

MOONRISE.

BY NORA HOPPER.

A rose in the night and the moon in the night
was rising.
A full blown bubble of silver, a ghostly fire,
White without heat, like beauty without desire
The moon was rising.
Was one star dared to follow her, one star only,
A star without name of my knowing, a small
star lonely,
That never would win her, and never would
tarry or tire—
The streets were empty of feet and the hearths
of fire.
The moon was rising.

The New-York Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1900.

In reviewing M. Edouard Grenier's "Literary Reminiscences" a fortnight ago we felt called upon to protest against his gratuitous slurs on the memory of Heine, slurs evidently based on smoldering personal resentments. It is gratifying to find Mr. W. Beach Thomas undertaking a more elaborate defence of the poet in the number of "Macmillan's Magazine" just published. All of M. Grenier's accusations, he rightly maintains, fail of their effect, even if true enough when forced into illogical isolation, "because they do not touch the essence of either Heine's genius or his character." The point is justly made. Purveyors of malicious gossip seem to think that they have only to cite what they call a "fact" in order to convince the world. The reader who knows the essence of the genius and character of the dead man attacked by these prattlers (he is always a dead man, you may be sure) is proof against their misleading divagations. But Mr. Thomas puts his finger on a grave abuse when he says, apropos of M. Grenier's readable stories, that "the anecdotal charm of the writing has a danger of its own, if only for the subtle ease with which the matter is insinuated into the memory." The mass of mankind falls an easy victim to a well turned anecdote. It will stick where a long discourse would leave no impression whatever. It is for this reason that the vogue of the modern gossip is most to be regretted.

The practice of placing an original verse at the head of each chapter in a novel has the sanction of more than one famous author. Scott wrote some of his best poetry for this purpose. In our own day Mr. Kipling has written some admirable chapter headings in verse. But Scott was no dabster, foisting into his novels poems which he could not get printed in any other way. He was a poet by right divine. Mr. Kipling, also, before he took the control of the British Empire in his hands, could write ballads that needed no prose fiction to carry them. But when the minor novelist takes to verse, in the body of his novel and in his chapter headings, he adds a new terror to life. He is becoming bolder and bolder every year. Now he even includes rhymed prologues and epilogues in his books, dedications in verse, and long songs, so called, which his heroine is supposed to sing. This is hardly fair to the reader, and, if the novelist only knew it, it is hardly fair to him. He thinks, of course, that his poetry—heaven save the mark!—is a valuable addition to his pages. He likes to be thought ambidextrous. But all he does is to bore us, all he does is to exhibit the most appalling mediocrity in the midst of what we are sometimes willing to accept as reasonably good work. These lyrical interpolations of his are bad enough when they are merely sentimental. When they aim at being philosophical and epigrammatic they cause the reader to shudder. It is all very well to quote Shakespeare or even Browning at the top of a chapter. Browning, in fact, never seems so desirable a poet as when we get him in this fragmentary way. But original verse should be eschewed by the average novelist as a thing bound to do him incalculable damage.

We quote on another page Sir Walter Besant's wise comments on the silly charge that "literature is degraded by attention to the business side." He thinks this false view rests upon a confusion of ideas between commercial value and literary value. This is true enough, but what is chiefly responsible is the cant fostered more or less from time immemorial, but chiefly in our own age, by those who possess, or think they possess, the artistic temperament. Who does not know the poet, or painter, or musician, who loves to have you understand that he has no head for business? If the type were only encountered among the pretenders it would not excite surprise. But the truth is that men and women of genuine ability are often guilty of the same nonsense. With a vanity that would be funny if it were not contemptible these gifted individuals seem to take it for granted that a jocular expression of ignorance where matters of business, or politics, or science are concerned will impress the people they meet with a sense of their sublime absorption in things of the spirit. No doubt they are sincere. They are indeed ignorant. But their ignorance is not the credit to them that they think it is. On the contrary, it indicates very often a weakness of character and an intellectual narrowness of which they would hate to be accused.

A WISE ADVENTURER

THE FIRST ENGLISH RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

RAJAH BROOKE. The Englishman as Ruler of an Eastern State. By Sir Spenser St. John, G. C. M. G. (Builders of Great Britain Series.) Octavo, pp. xxiv, 302. Longmans, Green & Co.

