

## CARLYLE'S "REVOLUTION."

A NEW EDITION ANNOTATED BY MR. ROSE.

**THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.** A History. By Thomas Carlyle. With Introduction, Notes and Appendices by John Holland Rose, M. A. In Three Volumes. With Illustrations and Plans. Octavo, pp. xxxi, 348; vii, 363; ix, 435. The Macmillan Company.

Carlyle's great book on the French Revolution is constantly being reprinted, but new editions of it vary greatly in value. Too often they tes-



MIRABEAU.  
(From a contemporary pastel.)

tify to nothing more than the laziness of an editor with a series of classics to bring out. He seizes upon Carlyle as he seizes upon Sterne, Cervantes and two or three others, without whose presence no series of the sort is supposed to be complete. An edition of this kind relies chiefly upon its paper, presswork, and illustration for success. More rarely we have an edition like the one now published by Mr. J. H. Rose, whose recent work on Napoleon has won him high rank as an authority on the revolutionary epoch in France. It is an admirable piece of work. The notes, while not encroaching seriously upon the text, are numerous, and they are uniformly good. Mr. Rose does not confine himself to checking his author on points of fact, as, for example, in his correction of Carlyle's attribution of the murder of Foulon to "a mere mad outbreak of popular fury," or in his re-adjustment of the perspective in which the text leaves Mirabeau in the famous chapter on the triumph of the Third Estate. He is alert enough whenever it is necessary to counteract an inaccuracy or clear up an obscurity. But we appreciate even more his readiness to affix a note like that at the foot of the chapter describing the ignorant quietude of the Court on the night which had closed on the fall of the Bastille. It consists simply of an extract from the King's private diary for July 14, 1789, and runs: "Nothing, i. e., no game killed." A similar tragically significant entry is borrowed from the diary in the following October: "Shooting near Chatillon; killed 81 head; interrupted by events."

The introduction rises far above the perfunctory level of such additions to a classic. Mr. Rose traces in the most interesting manner some of the sources of Carlyle's gradual absorption in his subject, noting especially his visit to Paris in the year 1825, and his talks with Danton's friend, the butcher Legendre. The secret of his success in picturing the great spectacle Mr. Rose finds in Carlyle's possession of "an eye that could see," and in an imagination that easily visualized a scene. Speaking of the historian's attitude toward the Revolution, he describes him as viewing it "as a volcanic outburst, revealing the utmost powers and passions of human nature," and goes on to represent him as gazing into the crater with eager longing, "so that he might learn something of that demoniac force that lies hidden under the surface of a seemingly outworn society." Asking "what aspect of that mighty event Carlyle undertook to depict," he continues:

Here we have his own answer, couched in Homeric phrase. The "destructive wrath of Sansculottism: this is what we speak, having unhappily no voice for singing." And again: "May we not say that the French Revolution lies in the head and heart of every violent-speaking; of every violent-thinking Frenchman?" His work, then, is a prose epic describing the struggles of twenty-five million Frenchmen to right the wrongs of the past and also to avenge them. He cared not a jot for laws and diplomacy, institutions and constitutions. He had no liking for battles since the date of Homer, unless they chanced to be as irregular and personal as the assault on the Bastille, or the march of the women to Versailles. He ever sought to come to close hand-grip with individual men, especially when fighting difficulty and danger. "History," he said elsewhere, "is the essence of innumerable biographies." Its duty is not to reveal the hidden causes of events; for these are unknowable; but it can profitably tell us what men have done; and if the Past be reverently studied in this way, it will become "the true fountain of knowledge."

Mr. Rose clearly exposes Carlyle's limitations, his sins of omission and commission, but he is, on the whole, sympathetic. He does not write to patronize a work of genius, but, by strengthening it at its indubitably weak points,

to make it more useful. His illustrations he has wisely chosen almost exclusively from that volume of "Tableaux historiques de la Revolution Française" of which Carlyle himself made good use. They are reproduced in good half-tones. The frontispiece portraits of Louis XVI, Mirabeau and Robespierre are in photogravure. The volumes are capably printed on good but light paper, and they are tastefully bound in dark blue cloth. In brief, this is one of the best editions of the book ever published.

## CANROBERT'S REVELATIONS.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Some curious revelations of the under side of history appear in some reminiscences of Marshal Canrobert, now being published, with regard to what happened during that Congress of Paris which put an end to the Crimean War. According to him, De Morny had been for some time in secret communication with Gortchakoff through the Baron d'Eskeles, the administrator of the Austrian railways, just purchased with money supplied by the Crédit Mobilier of France. On hearing of this Palmerston proposed to throw over the French alliance altogether and to carry on the war with the help of the Turks alone, but was prevented by a letter written privately by Napoleon to Queen Victoria, assuring her of his fidelity, and answered by her in the same spirit. Austria had all along considered that it would be left to her to make peace, and that she would receive the Danubian principalities for her pains.

