

still not be an artistic genius. They are, moreover, the gifts which might easily spring up from the rank soil of a nature like Turner's. Ruskin himself had to admit that his hero was a sensualist, and that passage which comes at the close of his biography, the passage relating to his life at Cremorne with "Mrs. Booth," is not the only one, unedifying in significance, with which we have to reckon. What then was it which turned this painter into a kind of magician? Sir Walter Armstrong declares that it was his "habit of noting down nature as color." Did he love Nature as the painters of Barbizon loved her, for her own sake? Had he an instinctive delight in the stateliness and grandeur of that sort of immobile drama, if we may hazard what looks like a contradiction in terms, which was like a passion to Claude? Was he, at bottom, the poet that he tried to be in words, and that he indubitably is—whether consciously or unconsciously is an open question—in so many of his painted works? One hesitates to reply in the affirmative. But, in any case, it hardly matters, for he had, as a colorist, an apocalyptic touch, that, in waking visions of chromatic splendor upon the canvas, seems to transmogrify such substance and such thought as have gone to the making of the whole, raising them to a higher power than Turner perhaps dreamed of when he looked upon the scene he was to celebrate. This is not to say that he was irresponsible for the fundamental truths he put into his work. His "Liber Studiorum" is there, with a thousand sketches, to show the profundity of his knowledge of landscape structure, of mountain, tree and cloud forms. But while this learning of his contributed enormously to his success, it was his supreme gift for the evocation of color, whelmed in light and air, saturated in atmosphere, that made him the Turner that the world once delighted to honor in unmeasured terms, and that the world still values, though not with the same enthusiasm.

That the enthusiasm has faded, that the artistic value of Turner's work is still contested, Sir Walter Armstrong cannot ignore. To do him justice, he does not try to do anything of the sort, but poses, with perfect candor, the following critical question: "Why do so many of those whose souls are moved by beauty, whose emotions are really touched by a fine piece of Nankin, by a Cafferi mount, by a Pisano medallion, by a Durer drawing, by a Rembrandt etching, by a picture of Titian, Velasquez or Gainsborough—why are people of various races who really love, and understand, such things as these so often unmoved by Turner?" In the first place, the author thinks that it is because "Turner was no decorator," but his development of the idea we find rather obscure. "The decorative quality in a picture," he says, "is the property which brings it into line and touch with more infinite and less ambitious things, which asserts the power to satisfy that instinct for self-adumbration, for modifying everything in obedience to one's own predilection, which is at the root of all aesthetic activity." This is not incomprehensible, but, somehow, we do not feel that we are getting any forward, so far as Turner is concerned, when we are reading it. The author is more helpful when he returns, in his last chapter, to the motive from which he started, and says of his subject that he was "a mediator, rather than a maker, that his instinct was toward explanation, illustration and insistence rather than toward creation, that his pictures exist for what they tell us, rather than for what they are, and, consequently, that his achievements must be measured, more than that of any other famous painter, by collation with free and pre-existing beauty."

This offers a serviceable sidelight on the problem, yet even this needs to be amplified by the statement of a point more important than any brought forward by Sir Walter Armstrong in his endeavor to explain the declension of Turner's fame. It was his greatest gift that betrayed him. That glorious color falls after a while. To stay long in the company of the famous pictures in the National Gallery is to feel, steadily rising, a conviction that a great deal of the color in them is saccharine, that a great deal of it is, despite Sir Walter Armstrong's protest that Turner was no virtuoso, nothing but sheer virtuosity. It is a virtuosity of a very special sort, not in the least like that of such a painter's painter as Hals, which is, we fancy, what Sir Walter Armstrong has in mind. Whatever name we give to it, we have to reckon with it as a definite influence in Turner's work, one which invalidated many of his works as transcripts from nature, and led him to results in themselves predestined to weary modern eyes, which are accustomed to the subtler and saner harmonies of the later landscape schools. Turner is a classic in painting, and will remain one, but appreciation of him is never likely to return to the Ruskinian formula. Sir Walter Armstrong, though he may provoke dissent here and there, and bewilder us a little at more than one point in his narrative, has performed, on the whole, a solid service toward the re-establishment of Turner on a rational basis of criticism. He is, as always, an interesting writer, deft in the handling of biographical details, and vivid in description. We have only to deplore, as we close this beautiful book, the author's addiction to the detestable young-ladyism of dragging in French words, where, with all due deference, we venture to assert that English words would equally well have served his purpose.

