THE SCHOOLMASTER.

ONE AMERICAN AND TWO ENGLISH TYPES.

THE STORY OF JOHN ADAMS, A NEW-ENGLAND SCHOOLMASTER. By M. E. B. and H. G. B. Octavo, pp. viii, 265. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LIFE AND REMAINS OF THE REV. R. H. QUICK. Edited by F. Storr. Octavo, pp. vii, 344. The Macmillan Company.

EDWARD THRING, HEADMASTER OF UPPINGHAM SCHOOL. Life, Diary and Letters. By George R. Parkin, C. M. G. Octavo, pp. viii, 518. The Macmillan Company.

On reading these three books one cannot fail to be struck by the resemblance between them. They are essentially records not merely of facts, but of character. The three educators whose lives are recorded—one American, the others English—however they may have differed in their methods of work and in their experience, all had the same aim in life, the making of boys into high minded and clean hearted citizens of the world. In the work of each insistence was laid not on intellectual achievement, but on moral habit. So the students of pedagogics pure and simple will not find great enlightenment from these volumes; they have a higher value, however, in being what they are.

To American readers "The Story of John Adams" will probably prove most interesting, for it presents what is practically a history of the best phase of New-England life during the earlier years of the present century. John Adams was born in Canterbury, Conn., in 1772; he was the principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, from 1810 to 1833, and he died in Jacksonville, Ill. He passed through an important period in the most strenuous region of our country. Whatever may be said of the exaggerations and narrowness of the New-England civilization of fifty years ago, it produced sturdy and laborious men, of whom John Adams might be fairly taken as a type. "Henry Adams was the great-great-grandfather of the President, John Adams," he wrote in his notebook. "Henry Adams was the great-great-great-grandfather of my humble self, John Adams." Coming of such stock, it is not surprising that he should have been a strong influence in the community. He was educated at Yale, where, as he explains, he had his full share of the advantages, dangers and honors of a college course. It is surprising to note that, according to the biographers, "the tone of college life was far less healthy than at the present day."

Brutal amusements were in vogue among the undergraduates, and hard drinking was the fashion. Owing in part to the influence of the gay French officers who accompanied the Marquis of Lafayette to this country, scepticism had spread to an alarming extent. Young men received much formal religious instruction, but felt little interest in the truths of Christianity. Into such surroundings John Adams entered as a country lad, fresh from the farm. Though he had not as yet the support of a personal religious experience, his safeguard was a natural tendency toward that which was pure and upright. Nevertheless, in after years, when his views regarding amusements had grown more strict, his conscience was often sadly troubled by the "follies" of his "giddy youth."

As in the case of many another man of force, John Adams's character developed with his responsibilities. The position at the head of an important and growing school presented problems that he met fearlessly and with a discretion that has since been warmly attested by his pupils. He had that greatest of all faculties in a teacher, the power of winning the confidence of his pupils and of inspiring them with his own example.

This power plainly belonged to Edward Thring, for many years headmaster of Uppingham School, whose life and diaries Mr. Parkin sets forth voluminously, and to the Rev. R. H. Quick, whose notebooks have made him his own biographer. Thring's life was practically absorbed by Uppingham, but Quick, besides teaching at Harrow, was associated with several of the other great English schools. Of the two volumes Quick's is by far the more discursive and entertaining, Thring's is the more profound and suggestive. Thring took his work hard; its problems often harassed him, particularly the terrible problem of dealing with questions of morals among his pupils, which has broken down many a teacher in English schools, among them Arnold of Rugby. Quick had a more speculative mind; everything interested him; so all kinds of topics are touched upon in his notes, none very deeply, however. Both books give an interesting picture of the inner life of the great schools of England. To American readers they will suggest some valuable comparisons with the workings of our own schools.

THE SCRIPTURES IN SCOTCH.

