

## LITERARY NOTES.

"The Young Man Eloquent" is to be the rather striking title of Mr. George Gissing's new novel. The hero is a youth with political ambitions.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, whose last book, a novel, fell woefully flat—as a philosopher's novel was sure to do in an unphilosophic world—has been writing a volume about India. It is devoted to the country, to its races, and to the British administration of its affairs.

People are tired of hearing about "An Englishwoman's Love Letters"—it is the kind of book whose vogue is quickly over—but we mention it again merely to say that the letters were written by a man. Most women readers, no doubt, will be glad to be sure of this, for they have resented the emotional exposition of the supposed "Englishwoman."

Here is a swinging piece of verse which the author of the "Letters" has contributed to "The Monthly Review" under the title, "On Lansdowne Hill."

Here Sir Bevil fell with his men,  
The right hearts for the wrong cause;  
Perished the pick of a county then  
For Charles, breaker of laws.  
In a wrong fight fell a good knight:  
So a good night to Sir Bevil,  
Who gained his laurel in an ill quarrel,  
And whose cause went to the devil!

Many a cause has gone to him  
That's better there left sleeping;  
But the men who gave for it life and limb  
Earth holds in holier keeping.  
Wrong has its say, and folly its day,  
And high blood holds its revel;  
But good, I'll trust, has charge of the dust  
Of the men who fell with Sir Bevil.

Gentle was he, and fair and free,  
And a good knight when first knighted;  
And a good knight still he rests on the hill  
Now the rights that he wronged stand righted.  
Under the sky that saw him die  
The old road runs level;  
And level laws have done for the cause  
Which was held by the brave Sir Bevil.

I would rather, I vow, be with these that now  
Have done with their noise and nonsense—  
God lives thrown down in the cause of a crown—  
Than be keeper of one king's conscience!  
In a wrong fight fell a good knight,  
So a good night to Sir Bevil,  
Who won his laurel in an ill quarrel,  
And whose cause went to the devil!

Mr. H. G. Wells's forthcoming book, "Anticipations," is to be neither fiction nor fact. It is described as a series of speculations on the world's development in the coming years, based on scientific knowledge and a reasoned survey of the tendencies of the age. The book will contain no story, but there will nevertheless be in it a great deal of imaginative work. It is said that many of the subjects which in Mr. Wells's novels are only briefly handled will in the new work be developed seriously. If one may judge by the stories in which he has made incursions into the future this book will be calculated to alarm the reader.

An eccentricity of advertising is perceptible in a London publisher's announcement of a new novel as the work of a "brother of the tallest man in the British Army." If the book had only been written by the "tallest man" himself! What a chance for a poster!

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch has some unexpectedly vigorous deliverances in "The Pall Mall Magazine" apropos of fiction. "When the time comes," he says, "to estimate exactly what German influence did for English literature in the nineteenth century, we shall probably find cause to be sorry for much that seemed mighty fine to us in the great Victorian days—the in-



FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.  
(From the etching by Hans Olde.)

temperate worship of strength, the demand for originality at any cost, the public consent that any vagaries of language were permissible and even admirable so long as they helped a writer to flaunt his own personality and arrest attention. But we shall also have to reckon that it kept us loyal to philosophy in days when science threatened to invade and break up the deeps. With each discovery we have never lacked, in poetry or in prose fiction, philosophers to hold us from panic. Lastly, French realism and Russian realism reached us together, or almost together, and by the second the first stood condemned. Zola observed no more carefully than Tolstoy. De Maupassant directed his observation no more exquisitely than Turgenieff, and beside the two Russians the two Frenchmen were no less evidently shallow than muddy. To say that Turgenieff and Tolstoy saved the Novel would be, I believe, quite false. The Novel would have saved itself, and, not to go beyond our own shores, when George Eliot died Mr. Meredith carried on the fight. But these two men did impressively and in the sight of Europe uphold, vindicate, and establish the truth that the concern of fiction is with things spiritual, intimate, deep, not with things material, external, shallow; with interpreting the hearts of men, not with counting their but-

tons; with ideas, not with phenomena; that it uses phenomena, as all arts must use them; but as a means only to arrive at stability, peace and law—or at such glimpses as men may get of eternal law."

It is stated that Mr. Francis Thompson, whose preposterous "tribute" to Queen Victoria was lately mentioned in these columns, was "a discovery" of Mr. and Mrs. Meynell. He lives with the Meynells, and is, like them, a Roman Catholic.

The late Mrs. Lynn Linton loathed "interviewing," and once expressed her mind in a letter just published for the first time: "I find 'No' the hardest word in the language, but it must be 'No' this time. I have been interviewed and photographed so often that I cannot consent to any other experiment of the one kind or the other. It takes up my time, which I cannot afford; it humiliates me by its appearance of vanity and egotism; it wounds my sense of rightness by its necessarily imperfect and fragmentary presentation. I hate the whole thing, the whole system, and have never given myself up to the interviewer but for kindness and consideration to those who have asked me. Now, please ask me to do something else for you that I can do, and I will—but not this."

