

## GOOD NIGHT.

BY RENNELL ROBB.

"Good night, and wings of angels  
Beat round your little bed,  
And all white hopes and holy  
Be on your golden head!

You know not why I love you,  
You little lips that kiss;  
But if you should remember,  
Remember me with this:

He said that the longest journey  
Was all on the road to rest;  
He said the children's wisdom  
Was the wisest and the best;

He said there was joy in sorrow  
Far more than the tears in mirth  
And he knew there was God in Heaven  
Because there was love on earth."

## The New-York Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1903.

A plausible essayist in "The Academy and Literature" maintains that, by most of us, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton and Shakespeare are "taken as read." The influence of these great writers, he assures us, is not diminished thereby. "There are still, as always, the few and fit, and through them the classics are distilled and filtered through to the masses beneath." He asks this pointed question: "Have you ever seen a man or a woman reading Milton in a railway train?" The question is significant of the specious drift of the whole argument. One reader of the essay, "a professional man in a provincial city," promptly declares that he possesses, and reads, Milton and Shakespeare, Bunyan and the Bible. But this testimony, welcome as it is, is not really needed. The classics are always being read, and by a great many people who, to do them justice, would not dream of classifying themselves with "the few and fit." But these people naturally do not think of reading Milton or Homer in a railway train. Who ever thinks of reading them there?

The serio-comic fracas in which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, and Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of "The London Times," have recently figured, to the amusement of two continents, has moved Mr. William Archer, himself a dramatic critic, to the elaboration of an extraordinary scheme. In "The Fortnightly Review" he discourses, with an absence of humor that is prodigiously funny, upon what he calls "A Critical Court of Honor," in which antagonists like Mr. Jones and Mr. Walkley might settle all their difficulties. For the object of a critic's scorn to seek redress in the newspapers is, he thinks, a waste of time, and as for the libel suit, he regards it as even more unsatisfactory. "To set a British jury to determine the limits of fair criticism," he says, "is like employing a steam roller to mark out a tennis court." So he proposes that a representative "Board of Arbitrators" should be called into existence, "to consist of delegates nominated by the representative societies of the different classes concerned." The function of this board would be "merely to express a definite and deliberate opinion on any point at issue," and an appeal to it "would be of the nature of a wager, the losing party agreeing to bear the expenses of the proceedings, which should be kept as low as possible." In our mind's eye we can see the novelist or playwright, the poet or actor, the historian or musician, who thinks that he has been unfairly dealt with in the public prints, "getting together" with the wicked critic before this precious Board of Arbitrators, and accepting, with a good grace, the decision of the said board. Or, rather, in our mind's eye, we can see nothing of the sort. Mr. Archer's Critical Court of Honor is unimpeachable—on paper. In real life, human nature being what it is, we find it unthinkable.

Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge has just had the pleasure of seeing come from the press the sixth of the volumes in which he has edited Byron's poetry for the Murray edition of the complete works. Though it appears that the increase in the material available has made it necessary to prepare a seventh volume, so that the prose and verse together will fill thirteen volumes, instead of the twelve originally projected, the present occasion is suitable for offering Mr. Coleridge congratulations on the practical completion of his task. We offer them with the utmost cordiality. This edition is everything that it ought to be. Mr. Coleridge's treatment of the poems has been matched by Mr. Prothero's treatment of the letters, and Mr. Murray has given the books perfect form. To him also, and to the American publishers, the Messrs. Scribner, all congratulations are due. But there is a fly in our ointment. The sixth of Mr. Coleridge's volumes is devoted to "Don Juan." It is, like its predecessors, a model of good editing, and we suppose we ought to be grateful for the inclusion of the seventeenth canto of fourteen stanzas which has never before been printed. On the other hand we are astounded to find that this new edition of Byron's masterpiece is calmly dedicated to Mr. Swinburne! What earthly right have Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Murray to foist upon the book of a dead man of genius a tribute to a living poet coming long after him?

## DARWINIANA.

## Fragments from the Scientist's Correspondence.

MORE LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN. A Record of His Work in a Series of Hitherto Unpublished Letters, Edited by Francis Darwin, Fellow of Christ's College, and A. C. Seward, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In Two Volumes. Illustrated. Octavo, pp. xxiv, 494; viii, 508. D. Appleton & Co.

