

LITERARY NOTES.

There is to be a new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's history of Italian painting—a work which has been long out of print, as the price, \$150, asked for a stray copy forcibly testifies. This edition will contain illustrations.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has sent a copy of her book "The Queen's Twin, and Other Stories" to Queen Victoria. In offering the book, which was accepted, Miss Jewett said that the first story revealed the warm and genuine feeling of attachment and veneration which exists among the American country folk toward the Queen.

Mark Twain's next book is to bear the title of the opening story, "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." It is a collection of stories, sketches and essays which have been published in various periodicals. It will probably appear in September.

Who invented "Punch's" famous "Advice to Persons About to Marry—Don't"? It has been attributed to an anonymous Eton schoolboy, but Mr. Spielmann tells us that it was one of the numerous scintillations from the pen of Henry Mayhew. The origin of the "Bang went sappiness" joke, on the other hand, was outside the office, but its merit lies in the fact that it was a real and a serious observation made by a Lanarkshire tripper up in London for the first time. Sir John Gilbert heard it; he told Mr. Birket Foster, who told Charles Keene, and so it became immortalized.

Mrs. "John Oliver Hobbes" Craigie has written twenty-six chapters of her new novel, "Robert Orange," and it will probably be published during the late summer.

Mr. Sidney Colvin says that the character of "Prince Otto" was suggested to Stevenson by certain traits in his cousin, "Bob" Stevenson, the art critic who died the other day. These traits are mentioned as an incapacity he had for self-assertion, a readiness in all controversies to take part against himself, a something of inefficiency that accompanied his personal charm and brilliance. This Stevenson has left nothing in book form except an essay on Velasquez, another on Rubens and a third on the gargoyles of Notre Dame.

It is reported that Mr. Kipling intends to preach in England a crusade against what he regards as the too conciliatory policy toward the Boers in general and the "rebel Dutch" in particular supposed to be favored by British statesmen. Mr. Kipling, we are gravely informed by the London journals, is now familiarly referred to by a group of friends and relatives who do not share his views on this question as "The Cape Medlar." Having completed his new animal stories and his book, "Kim of the Rishtri," the author has plenty of time for this crusade.

An English officer in South Africa writes to a friend: "By the way, on my journey to Beaufort West I happened to get into the same carriage as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He was not at all the sort of fellow you would imagine from the description of him in abortive attempts to get interviews, and seemed greatly interested in the volunteers in South Africa. When we got to Fraserburg road, where the company of the Welsh are, he got out of the carriage and was immediately surrounded by about fifty Tommies, and seemed in his glory conversing with them. I never saw such hero worship as at Beaufort West. It had got out that he was travelling by that train, and the whole of the town, old and young, white and black and yellow, crowded in the station to get a glimpse of him. This morning I received a packet from him containing two bottles of laudanum, enough to go round the company a dozen times. My opinion of him was always of the best, but it has gone up consider-

street leads anywhere; but after an hour or two's wandering I came across a wonderful garden full of tropical trees high up on a hill, and giving a most grateful shade. This I recognized from the description I had read as the Passeio da Estrella, and I soon found the cypresses of the English cemetery towering over one side. After a little search I found a door with the royal arms carved above it, and rang. If I was delighted with the garden, the beauty of the cemetery, as I saw it, passes description. Whether it was the contrast from the glare of the streets I do not know, but it seemed to me one of the most lovely spots on this earth. It is an orderly grove of tall cypresses, cool with shade, yet bright with color. I saw geranium, iris, laburnum and many flowering creepers, all of which gave the place a look of some rich garden. It was well tended, too, yet not too primly to offend. All the paths were strewn with a purple flower something like lilac. Fielding's grave I found between two most majestic cypresses, the space clear and well kept, save that a few twigs had fallen upon it. Round the huge sarcophagus were no flowers as elsewhere, but some trailing plant, clinging to one of the cypresses, had thrust out above a spray loaded with white blossom."

"Empress Octavia" is the title of the newest historical romance in the shops. Its scene is set in the time of Nero, it is a translation from the German of Wilhelm Wallotte, and the publishers are Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Ranald Macdonald, the son of the veteran novelist, George Macdonald, has himself turned author and is about to bring out a romance called "The Sword of the King." It is a story of the period of William, Prince of Orange.

Elizabeth Godfrey, the author of the two musical novels, "Poor Human Nature" and "The Harp of Life," is the daughter of an English clergyman and schoolmaster, and lives near Bournemouth. The name upon her title pages is that of an ancestress, her real name being Jessie Bedford. She is described as an agreeable and witty woman.

