

is necessary for the British-Indian Government to keep a careful watch on the movements of Russia in Central Asia, especially in Thibet. Every southward advance brings her nearer to India, the possession of which is her ultimate aim.

Dr. Rijnhardt's book is a record of a long sojourn and a journey full of perils in the forbidden land of Thibet. It was a fatal journey, in which Dr. Rijnhardt's husband was killed by Thibetan robbers, and she was compelled to turn back after arriving within about two hundred miles of the sacred city of Lhasa, from which foreigners are rigidly excluded. The couple were missionaries, and left their American home with the express purpose of carrying on their labors with a lifelong sojourn in Central Asia. The story is one of strange and manifold adventures, culminating in the escape of Dr. Rijnhardt, a woman, alone from the hostile Thibetans across the border into friendly China. Their first destination was Lusak, near the great Buddhist lamasery, or monastic community, of Kumbum, in outer Thibet, where they took a house and began their ministrations, their access to the hearts of the natives being greatly aided by Dr. Rijnhardt's medical work. They were even invited to visit the Kumbum community, where red robed lamas gave them an unexpected welcome. Here, too, they established themselves in the hearts of the natives by their services in the siege of the town during the bloody Mahometan insurrection, when they were invited to take up their residence for safety in the lamasery. They formed a friendship, mutually agreeable, with the "Kanpo," the head of the community, the greatest Buddhist dignitary of all Northeastern Thibet. There are amusing glimpses of the Thibetan ideas of Occidental medicine. On one occasion, in the midst of the carnage:

A young farmer came to our door bringing on the end of a stick a human heart, saying that he had been told we foreigners used parts of the human body to make medicine of, and he had brought us the heart of a Mahometan for sale, expecting a large price for it. He was disappointed, and even incredulous, when we said we never used any part of the human body for such a purpose.

The amazement and consternation of both Thibetans and Chinese were unbounded when the insurrection having been suppressed, Mr. Rijnhardt went to the Mahometan quarters to treat the Mahometan wounded. Thus was the law of Christian kindness, impelling love and mercy for one's enemies, brought to their attention. Dr. Rijnhardt, speaking from her wide experience, says wise words when she declares that it is not the part of a Christian missionary to assume an air of ridicule and contempt for the religious ideas and practices of peoples less enlightened than his own:

The work of Christian missions is hindered by antagonizing the non-Christian peoples through dogmatic assertion of doctrines and the failure of the Christian missionary to recognize and rejoice in the great underlying truths of all religions.

Kumbum is especially noted as the site of the temple of Tsong K'aba, the Luther of Buddhism, who introduced with his reforms a ritual bearing remarkable resemblances to the practices of the Roman and Anglican Christians—analogy the origin of which forms an interesting problem for Christian scholars. Among the imposing ceremonies, generally sealed from Occidental eyes, that the Rijnhardts were privileged to see was the "butter god festival," when worship is offered to the giant butter image of Buddha, admirably sculptured, and surrounded by other pieces of butter art and innumerable butter lamps. As for the lamas themselves in these Buddhist communities, they are a peevish and turbulent lot, and the atmosphere of holy meditation and blissful calm with which the Buddhist lamasery is supposed to be filled is "the atmosphere of an uninformed and rose colored imagination."

The door was standing wide open at Tankar, further within the confines of Thibet, and the Rijnhardts broke up their establishment at Kumbum to enter a new field of work. Here, too, they were successful in forming friendly relations with the people, and here they entertained Captain Welby and Sven Hedin at different times. Thence they set out to visit the wonderful lake of Koko-nor and the nomads who dwell about its banks—a jovial people, full of laughter, clever in primitive manufacturing, but "much more stingy and dirty than any other Thibetans," and inveterate robbers of one another. At the end of a three years' residence in Eastern Thibet the undaunted missionary pair were seized with the fatal desire to penetrate to Lhasa, the forbidden capital, sheltered by sacred mountains on every side, "the only city in the world which is absolutely inaccessible to Westerners," and from which the most ambitious travellers have been obliged to retreat without setting foot within the coveted goal. The Rijnhardts were equally unsuccessful; the attempt cost the lives of Mr. Rijnhardt and their baby, and exposed his wife to the most terrifying dangers, from which she extricated herself alone only through her unwavering resolution and familiarity with the people and language of the country, after a journey of hundreds of miles. Her narrative of it is full of exciting episodes, and bears remarkable testimony to a woman's bravery and fertility of resource.

SHAKESPEARE.

BY HUGH HOLLAND.

Done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty
Plays.
For, though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

FICTION.

THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

THE HOUSE OF ROMANCE. Certain Stories, Including "La Bella" and Others, Recollected by Agnes and Egerton Castle. 12mo, pp. xxxiii, 375. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The authors of "The House of Romance" are distinguished among their contemporaries for their capacity to preserve in their writings a bloom as delicate as that of a roseleaf. One thing that enables them to do this is the remarkable spontaneity of their art, and the present volume offers some admirable illustrations of this fact. It contains also a striking introductory essay on "The Spirit of Romance," the same which was printed in a recent number of "The Anglo-Saxon" and to which we have before

scribe it as the word picture of adventures that spring from poignant human motives!" The stories ratify this definition in every line. They illustrate perfectly, too, the ideas embodied in these interesting passages:

In many ways the Spirit of Romance may be said to be the Spirit of Youth in its exuberance; and it is perhaps this active straining toward action, toward physical impressions and active communion with the living world, that distinguishes it from abstract poetry. It plays the part of instinct in the intellectual temperament, of a tendency not acquired but innate, absolutely independent of any process of reasoning. And, in literature, it infuses that wealth of earnestness, that changeful, warmly colored imagery, that sense of vigorous delight, which seems to belong essentially to youth; that enthusiasm which fades under the cold judgment of maturity, as do the flowers under the autumn blast.

As far as is possible, then, to establish a marked distinction between Romance specially and the Novel at large; in your Romance the



CAPTAIN H. H. P. DEASY.

(From a photograph.)

this referred. The essay is well named. It does not attempt to show how romance is written; true romantic fiction cannot be reduced to ponderable terms; as Mr. Whistler has said of art, "it happens," and the born romancer could not explain the processes by which his work is evolved. But he can throw out hints as to the things in life and nature that move him, he can draw distinctions between the right inspiration and the wrong one, and in the light of his glimpses at the great secret we can get into closer sympathy with his and other romantic productions.

This volume contains eleven stories, disposed in four categories, "Clank of Steel," "Silhouettes," "Temptations" and "Rococo." The various brief narratives fit very happily into this scheme of classification, each one offering a kind of variation of the special theme announced in the title of the group to which it belongs. "La Bella" a tale of love entering the lives of two devoted brothers, both consummate swordsmen, is not only lit by the flash of weapons in fierce conflict, but everything in it, the Italian background and the woman at whose instigation the duel is fought, possesses a quality in harmony with the key set by the words quoted above, "Clank of Steel." So also "The Son of Chaos," a weird and even ghastly story, deals with a theme that could only be treated with adequacy in "Silhouette." The four "Temptations," intensely modern studies, differ utterly from the three "Rococo" compositions, "Master Huldebrand," "The Love Apple" and "The Yellow Slipper." But if we note the difference between these groups and recognize the skill with which the authors have followed in each instance a clearly defined motive, it is only in order to point with the more effect the fidelity of the whole collection to the spirit of romance as proclaimed in the essay. "Were I asked," says the supposititious speaker in these pages, "to define Romance, in fiction at least, I would de-

characters reveal and explain themselves under the stress of events—action, therefore, and incidents are its main factors; whereas in your Novel the mere dialectic of conversation (so to speak) is sufficient to shape the course of the drama. The chance word becomes an arbiter of fate.

Besides this, there will always be another and most necessary concomitant, upon which I have likewise already insisted—the atmosphere. Romance is life seen through a temperament; it is above all dramatic; it requires scenery, picturesque, varied, suggestive. I have even a shrewd suspicion that the germ of every romance that was ever written, as well as of the innumerable others that have merely been dreamed of, could be traced to some suggestion of the outer world, some building or landscape, rather than to a spontaneous definitely human conception. . . . Or, again, it may be the eternal allurements of Distance. Many a Romance of deed and aspiration, I am convinced, has been born of the mere suggestiveness of a far off unattainable shore, of a light gleam struck back from a window; or of the eternal "Invitation of the Road," the call of the voice from "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Thus, without opening the doors of their workshop, but by a hundred little touches interpreting the elements which have gone to feed the spirit of romance in all ages of literature, the authors testify to the faith that is in them and make plainer to the reader the source of their charm. The stories do not need the essay. They justify themselves, waking at once an interest which is kept alive to the end. But we are glad the essay is there. It is good to have the romancer speak his mind—the realist having hitherto engrossed perhaps too much public attention with his manifestoes—and the reader who grasps the points made by Mr. and Mrs. Castle will be better equipped for his perusal of contemporary fiction in general.

Mr. R. Hichens, who has improved not a little upon his "Green Carnation," is about to bring out a new novel with the odd title of "The Prophet of Berkeley-Square."

LITERARY NOTES.

Several unpublished poems by Voltaire have been discovered in the Royal archives of Berlin. None of them are calculated to excite the world of readers and critics.