These two volumes form a kind of supplement to the "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," published in 1887. They contain letters received by the editors since that time from various correspondents of the great scientist, but the material consists "in chief part of a mass of letters which, for want of space or for other

letters, but what we get in these volumes, when all is said, is simply a concatenation of odds and ends recalling this or that episode in Darwin's life as a scientist, without, as a rule, fully elucidating it. For the scientist it is a mine of suggestion. For the layman it is rather a work in which to make diligent search for merely interesting and human things. Such a search is well repaid. As one turns these pages one is frequently coming upon passages which illuminate Darwin's character, and exhibit him in his most attractive aspect, as the central figure in a group of remarkable men.

The autobiographical fragment mentioned above is so interesting that it is a pity that it should be only a fragment, scarcely five pages long. It shows the writer making with great effort and with strongly scientific feeling an endeavor to recapture and record the obscure traits of childhood. Talking of the things he

He was made for good less and kindness. The glimpses of his home life afforded by these volumes are somewhat peculiarly touching. The editors quote one of his letters to Miss Emma Wedgwood, written just before their marriage. It is a very sweet and manly epistle, and we would like to quote it, but it is too long to give intact, as it ought to be given, if at all, so we content ourselves with a passage from another document, written long after, for his children:

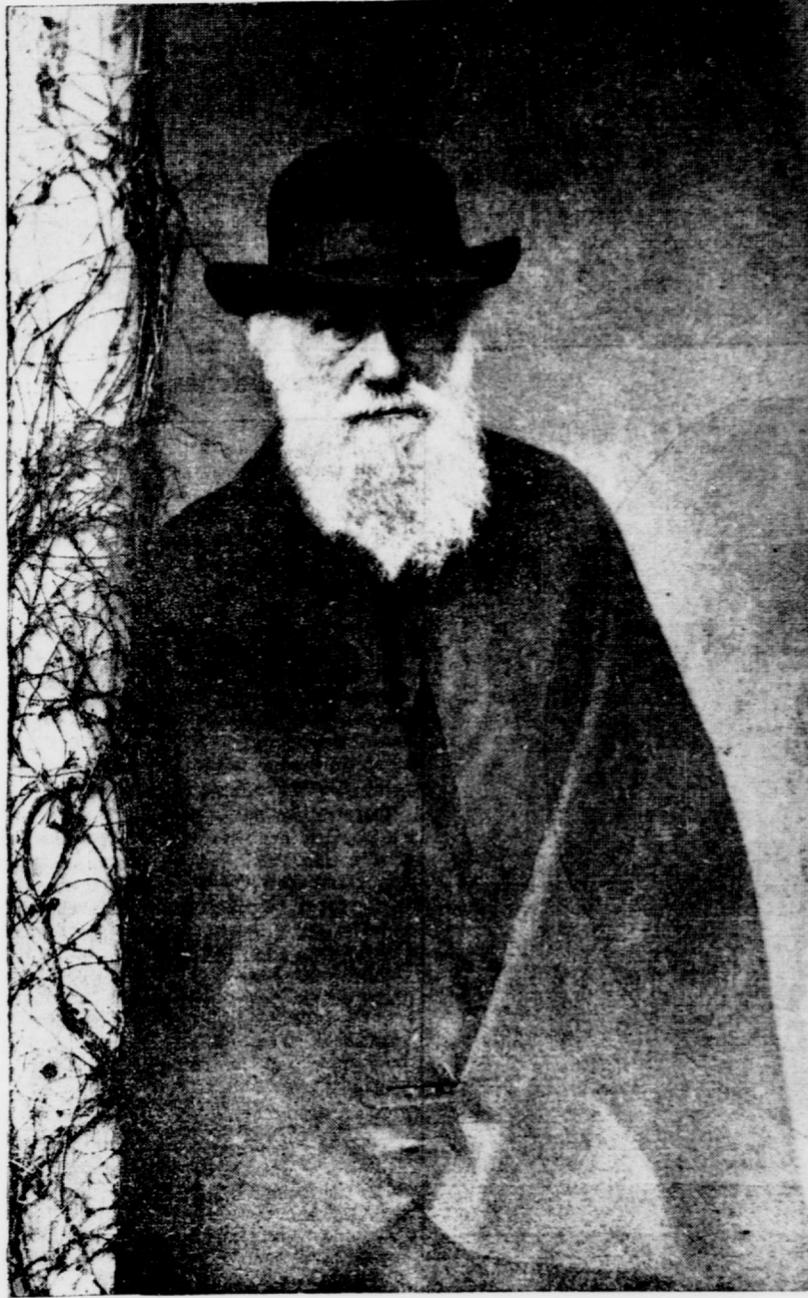
You all know your mother, and what a good mother she has ever been to all of you. She has been my greatest blessing, and I can declare that in my whole life I have never heard her utter one word I would rather have been un-said. She has never failed in kindest sympathy toward me, and has borne with the utmost patience my frequent complaints of ill health and discomfort. I do not believe she has ever missed an opportunity of doing a kind action to any one near her. I marvel at my good fortune that she, so infinitely my superior in every single moral quality, consented to be my wife. She has been my wise adviser and cheerful comforter throughout life, which without her would have been during a very long period a miserable one from ill health. She has earned the love of every soul near her.