To every reader this should prove an interesting book, for it relates the unusual experiences of an unusual man. To Americans it has the added significance of throwing some light on a subject at present of much importance in this country, the administration of distant possessions. Sir James Brooke, first English Rajah of Sarawak, in Borneo, was born in India in 1803. He received some education, though less, apparently, than his family desired him to have. He loved books all his life long, but he was not cut out for a studious career. The instinct of the explorer and adventurer was in his blood. In his sixteenth year he received an ensign's commission and left for India; he served creditably in the Burmese war that broke out in 1824; but it was not long before he resigned, and when, in 1835, the death of his father left him

made himself a power in the land, and superseded the native Rajah in office. He accomplished all this by honest, open methods, and seems, in fact, to have been actuated at all times by the purest motives. Self-interest was foreign to his nature. He wanted first of all to "ameliorate the condition of the unhappy natives"; he dreamed of spreading civilization, commerce and religion throughout Borneo. The task was a formidable one. The Malays were difficult to deal with. The Dyak head hunters kept the people in the interior on the jump, and the pirates ravaged the coast. When hard blows were needed to obtain a betterment of conditions he struck them. But if he succeeded in Sarawak it was largely because he held certain enlightened ideas and persistently lived up to them.

He longed to have Great Britain second his efforts, to give him the means to carry out his plans, to give him political countenance, and in the long run, after many struggles and humiliations, he won his cause. But it never occurred to him to bolster up his ambition by injudicious appeals to the cupidity of his countrymen. He knew he could not transform Sarawak in a year. So he protested against haste. He did not want capital thrown into

since." No wonder his people were faithful to him.

Brooke's policy was, in short, a consummate blending of Anglo-Saxon authority with complete sympathy for the native point of view. He would not take a thing by force. It was characteristic of him that when he took the place of the native ruler of Sarawak he not only obtained a grant from the Sultan, drawn up in due legal form, but instead of presenting it in a high handed manner went through all the usual rites of the land. The incident is so picturesque that we may cite his own description of it, starting from the moment when the Sultan's letters were taken on shore:

They were received and brought up to the reception hall amid large wax torches. The person who was to read them was stationed on a raised platform. Standing near him was the Rajah Muda Hassim [who was to be superseded by Brooke] with a sabre in his hand; in front was his brother Jaffer, with a tremendous Lanun sword drawn, and around were the other brothers and myself, all standing, the rest of the company being seated. The letters were then read—the last one appointing me to hold the government of Sarawak—after which the Rajah descended from the platform and said aloud, "If any one present disowns or contests the Sultan's appointment, let him now declare it." All were silent. "Is there any pangeran or young rajah that contests the question? Pangeran Der Makota [an enemy of Brooke's], what do you say?" Makota expressed his willingness to obey. One or two other obnoxious pangerans, who had always opposed themselves to me, were each challenged, and forced to promise obedience. The Rajah then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, "Whoever he may be that disobeys the Sultan's mandate now received, I will cleave his skull." And at the same moment some ten of his younger brothers jumped from the veranda and, drawing their long kris, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting close to Makota, striking the pillar above his head, and pointing their weapons at his breast. A motion on his part would have been fatal, but he kept his eyes on the ground and stirred not.

After this romantic fashion was Brooke made Rajah of Sarawak. The subsequent years contained similar experiences for him, perils, and constant annoyance from pirates or other enemies. But through it all he labored with extraordinary patience and common sense. It is for his sympathetic portrait of the man, for his appreciative account of Brooke's methods, that we are grateful to Sir Spenser St. John. The Rajah's redemption of Sarawak forms a minor but fascinating episode in the history of Great Britain's imperial development. In his enthusiastic devotion to his Eastern enterprise, in the wisdom with which he consolidated his power over the natives, we perceive the genius of a man born to rule for the good of those who fall beneath his sway.

THE MALLARME DOLL.

A REMINISCENCE BY MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

From Poet-Lore.

During my first visit abroad I passed the winter of 1877-'78 in Paris, and—as I had a letter of introduction to M. Stéphanie Mallarmé—we became close friends. Besides being "Poet of Poets" and High Priest of the Symbolists, Mallarmé was professor of English in a French university. His English was French English, to be sure—but it answered the French purpose.

