

MR. JAMES ON LOVE.

A NOVEL SHEDDING NEW LIGHT ON MODERN ROMANCE.

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE. By Henry James. In Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 325, 425. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. James is nothing if not an intensely fastidious amateur of the emotions. He has always abhorred the obvious in human affairs, and in his later works that taste for the subtle and the curious which has controlled him from the beginning has become a veritable obsession.

Paradoxically, this lifelong devotee of life as it is lived in the most conventional stratum of society is as keen in the search for what is bizarre as the most sensational writer of "detective stories" or the wildest romancer that ever trod in the footsteps of Rider Haggard or Poe.

The scene is laid chiefly in the London of the present time; the characters are English and American. Kate Croy, the heroine, is, we are assured, an extraordinarily distinguished young person. She is not only beautiful, but is possessed of a character highly original, and of manners to which the same phrase might be applied, if it were not that she is represented as having a certain colorless perfection.

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As a child Victoria had a training as sensible as it was careful. She was taught to live her religion, her sense of duty was made keen, truthfulness and consideration for other people became a part of her nature. When at sixteen she passed through the solemn confirmation ceremony in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the little girl felt much, if not all, of the obligations and burdens of her future.

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He had quite, within the minute, been turning names over; and there was only one, which at last stared at him there dreadful, that propriety fitted. "Since she's to die I'm to marry her."

It struck him even at the moment as fine in her that she met it with no wincing nor mincing. She might, for the grace of silence, for favor to their conditions, have only answered him with her eyes. But her lips bravely moved. "To marry her."

So that when her death has taken place I shall in the natural course have money? "Oh, oh, oh," Densher softly murmured.

Poor Densher may well have murmured. He was not a born blackguard—weak as he is, we rather like him, through part of the book at any rate—and it comes hard to him to carry the burden of false friendship, false everything, which the resourceful and sinuous Kate places so deftly upon his shoulders.

It was before him enough now, and he had nothing more to ask; he had only to turn, on the spot, considerably cold with the thought that all along his stupidly assumed friendship had been, it had been only what she meant. Now that he was in possession, moreover, she could not forbear, strangely enough, to pronounce the words she had not pronounced, she broke through her controlled and colorless voice as if she should be ashamed, to the very end, to have flinched. "You'll in the natural course have money. We shall in the natural course be free."

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We have summarized this story because, in the first place, it shows so well how Mr. James has lost his bearings, how his vision of the truths of human nature has become obscured; and, furthermore, we have summarized it because to do so deprives the reader of nothing. The action in "The Wings of the Dove" could not of itself fill two volumes, and besides it is not so much in the action as in the talk that Mr. James expects us to find our account.

The bulk of the book is made up of dialogue, of the sort which this author asks us (and asks us in vain) to believe characteristic of the men and women in the modern world, as though real men and women could ever be as minutely elliptical and symbolic in their remarks as Kate Croy and the rest are represented as being. This novel impresses us as the work of a man who, if he were perishing from thirst, would rather die and be done with it than ask for a glass of water in a sentence with less than a hundred and twelve clauses. He avoids a direct statement as one avoids a rattlesnake. It is true that with his multitude of infinitely delicate and

immeasurably subtle touches he manages to achieve, in some respects, a comprehensible effect. Little by little we come to know his various personages, so far, at least, as externals are concerned. We can see Aunt Maud, in all her solid majesty of presence. We can see, too, Miss Theale, whose personality, indeed, is one of the most picturesque Mr. James has ever painted. This dainty figure in black is altogether charming, the pallor of the interesting face, the tawny brilliance of the beautiful hair, appeal to us as they might in a picture by an artist like Helleu. But Mr. James gives us, all along the line, pictures instead of living beings, and the artistic charm which some of them possess is not sufficient to make up for the absence of anything like human flesh and blood from the book. He has caricatured love in his analysis of the feeling which he presents as subsisting between Densher and Kate Croy. He has caricatured himself in the form and style of this astonishing production.

THE GOOD QUEEN.

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND AND HER RELIGIOUS LIFE.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Walter Walsh. Catholic. pp. 284. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The good woman whose relations to religion are discussed in this interesting volume was a queen eminently fitted to reign over a people of many differing faiths. Her religious feeling was deep and sincere, but it did not much depend on dogma, and she had no special attachment to forms. While she naturally and conscientiously adhered to the Church in which she was reared, she had a strong leaning toward Presbyterianism, with its simple service. She was particularly fond of the plain little church near Balmoral, and was accustomed to communicate there after the Presbyterian manner, side by side with the poorest of her Highland peasants.

She had no sympathy with the ritualists, and it is stated that she never attended any High Church public service nor ever permitted High Church accessories at the private services held for her. Prince Albert's influence confirmed in her the preference for simplicity of ritual. A descendant of the first European ruler to embrace the Protestant Reformation, he was a strong Lutheran, and brought into his family life religious sentiments and observances manly, frank and innoxious.

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This publication contains in its bibliography of the subject something more than a hundred titles. Mr. Howard Crosby Butler, instructor of architecture in Princeton University, and an original investigator in some of the fascinating fields of archaeology, has written "The Story of Athens."

A city such as vision bulks in the stately crags and silver towers of battlemented clouds, as in derision of kingliest masonry. He calls it, quoting Shelley. In it he proposes to give a simple sketch of the life and art of Athens from its earliest beginnings to the present time, as we find them recorded in ancient literature and in the monuments that time has spared to us. He dwells particularly on the architectural and sculptural remains, in which, of course, he has given the results of the latest archaeological discoveries and deductions. In describing the Parthenon, Mr. Butler speaks thus of the coloring used by the Greeks:

It is difficult for us, whose eyes are accustomed to nothing more brilliant in architecture than the sombre grays and soft browns of granite, limestone or marble that is presently toned by the smoke of a thousand chimneys, to realize the polychromy of the Greeks, with the admiration which we accord to every branch of Greek art. To be sure, our northern climate, with its subdued light and its wealth of scenery, is not the place for the display of striking color contrasts in architecture; whereas, the radiant atmosphere of Greece, glowing with brilliant hues, would neutralize in a measure the most violent contrasts. After all, it was not the whole temple that was treated in strong colors; the columns and wall surfaces, even in marble buildings, were tinted, it is true, but with a soft, rich ivory, which must certainly have relieved the glaring white of the new marble and given an effect not unlike the superb golden hue which time has imparted to the marbles of the most famous shrines. The sculptures that were emphasized with positive tones. All the enrichment was softened by light and shadow, and toned by the full light of the sun into manifold shades of gray. We have but to look at the famous sarcophagus, called that of Alexander, in the Imperial Museum of Constantinople, to see the real beauty of Greek polychromy when applied to architecture. This wonderful monument was made only a little over a hundred years after the completion of the Parthenon, and it must present almost the same effect that was used in the great temples of the country.

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Excursions "LAST DAY OF SEASON, SEPT. 15TH." TIME TABLE - SUBJECT TO CHANGE - STEAMERS LEAVE WEST POINT BEACH, N. J. For Atlantic City, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Long Beach, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Philadelphia, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For New York, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Washington, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Baltimore, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For New Orleans, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For St. Louis, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Chicago, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For St. Paul, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Minneapolis, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Detroit, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Cleveland, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Columbus, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Indianapolis, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Louisville, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Cincinnati, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For St. Louis, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Chicago, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For St. Paul, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. For Minneapolis, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. 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