

neral together, and as they were driving home the latter spoke tenderly of the dead man, gladly recalling their reconciliation after a long quarrel. Russell lamented that the two writers should have allowed tale bearers to destroy their friendly relations. The novelist made no answer for some moments; then he said emphatically: "Well, I am bound to say nothing ever took place between Thackeray and me, face to face, which was not to his honour." Sir George thought that as a charming companion he never knew Dickens's equal. "He never appeared to lead; still less did he monopolize conversation, but had the peculiar art of drawing out the best from everybody. . . . He loved children, and all children took to him at once. I remember a child, so shy that it would suffer no stranger to touch it, allowing him to take it on his knee and becoming speedily quite at home with him."

Unlike Thackeray, Dickens was not a great admirer of Fielding. "Tom Jones is always in tears and rouses my contempt," he said; "and, excepting Blifil, there is not an original character in the book."

I asked Dickens which he regarded as the greatest work of prose fiction. "Without doubt, 'Don Quixote,'" he said, "and 'Gil Blas' would have been if 'Don Quixote' had never been written."

Dickens told me he considered Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" the best biography in the language, excepting always the unrivalled work of Boswell.

I asked Charles Dickens, about a year before his death, which of his books he considered the best. "Unquestionably 'David Copperfield,'" he replied.

Charles Kingsley and Mary Russell Mitford were among the residents in Swallowfield parish, and Lady Russell gives us many delightful glimpses of them. We can quote no more, however, from this beguiling book. We commend it gratefully to the gentle reader as a treasury of historic detail and vivid anecdote set forth with signal taste, grace and felicity.

MARCUS WHITMAN.

A MISSIONARY IN THE OREGON OF EARLIER DAYS.

MARCUS WHITMAN AND THE EARLY DAYS OF OREGON. By William A. Mowry. Illustrated. Octavo, pp. xv, 341. Silver, Burdett & Co.

Dr. Mowry's book is an exposition of the part played by Marcus Whitman and his fellow missionaries in the exciting contest that finally resulted in winning Oregon for the United States. In the midst of the contending claims of American and British explorers, in which the great Hudson's Bay Company took an active part, the fact stands out that the beginnings of civilization upon the Oregon coast were due to missionary spirit and enterprise; and this spirit and enterprise were aroused by the Indians themselves. Dr. Mowry tells how the passage of the Lewis and Clark party through the Nez Percé and Flathead Indian country left a trail of stories about the white men for a generation afterward:

It happened that in some way the Indians secured from them a tall silk hat, and for twenty or thirty years that hat was to the Indians a symbol of the white men. It was a great trophy for any one who could obtain possession of it. That old silk hat was the occasion of many a story being told of what happened when the white men went through their country.

These stories were concerned with the wonderful power of the white men's straight iron rods that could thunder and send out lightnings, and also of their "Book from Heaven," which told them how to live and how to reach the happy hunting grounds after death. In 1832 a delegation of four men was sent across the continent by the Indians to inquire about this book and to ask aid from the palefaces. It was as a direct result of this remarkable expedition that the Oregon missions were dispatched. Marcus Whitman was sent with the Rev. Samuel Parker in 1834, by the American Board, to spy out the land.

It is interesting to note in Mr. Parker's account of his journey, published in 1838, a passage remarking upon the feasibility of "constructing a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean," and predicting that "the time may not be far distant when trips will be made across the continent as they have been made to Niagara Falls, to see Nature's wonders."

It fell out that Dr. Whitman was sent as a missionary, with his wife. The Whitmans settled at Waiilatpu, near Walla Walla, among the Nez Percés, and their work was for civilization. The Hudson's Bay Company's influence was always against civilization; it needed a wilderness for its supplies of furs. Sir George Simpson and others at its head industriously circulated reports of the impassability of the mountains, designing to keep out the immigration that would otherwise be sure to set that way. Dr. Whitman labored not only on behalf of the Indians' salvation; he had also a watchful eye on his country's interests. He foresaw the future, and became satisfied, in Dr. Mowry's words, "that the Oregon region would be lost to the United States unless American settlers could be brought over in such numbers as clearly to outvote the British subjects." In the winter of 1842-43 he made his famous overland journey to the East. Its objects and results have been the subject of a considerable controversy; it is Dr. Mowry's purpose to show that the representations he made to Congress, to Webster and to President Tyler were decisive in establishing the government's policy to retain possession of Oregon; and that he incited the great overland emigration of the following year that strengthened the

government's hold upon the Territory. On the other hand, it is denied that Whitman had anything to do with either—it cannot be decisively proved that he even went to Washington; and it is asserted that he returned with the emigrant party solely for the sake of protection. Dr. Mowry's argument, based on circumstantial evidence and citations from contemporaries, is plausible. At any rate, Whitman's long ride, with Amos Laurence Lovejoy, was a most adventurous episode, full of dangers and narrow escapes, through the manifold perils of an untracked wilderness.