An essay on Shakespeare as a lyrical poet is in preparation by Professor Dowden. It is to serve as an introduction for a beautiful edition of the Sonnets—an edition which is to be limited to four hundred copies.

DR. HALE'S MEMORIES.

A SURVEY OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS. By Edward Everett Hale. In Two Volumes. Octavo, pp. xiv, 318; ix, 321. The Macmillan Company.

Of Charles Elliott, the historian, Dr. Hale relates that when he was asked if he believed that Abraham lived to be a hundred and sixty, he replied, "Why not? He had no bad whiskey to drink, no primaries to attend, and no newspapers to read." The author of these memories of a hundred years is only half the age of Abraham. His habits are well known to a nation of admirers. Few men follow the course of public affairs more closely. He speaks of himself as having been "cradled in the sheets of a newspaper." If the reader is disposed to think the title of his book a rather sensational choice, or to quarrel with the author for not keeping to personal matters, he should disabuse his mind at once of the idea that these are personal reminiscences in the ordinary sense. It is said more than once in the course of this survey of national history that the author's aim is to show the reader the past century through the

that "even Mr. Stephen Phillips might be willing to handle such a theme." At least one capital anecdote finds its way into the discussion of this unpopular war. Isaac Hull was sitting for his portrait to Gilbert Stuart at the instance of the town of Boston.

Stuart was himself a great braggart, and he was entertaining Hull with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the marquis of this and the baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed in England. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in from the kitchen with her apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchief, and cried out: "Did you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" To which Stuart replied with presence of mind to be recommended to all husbands: "Ask your mistress."

Nearer the present are the stories of the men of letters of Cambridge and Boston. The author tells of meeting "when rather a frightened young man of twenty," Dr. John Pierce, who called himself in joke the Catalogarius of Harvard College. It was the first time the young theological student had experienced a formal dinner party.

He spoke to me across the table, breaking up the other conversation to say, "Mr. Hale, your

FICTION.

IN PASTORAL DORSET AND INTRIGUING ROME.

THE MANOR FARM. A Novel. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). With Frontispiece by Claud C. DuPré Cooper. 12mo, pp. 376. Longmans, Green & Co.

DONNA DIANA. By Richard Bagot. 12mo, pp. 402. Longmans, Green & Co.

A SONG OF A SINGLE NOTE. A Love Story. By Amelia E. Barr. 12mo, pp. 330. Dodd, Mead & Co.

HER MAJESTY THE KING. A Romance of the Harem. Done into American from the Arabic by James Jeffrey Roche. With illustrations by Oliver Herford. 12mo, pp. 149. R. H. Russell.

THE GIRL PROPOSITION. A Bunch of He and She Fables. By George Ade. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 192. R. H. Russell.

OBSERVATIONS BY MR. DOOLEY. 12mo, pp. 279. R. H. Russell.

Of all those volumes in which Mrs. Blundell has so sympathetically interpreted the humors of Dorset rustics, "The Manor Farm" seems to us quite the best. In it the author gives us an abundance of those details which diversify the daily life of her peasants without seriously ac-



A SNOWDRIFT ON AN ALPINE PASS. (From the water color by Turner.)

author's "keyhole." "Do not let any one think," we read toward the end of the first volume, "that I am going to harass my readers with many details of my personal life." By that time we have had a review of the nation's political and industrial growth, from the time of Washington, through the administrations of Monroe, and, like the wary heroes in novels, we have begun to suspect. But such a man certainly has the right and justification for making a survey of a critical century in our history, from a frankly personal point of view, if he so chooses, and, though we should be glad to have his autobiography, we are not disposed to belittle the interest and value of his personal estimate of the country's progress. He has had at his command, at one time or another, many manuscript diaries and records not frequently in use; he has known scores of public men, including most of the Presidents of his lifetime, and he is served by a tenacious memory, with a habit of note taking, in the preservation of traditions and stories which have come to him since his earliest years from people whose recollections ran far back to the beginnings.