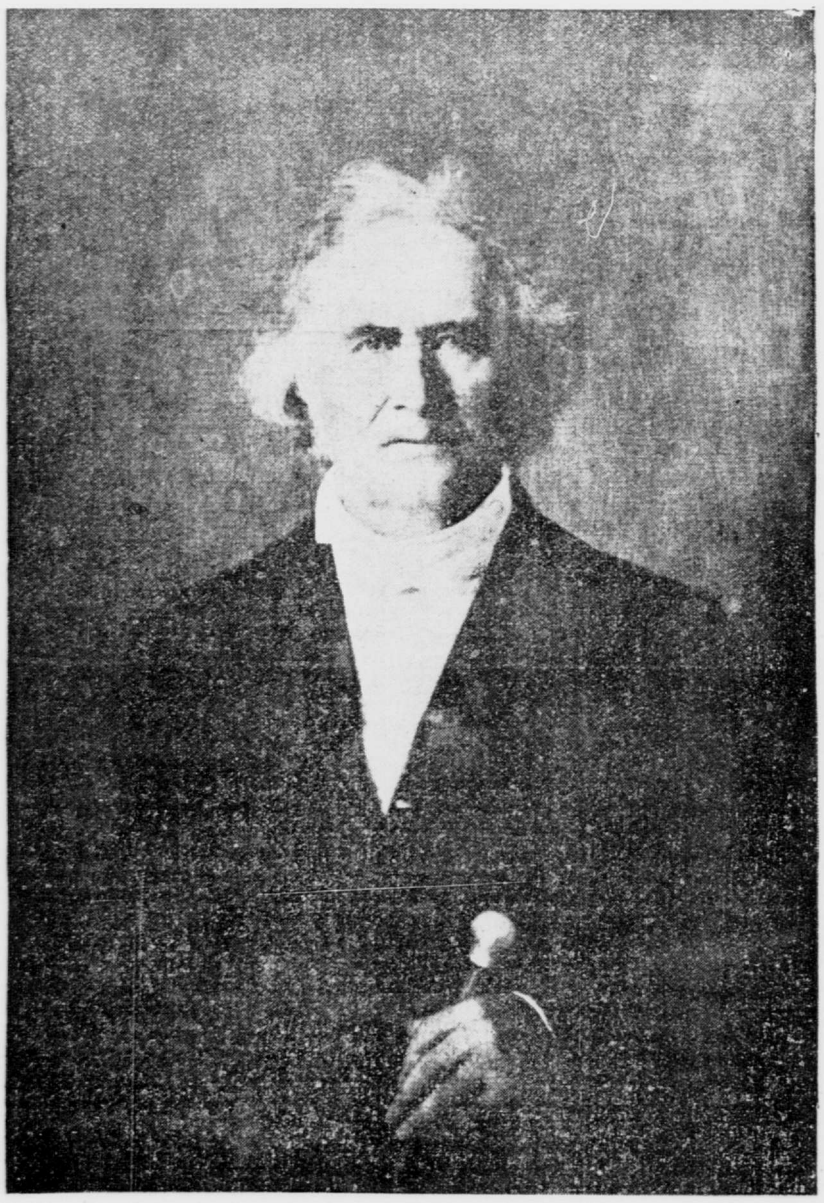
A DARING EXPERIMENT.

From The London Morning Leader.

The Scriptures in Scotch! There is an uncanny ring about the suggestion, when we remember what the Scotch tongue is degenerating to in these days. For it is no longer the rich dialect of Burns and Scott, to say nothing of the old Makkirs like Dunbar and Fergusson—stiffer reading to the M. A. of a Scotch university, nowadays, than Bacchylides—that prevails North of the Tweed; even Mr. Barrie's Scotch is but indifferently understood in the West and South countries; and Stevenson's Alan Breck speaks not Scotch at all but the quaint English of the Highlander. Stevenson is true to the character here, too, for the real Gael never speaks Scotch but "the English as she will have learned it." Neither do the gentry know the native tongue—Argyll was perhaps an exception, in that he knew it well, though he spoke it seldom—and the manufacturing and well-to-do classes affect to despise it, counting it among the things that are vulgar. Much that is best in the literature of the country is thus slipping from the ken of the people—from ignorance of their own tongue! Even the best words and idioms of Burns are fast ceasing to be current coin, or even to be understood.

All this may not appear strictly to the point, perhaps, but it has much to do with it. For the Scriptures in Scotch—to speak accurately, the New Testament, for the experiment is to extend only to that meantime—must be one of two things: They must be printed either in a dialect that is impure and unliterary, or in a dialect that is no longer familiar to the multitude. As we learn from the publisher, Mr. Alex. Gardner, Paisley, the experiment is to be in the latter—in the Scotch of the early century, that is to say.

Interviewed on the point on behalf of "The Leader," Mr. Gardner said his Testament in braid Scotch—or braid Scots as the pedant has it—which is still only in MS., would not be in the Glasgow or Paisley Scotch of the present day, but would more resemble Burns. It would not be archaic, but neither would it be corrupt. "Here, for instance, is the Lord's Prayer," said Mr. Gardner:



JOHN ADAMS.