In one of his letters to Mr. Thistleton-Dyer he says: "I can most fully sympathize with you in your admiration of your little girl. There is nothing so charming in this world, and we all in this house humbly adore our grandchild, and think his little pimple of a nose quite beautiful." But we must not linger over his domesticities alone. After all, even for the layman there is much in this book relating to the scientific side of its subject that is comprehensible and interesting. He is delightful about Owen and sometimes quaint. To the remark that Rolleston on a certain occasion wrote in fear and trembling of "God, man and monkeys," he retorts that he would alter the remark into "God, man, Owen and monkeys." He confesses to having become "quite demoniacal" about his foe, "worse than Huxley," and though he says that he means to try and "get more angelic in my feelings," he adds that he shall never forget "his cordial shake of the hand when he was writing as spitefully as he possibly could against me." Mrs. Carlyle's declaration that "Owen's sweetness reminded her of sugar of lead" rejoiced his soul; "Capital," he called it. But if he had to reckon with Owen's bad faith and discourtesy, he had at least the comfort of knowing that, besides the valiant "general agent" for his revolutionary ideas he possessed in Huxley, he had for his faithful friends such men as Hooker, Lyell, Hugh Falconer and half a dozen others who were towers of strength. These letters, like the documents published in 1887, give the impression that, while his faith in his great theory was unshakable, he had always the truest humility, and was ever eager to enter into discussion with any one really competent to meet him in his field. He is grateful for every letter that reaches him bringing words of sympathy and encouragement. That they came in great numbers, first and last, is a testimony to the noble spirit in which the great army of scientists have ever worked. Here and there a member of that army might, like Owen, give cause for regret; but, in the main, one cannot help but feel as one reads these letters that the great men who have given themselves to the advancement of learning have been incapable of taking narrow views of any one of their comrades.

It is charming to turn again to the episode of Darwin's receiving the Copley medal. Falconer's letter in his favor is an ideal example of devotion to friendship and to truth. Huxley's share in the transaction has already been made known in his biography, but the editors of the present volumes have done well to set it forth once more. "My distrust of Sabine [president of the Royal Society] is, as you know, chronic," he writes, "and I went determined to keep careful watch on his address, lest some crafty phrase injurious to Darwin should be introduced." The phrase crept in. "Speaking generally and collectively," said Sabine, "we have expressly omitted it [Darwin's theory] from the grounds of our award." Huxley was prompt to the rescue. He saw that everybody would interpret this as conveying the general sense of the council, and he acted like the staunch defender that he was. We must quote his description:

When the resolution for printing the address was moved, I made a speech, which I took care to keep perfectly cool and temperate, disavowing all intention of interfering with the liberty of the president to say what he pleased, but exercising my constitutional right of requiring the minutes of council making the award to be read, in order that the society might be informed whether the conditions implied by Sabine had been imposed or not. The resolution was read, and of course nothing of the kind appeared. Sabine didn't exactly like it, I believe. Both Busk and Falconer remonstrated against the passage to him, and I hope it will be withdrawn when the address is printed. If not, there will be an awful row, and I for one will show no mercy.