The "Diary of White of Selborne" is to be published, says the London "Atheneum." "He kept it, as is well known, for more than twenty-five years, and used for the purpose a form 'invented' by Daines Barrington, entitled 'The Naturalists' Calendar,' constructed for recording on each day, in proper columns, the readings of the thermometer and barometer, the direction of the wind, the measurement of the rainfall, the weather, the appearance of leaves and flowers of plants, the appearance or disappearance of birds and insects, observations with regard to fish and other animals, and miscellaneous observations. But Gilbert White enriched his 'Calendar' with much other matter. There are not only numerous disquisitions on points of natural history, but notes of events of public interest and of personal or domestic concern. These are written on interleaves, or such spaces as may happen to be available. It is proposed to arrange for the publication of the diary in the manner of the original in every substantial particular. There will be no editorial notes, except in elucidation of a few points of real obscurity. It will fill two large quartos of about seven hundred pages each."

MUNKACSY.

A NOTE ON THE FAMOUS HUNGARIAN ARTIST. The death of Munkacsy was for him a merciful release, as the terrible malady from which he suffered was apparently incurable. It is natural to ask whether a great artist was lost when the brushes dropped from his hand. Some years ago, when his huge canvas of "Christ Before Pilate" was being exhibited, the answer

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

BY F. T. BULLEN.

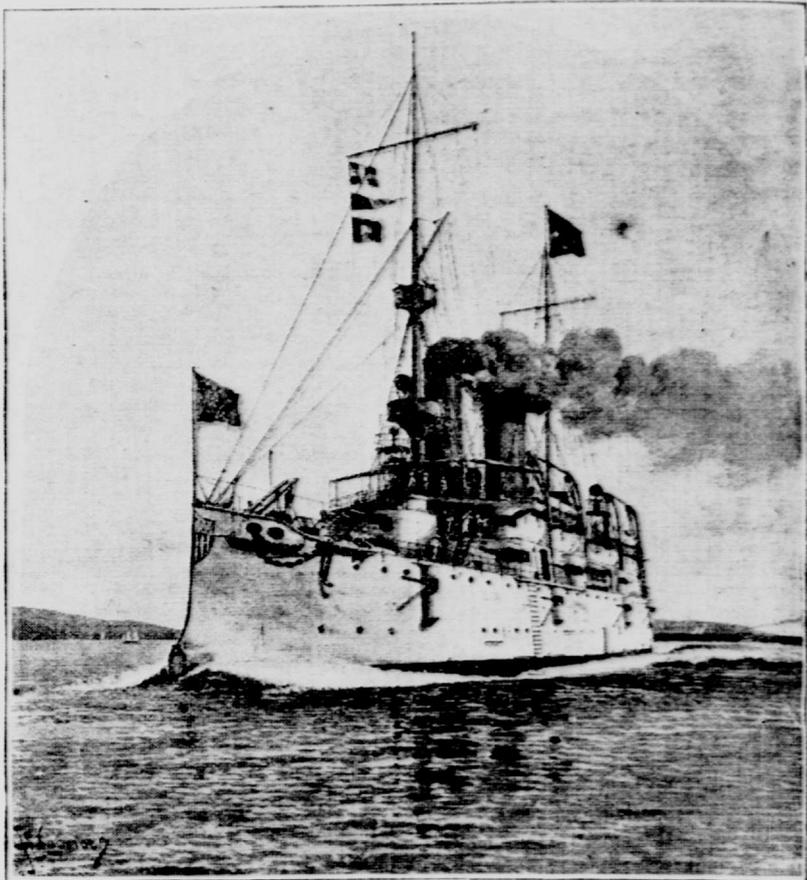
From The Spectator.

Some of the greatest among men have spoken and written regarding the material progress of mankind as if every new invention for shortening distance, for economizing time or labor and increasing production were but another step in the direction of eliminating romance from the weary world.

Especially has this been said of sea traffic. We are asked to believe that in the tiny vessels of Magalhaens, the pestilential hulls of Anson's squadron, or the cumbrous wooden walls of Trafalgar there dwelt a romance which is now non-existent at sea—but the introduction of the steam driven ship has been fatal to a quality which in truth belongs not at all to material things, but holds its splendid court in the minds of men. Do they, these mourners over departed

misplaced must be constantly in mind in order to insure effective service in time of disaster. It would surely be a good thing if more poetry were written on the lines of "McAndrew's Hymn," always supposing the poets could be found; greater efforts made to acquaint us with lead comfortable lives ashore with the everyday heroism of the continual burnt offerings rendered by the engineer, fireman and trimmer. Perhaps we might then begin to discern dimly and faintly that so far from the romance of the sea being destroyed by the marine engine, it has been strengthened and added to until it is deeper and truer than ever.