"Faither o' us a', bidin' Aboon! Thy name be holie! Lat Thy reign begin! Lat Thy wull be dune, baith in Yirth and Heeven! Gie us ilka day oor needfu' feudin. And forgie us a' oor ill deeds, as we een forgae thae wha did us ill: And lat us no be siftit; but save us frae the Ill Ane! For the croon is Thine ain, and the micht and the glorie, for evir and evir, Amen."

"Presumably the author is a Scotsman?" Mr. Gardner was asked.

"He is a Scotsman, but a Scotsman resident in Canada, who has acquired his knowledge of Scotch from books only. He is a retired minister. Mr. Smith his name is, and he is over eighty years of age."

"And what do you take to be his purpose in thus translating the Scriptures?"

"Well, I suppose he is wanting to put on permanent record the results of his study of the old tongue, and has chosen the Scriptures as his medium. There is a keen love of everything Scotch by the expatriated native, and this is one example. It is quite possible, too, that the book may be more prized abroad than at home. Here it will be looked upon by many people as a curiosity."

"Do you really think Scotch people will understand it, Mr. Gardner?"

"Those who know their Burns perfectly will; others may be puzzled by it."

"And English people?"

"I showed it to an English minister the other day, and he was greatly tickled. His knowledge of the Scriptures aided him a little, but even at that he was beaten to read it intelligently."

"You don't count, then, on any great demand for a book of this kind?"

"Not in the sense that there is any desire for it," said Mr. Gardner. "There is no need for a Scotch Testament as for a Gaelic one; and you can guess whether it will ever be used or recognized by the churches. But it will be an interesting and curious book, and on that account may have some vogue." In answer to a further question Mr. Gardner mentioned that the publication would probably come out in the autumn.

The members of the Shakespeare Society of New-York have compiled "A Catalogue of the Words Used but Once in Shakespeare's Plays, with Notes of Their Occurrence in the Poems," and this catalogue is to be brought out as No. 13 of the society's publications. Prefixed is a reprint of the first English Grammar (1586). The society announces that it will hereafter print only 250 copies of each issue of its publications—this in consequence of "the limited public interest appealed to."

FICTION.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS IN OLD VIRGINIA.

THE HEART'S HIGHWAY. A Romance of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. By Mary E. Wilkins. 12mo, pp. 308. Doubleday, Page & Co.

DIFFERENCES. By Hervey White. 12mo, pp. 311. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

THE PURSUIT OF CAMILLA. By Clementina Black. 12mo, pp. 282. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

HEARTS IMPORTUNATE. By Evelyn Dickinson. 12mo, pp. 312. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE BURDEN OF CHRISTOPHER. By Florence Converse. 12mo, pp. 315. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

RED BLOOD AND BLUE. By Harrison Robertson. 12mo, pp. 324. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Miss Wilkins makes a double exchange in her new novel. The Virginia of the cavaliers takes the place of that New-England in which she has hitherto found most of her types, and instead of analyzing the Puritanical conscience she deals with passion that is anything but Puritanical. After her familiar villagers, with their rigid social code and morbid moralizings over trifles, the fair and gallant personages of "The Heart's Highway" are novel enough. Similar personages have been treated by other romancers, but Miss Wilkins puts touches of her own into their portraits. In so far as these little touches are concerned the book is interesting. But they are very little. The interest soon flags. From beginning to end the author seems to move uneasily amid the difficulties of her plot. They are not so very great, but they are of a sort to which Miss Wilkins is unaccustomed, and she falters where she ought to be spirited and swift. The crude materials of the story are not without value. The hero is an Englishman wrongly accused of theft and sent out as a convict to Virginia. The heroine is a delightful young lady whose opposition to the King's laws in relation to the tobacco traffic is so keen that she aids certain of her neighbors in a rebellious project for the killing of the young plants. Mistress Mary Cavendish finds that she cannot ride the whirlwind she has helped to raise, and the storm passes beyond the control of all those involved with her in its creation. Her lover is landed in the stocks—in which stroke of invention the novelist shows some daring and originality at least—and then fortune takes a kinder turn. Out of all this a good story should have been made. But Miss Wilkins has not learned to manage the machinery of the particular kind of tale she has here attempted to set forth. There are uncomfortable joltings, the narrative takes spasmodic flights here and there, and the general impression left is of a writer treating her material from the outside. Some of the character drawing is fairly well done, but the book as a whole suggests that the author might better adhere to the department of fiction in which she has won her reputation.

