

Arrangement should always be stated," and he goes on to say: "But astronomers do not state that God directs the course of each comet and planet." He is inspiring on the subject of science in general. His friend Henslow had said in a lecture: "However delightful any scientific pursuit may be, yet, if it should be wholly unapplied, it is of no more use than building castles in the air." Darwin demurred to this, saying:

Would not your hearers infer from this that the practical use of each scientific discovery ought to be immediate and obvious to make it worthy of admiration? What a beautiful instance chloroform is of a discovery made from purely scientific researches, afterward coming almost by chance into practical use! For myself I would, however, take higher ground, for I believe there exists, and I feel within me, an instinct for truth, or knowledge or discovery, of something of the same nature as the instinct of virtue, and that our having such an instinct is reason enough for scientific researches without any practical results ever ensuing from them.

At the end of a letter to the late John Fiske he remarks that "to believe that I have at all influenced the minds of able men is the greatest satisfaction I am capable of receiving." The one thing that shines through all his letters is his noble disinterestedness. We might multiply examples; but, on other hand, if Darwin the scientist is interesting in these pages, Darwin the man is equally impressive; his personality carries us through masses of matter appallingly dry, and it is with this fact in mind that we prefer to take leave of the book with a reference to a purely personal aspect of it. Hooker had written to him asking him to leave Down for a dinner in London. Mrs. Darwin was ill, but in the early part of his reply her husband says that he will come to the dinner. The next day he adds this postscript: "I see from my wife's expression that she does not really much like my going, and, therefore, I must give up, of course, this pleasure." It is Darwin to the life, thinking always of others before he thinks of himself.

#### GLIMPSES OF MARY LAMB.

With Some Notes on Her Brother Charles.

From The London Bookman.

Through the kindness of the Rev. G. S. DAVIES, of the Charterhouse, Godalming, we are able to print the following very interesting notes on Charles Lamb:

My mother was born in 1800 and died at ninety-four, and must have been either the last, or last but one, of the friends of Charles Lamb. Lamb was a neighbor and a constant visitor at the house of her mother, Mrs. Hume, when she was a girl [see Dictionary of Nat. Biography under the name of my sister, Augusta Webster], and to the day of her death there was no name which ever seemed to bring such a light into her eyes. It was a house full of girls, in which seems to have been a delightful elder brother, and Mary Lamb often a fairy god-mother. Miss Lamb so often applied for a half-holiday for the girls on the ground that it was her birthday—"You know, Mrs. Hume, that to-day is my birthday"—that my grandmother had to say: "Oh, Mary, you seem to have a great many birthdays"; but I believe the appeal was irresistible.

I have heard my mother say that when poor Mary Lamb used to feel the fit coming on her she would say: "Charles, you must take me away." And they had seen the same sad sight which some one else records of Charles Lamb taking his sister to safekeeping. My mother said that Lamb was terribly depressed at these times.

The male members of the family, and I believe my father also, used sometimes to go for walks with Charles Lamb. On these occasions a strict control was kept on Charles Lamb's thirst. When he thought the distance was unduly great he would turn and say: "Don't you think I have walked a pint?"

My mother always told me that no likeness of Charles Lamb which she had ever seen at all brought back the man to her. She said that this was a great deal due to the total failure to catch the expression of his face. She said that Lamb had a very sweet and quite unforgettable smile which it would have been quite impossible to catch. I remember that when she was very old she made a pilgrimage to the portrait gallery, and came back much disappointed. She would not allow that anything she had seen there or anywhere else gave her Charles Lamb as she knew him. She would have nothing to say to Hazlitt's picture of him.

She always told me that Lamb was as delightful and as full of irrepressible fun and humor, expressed in the same incomparable but quite natural style in his life as in his essays, but subject to deep fits of melancholy at intervals.

He was a man of very strong dislikes, and sincerely loathed anybody that he thought a mean minded man, especially Goodwin the publisher.

She told me, but I dare say this is common property, that they found Lamb had made an entry in his diary: "Went to a funeral and made a joke." I believe it was Campbell's funeral.

#### THE COUNTRY OF SPRING.

BY HENRY DE VERE STACPOLE.

Tell me, O Life, where a man may be gay,  
Wishing life longer and longer the day,  
Where are the dawns most seraphic of wing,  
Evenings least gray?

—In the country of Spring.

Say to me, love, where a beggar may find  
Love, and O Love! where art thou the least  
blind,  
Where are the songs that the lost syrens sing  
Blown on the wind?

—In the country of Spring.

Death! in what land do the primroses blow  
Over the women men loved long ago,  
Where o'er their graves bloom the lilies, O  
king?  
Whiter than snow?

—In the country of Spring.

At the recent dinner of the English Omar Khayyam Club the poet of the evening was Mr. Austin Dobson. His verses were the title, "Under Which King?" and he combined therein the claims of FitzGerald and Omar.

#### POETRY.

#### New Volumes of Minor Verse and Some Classic Sonnets.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS. A Comedy. By Percy Mackaye. 12mo, pp. viii, 208. The Macmillan Co.

