

LITERARY NOTES.

Quida is bringing out a new book—this time a collection of essays full of impulsive and emphatic opinions, some of them wise enough and others—!

The rumor that Macaulay's journals are to be published in full suggests mention of the fact that some of the author's unpublished ballads are still in existence. It is recalled by the London "Bookman" that one who heard portions of them recited thought them very fine and stirring poems. "The one on the battle of Bosworth Field especially took my fancy, but of this I can only quote the lines in which Richmond, rebuking his followers for indignities offered to the brave king and soldier lying dead, says:

"And, for that back at which ye flout,
It is a back I ween,
That Lancaster on foughten field
Till now had never seen."

And the concluding lines of his spoken epitaph on his dead rival:

"For though he ruled as tyrants rule,
He died as soldiers die."

Good literature and uncommonly good illustrations have not sufficed to make "The Pall Mall Magazine" pay in England, and it is now in the market. The end of it will probably be the lowering at once of its literary standards and its price under new management. The American edition was discontinued some time ago.

Mme. Sarah Grand has nearly finished her new novel. It bears the title of "Babs the Impossible." This is the book which it was at first intended should be called "Petticoats."

Replying to the charge that "literature is degraded by attention to the business side," Sir Walter Besant says: "So what does not degrade the clergyman, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the physician, the lawyer, the actor, does degrade the author. In the words of Dr. Johnson, 'What skumble skamble stuff is this!' It rests upon a confusion of ideas between commercial value and literary value. The two are distinct—they are separate, they are incommensurable. We cannot estimate the literary value of a work by any standard of money; we cannot estimate the commercial value of a work by any literary standard. We ought to be able to do both; a perfected humanity will be able to do both—at present we cannot. Some worthless books circulate largely; some excellent books hardly circulate at all." The trouble is that authors too often expect their commercially successful books to be rated as high literature. "Are we to call an author great," says Sir Walter elsewhere, "because his works circulate by the hundred thousand? In that case, not to speak of English writers, Mr. Charles Sheldon is the greatest of living authors. Also for three-fourths of his life Robert Browning was the smallest of his contemporaries."

The late St. George Mivart's forthcoming novel, "Castle and Manor," is not entirely new—to English readers, at least. It appeared anonymously some years ago under the title of "Henry Standon."

A very rare set of the "United Service Chronicle" was sold at auction in London the other day for \$145. This set comprises forty-two numbers, and contains every number to which Mr. Kipling contributed, both while at the school and subsequently, in addition to several numbers containing interesting matter relating to him. There are in all about forty contributions in prose and verse by Mr. Kipling, very few of which have been reprinted. The value of this Kipling item would seem to be on the decline, for in July last a collection of only nineteen numbers realized \$505.

New editions of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's earlier works are to be brought out in this country by H. S. Stone & Co., who will begin with "Love Among the Artists."

The keynote of "The Farringtons," Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler's new novel, is said to be found in these lines prefixed to the story:

"The world is weary of new tracts of thought
That lead to nought—
Sick of quick remedies prescribed in vain
For mortal pain;
Yet still above them all one figure stands
With outstretched hands."

In referring to the Methodist life in the English "Black Country," which she treats of in this book, the author says: "I admit it is difficult to appreciate at its real worth the religion of a woman I knew, who, when asked whether she had been successful in making her pork pies, replied, 'I've done my best with them, and if only the Lord be with them in the oven they'll be the best batch of pies this side of Jordan.'"

The Cowper centenary has elicited many articles on the poet, and also a statement that Mr. Wright, of Olney, has hundreds of Cowper's original letters which show how grievously his editors cut them before printing.

The Parisian correspondent of "The Author" says that for some months he was mystified by hearing the phrase "le cher Roodyard" repeated with parrotlike persistency in various literary salons. At last it dawned upon him that "le cher Roodyard" meant Rudyard Kipling, translations of whose books are being eagerly read in France.

It is stated, by the way, that for his forthcoming novel of life in India Mr. Kipling is receiving the highest price ever paid to an English writer of fiction—that the sum is equal to the annual salary of a Cabinet Minister. And Mr. Kipling has not touched Thackeray yet!

A careful biographical sketch of Sir Walter Scott opens the volume of the new Cambridge edition of Scott's poetical works. Careful indexes and all needed notes accompany the poems, which are given in complete form. The Riverside press will issue the edition this week.