The lesson which Dr. Hale reads into his view of our history is that the people, in their industrial conquests, in inventions, improvements and commercial prowess, rule and make the history which administrations consider of their own fashioning. He makes comparatively small matter of Presidents and statesmen, especially after the accession of "the Virginia dynasty" with Jefferson, whose relation to the history of the country he compares to that which a "fussy, foolish nurse fills in the biography of a man like Franklin, or Washington, or Goethe, or Julius Caesar of whom the nurse had charge." Dr. Hale never merits the reproach of the church of the Laodiceans. As for "poor Mr. Madison," the author has been trying for twenty years to find some young dramatist who would make an historical tragedy out of the crisis in his life, when, after playing second fiddle to Jefferson for eight years, he found himself under the dictation of a group of young gentlemen, led by Clay and Calhoun, who forced him into a war with England. It is suggested

grandfather, Oliver Everett, was born in 1752, graduated in 1772, took charge of the New South Church in 1782, left that church in 1792, died in 1802; you were born in 1822, and will take your second degree in 1842." It was one of the instances, almost absurd, of the curious accuracy of his memory in any detail which related to college history. To me it has been a very convenient memorandum.

Of Longfellow it is said that "with his arrival a new life began for the little college in that very important business of the freedom of association between the teachers and the undergraduates." As for the group of men who dominated American letters from Massachusetts this testimony is interesting:

Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell were kindness itself to young authors. No one would believe me if I told how much time Holmes gave, day in and day out, to answer personally the requests of young people who submitted to him their verses. I am afraid he was too kind. Of Emerson, in the same business, it used to be said that all his geese were swans. He was always telling you about some rising poet who was going to astonish the world. I ought to tell of the welcome which Longfellow gave to every tramp who came to his door, if only the tramp happened to speak a foreign language. And no literary wayfarer, however crude and unsophisticated, knocked at Holmes's hospitable gate who was not made welcome.

While Emerson and Dr. Hale were members of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College together the younger members were beginning the movement to make attendance at chapel voluntary. Every year it would be referred to committee, reported back favorably, and meet some discussion, until Emerson would make a little speech which invariably ended the consideration of the project.

Mr. Emerson would rise and say substantially this: "Religious worship is the most important single function in the life of any people. I derived more benefit from the chapel service when I was in college, than from any, perhaps from all, other exercises which I attended. When I am in Europe, I go on every occasion to join the religious service of the people of the town in which I am. For this reason, I should be very sorry to see the attendance at chapel made to vary with the wishes at the moment of the young men."

celerating its movement; the book reflects the placidity of a neighborhood in which tragedy is almost never known, and in which if comedy is enacted at all, it is by unconscious comedians. The whole story is saturated in the drowsy atmosphere of sunny orchards and old-fashioned flower gardens. All this Mrs. Blundell has presented in her other books. But in "The Manor Farm" she has hit upon a motive, that, while familiar enough in stories of urban life, is most uncommon in what we may call pastoral literature. She treats of a man and a maid, but the story of their love is interwoven with, and almost subordinated to, the portraiture of two old men, their respective fathers and to the exploitation of their quaintness. These parents are farmers, living in one house, which had been divided into two dwellings, Giles and his daughter Beulah, Joe and his Reuben, all bear the name of Maldment, a name identified with the place for generations. Giles and Joe resolve that their children shall marry, so that the two dwellings and the two farms may be united. They are assisted in their scheme by a delightful old kinswoman, Aunt Hepple, but the children, as they come to realize that they are expected to marry, not unnaturally burn with resentment at the calm manner in which all question of their individual preferences has been ignored. But Mrs. Blundell knows her peasants. She knows that nothing really violent is to mark the development of her little drama, and though she duly brings another girl upon the scene to complicate the situation, she preserves to the end the strain of quaint humor at which she aims at the beginning. Giles and Joe are constantly to the fore, their tempers and absurdities and lovable simplicities are never neglected. The story is very amusing, and it has a curious sweetness, like that of the Dorset poetry of William Barnes, which the author freely draws upon for her chapter headings.

Mr. Bagot adheres in his latest novel to the Italian inspiration which has served him so well in its predecessors. "Donna Diana" is a novel of modern Rome, in which the intimate life of