In Whitman's absence the provisional government of the Territory was begun—a government in which the American element was to have the controlling influence after the arrival of the emigrants. This emigration, and the consequent alienation of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, as Dr. Mowry adds, "the hostile influence of a few leading Jesuit priests," were the proximate causes of the massacre of 1847, in which Whitman and his wife and twelve others were slain by the Indians. Under that notable character, John McLoughlin, aid and friendship had been extended to the settlers by the great company; when the London authorities ordered this friend-

FICTION.

AN ITALIAN NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

THE LAND OF COCKAYNE. A Novel. By Matilde Serao. 12mo, pp. 369. Harper & Brothers.

"The Land of Cockayne" is not so much a novel as a sermon. The book is made up of descriptive chapters, each one illustrative of a phase in that process of moral disintegration which the author traces to the gambling fever fostered in the Neapolitan nature by the Italian state lottery. Matilde Serao's literary method is more or less that of the French naturalistic novelists, especially that of Zola; but she has a field of her own, she possesses emotion which she is able to communicate to her pages, and, while she was neither the beauty nor the distinction of a creative artist of the first rank, it is impossible to deny that her work has the attribute of power. She cannot charm, but she can convey to the reader a vivid sense of the reality of things. Following the development of her thesis in "The Land of Cockayne" with a precision that would seem almost cruelly scientific if the book were not here and there col-

when she has given us enough description, and the chronicle of squalid details wearies; partly because the whole composition is painted in too arbitrary a perspective. One sighs for the qualities of selection, of proportion, and above all for the note of universality, which Balzac would have achieved had the writing of "The Land of Cockayne" been in his hands. Yet, if the book falls short of the highest standard; if, throwing some light on the gambling passion elsewhere, it remains a shade too exclusively a study of the passion of Naples, with the artistic limitations and the narrower appeal which this excess of local interest inevitably imposes, we must still testify to its vitality and interest. One is never outside the Neapolitan border; the author raises no train of thought leading into the mysteries of human nature in all times and places. But one feels that on her own ground she is working with absolute authority; she may not have the genius which enables a novelist to find matters of worldwide interest in the soul of man, but she can interpret with insight and skill the soul of the Neapolitan, half man and half child.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Andrew Lang's Christmas book for 1901 is to be called "The Violet Fairy Book." It will be published with eight colored plates—an innovation so far as the Lang fairy books are concerned—and fifty-four other illustrations.

Now that Mr. Austin Dobson has completed his forty-five years of public service, and has retired from his position as Principal of the Fisheries and Harbor Department of the Board of Trade, he will go abroad for a long holiday. When he returns to England he will devote himself to the writing of a biography of Samuel Richardson, a task which he has been planning for many years.

The new edition of Hazlitt's works to be published by the Messrs. Dent will be a veritable boon to all those who value the sterling qualities of that too seldom studied writer. The first volume will appear in October. It will contain an introduction by Mr. Henley, "The Round Table," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" and "A Letter to William Gifford, Esq." It is expected that the edition, running to twelve volumes, will be completed within a year from the appearance of the first volume. It is to contain everything save the "Life of Napoleon," which is omitted from the collection on the score of its being "now quite obsolete." The "Liber Amoris," on the other hand, which shows Hazlitt in such a dubious light, is to be included.

Apocryphal of Mr. Henley, by the way, the following paragraph printed by "O. O." in "The Sketch" has a rather piquant interest:

"I happened to turn up the other day Mr. Henley's criticism of 'The Return of the Native,' published in 'The Academy' at the time when it first appeared, in 1879. Mr. Henley complains that in all Mr. Hardy's work 'there is a certain Hugoesque quality of insincerity, that, rare artist as he is, there is something wanting in his personality, and he is not quite a great man.' 'The Return of the Native' Mr. Henley pronounces 'not by any means so good a book as 'A Pair of Blue Eyes.' The story is a sad one, but the sadness is unnecessary and uncalled for. In one scene—the scene where Clym is informed of the way of his mother's death—Mr. Hardy rises to the situation, and does nobly. But elsewhere he is only excessively clever and earnest and disappointing."

Like Mr. Gissing, the author of "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" is glad to vary the occupation of novelist by the composition of a work in another field. Mr. Rider Haggard has already shown his versatility—and divers other admirable qualities—in "The Farmer's Year," a delightful book. Last year he journeyed through Palestine, Italy, and Cyprus, and the Longmans have in press a volume which he has made out of his impressions. It will be called "A Winter Pilgrimage" and will be illustrated with thirty-one reproductions from photographs.

A deliver in Horace Walpole's letters, Mr. George Hibbert, has come across a passage which deprives Macaulay of the honor of having invented his famous New Zealander. "The next Augustan age," wrote Walpole, "will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New-York, and in time a Virgil at Mexico and a Horace at Peru. At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins at St. Paul's like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra." That the gentleman from Lima was the original of Macaulay's gentleman from New Zealand certainly seems probable.

