

Bridwood has said that there is a strong memory of Lamb among the descendants of his contemporaries at the India House, and he adds: "The father of one of the latter officials received from Lamb the present of a copy of a volume of 'Tables of Interest,' inscribed on the flyleaf, in the donor's handwriting. In this book, unlike most others, the further you progress the more the interest increases."

These volumes are well printed and the illustrations are excellent accompaniments of the text. A good index, we must add, is much to be desired.

ROSSETTI AT OXFORD.

Some Recollections by Mr. Val Prinsep.

From The London Daily Globe.

Mr. Val Prinsep writes in "The Magazine of Art" an amusing account of the decoration of the Union at Oxford by D. G. Rossetti, and says, as might be expected, the presence of a certain number of artists working at Oxford aroused some curiosity among the dons and college staff of the university. Some were luckier than the unhappy man who accosted Morris as "My good man," and we made friends of many who strove to join art with learning. So it happened that Rossetti and his friends received an invitation to dine at the high table at Christ Church.

MONROE.

Completion of the Collected Edition of His Works.

THE WRITINGS OF JAMES MONROE. Edited by Stanislaus Murray Hamilton. 8vo. Vol. VI, 1817-1823, pp. xviii, 444; Vol. VII, 1824-1871, pp. xvi, 774. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

These two volumes bring to an end this important contribution to American history. The works of Monroe will never rank in interest with those of his associates in shaping our institutions, Jefferson and Madison. His leadership came later, and he had far less ability than either. Of his own inspiration he contributed little to the development of the nation's government and policy. Yet his name is inseparably connected with some of the most decisive incidents in that development, and all students have cause to be grateful to the Messrs. Putnam for this addition to the admirable collection of the writings of the fathers of the Republic which they have been for some years engaged in publishing. Mr. Hamilton is a careful and intelligent editor. His one fault, if it be a fault in this day of over-minute anno-

dency he was kept busy explaining his attitude and showing that he had never directly or indirectly authorized Jackson's proceedings, while carefully refraining from making himself a partisan, or saying anything to the prejudice of Jackson. Only a few days before his death he made a formal affidavit to the falsity of charges circulated by "Johnny" Rhea that the President had told him (Rhea) to suggest unofficially to Jackson that the administration would be content to have him go beyond his orders. In all this affair Monroe's course seems to have been scrupulously correct. He was astonished and troubled by Jackson's exploit, felt obliged to disavow responsibility for it, yet was anxious not to hurt the general or antagonize the popular sentiment behind him, and likewise anxious to turn the incident to use in negotiations with Spain.

Mr. Hamilton includes in his work a valuable collection of documents bearing on the origin of the Monroe Doctrine. Many of Monroe's own writings discuss South American relations and the recognition of the new governments, but the papers of John Quincy Adams reveal much more the real doctrine in the making. Monroe was ready to make common cause with Great Britain, and likewise to plunge into European affairs by recognition of the Greeks and a lect-

choice between the policies being developed out of that personal warfare he did not record it. His last years were pathetic. Broken in health and fortune, his time was spent in prosecuting long deferred claims on the government in connection with his early diplomatic missions and in explaining and defending various features of his official conduct about which he felt injustice had been done him.

"WE THE UNDERSIGNED."

Max Beerbohm on One of the Foibles of Mankind.

From The Saturday Review.

Man is a name signing animal. Lock him into a room, with nothing but paper and pencil, and he will while away his confinement, quite agreeably, by writing and rewriting his autograph. Leave him there with nothing but a diamond, and on your return you will find the window scored faintly over with the captive's name in various sizes and at various angles. Take away the diamond, and anon with his forefinger nail will he be graving upon wall or door the artless expression of his egotism. The persons who scatter (with or without stamped envelopes) requests for autographs have often been decried as a nuisance; but the true cause of the bitterness against them is that they are not a public nuisance; they don't write to everybody. Such terms as "autograph fiend" are used only by the writer whose autograph has never yet been solicited. I implore the collectors to cast wider their nets. It is awful to think how many men and women whose names are before the public, but do not excite enthusiasm or curiosity, are watching hourly their letter boxes and tearing open their letters in the wild faith that the request has come at last. On their writing tables are stacked pathetically in readiness their graceful compliances: "Dear Sir: I have much pleasure in acceding to your request, and in signing myself, with kind regards, yours truly, So-and-So." And: "Dear Madam: My only reason for hesitating to give you that which you so kindly demand is that scarcity is the one thing which could render valuable the signature of yours truly, So-and-So." And many other missives not less neatly to the same effect. Shall the space left in each for the insertion of the date be filled up never? Shall that ink fade and that cream laid superline notepaper become yellow—to be splashed, at last, by the tears of groping executors? . . . Ah, let the nets be cast much wider.