These strenuous passages in the biography of Darwin might be a little wearisome if it were not that they bring home to one a sense of the commotion raised in men's minds by the announcement of his theory, and of the tremendous battle that had to be fought by him before ideas now discussed with perfect calmness could obtain anything like a satisfactory hearing. It is interesting to observe how, in addition to his printed statements, Darwin was always endeavoring in his private letters to clear up the difficulties of his critics and strengthen his case among them. There is a characteristic note in one of his letters to Lyell, "Herschel," he says, "in his 'Physical Geography,' has a sentence with respect to the 'Origin,' something to the effect that the higher law of providential



CHARLES DARWIN.  
(From a photograph.)

reasons," were not printed in the earlier work. We can readily surmise the character of one of those "other reasons." Sir Richard Owen, whose treatment of Darwin was anything but edifying, was still alive when the "Life and Letters" was published; in fact, he did not die until 1892, and no good purpose would have been served by printing, until some few years after he had passed from the scene, the numerous letters in which Darwin allowed his resentment of his contemporary's conduct to express itself in pretty vivid terms. Yet this collection of documents is not to be taken as in any way a monument to controversies dead and gone, as a souvenir of pain and bitterness. On the contrary, while the postponement of its appearance was well advised, inasmuch as it spared the susceptibilities of a living man, its publication now cannot hurt any one; and, what is more to the point, it serves only to deepen the familiar impression of Darwin as a man of rare goodness and sweetness of character. Huxley, his lifelong friend, spoke of finding in him "something bigger than ordinary humanity—an unequalled simplicity and directness of purpose—a sublime unselfishness." It is the man to whom this fine tribute could be justly paid of whom the correspondence in the volumes before us is persistently eloquent.

It is a difficult correspondence for what we may call general consumption. To enjoy it a great deal the reader must have a great deal of science. The very titles of its subdivisions are calculated to give the layman pause. The first may be light enough; it is simply "An Autobiographical Fragment, and Early Letters." But then come "Evolution," "Geographical Distribution," "Man," "Geology," "Botany" and "Vivisection and Miscellaneous Subjects." For the general reader, too, these chapters have the further disadvantage of being in no sense complete narratives. It is true that editorial notes and references throw a good deal of light on the

remembered from his earliest years, he notes that "all my recollections seem to be connected most closely with myself," where his sister could recollect scenes in which others were the chief actors. Some of his recollections were "those of vanity—namely, thinking that people were admiring me, in one instance for perseverance and another for boldness, in climbing a low tree." In those days he was a very great story teller, "for the pure pleasure of exciting attention and surprise." "I stole fruit and hid it," he says, "for these same motives, and injured trees by barking them for similar ends.

I recollect when I was at Mr. Case's inventing a whole fabric, to show how fond I was of speaking the truth." He speaks of his memory of the pleasure he had "in the evening on a blowy day, walking along the beach by myself and seeing the gulls and cormorants wending their way home in a wild and irregular course," and adds that such poetic pleasures, felt so keenly in after years, he "should not have expected so early in life." His earliest geological aspirations he dates from the time when he was at school, about nine or ten years old. Then he had a desire to be able "to know something about every pebble in front of the hall door." As a lad of scarcely more than ten, he was "very passionate (when I swore like a trooper) and quarrelsome." But the only other souvenir of his childhood which we are inclined to cite we find in the second volume, in a letter written as late as 1881, regarding the influence of sea water on earth worms. "I was very fond of angling when a boy," he writes, "and, as I could not bear to see the worms wriggling on the hook, I dipped them always first in salt water, and this killed them very quickly." One would never suspect from his letters that he had ever been "passionate" and had "sworn like a trooper." But the gentleness that peeps out in the note on his boyish feeling as an angler was characteristic of him all his life long.