Mr. E. A. Abbey, in an interview reported in "The King," has been speaking his mind on the subject of illustration in periodical literature. Alluding to the changes brought about by the general adoption of half-tone illustrations, he said: "Magazines, with a few notable exceptions, have been so cheapened that the young artist has no encouragement from them to do the best that is in him. Most magazines will pay only small sums for drawings, and artists must do them hurriedly to make a living. Besides, the editor is not satisfied now to let a man develop what is in him. They set him to working out their ideas—often doing that for which he is not at all fitted. When I worked for the Harpers they let me develop my own ideas and do it in my own way."

The original drawings made by Mr. Abbey to illustrate Shakespeare's comedies are all hung, it appears, in his London house. "We bought them back some time ago," he said to the reporter. "They are now the property of Mrs. Abbey."

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse has been somewhat seriously ill, and it is said in "The Athenæum" that considerable anxiety is felt by his friends.

The new commentary on "In Memoriam" which Professor A. C. Bradley is to publish will contain little if any aesthetic criticism. "Explanatory interpretation" is said to be the sole aim of the book. Tennyson himself thought "In Memoriam" was, on the whole, the least misunderstood of all his works, but it has attracted the commentator again and again, nevertheless, and however good Professor Bradley's book may be it is not likely to be the last of its kind.



MATILDE SERAO.

liness to cease, McLoughlin indignantly replied: "If such is your order, I will serve you no longer," and from that time till his death he was with the Americans. In the mean time, word had gone around among the Indians that the Americans were coming to take all their lands from them, and the disaffection became widespread. In the light of subsequent history we cannot wonder at the fact; but the horror of the massacre, in which the patriotic and unselfish missionary pioneer yielded his life, and which he had already foreseen, is not thereby mitigated. Almost his last words were: "My death may do as much good to Oregon as my life can."

Dr. Mowry's book, in its detailed account of that life and the important work it accomplished, is a significant contribution to the history of the Oregon region.

STEALING PICTURES.

From The London Spectator.

The recovery of an incident which made a great stir at the time, now between forty and fifty years ago—the stealing of the Suffolk pictures from Charlton Park. One morning it was found that twelve canvases had been cut out of their frames. All were well known pictures and of considerable value, the most famous being, if I remember right, "Le Raboteur" of Annibale Carracci. The thief had once been butler in the service of the family, and had obtained a situation as porter in one of the government offices through the influence of Lord Suffolk. He had secreted himself in a place used for storing wood, which adjoined the central hall. (This somewhat resembles the impluvium of a Roman house). As soon as it was light he made his way to the drawing rooms, where the pictures were hanging, cut out the canvases, as has been said, rolled them up, and walked with them to the nearest railway station (between five and six miles distant). He had often heard that the pictures were worth much money, but had not realized that this money could not be realized.

After keeping them for several years, he sent one to be cleaned; the cleaner, of course, recognized it, and gave information. Ultimately the man was condemned to a term of penal servitude. The curious rumors that got about were not the least vexatious part of the affair. I remember the late Lord Suffolk (then Lord Andover) describing to me an interview which he had had with a detective, in which the officer had hinted to him, not obscurely, his belief that he (Lord Andover) knew more about the affair than he chose to tell.

ored by sincere pathos and indignation, she makes no single concession to the conventionality which would spare at least a hero and a heroine from the tragic fate meted out to everybody else. Signora Serao has too keen a vision, she is too loyal to the truth, to let even innocent Bianca Maria Cavalcanti escape the tentacles of the monster which broods over the scene. Besides, she knows her Naples; she knows how difficult the peculiar character of the social fabric there makes it for one member of a family to fly from the misery brought about by another. There is nothing in this book more convincing than the sacrifice of Bianca to the ruling passion of her father, the avaricious old Marquis di Formosa.

The lottery in Naples, according to Signora Serao, draws young and old, rich and poor, wise and foolish, into its terrible maw. She brings an enormous crowd into her first chapter to watch the drawing of the numbers in the public square, and then she shows us, in a little gallery of wonderfully minute pictures, the rich pastry cook and the poverty stricken bootblack, the marquis and the lawyer, the unfrocked priest and the slatternly cigarmaker, the usurer in high circles and his prototype in the lowest slums, all sharing in one way or another in the bestial riot of greed that goes on from year's end to year's end among the luckless Neapolitans. We use the word "bestial" advisedly, for the author is unflinching in her portrayal of the basest lines scored across the faces of her personages by their ignoble passion. She exhibits those personages sinking lower and lower into the pit as the hope of sudden gain in the lottery lures them on. Honor goes by the board and some of the worst traits of the beast come to the surface. One man and one woman try to stand aloof from the degrading business, Formosa's pietistic daughter and Dr. Antonio Amati, who learns to love the sick, neglected, rather uninteresting marchesa. But the lottery, driving the marquis to financial ruin, also kills the tenderness in his heart, and his cruelty ultimately leads to the death of his child. Amati is strong enough to pass the lottery office with disdain, but he, too, watching the death of the woman he loves, stands a victim to the prevailing curse. The book leaves a bad taste in the mouth, partly because the author does not know