A biographer in brief of the late Archibald Forbes says that, strange though it may appear at first sight, it was nevertheless true and natural that Forbes's ignorance of the German tongue gave him in the Franco-German War opportunities of which he was quick to avail himself. "Many of his letters contained excel-

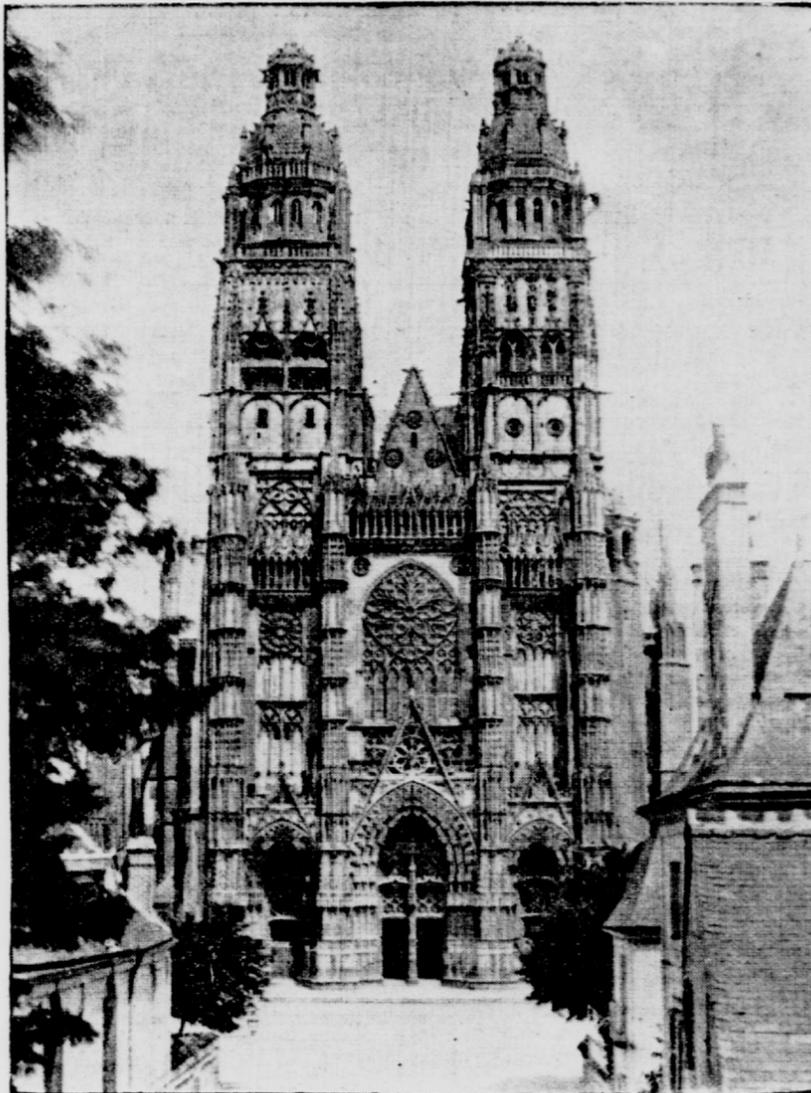
lent forecasts; this was due to the accuracy of his information. Had he spoken German, the officers whose acquaintance he had made would have been chary of telling him all they knew. But when they spoke English to him they often said more than they had intended, and Mr. Forbes was on the alert to use, though he never did so improperly, all the facts which he learned."

Two more volumes of Byron are now in course of printing by Mr. John Murray. They are the third volume of the poems and the fourth volume of the letters. In the latter are included a number of fresh letters by Mrs. Leigh, Byron's sister. It is possible that the twelve volumes of the edition which were originally promised may be extended to fourteen, so rich is the available material.