But what really put an end to the war was the sudden volte-face of the Prussian King, Frederick William IV—"esprit mystique" Canrobert calls him—who, after having assured both Czar Nicholas and his successor that he was "the little dog who bit the legs of the enemies



LOUIS XVI.  
(From the portrait by Duplessis.)

of Russia," wrote to Alexander without previous warning that if he did not make peace he should, "though with death in his soul," join the coalition against him. Immediately he had done so he wrote to Queen Victoria "in the tone of a malefactor, announcing the success of a plot," concluding with the words, "Above all, keep this to yourself"; but she very properly caused it to be given out that there was reason to believe that Russia would now accept the conditions of peace. Mr. Sidney Lee and the rest notwithstanding, the predominant and personal part played by our late Queen in European politics becomes plainer every day.

## SOLWAY.

Wallace Ritson, in The London Outlook.  
O to hear the singing of the sea,  
And catch the fresh breath of the ozone,  
Sweet  
From honeyed south, to glad the heart of me,  
And Solway, Solway leaping at my feet!  
A morning sun high o'er the heights behind,  
Whose beams gleam on the waves with  
glorious beat;  
And O to hear the gull's cry down the wind,  
And Solway, Solway leaping at my feet!  
'Mongst the gray stones to watch the ripples  
reach  
Round where old swirling Derwent's glad  
floods greet  
The sea, and hear their sweet songs, each to  
each,  
And Solway, Solway leaping at my feet!  
So let me linger where my young breast first  
Drew from this fair scene's loveliness the  
sweet,  
Wild, quenchless thirst for beauty it has nursed,  
Since these eyes viewed through dawn's mist  
Criffel burst,  
And Solway, Solway leaping at my feet!

Dr. Braden's volume of literary history, "The Reaction in France," has just appeared in this country. It is Vol. III of his "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature."

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Sidney Lee, the biographer of Shakespeare, expects to lecture on the poet and his works both at Harvard and at Yale next month. In March New-Yorkers will have the opportunity of listening to him in the precincts of Columbia. He goes West in April and will return to England in May.

The forthcoming volume of Mrs. Carlyle's letters will contain correspondence which Froude did not, for some reason, care to print. In the introduction will appear some personal reminiscences of the Carlyles by Sir James Crichton Browne. This friend of the family expresses the opinion that the wife could hold her own, even with her crabbed husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle are at work upon a new novel of modern life which they have named "Rose of the World." Their novel, "The Star Dreamer," which is on the point of publication, is a romance of the early nineteenth century.

The heroine of a third romance, "Incomparable Bellairs," is, of course, the sprightly little widow who was the chief figure in "The Bath Comedy." Various complete episodes from this romance are to appear in that clever periodical, "Collier's Weekly." Mr. Castle has also another book, a collection of short stories, waiting for attention.

How do this husband and wife collaborate in their books? Thus, if we may believe "The Daily Mail": "Mr. and Mrs. Castle plan out their work together, talk it over thoroughly, and finally write it in unison, so that it is almost impossible in the end to decide with whom any particular idea originally started. The authors never write of places or peoples they do not know familiarly. Mr. Castle states that he never

corruption in new cities. It also explains in some measure, I believe, the fact that in our civic life we Americans are in many particulars still behind the older countries of the world. One reason for this is that in a new city men expect to stay for a short time, make just as much money as they possibly can, and then leave. Consequently one frequently finds a most shocking but deliberate sacrifice of the future to the present. When the public-utility franchise question came up in Seattle, Wash., not long ago, one of the citizens, voicing the sentiments of others, said:  
"I don't care about the future. What I want is to make money now."

Mr. Edward W. Townsend's new novel, "Lees and Leaven," is a story of life in this city—the city life in its quiet as well as in its noisy phases. There is nothing in it, it is said, of the "Chimmie Fadden" element.

Mr. Sidney H. Preston, author of that comical book, "The Abandoned Farmer," and of an equally comical short story, "The Green Figs," has written for the March "Scribner" a story which is mentioned as particularly clever. It is called "A Reformed Traveller."

