mr. Whistler, sir, the—continued demand for this of I may so call it unique work has emboldened me to hope that I might, as who should say, induce you to—er—in fact, to consent to the issue, so to speak, of what one might call another edition." After an awful pause, Mr. Whistler says, "William Heinemann, you have been guilty of the most impudent presumption in daring to approach me on this unsavory subject. Unless you immediately—What? Tears?—Poste, I never could bear to see a publisher cry." "There, you shall have what you want. Not I will have no thanks." He strikes a handbell. Enter Mr. Pennell, noiselessly: "Joseph, show this gentleman to the front door—and give him a glass of sherry, Joseph."

I confess that, for my part, I have noted with regret the tendency to glorify Mr. Whistler, and also Mr. Whistler's excellent delight in being glorified. He had always the homage of his fellow-artists, and he always scored off the critics. Why should he now accept homage from men who stand in precisely the same relation to art as did they whose diapiric he was wont to punish so prettily and swiftly? I suppose that all his gibbeting and flib-tigibbling in the eighties were proof that his own esteem and the esteem of his peers were insufficient for him, and that he was really pining for what is called popular recognition. But why, you may ask, should he, a great artist, have cared a fig for the mob's ridicule? Why should he not have been, like his peers, indifferent, aloof, untroubled? Why must he needs have gone ranging around as a miniature Quixote, whose Dulcinea was his latest exhibit, and whose windmills were the crass artifices of the daily and weekly press? How, too,

in the concoction of epigram and the ebullition of naughty temper. Ingenious though it is, I do not hold this to be the true theory. Doubtless, in tracing the source of Mr. Whistler's eccentricities, one would come at last to his physique; psychological analysis always leads to the physique; but Mr. George Moore, in forming his theory, seems to have overlooked the intermediate step—Mr. Whistler's work. In what respect, mainly, does Mr. Whistler's work differ from that of other great painters? In this respect, surely, that Mr. Whistler has never tried conclusions with Life, has never tewed with those realistic problems which have been the constant study of the others. Life is a "fearful hornéd beast," and the others have grappled with it in open warfare, sometimes mastering it, sometimes thrown by it, but always persisting till they have made it captive. Mr. Whistler has never closed with the monster; he has but darted blithely about on the other side of the hedge and pelted it with exquisite and fantastic missiles. Save in some of his early work—for example, in his early etchings of the river, its barges and bridges and the rigging of its boats—he has never essayed actuality. His nocturnes are beautiful as fantasies, beautiful as decorations. So, also, are his portraits. He has chosen to paint nearly all his



J. M. BARRIE.
(Novelist and Dramatic Author.)

"Eh, sir! 'Whaur's your Willie Shakspeare now?"

sitters in the same dim light, with the same dark curtain behind them, arranging them in accordance with his own preconception and convention, and avoiding deliberately all the sterner problems of light and modelling. When, nowadays, art critics praise of his "marvellous knowledge of the limitations of his medium," they mean really that marvellous knowledge of his own limitations, that divine caution which has ever withheld him from (perhaps) higher tasks and has left him content with absolute monarchy in his own sphere.

With all reverence to the opinion of Mr. George Moore, I doubt whether Mr. Whistler has ever suffered greatly in the pursuit of his art. He has but delighted "in the dainty, the sharp, bright gaiety of beauty." While other great painters have, for good or ill, been tearing their hair, he has been arranging his before a mirror. While other great painters, their art being closely bound up with real life have been unable to regard real life save as a means to an end, Mr. Whistler, after elaborating one of his own fantasies, has ever gone forth and enjoyed life, for its own sake, as a quaint and amusing thing which ought not to be missed. His work being of that imaginative kind whose chief process is in the worker's heart and brain, there was no need for him to live incessantly in his studio. He had plenty of time for dalliance with Mammon. He was little loath to be lionized, and he cared greatly for the opinion of a world which he did but profess to despise. Ridicule and stupidity, things of so slight import to his abstracted single-hearted brothers in art, stung him to the quick, inasmuch that his pen became a perennial fount of witty or angry letters to the weekly papers.

They were exquisite, like the rest of him, these letters. Their writer's wit and adroitness and sense of apt words were such that, though he was generally in the wrong, he "got home every time." As with the brush so with the pen. Mr. Whistler deftly dodged realities, ever glancing off into delicate arrangements in insolence and argot. Stranger to all pity, he sent his barbed and venomous shaftlets deep into the most inoffensive breasts. He was a gay, but terrible, antagonist. After the lapse of some years, he collected his letters and published them in a book of admirable design. Since that time the old spirit of pugnacity, though it has been less often manifested, has not died in him, and there is enough material for an enlarged edition of his book. But since that time, also, he has come into his kingdom of "proper recognition." He feels, doubtless, that such a book is rather beneath his dignity. So his publisher has to be "enabled" to "induce" him to "consent." Amazing!

PRICES OF BOOKS.

THE STEADY INCREASE IN SOME VALUES.

From Notes and Queries.

Nothing is more familiar or more discomforting to the book buyer who hopes that his taste and judgment will be vindicated than the fluctuations in the prices of books. Works which are greedily sought after in one generation are neglected in the next. Booksellers now rarely think it worth while to give the height of an Elzevir or to devote a note to an Aldus. The first editions of the classics, which in the days of our grandfathers were the collector's chief pride, are now fallen from their high estate. I have bought recently for 30 shillings a fine copy of the first edition of Aristophanes, Aldus, 1498, in a handsome binding, with gaudied edges, which in the first half of the century brought prices ranging from 130 francs to 425 francs. I could instance other similar cases of decline, and fancy I can see symptoms of giving way in those books which the modern collector most affects. In Paris, indeed, a "rot" has set in as regards modern works. Yet the best books in good examples steadily mount in price.

came it that he, a great artist, could steal from the practice of his art time and energy enough to be a wit, a fop, a flaneur, a collector, a litigant, a showman, a creature of innumerable channels? These are questions which have long puzzled all Chelsea and the Latin Quarter. Mr. George Moore has sought to explain the curious phenomenon of Mr. Whistler's pugnacity and clowning by the assertion that Mr. Whistler, albeit a man of excellent health, is not, like many other great painters, a tower of physical strength; that he is one whose masterpieces have been achieved through mere nervous force, and whose nerves, overstrung at the completion of his every masterpiece, have found their relief