MESSAGE AND MELODY. A Book of Verse. By Richard Burton. 12mo, pp. 186. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

BLIND CHILDREN. Poems. By Israel Zangwill. 12mo, pp. xii, 135. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

WRITTEN IN FLORENCE. The Last Verses of Hugh McCulloch. 12mo, pp. viii, 107. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A CENTURY OF SONNETS. By S. B. Herrick. 12mo, pp. xxix, 100. R. H. Russell.

Mr. Percy Mackaye's little comedy, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," differs from most books of the sort by writers of the present day in that it actually has literary quality, and even a savor of poetic feeling. The lines which we quoted from it the other day, beginning "Mine own true mistress is sweet Out-of-doors," are really typical in their fairly spontaneous quaintness. Nowhere does the author strike fire, but then,

a note of singsong is to be lost. There is more than one unfortunate beginning in this book. Thus Mr. Burton proceeds to pay a tribute to the late Robert Louis Stevenson in this wise—

Dear ghost, whose ruddy presence needs must fling  
A ray of cheer among thy brother shades  
In yon pale land of Sleep.

We catch the author's idea, yet there is something about a "ruddy ghost" that, through the force of the association of ideas, cannot but strike us as absurdly incongruous. But since we have quoted Mr. Burton at his worst, we must, in justice, quote him at his best, in the following "not bad" little poem:

#### DOVE NOTES.

The soft, strange note of the doves, to what may we liken the sound,  
As they flutter high at the eaves or flock for food to the ground?  
Their murmurings shy, remote, like a lost year's memory seem,  
Like melody heard under water, or music dimmed by a dream.

There is facility, there is picturesqueness, in Mr. Zangwill's "Blind Children," but, unfortunately, there isn't any poetry. The book is the work of a man whom we know from his fiction to be a skilful writer. But we think too much of the way that he has in his prose when we are

place also in Mr. McCulloch's work. It is good to take pains, yet, in poetry, without inspiration, all the industry in the world is ineffectual. Witness this smoothly turned "madrigal," which is well representative of the tone and style of the book:

Azaleas with petals red or white  
Which promise springtime and the birth of May  
Are my delight.

Too proud for perfume, joyously they say:  
"Behold how coward Winter slinks away  
Since we have brought the Spring to every glen!"

The Spring has come. The sky has lost the gray  
Which hung as heavy on the hearts of men.  
The whole world revels with the sun again  
In work and play.

Azaleas with petals red or white  
Bring ever to my inner eyes the sight  
Of Madeleine.

Of the making of anthologies of sonnets there is apparently never to be an end. Sometimes we are inclined to regret it, and in the case of Mr. S. B. Herrick's "A Century of Sonnets" we have found ourselves hesitating between a favorable and an adverse judgment. He has used a curious kind of discretion, mixing up with masters like Shakespeare and Milton certain modern dabblers who certainly have no business to be found, even by the grace of an anthologist, in the company of men so infinitely their betters. But on second thoughts we are inclined to accept the book as, on the whole, a good one. After all, the really superfluous moderns represented are not numerous, and in making his selections from the works of his predecessors the compiler has shown excellent taste. The book contains a very pleasant introductory essay; it is beautifully printed, with decorative initial letters that really add to the charm of the page; and it has a most artistic binding of imitation vellum, bearing an effective design in gold. We have been bored by some of Mr. Herrick's modern selections. Nevertheless, the one sonnet which we are irresistibly tempted to quote from his collection is by a living poet, Mr. Andrew Lang. We have quoted it before, but it is always a pleasure to reprint these beautiful lines:

As one that for a weary space has lain  
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine  
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
Where that Aegean isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of love complain,  
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,  
As such an one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,  
So gladly from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours  
They hear, like ocean on a western beach,  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

#### THE MYSTICAL NOVEL.

Spain the First Home of Naturalism.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

A sort of vindication of the part played by Spain in modern fiction has been published by the veteran novelist Señor Benito Galdos. He tells us that Spain was the first home of naturalism in literature—a proposition for which there is much to be said. It is certain, at any rate, that Cervantes, although he hardly "sneered Spain's chivalry away," yet put an end to the dreary and interminable tales of the Grand Cyrus and his fellows, which until then formed the model of European romance. But Señor Galdos will have it that it was from Spain that the great English novelists—he instances Fielding, Thackeray and Dickens (2)—conceived the first idea of irony which they afterward converted into English "humor." In France, he tells us, the same inspiration, though losing somewhat of its piquancy and grace, added to itself the power of analysis and of expansion, and caused the merely picaresque tale of adventure to become also psychological. These may not be every one's opinions, but they are modestly put forward, and, as lookers on see most of the game, their truth may be more apparent in the Canary Islands, whence Señor Galdos writes, than in the middle of the literary "movement." He further tells us that in Spain itself the backward, so to speak, of the literary current has produced a series of novels dealing with ascetic or mystical subjects, of which he takes the romances of Señor Juan Valera as the type.