And as with the men in the bowels of the ship so with those above. Commanding such a weapon of war as hinted at in the preceding lines, see the central figure in his tower of steel surrounded by telephones, electric bells and voice tubes! Every portion of the ship, with its groups of faithful, waiting men, is within reach of his whisper. Behind him stands a man like a statue but for the brown hands grasping the spokes of the tiny wheel which operates the



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romance, hold, then, that misery is essential to romance? Is it essential to romantic interest at sea that because of the smallness of the ships, their lack of healthful food, their clumsiness of build and snaillike progress, men should suffer horribly and die miserably? Truly, if these things are necessary in order that romance shall flourish, we may find them still among us both at sea and on land, though, happily, in ever lessening proportion to an improved order of things.

But sober consideration will surely convince us that as far as true romance is concerned the modern ironclad warship, for instance, need abate no jot of her claim to the three-decker of last century or the Great Harry of our infant navy. The sight of a fifteen thousand ton battleship cleared for action and silently dividing the ancient sea in her swift rush to meet the foe, not a man visible anywhere about her, but all grim, adamant, and awe inspiring—in what is she less romantic than the Victory under all canvas breaking the line at Trafalgar? As an incentive to the exercise of the imagination the ironclad certainly claims first place. Like some fire breathing dragon of ancient fable she comes, apparently by her own volition, armed with powers of destruction overtopping all the efforts of ancient storytellers. Yet to the initiated she is more wonderful, more terror striking than to the unknowing observer. For the former pierce with the eye of knowledge her black walls of steel, and see within them hundreds of quiet, self-possessed men standing calmly by gun-breach, ammunition hoist, firehose and hospital. Deep under the waterline are scores of fiercely toiling slaves to the gigantic force that actuates the whole mass. Hardly recognizable as human, sealed up in stokeholes under a pressure of several atmospheres, the clang of their weapons never ceases as they feed the long row of caverns glowing white with fervent heat. All around them and beneath them and above, clearly to be discerned through all the diabolical clamor of engines and roaring of furnaces, is that sense of invisible forces subdued by the hand of man, yet ferociously striving against restraint, a sense that makes the head of the newcomer throb and beat in sympathy until it seems as if the brain must burst its containing bone.

Just abaft these chambers of accumulating energy are the giants being fed thereby. Unhappy the man who can see no romance in the engine room! Nothing exalting, soul stirring, in the rhythmical race of weariless pistons, no storm song in their magnificent voices as they dash round the shaft at ninety revolutions a minute. Standing amid these modern genii, to which those of "The Thousand and One Nights" are but puny weaklings, the sight, the senses are held captive, fascinated by so splendid a manifestation of the combination of skill and strength. And when unwillingly the gazer turns away, there are the men; the grimy, greasy, sweat stained men. Watchful, patient, catlike. Ready at the first hint either from the racing Titans themselves or from the soaring bridge away up yonder in the night, to manipulate lever, throttle valve and auxiliaries as swiftly, deftly and certainly as the great surgeon handles his tools in contact with the silent, living form under his hands.

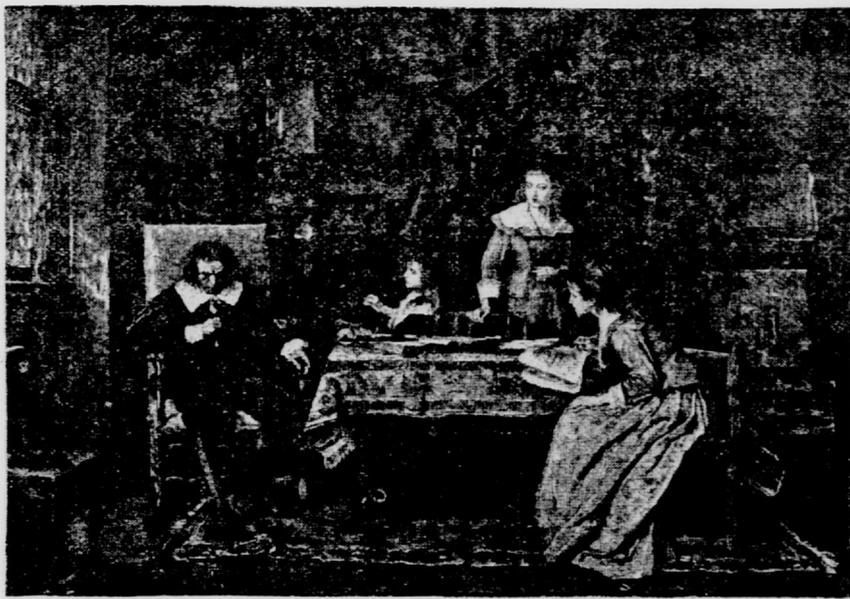
What a lesson on faith is here! Faith in the workmanship of the complicated monsters they control, faith in one another to do the right thing at the right moment, when a mistake would mean annihilation, faith in the watcher above who is guiding the whole enormous mass amid dangers seen and unseen! This, too, is no blind faith, no mere credulity. It is born of knowledge, and the consequences of its being