He always spoke to me of myself in the third person. I saw a great deal of both him and his wife. I used to dine in the Rue de Rome on his famous Tuesdays, and see the adoring throng of neophytes who came in after dinner. And often he and Mme. Mallarmé would ramble with me about the fascinating streets of Paris. It was during these walks that I first made the acquaintance of the genuine French dolls—the wonderful creations who can bow and curtsy, and say "papa" and "mamma," and are so much better than human that they always do the thing you desire, and never the thing you dislike.

At last the winter came to an end. I was to cross the channel—and, full of kindly regrets, M. Mallarmé came to see me.

"We have wished," he said, "madame and I, to make her a gift of farewell, and we have thought to give her a doll—she has so liked the dolls of Paris. Will she come with us and choose it on the morrow?"

Is everybody a fool sometimes, I wonder? At any rate, I was one just then. Instead of thinking what a treasure for the future would be a doll presented to me by the leader of the Symbolists, a foolish fear came over me that to confess to its ownership would be to own myself childish—to make myself ridiculous—and, like the idiot I just then was, I said, "Oh, no, please. They would laugh at me—those who saw it. Please let it be something else."

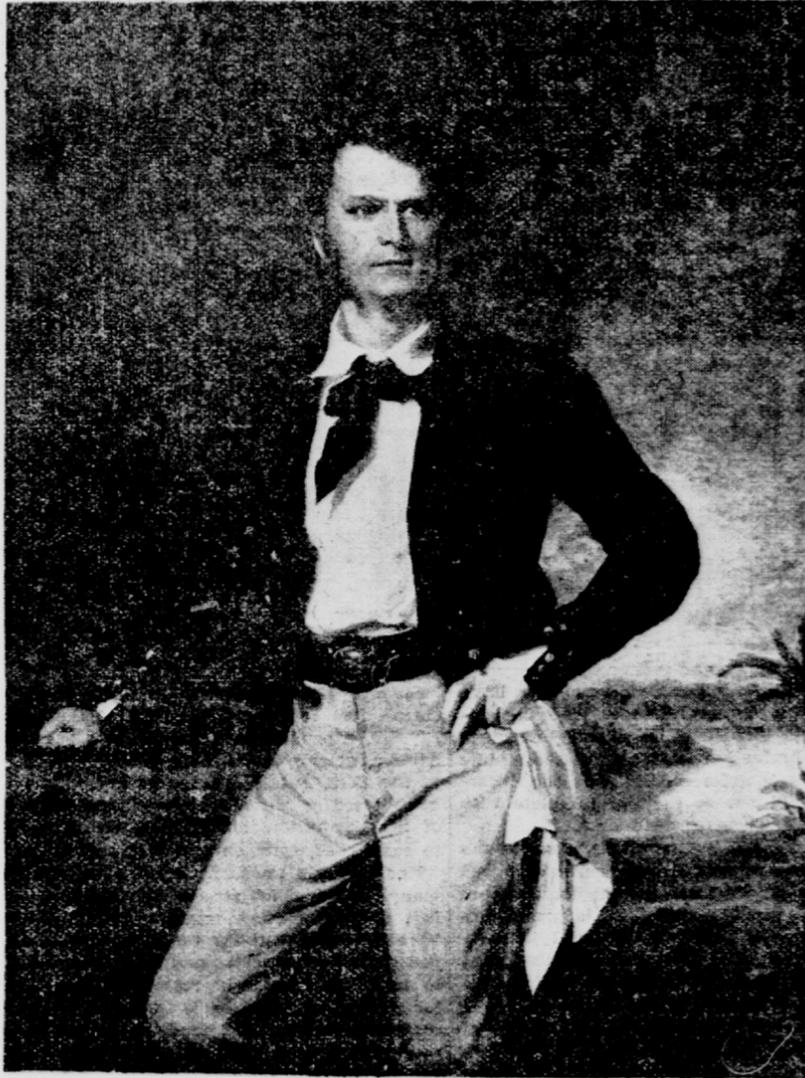
And the poet went away sadly, and returned next day with a Japanese cabinet—a beautiful cabinet—for his "gift of goodby." I have the cabinet still, but—I want my doll.

A LITERARY SHOP.

From The London Chronicle.