Mr. Henry Harland's latest novel, "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," continues to make its way everywhere. It is no less popular than "As It Was Written," his early success, and it is infinitely superior to that crudely effective produc-



HENRY HARLAND.  
(From his latest photograph.)

tion. We reproduce the author's latest photograph, taken in London, where he has for some years made his home.

There is a story that Mr. Kipling has \$9,000 for the serial rights of his novel "Kim." He retains the copyright also. This tale will be heard with astonishment, of course; yet if it were a new and remarkably popular brand of soap or baking powder nobody would wonder. Why should there be in existence that queer feeling that authors ought to live on a pittance and leave their families nothing when they die? A successful author must eat, wear clothes and sleep under a roof, as must a successful soap manufacturer.

Mr. Herbert Spencer will not enter upon the weary task of revising all the volumes that form his system of philosophy. He at one time intended to do this, but has now given up the idea, his most authoritative disciples believing that his careful revision of his "First Principles," already accomplished, is quite sufficient.

English writers are wreaking themselves on biographies of Queen Victoria. Between forty and fifty are already available, and at least twenty more are on the press. And all are more or less rebashes of the first!

The favorite author of the Queen was, we are told, Sir Walter Scott. She was fond of novels and read a great many, preferring, like most people, those which had a happy ending.

Victoria, after all, did not do very much for literature. The only writers who received honors during her reign were Lord Tennyson, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Lewis Morris and Sir Theodore Martin. The list has its absurdities. And yet the reign was glorious in its literature.

## LITERARY DIET.

From The London Academy.

"Life and Beauty" is the gay title of a little magazine which has tripped along to its ninth number. In this number it prints the answers of various eminent people who have been asked what they eat and drink to keep them alive and beautiful. Confucius, as will be learned by reference to a review on another page, "was never without ginger when he ate." But then Confucius, for all his care, is dead. Benjamin Swift, on the other hand, is alive. He never eats onions. Robert Hichens still lives, but is despondent. "Almost everything has disagreed with me at one time or another," he complains. "I find almost everything that I am really fond of disastrous to my health. I have tried vegetarianism in a monastery in Africa and found it most dangerous to internal comfort. How Mr. Shaw can be so witty on boiled cabbage and lentils I can't imagine." Mr. Hichens despair of being free from indigestion until he ceases from eating and drinking. Miss Violet Hunt thinks that a diet of porridge darkens the eyes.

## A LINK WITH THE PAST.

REMINISCENCES OF PAMELA, LADY CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Pamela Tennant, in The London Spectator.

May I contribute to your "links with the past"? In the following anecdotes and narrative it is my grandmother, Pamela, Lady Campbell, who is speaking. She was daughter to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and had some stories of that eventful and unfortunate career:

"I knew very little about my father; the subject was too painful and sorrowful a one. The 14th of June, when the guns fired for the King's birthday, was a dark day in our house, for it was the anniversary of my father's death. Grandmamma wore his colored handkerchief next her heart, and it was laid in her coffin with her. She once or twice spoke to me of him. She told me he had lost all hope of success for the last year; that she and my mother had both on their knees entreated him to give it up and go abroad, but he broke from them, saying it was too late, he had led others into danger, and he must share it. This happened in the summer-house at Prescati. He might to the very last have escaped; indeed, the Duke of Wellington told me in 1823 at Strathfieldsaye that the Government had been most anxious that he should do so. An old Quaker, a Mr. Sprowle, who had been connected with the politics of '98, told me he used to see a small pale man, deeply pock-marked, with remarkable eyes, riding postilion

Queen of Naples, and the Queen of Spain; Joseph's wife, I have met in her rooms, but on this day she received a note from the Queen of Spain's sister, Princesse de Pontecorvo, who had married Bernadotte. It was to say that they were coming that evening to bid her farewell; he had been appointed heir to the Kingdom of Sweden, and, hélas! they were to start for Stockholm the next day. At 9 o'clock they arrived. He was a handsome, very dark and Southern looking man, with black crisp hair and piercing dark eyes. He had a high nose, small white teeth, and rather a look of a chevalier d'industrie. He spoke Gascon French in a frank, pleasant manner. Mme. de Pontecorvo was a little huddled up bundle of a woman, very dowdy, with sandy curls hanging round her face like a rough terrier. She wore a cap with roses, and an old shawl. They brought a tall, handsome lad, Oscar, with them, who had no shyness, but at the same time a pleasant bearing and the best manners. Bernadotte was talking to my mother (Lady Edward Fitzgerald) and overheard his wife bemoaning herself to Mme. de Genlis. She spoke of being buried in Sweden, but he cut her short. 'Allons, allons, il n'y a pas de quoi se plaindre quand on vous offre un royaume. Il faut tâcher de vous consoler,' he said, laughing. He showed himself honestly as happy as a king over his elevation, expatiating on Napoleon's gracious manner in giving him the crown. 'Je sais bien que vous aurez toujours le cœur français.' In this instance, as in that of his brother Joseph, in Spain, of Eugène Beauharnais in Italy, Louis in Holland, and Murat in Naples, Napoleon was mistaken. To their credit they, like Macbeth, had not the illness that should attend his ambition. The interests and sufferings of the conquered countries were too mighty for the 'cœur français' to prevail."