150 horsepower engines far away in the maw which in their turn heave the mighty steel under this way or that, and so guide the whole fabric. This man in command wields a power that makes the mind reel to consider. A scarcely perceptible touch upon a button at his side and away speeds a torpedo; another touch, and two guns hurl 850 pounds of steel shell filled with high explosive to a distance of ten miles if necessary. Obedience instant, perfect, yet intelligent is yielded to his lightest touch, his faintest whisper. So, too, his subordinates, each in their turn commanding as well as being commanded, and each saturated with the idea of not merely obedience, but obedience so swift to be almost coincident with the order, is essential. Yet above and beyond all this harmony of discipline is the man who controls in the same perfect way the working, not only of the ship, but of a whole fleet. He speaks, and immediately flags flutter if by day, or electric lights scintillate if by night. Each obedient monster replies by fulfilling his will, and the foam as they swoop round each other in complicated evolutions, or scatter beyond the horizon's rim to seek the common enemy. It is a triumph of discipline, organization and power under command.

As it is in the navy, so it is in the mercantile marine. Here is a vessel of a capacity greater than that costly experiment born out of time, the Great Eastern. Her lines are altogether lovely, curves of beauty unexcelled by any yacht afloat. With such perfect grace she sits upon the sea that the mere mention of her size conveys of it no conviction. Her decks are crowded with landward folk, for who benefit naval architects and engineers have been busy devising ways and means of bridging the Atlantic. Every comfort and convenience for the poor, every luxury for the rich, is there. Majestically, at the stroke of the hour, she moves, commences her journey. Amid all the hubbub of parting friends, the agony of breaking up home bonds, the placid conductors of the floating city attend to their work. Their duty to convey on scheduled time from port to port across the trackless, unheeding ocean all a multitude of units, each a volume of history, himself or herself of most poignant interest could it be unfolded. And oh, the sinuous grace, the persistent speed, the copartnership of affinity held between man's newest and his oldest work. Its romance is beyond all power of speech to describe. Silent, speechless, man only can be tendered unto it. The very regularity and order which prevail, the way in which arrivals may be counted on, these offences in the eyes of some would-be defenders of romance. They are not apparently offended at the unerring regularity of natural phenomena. How is it that the same quality manifested by man's handiwork in relation to the material sea gives occasion of stumbling? A hard question. Not that the mere regularity alone is worthy of admiration, but the triumph of man over matter, manifested as much in the grim little tug crouching behind a stormbeaten boat land watching, spiderlike, for a homeward bound sailing ship, or in the under engine swag bellied tramp creeping stolidly homeward bearing her quota of provision for a headstrong people who would starve without her, is everywhere to be held in admiration as fragrant with true romance, the undying romance of the sea.

WHERE IT WAS NEEDED.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Where's Bloggs goin' with the lawn mower? 'Goin' up to call on th' grass widow."



"MILTON DICTATING 'PARADISE LOST' TO HIS DAUGHTERS." (From the painting by Munkacsy.)

ably in consequence of his thoughtfulness. I administered the first dose of it this morning. When I told the man whom the medicine had come from his eyes gleamed with appreciation. For a moment I thought he had serious notions of preserving it, but he resisted the temptation, tossed off the dose, saluted, about turned in correct style and stepped off, seemingly proud of the colic which necessitated that dose. Shortly after we heard a cheer from the lines, and I shall be surprised if by the time we return home laudanum is known among us by any other name than "R. K.'s Colic Mixture."

Mr. Stephen Crane has on the stocks a romance of Ireland based on material gathered by himself in the "most distressful country."

A traveller who lately visited the grave of Fielding, at Lisbon, thus describes the spot: "As I climbed the incredibly hot streets of this usually breezy city I found I was rapidly losing all sense of direction. No street is called by the same name for more than twenty yards, and no

would probably have been favorable, in some quarters at least. And it may be admitted that more than one of his paintings, like the "Milton," which we reproduce, and "The Last Day of a Condemned Man," are destined to hold honorable positions in public museums. But in the last resort it is doubtful if Munkacsy's fame will endure.

He was addicted to the use of bitumen, and this not only played havoc with his canvases, slowly but surely destroying the values, but it was a symbol of his readiness to achieve an immediate effect at the expense of depth and permanent charm. Good brushman though he was, the impression he leaves is more theatrical than artistic. He could paint an effective composition, and carry it out on a large scale with considerable force, but there was always something meretricious about his work; it had surface brilliancy, but no soul.