This is worth noticing, because it is curious how short has been in the other European countries the reign of the mystical novel or short story. At the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth century tales properly called weird or Hoffmannesque were all the rage. Generally supposed to be German in their origin, they gave us in England one of the best and some of the worst of Scott's masterpieces, but never succeeded for long in hitting the taste of the public. Lord Lytton's attempt to revive them in the 50s only caused him to be laughed at, and the satire of Thackeray killed them so effectually that even "John Inglesant" failed to revive the fashion. In France they seem to have been always used, more or less unconsciously, for some sort of political propaganda which was for a long time revolutionary, but now seems to have become clerical. Here, too, they seem to have been foreign to the soil, and to have agreed more or less badly with the character "clair et net" of the French genius. But in Germany, where everybody is born mystic rather than rationalist, and the national mind leans to wooliness rather than to positivism, they would seem to have a future. If the Kaiser in his next literary ukase would reform his subjects' taste as well as their style, he might order them to take as their literary model Edgar Allan Poe, rather than continue to burlesque Zola in the horrible concoctions which do duty nowadays as German novels.

#### A REMNANT OF OLD NEWGATE.

From Chambers's Journal.

The most notorious part of the whole structure—and which yet remains—was the press yard. Here it was that paine forte et dure was inflicted upon prisoners charged with felony who, with the view of saving their property from confiscation, refused to plead at the bar. This dreadful punishment of being pressed to death was, however, abolished in 1772. A Major Strangways, who was indicted for murder, having refused to plead, was condemned to this savage paine forte et dure. He died in eight minutes, and many of those who witnessed the dreadful sight threw stones at him to hasten his end.



CHARLES DARWIN AND HIS SISTER CATHARINE.  
(From a chalk drawing.)

perhaps, he has not been ambitious to do any such thing. He has been content, rather, we fancy, to produce a fabric of very mild dramatic interest, which, if possibly too fragile for the theatre, might at least preserve on the printed page a certain atmosphere, a certain charm, as of lines written for the sheer pleasure of writing them in the spirit of Chaucer, after delighted communings with that master. There may not be anything really memorable in this book, but there is beguiling diction in it, there are delicate ideas, delicately expressed, and one willingly reads on and on, regardless of the plot. There is enough for our pleasure in the recurrence of one passage after another like this:

How silver falls the night!  
The hills lie down like sheep; the young frog flutes;  
The yellow hammer, from his copious pipes  
Drowsy rehearsals of his matin song;  
The latest swallow dips behind the stack,  
What beauty dreams in silence! The white stars,  
Like folded daisies in a summer field,  
Sleep in their dew, and by yon primrose gap  
In darkness' hedge, St. Ruth hath dropped her  
sickle.

Of course Mr. Mackaye attempts a more strictly lyric note here and there, but not, we fear, with equal success. We like him best in lines like those we have just quoted, and in them we like him very much indeed, as a worthy devotee of Chaucer; only regretting that in a few places he is perhaps a shade too luscious.

The title of Mr. Richard Burton's new collection of poems, "Message and Melody," is somewhat misleading. The message is there, the author being thoughtful and suggestive, in a modest way, but we look in vain for the melody. Take, for example, "A Ballad of Kinsmen," in which Mr. Burton treats a theme that ought to have been inspiring, that heroic and tragic adventure of the ships in Apia Bay, which lives in one of the brightest passages of the annals of Anglo-Saxon seamen. It begins in this fashion:

Apia Bay wears a smooth, bright face  
When the tropic winds are low,  
But the harbor curve is a fearsome place  
When the great winds rise and blow.

We need not illustrate the manner in which the ballad is carried on, and ends. To begin on

reading these verses. Here is a specimen of the latter:

#### DREAM PICTURE.

And dead men singing  
Rowed o'er the ferry,  
And the moonlight glistened  
On faces merry,  
And in a twinkling  
The rowers vanished,  
The water plashed,  
The voices banished,  
But the oaks kept glancing,  
And the boat advancing.

As a sketch for a picture this is not without merit, but there is nothing in it of lyric feeling, of poetic felicity. It seems a pity that Mr. Zangwill should lack those indispensable qualities, for now and then he stumbles upon a promising motive. To read his most successful piece, however, is only to reflect upon the superior way in which a poet like Mr. Dobson, for example, could have written it. There is nothing better in "Blind Children"—and that is to say that the book is easily spared—than this bit, which is clever, but somehow falls short of reaching the right level:

#### DEAD MEMORIES.

Lately an elderly Frenchwoman  
Showed me a dress with embroidery,  
Delicate, worn by her grandmother  
Once at the Court of Napoleon.

Instantly flashed the great Corsican,  
Dusky bright on my memory,  
Crumbled to dust with his dynasty  
Long ere the dainty embroidery.

Also I strove to resuscitate  
All those gay splendors the grandmother  
Moved amid, but unsuccessfully,  
Knowing so little of History.

The poems left by the late Hugh McCulloch, and now published in a dainty little volume under the title of "Written in Florence," suggest a sensitive temperament, culture, and great assiduity in the study of literary forms. One wishes that one could say more for these verses. The portrait of the author, prefixed to the volume, shows an interesting personality, thoughtful and refined. Those qualities are perceptible in all that the book contains. There is nothing here, however, that is melodious, or that in any way discloses a genuine poetic gift. There is a pretty touch, but there is something common-