A distinct gain in the circulation of "Scribner's Magazine" is said to have been apparent since the opening in its pages of Mr. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel." It has, moreover, aroused a demand for the previous story, "Sentimental Tommy," and a new edition in paper has just been published.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

Mr. Richard Sudbury, the author of "Two Gentlemen in Touraine" (Herbert S. Stone & Co.), is enthusiastically devoted to the region he



THE CATHEDRAL OF TOURS.

celebrates, but he does not mind straying from facts. Indeed, he is delighted to turn from description to something very like romancing. He tells us what he saw, and adds a good deal that he imagined. Apparently he wanted "atmosphere" for his book on Amboise, Azay-le-Rideau, Chambord, Blois and other fascinating themes. A little of it he has secured. He might have secured more if some friend had persuaded him to shorten his narrative. The book runs to more than three hundred pages, and the author has not a light enough touch to cultivate his particular kind of writing at such great length. But his pages are not without interest. And they are rendered the more attractive by the form in which they are published. The book is beautifully gotten up, with decorative borders and some fine half-tone illustrations.

SALADIN AND AN ENGLISH WIFE.

From Notes and Queries.

The Rev. John Wakeford, preaching at Anfield, near Liverpool, the other Sunday, told the following story: In a little town or village in Gloucestershire there is a church which contains the mortal remains of one of the old Crusaders. In mouldering effigy he is depicted on the tomb, while by his side in cold eloquence is imaged the form of his wife. It will be noticed by even the casual observer that the female image is bereft of one of the hands, and the story runs that the Crusader, while fighting in the East, was made a prisoner of war and brought before Saladin, who, before executing judgment upon him, asked him if there was any reason why he should not be put to death. To this the knight replied that he was but young, and would leave a newly wedded wife, who would bitterly mourn his loss.

"The love of woman is as a fleeting breath," retorted the Sultan. "Your wife will forget that you have ever lived; she will love again and marry another." To this the sad knight could only reply that on her fidelity he could rest his soul. "Well, then," replied Saladin, "I will promise on my oath as a soldier that if this man's wife will cut off one of her hands and send it to me I will set him free to go to her." By tedious and slow journeyings the message came, and she, in all piteousness for him who was her lover and her lord, caused her hand to be cut off, and sent it to the Sultan, who kept his word and set the Crusader free.

GOSSIP OF THE CAPITAL.

THE ANNUAL EGG ROLLING AS DEMOCRATIC AND POPULAR AS EVER.

EXCELLENT RECORD OF THE NEW SIAMESE MINISTER, BARON PRASIDDHI—LEUTENANT BODISCO'S VISIT.

Washington, April 21.—The annual egg rolling on Easter Monday in the grounds of the Executive Mansion was a most democratic gathering. Every walk in life was represented, every nationality. Little nabobs from the West End in purple and fine linen rubbed elbows with the ragged denizens of "Hell's Bottom"; Caucasians, Mongolians and Africans mingled together in amity or quarrelled loudly over the possession of the bright colored eggs, while the Marine Band played for their entertainment and the President and his household smiled in welcome and sympathy from the south portico of the mansion. To Mrs. McKinley, because of her intense love for children, the egg rolling is

politics under the spreading oaks. Out of regard for their host, perhaps, President McKinley was the favorite candidate, but Roosevelt, or "Teddy," as they called him, and General Wheeler, "Little Joe," had some warm admirers, and whenever the eggs bearing the pictures of these favorites were victorious the shouts of rejoicing that went up in the air drowned the music of the band. One small boy carrying a little egg on which were the familiar features of the hero of the battle of Manila won at least a dozen eggs by picking with the children about him, but when it was discovered that his choice possession was a "keet's aig" he was thrown down in disgrace and his winnings smashed on the green under the heels of angry young Americans.

Phya, or Baron Prasiddhi, the new Minister from Siam, who presented his credentials to the President on Monday, is one of the most eminent of the Siamese King's subjects, chosen to represent his Government at this capital and at London because of his high qualifications, his tact and the knowledge he gained of their history, traditions and present condition in a previous visit to the United States and to Great Britain. Political methods have changed in the Land of the White Elephant in the last fifteen years. A reform, indeed, began with the accession to the throne of the present King, who was brought up by English governesses, educated by English tutors, and through them acquired Occidental ideals. Appointments no longer, as formerly, go by favor. The King exacts that his officials shall be thoroughly equipped for their posts, and has little patience with dishonesty and incompetency, removing those who give evidence of it and advancing those who prove worthy. Baron Prasiddhi's appointment is a distinct and well deserved promotion, a reward for the fine record he made as Governor of the Province of Korat, and he was chosen not only for the service he would render his country at the foreign capitals but for the credit he would reflect upon it.