My grandmother had one other story about Lord Edward that has a thrill and a pathos of its own. When his life was nearly sped, a life of romantic adventure and of energy as tireless as it was impetuous, he lay on his deathbed in prison. Crowds of those whose cause he had sustained assembled in the street to hear the last words of their leader. From early morning to night they stood in rain or sunshine listening to a voice raised in the delirium of fever. "Come on, come on," it cried; and again, "Damn you, come on." It penetrated the prison wall and reached the crowd listening in a sullen silence below.

## WAS M. ARNOLD OF HEBREW BLOOD?

From The London Chronicle.

A friend, knowing my interest in the pedigree of the Arnold family of Rugby, has called my attention to the note quoted from a correspondent's letter on page 5 of Thursday's issue (November 15). The news that "the Arnold family is of Jewish extraction, and that its Hebrew name in Germany, whence it came to this country, was Aaron," is news indeed. Presumably your correspondent has some authority for his statements, and I should like to know it. For some years I have been familiar with the Arnold pedigree, and have quite recently elucidated the maternal descent of Matthew and other children of Dr. Arnold of Rugby from Prince Thomas of Brotherton, son of Edward I by his second marriage with Marguerite, daughter of Philip III, "le Hardi," of France. In my researches I have had the ready assistance of several of the present generation of the Arnolds.

In the paternal line, Dr. Arnold of Rugby may be regarded as the patriarch of the family. He was the son of William Arnold, of Slatwoods, Isle of Wight (Her Majesty's Collector of Customs), by his wife Martha, daughter of John Delafield. From the family records William's immediate progenitors had been settled in the Isle of Wight for two generations, and traditionally are said to have been of Suffolk origin. It may be noted that a family of Arnolds is recorded as of Cromer in the Heralds' Visitations of Norfolk, 1563, 1589, 1613 and 1664, although the connection between them and the Arnolds of Rugby (if any) has yet to be established.

The mother of Matthew and grand-mother of Mrs. Humphry Ward and the Arnold-Fosterers was Mary, daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, vicar of Fledborough, who was a kinsman of the Duchess of Kingston of the famous bigamy case, and owed his incumbency to her patronage. Through Mary Penrose Matthew Arnold derived from the Fords of Devonshire, the stock from which the Elizabethan dramatist John Ford also sprang.

There is no need to go away from England in pursuit of the Arnold pedigree. Arnold is a well and old established English surname widespread in the East, Midlands and Southwest. According to Guppy, its greatest relative frequency is in Warwickshire, Rutland, Monmouth, Essex and Hampshire. In ultimate origin it may be old German, but this can be left to philologists to discuss. For centuries it has been an English yeoman name, and, although remembering that its genealogy the unexpected has a knack of happening, I am willing to accept correction if your correspondent furnishes proof. Until that proof is furnished, and without standing behind any man in admiration for the Jewish race, I shall continue to discern in the lineaments of Matthew Arnold's countenance the physical peculiarities of his ancestry belonging to our patrician English race—compound of Norman, Saxon, Dane and Celt—and to attribute the peculiar character and quality of his mind to the fusion of the blood he inherited from his mother with that of the sturdy English yeoman stock whose surname he with others of his immediate kin has rendered illustrious.

## THE KING'S SANSKRIT CLOCK.

From The London Chronicle.

There is a clock now in possession of the King at Marlborough House to which a somewhat curious story is attached. It was presented to the then Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to India, and was said to have been made by a priest of the greatest sanctity showing the hours in Sanskrit figures, the changes of the moon, and other things. After it was brought to London the clock remained quiescent for some years, and eventually the Prince desired that it should be put in working order. When it was taken to pieces there was found on the interior of the case which covered the mainspring the name of a Clerkenwell firm.

## THE MATTER OF A SEMI-COLON.

From The Army and Navy Journal.

A Russian military paper tells of a lieutenant who overheard a sergeant giving a recruit a short lecture upon his duties. "The military service," said the sergeant, "requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior." Somewhat astonished at this singular definition of military duty, the officer ventured to ask the sergeant for his authority. Whereupon the sergeant produced an ancient volume, containing the following: "The military service requires little; prayer to God, and strict attention to the orders of a superior."