A well deserved dedication is that to be found in the new privately printed volume of Austin Dobson's verse: "To Andrew Lang, master of many things (the lighter lyre included), this collection is inscribed by his old friend the author, July, 1901." This little volume will be an auctioneer's treasure in years to come. There are but few copies; each one bears Mr. Dobson's autograph; and the type has been broken up.

Where is the abridgement of "Clarissa Harlowe" which Edward Fitz Gerald made for his own delectation? There was something "not half bad" in his habit of cutting out all the pages of a book he didn't like and binding up the agreeable remainder.

The translations of twelve select masterpieces of nineteenth century French fiction, which are to appear soon are to have some excellent introductions. Mr. Henry James will discuss "Madame Bovary;" Mr. Andrew Lang, Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris;" Mr. George Moore, Balzac's "Les Deux Jeunes Mariées;" Mr. Maurice Hewlett will prepare an introduction for Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme;" John Oliver Hobbes, that for George Sand's "Mauprat;" Mr. Arthur Symonds, one for Merimée's "Carmen" and "Columbia," and Mr. Henry Harland that for Feuillet's "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre."

Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, whose delightful book, "In Tuscany," was reviewed in these columns some months ago, has written a novel which he calls "The Major-General." It is a story of modern Tuscany.

A copy in Burns's own handwriting of "Holy Willie's Prayer" was lately purchased by the trustees of the Burns museum at Alloway for \$1,000.

A work full of personal detail is that upon which the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson is engaged. It is to be called "The Living Rulers of Mankind," and it will present biographies of all modern sovereigns and Presidents and their families, together with a great number of photographs of themselves and their homes.

Five books by the late Walter Besant will appear within a year. These include his autobiography, a novel, two volumes of essays and a volume of short stories.

Leslie Stephen believes walking to be of all exercises the best for the literary man. It is, he declares, "the natural recreation for a man who desires not absolutely to suppress his intellect, but to turn it out to play for a season. All great men of letters have, therefore, been enthusiastic walkers (exceptions, of course, excepted)."

The work of demolition has reached John Forster's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London—the house wherein Charles Dickens delivered the informal lecture which led to his subsequent public readings. The room in which this lecture was given was that selected by Dickens as the scene of Mr. Tulkinghorn's murder in "Bleak House." On the ceiling was the figure of "the pertinacious Roman," which in his book the novelist described as pointing down at the dead man.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, the novelist, has an admirable English style, but he is not English. He is a native of Poland, and acquired his love of seafaring through reading Polish translations of Marryat's novels. "When, much against the wishes of his friends," says "The London Mail," "he turned sailor, he began on a coasting vessel belonging to Marseilles, but he had determined that England was the one country for the nautical man, and he came here in 1877, landing at Lowestoft. For some time he worked on the East Coast, laboriously learning English mainly by reading old newspapers; then he went two or three voyages on deep sea sailing ships from London, passing the Board of Trade examinations between voyages for first and second mate, and finally getting his master's certificate. In his walk Mr. Conrad suggests the sailor, and his kindness is eminently suggestive of the sea, while the nervous movements of his arms and shoulders are characteristic both of the foreigner and the artist. It is with considerable difficulty that he is persuaded to talk of himself at all. His work is his one great interest, and whether successful or not, it is apparent that he puts his whole life into it. He says of himself, 'Praise or blame are to my mind of singularly small import; yet one cares for the recognition of a certain amplex of purpose.' Mr. Conrad lives in a delightful old farmhouse, once the home of Mr. Walter Crane, near Hythe, in Kent. Mr. Conrad is full of an almost admiring reverence for the English language. Its infinite variety and boundless possibility for beautiful phrase and sentence are, he says, immeasurably greater than those of French, which is really a striking statement from a foreigner equally familiar with both languages."

The splendid collection of ancient horn books, leather slates and lecterns recently sold at auction in London is to come to this country. The price paid was the comfortable sum of \$2,500. The late Andrew Tuer's collection of horn books, sold last year, brought \$1,316.

A number of sketches by Thackeray and memoranda of him, including a lock of hair enclosed in his writing case, the collection formed by his housekeeper and presented to the vendor, recently sold for \$505 in London. This does not seem to support the opinion of various modern "literary" commentators that Thackeray is "a back number" and a much smaller man than the authors of the current "phenomenal sellers."

The MS. of Massinger's drama, "Believe as You List," written throughout by the author's own hand, has lately come into the possession of the British Museum Library. That storehouse of riches also contains two masques in the handwriting of their author, Ben Jonson, and these are the only extant holograph dramas of the "brotherhood of Elizabethan playwrights." The other chief acquisition of the year in the MS. way is Milton's "Commonplace Book."

The Crown Prince of Siam has written a book which is soon to be published in London. It deals with "The War of the Polish Succession."