The present Siamese Minister is some forty years old, and was intended while still a lad for a military career, although he has since shown marked ability in civil lines. From 1882 until 1887 he served as military attaché of the legations in Italy and France, with headquarters at Paris. In the latter year he was appointed an aid to the special Ambassador to the Queen's Jubilee, and after several months spent in London returned to the East by way of the United States, traversing the country leisurely, studying its institutions, people and language.

Shortly after his return home Baron Prasiddhi was made Civil and Military Governor of Korat, one of the largest northern provinces of Siam, and resigned that office only to accept his present post. It is rare that a military officer makes a popular Civil Governor, but Baron Prasiddhi's administration was acceptable to the King, to his Cabinet and to the people. His experience on the Continent, in England and in the United States proved of great service to him. He introduced reforms in all the departments, presided over the civil trials, showing himself a wise and just magistrate; developed the resources of the country, stimulated trade and took an active personal interest in whatever made for the progress of the country, winning the regard and confidence of those he governed, who sincerely regret his transfer to a new field of duty.

Baron Prasiddhi belongs to the advanced thinkers in Siam, and represents the best element in his country. He is, in a word, a citizen of the world, and has gathered whatever is best and most useful for his own purpose in the various countries he has visited. His manners are agreeable, his personality pleasant and his knowledge of English will add much to his usefulness here. The Baron contemplates remaining in Washington only a few weeks, when he will sail for England, and later in the season visit the Paris Exposition, returning here in the fall.

The Minister is accompanied by his secretary, Edward H. Loftus, who was attached to the special embassy composed of Prince Nares and Prince Sonapandit, brothers of the King; R. E. Snagh, major of the Royal Siamese Guards; an English secretary, Wilberforce Wyke; Mr. Loftus and various valets and servants, which was sent around the world in 1884 on a voyage of discovery, with instructions to report on anything they met with—customs, methods, laws—worthy of introduction into the Siamese Kingdom. The mission of this embassy was eminently successful, many American methods were adopted through its agency, and an era of progress followed its return.

According to Mr. Loftus, there has been no step backward, and to-day Siam is in a more flourishing condition than ever before. From being bankrupt it has placed itself on a sound financial basis, its debts have been paid in full, it has good credit and there is a surplus of several million pounds sterling in the treasury. Its resources have been developed, trade is in a thriving condition, and it has a long and prosperous railroad connecting Bangkok with its northern departments. Mr. Loftus has been attached to the Siamese Legation in London from the time of its establishment, and because of his long experience and knowledge of the Oriental character is a valuable aid to his chief. Mr. Loftus is not a stranger in Washington, having spent some time here with the Embassy in 1884, when he made many warm friends, who are glad to welcome him back.

A certain member of the Supreme Court writes illegibly, as does a little friend of the distinguished Judge, who is a pupil in the fourth

one of the pleasantest functions of the year, and she looked forward to it with keenest anticipation. Unhappily on last Monday she was too feeble to remain long in the open air, but she insisted on waving her greetings to her little friends from the porch, and all the afternoon watched the gay scene from the window of her room in the second story.

There were, as usual, a number of what are known as "scraps" by the small fry who participate in them, harmless, as a rule, to which the bluecoated officers were smiling onlookers, making no attempt to disturb the rough and tumble fights unless the fighters became too earnest. One little ducky, who was true to the traditions of slavery, came to grief at the hands of one of his own race, and learned a lesson as well as getting a sore skull that he will not soon forget.

"Mars," said the little fellow to a small white boy, clad in velvet and lace, who was carrying a large basket filled with beautiful colored eggs over his arm, "Mars, please, sah, gib me one o' yo' aigs. I ain't got none."

"Who dat yo' callin' 'Mars'?" demanded a half grown negro, standing threateningly over the little black boy. "Don't yo' know dat dar ain't no Mars 'cept in heaven? Tak' dat now, and dat, and dat," he said, cuffing the child first on one side of the head and then on the other. "Tak' dat fer disgracin' yo' race an' callin' a little, ole white kid 'Mars.' He ain't no mo' Mars' dan I is."

A little Mongolian was also roughly handled, but he held his ground manfully until his tormentors threatened to amputate his cue, when he ran to the officers for protection. Peace was soon restored, however, and his former assailants, converted into friends through their admiration for his prowess and bravery, were soon playing with him in the most amicable way.

A group of noisy young politicians in embryo, armed with eggs bearing the photographs of their favorite candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, played a little game of