"Differences," by Henry White, is one of those novels that spring straight from the newer conditions of American life. It could not have been written a dozen years ago, because the particular conditions it describes did not then exist. The heroine, a young graduate of Wellesley, chooses to turn from the conventional routine of social life to a career of service. So she goes to the Settlement House in Chicago—which we may easily identify with Hull House—and she performs such tasks as come to hand. They bring her into association with a workman, a widower with children, who has fallen into misfortune. She helps him, she even secures a position for him, and finally she marries him. The story is carefully told, and it certainly gives material for serious thought. Whatever one may think of the probable outcome of such a marriage as the heroine makes, it is impossible not to admire her lofty purpose and courage. It would be interesting to know if this kind of marriage has ever resulted from Settlement work. In spite of the author's deftness in making the outcome seem natural, we are inclined to think it exceptional.

In "The Pursuit of Camilla" Clementina Black has written a book hardly worthy of an author usually clever and skilful with her pen. An impossible young English girl is kidnapped, so that she may be forced into marriage with an impossible young Italian nobleman, his family aiding and abetting. Two courses might be followed here, according to the conventions of the ultra-romantic novelist. Camilla might learn to love the nobleman, or she might escape from his clutches and marry some one else. The author chooses the second course, consoling the heroine by uniting her to an extremely sentimental and uninteresting adorer, with whom she could not possibly be happy. So far as one may judge, the author is unaware of the tragedy she has left on our hands. The story is told in good, terse English, but it bears no relation to life or reason.

"Hearts Importunate" is the somewhat misleading title of a novel with much more than average merit by Evelyn Dickinson. The scene is laid chiefly in the Australian bush, with which the author evidently has a thorough acquaintance; at any rate, she keeps the background vivid and interesting. The materials of the story have been used often enough before; but Miss Dickinson handles them with freshness and skill. Her characterizations are lifelike, and her conversations have plenty of spirit and humor. Moreover, the book has an agreeable flavor of its own. The feminine touch is everywhere visible.

In "The Burden of Christopher," Miss Florence Converse has chosen a large subject, which she has treated with considerable vigor and self-restraint. An enthusiastic young philanthropist inherits a shoe factory from his father, and undertakes to manage it on co-operative principles. He marries a fine creature, who sustains him in his ambitions and ideals. But his experiment fails, and, to keep his men from being thrown out of work, he uses money intrusted to his care for other purposes. The story closes with his suicide. In outline the book may seem to be morbid, but it is kept wholesome by the author's sound sense. It does not always sustain the reader's interest, but it is well written, and it contains some good studies in character.

"Red Blood and Blue," by Harrison Robertson, takes for its theme the social distinction between the old families of the South and the poor whites. The hero, a noble hearted young fellow, loves a girl who, together with much that is fine, has inherited some strong prejudices. The girl does not realize that she herself returns the affection until her lover has had many chances to prove his quality, the most conspicuous being provided by the battle of San Juan Hill. The narrative lacks a strong central interest and runs rather thin at times; but it has the merit of being told without exaggeration and in a simple, unaffected style.

WAGGON HILL.

(Ladysmith, January 6, 1900.)

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,
  Treading his dear "Revenge's" deck,
Watched, with the sea-dogs round him growling,
  Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.
  "Fetter and Faith for England's neck,
  Faggot and Father, Saint and chain—
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,
  Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"
Drake at the last off Nombre lying,
  Knowing the night that toward him crept,
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying
  This for a sign before he slept:
  "Pride of the West! What Devon hath kept
  Devon shall keep on tide or main;
Call to the storm and drive them flying,
  Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"
Valor of England gaunt and whitening,
  Far in a South land brought to bay,
Locked in a death-grip all day tightening,
  Waited the end in twilight grey.
  Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way!
  Drake from his long rest turned again,
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,
  Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

THE POLISH IDEAL OF MANNERS.

From Sutherland Edwards's Recollections.

In Paderewski we again find a man of brains. He has genuine observation, and he once explained to me in the most satisfactory manner certain points in the demeanor of his countrymen, the Poles. I had spoken to him of the gentlemanly bearing of the Poles in all classes of society.

"In England," he said, "you have many different types of character. But in Poland we have only one type, or at least only one ideal. Every Pole wishes to have the manners of a Zamoyski or a Czartoryski, and they all seem to remember that each of their ancestors might have aspired to the throne of Poland."