The demolition of the block of houses at the junction of Tottenham Court Road with Oxford-st. reminds us that the little passage on the west side of the block, called Bozler's Court, is not without its associations. Here, fifty years ago, Mr. Westell, who, we believe, is now the oldest bookseller in London, had a shop which is mentioned in Lord Lytton's "My Novel." In Book VII, Chapter 4 of that work we read: "One day three persons were standing before an old bookstall in a passage leading from Oxford-st. into Tottenham Court Road. . . . 'Look,' said one of the gentlemen to the other, 'I have discovered here what I have searched for in vain the last ten years—the Horace of 1580, the Horace of the Forty Commentators. . . . The shopman, lurking within his hole like a spider for flies, was now called out.' The shopman who lurked was the esteemed Mr. Westell, who perfectly remembers seeing the Lyttons, father and son, walk into his shop one day, not to buy a 1580 Horace, but to inquire the price of some three volume novels.

It is proposed to place on Friar's Crag on Derwentwater a memorial to Ruskin in the shape of an early British cross of native stone.



SIR JAMES BROOKE, RAJAH OF SARAWAK.
(From the portrait by Sir Francis Grant.)

with a comfortable fortune, he decided to spend it in a venture of his own on the sea. He bought a schooner yacht and cruised in the Mediterranean. His travels in the East had especially attracted him to Borneo, however, and ultimately he resolved to see what he could do in a kind of half-adventurous, half-benevolent exploitation of that region. His aspirations are well expressed in his own words. "Could I carry my vessel to places where the keel of European ship never before ploughed the waters," he wrote; "could I plant my foot where white man's foot had never before been; could I gaze upon scenes which educated eyes had never looked on, see man in the rudest state of nature, I should be content without looking to further rewards."

He sailed for the Eastern Archipelago in 1838. He died in England just thirty years later. In that short period he had achieved lasting fame as an administrator in the East, and had rendered important services to the Empire in that he started and developed the fruitful influence of the British in a corner of the world to which they had previously paid but scant attention. It is not, however, so much for his acquisitions of territory or for his political triumphs that he is celebrated by Sir Spenser St. John, his old colleague and intimate friend, but for his qualities as a man dealing with remote peoples. Sarawak and British North Borneo are not to-day among the brightest gems in the sphere of British influence. But they would not be in their present thriving and promising condition if Brooke had not played his part so well, and it is as an example of high character and rare ability that he is to be commended. When he reached Sarawak it was as an independent British explorer. The Rajah who at that time was in control, holding his office by the Sultan's appointment, had a rebellion on his hands. Brooke took the part of the Rajah. The details of the ensuing transactions are too numerous to be presented here. The main point is that by dint of energetic action and tactful diplomacy Brooke eventually

the country all at once. He wanted progress to be slow; in that way he thought it could be made sure, and in the mean time he drove at the best possible practice. "Good temper, good sense and conciliatory manners," he wrote, "are essential to the good government of natives, and on this point it is that most Europeans are grossly wanting. They always take with them their own customs, feelings and manners, and in a way force the natives to conform to them, and never give themselves the trouble of ascertaining how far these manners are repugnant to the natives." He became the idol of Sarawak because, while he made himself feared, he took pains to hurt no one's feelings unnecessarily. His enemies at home questioned his conduct. Joseph Hume and Cobden carried on a campaign against him, started by an unscrupulous agent of his, who had been dismissed. But when the intriguers had a commission appointed to investigate his work, and his acquittal was ordered in terms so cold as to lower his prestige among the natives, he still retained his hold upon the latter. When the Chinese insurrection occurred, and he was obliged to flee for his life, the natives, who worship success, were nevertheless kind and respectful to the fugitive. The intercourse between ruler and ruled was founded on mutual love and respect. Brooke was a man of charming personality, thoughtful, sympathetic, kindly and magnetic. Present advantage, adventitiously gained, was never confused by him with the large, enduring benefits that reward far-seeing and steadfast effort. His biographer records that he never forgot a face or a name. "One evening a poor Milanau came in, and, after touching the Rajah's hand, squatted on the floor, and remained silent, as many chiefs were present. 'I have seen that man before,' said Sir James, and presently he turned round and addressed the native by name, and said: 'Bujang, what is the news from Bintulu?' This man had piloted a steamer into that river ten years previously, and the Rajah had never seen him