A costly monument, surrounded by young firs, has been placed over the grave of Bret Harte in Frimley Churchyard, Surrey. It is a massive slab of white granite weighing two and a half tons, on which is placed a block of Aberdeen granite, sloping upwards in the form of a cross. Upon it is the inscription: "Bret Harte, August 25, 1837—May 5, 1902. Death shall reap the braver harvest." At the head of the monument are the words: "In faithful remembrance, M. S. Van de Veld." Several wreaths were placed on the tomb at Christmas, together with a small branch of laurel, to which was attached a card bearing the words: "For the glory born of goodness never dies. Bret Harte."  
Mr. Harte had lived at Frimley for some time, and he died there.

The "Literary Talks" which Mr. George Moore is preparing for "Lippincott's" are reported to be of the frankest and raciest kind, full of wit, sarcasm and unsparing criticism on his writing contemporaries.

"Julian Meldolla" is the title of a new novel by Mary Moss, the author of "Fruit Out of Season," a short story which not long ago attracted much attention and comment from the readers of "Lippincott's." This novel—which is also to appear in the magazine—is the love story of two young people, who are drawn together, we are told, from different stations in life and different sects by the leading of an unacknowledged racial connection.

In a recently published memoir of Lord Salisbury there is an amusing story of his childhood. "Oh, Betty," he sighed one day to his nurse, "I wish I was a cat!" "Why?" asked the astonished Betty. "When I think," said the child, "of the many times I must dress and undress before I die I wish my clothes grew on my back!"

Mrs. Bignell's fascinating little birdbook, "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny," is to have a successor which is entitled "My Woodland Inmates." Her dormer window, "Balsam Bough Inn," serves regularly as a dining room for the little wild animals living round her winter home in the country. The rabbits, who cannot ascend to "Balsam Bough Inn," have their little dinners at "Table d'hôte Tavern" in the yard. All manner of delightful details about their characters, manners, hates and loves have been studied and recorded by their devoted friend, the author.

General James Grant Wilson's work on "Thackeray in the United States" is soon to appear in two richly illustrated volumes. Many of these illustrations as well as many of the novelists' letters therein quoted will be new to the reader.

Mr. Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau" remains one of his most popular books in this country. Although it was first published here nearly five years ago there is still a brisk de-



ROBESPIERRE.  
(From the engraving by Levacher.)

mand for it, and the Holts have just sent it to the press for the tenth time.

The verses written by Charles Dickens—his comic satirical and political poems, with the lyrics from his opera, "The Village Coquette," and his prologue to Wilkie Collins's "Frozen Deep"—will soon be printed in a neat volume in London.

## BUYING ABBOTSFORD.

From The London Athenæum.

It is said that Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of Ohio, is negotiating for the purchase of Abbotsford in order to present the place to the Scottish people. A correspondent of a Glasgow journal reminds us that if the subscription of £10,000 projected after Scott's death to discharge all incumbrances and entail the house had been successful such a possibility could not have been suggested. Lockhart states that a part of the sum raised was embezzled by the young person "rashly appointed to the post of secretary, who carried it with him to America, where he soon after died. Mr. Macdonald, the prospective purchaser of Abbotsford, is an American Scot, president of the Standard Oil Company of Kentucky.

begins to write out a romance until it has been complete in his mind (as discussed and elaborated with his wife) for a very long time. It is only when both character and incident and the reciprocal influence of one on the other have become familiar that the story is begun.

"After that the writing goes fast enough at an average rate of 2,000 words a day—writing in the morning and revising at odd moments of the day. Thus a long novel will be written in three months; but, of course, the period from its conception is much longer—generally a year or more."

An edition in facsimile of each of the four Folios of Shakespeare has been announced by the Methuens, of London. There will be one thousand copies printed on pure linen paper, bound in paper boards. The Second Folio (1632) will be brought out first.

The late Mrs. Alexander left the MS. of a novel which is soon to be published under the title of "Kitty Costello." It is a story set in the middle of the last century, the heroine being an Irish girl of good family but infirm purse.

Helen Adair, another Irish girl, is the heroine of Mr. Louis Becke's forthcoming novel. Some of the troubles of this story are derived from the fact that the girl's father has been sent to Botany Bay.

Why is there so much corruption in new Western cities? Here is Professor R. T. Ely's explanation in the February "Harper": "A curious fact in the evolution of civilization is this, that individuals, as they swarm from their early homes and form new settlements, may take with them their individual acquisitions, but to only a limited extent do they carry with them their social acquisitions. They lose in a large part the results of social experience, and have to begin by slow and painful processes the formation of a civilized society. What they precisely lose in a great measure is what we must term a social consciousness and a social conscience, and without both a high grade of civilization is not possible. This explains the civic backwardness and, in some cases, the civic