Many other startling phenomena can be understood in the light of this human weakness. One of the rights of the free born Briton is to petition the High Court of Parliament. It is one of the rights he most dearly cherishes. Yet he knows that the High Court of Parliament takes not the slightest notice of the vast and innumerable petitions that are so assiduously thrust on it. True, he does not, for the most part, want any notice to be taken. His signature is no mere means to an end. He will sign, for signing's sake, anything that comes his way. I wager that, if I had the time and the folly, I could get every literate resident in any given district to sign a petition for, and a petition against, any given proposal. And if I had these two petitions printed and published broadcast together, the petition habit would, I wager, go on flourishing as bravely as ever, rooted, as it is, in the needs of our mystic souls. My experiment's sole result would be that the signatories (they always call themselves the signatories) would preen themselves on seeing their names in print.

In print! The fascination of it!

THE MOTHER.

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

"Ho!" said the child, "how fine the horses go, With nodding plumes, with measured step and slow. Who rides within this coach, is he not great? Some King, I think, for see, he rides in state!"

I turned, and saw a little coffin lie Half-hid in flowers as the slow steeds went by. So small a woman's arms might hold it pressed As some rare jewel-casket to her breast;

"Ho!" said the child, "how the proud horses shake Their silver harness till they music make. Who drives abroad with all this majesty? Is it some Prince who fain his world would see?"

And as I looked I saw through the dim glass Of one sad coach that all so slow did pass A woman's face—a mother's eyes ablaze Seize on the child in fierce and famished gaze.

"Death drives," I said, and drew him in alarm Within the shelter of my circling arm. So in my heart cried out a thousand fears, "A King goes past." He wondered at my tears.

THE BRIDGE PLAYER.

E. B. O., in The London Outlook.

I.

Time was when Della's voice Made every swain rejoice; She talked of many things, And all her words had wings.

II.

On wings of rainbow sound Her fancies fluttered round; In gossip's far-flung snare We caught them everywhere.

III.

Ah, me, the woful change! No more her fancies range; A lute of love unstrung Is Della's dulcet tongue.

IV.

In a land of painted lies She sells her voice and eyes, And all her rose-white spring To a smug-faced pasteboard King.

V.

For a wage of tinkling pelf She hires her future self And all that she has been To a smirking pasteboard Queen.

VI.

Thus, thus I read her fate (She goes to bed so late); She'll share her youthful grave With a sneering pasteboard Knave.

Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography," which is expected to make its appearance at the end of this month or early in April, will be printed in two large volumes and will contain a number of portraits. It ends before the completion of the "System of Synthetic Philosophy."



THE GRANTING OF THE DEWANI TO THE COMPANY IN 1765. (From a drawing by Maurice Greiffenhagen.)

"Ned" Jones and Arthur Hughes at once cried off, but Rossetti, Morris and myself accepted. At the last moment poor Morris found he had left his evening clothes in London. Rossetti's indignation was superb. "Every gentleman," he said, "ought always to travel with his evening togs. It's a disgrace, Top, that's what it is." "Well, Gabriel, I can borrow Arthur Hughes's clothes, and it will be all right." Now, Hughes was tall and slight, and Morris was stout, but somehow that part was arranged. But from Morris's room there came cries of wrath. "Mary," he cried (by-the-by, all maids were always called Mary, whatever name might have been bestowed on them). "Mary," shouted the querulous voice, "yesterday I had 152 shirts; now I've but two, this dirty one and the one I put on this morning," and so on—but the shirt difficulty was arranged somehow.

Meanwhile, I, duly rigged out, was waiting for my chief. Quite late, he appeared with top-coat and hat. "We won't wait for Top," he said, and out we sallied, walking at quick pace toward Christ Church. Halfway there, we heard the sound of hurrying feet. It was Morris, quite out of breath. "Here I am, Gabriel," he panted. Gabriel gave one look. "Why, what on earth do you mean?" cried he. "Go back, sir; you have a great patch of blue paint on your beard!" This was true enough, and only too visible. "By Jove, so I have," cried Morris; "but I'll go to Charlie's and wash it off."

We indignantly stalked on, and arrived just in time. With great dignity Rossetti handed up his hat and stick, and then divested himself of his overcoat, when, to my astonishment, I found him clad in the well known plum colored coat he wore every day, and which he, in his absence of mind, had put on instead of that garment "without which," as he had told poor Morris, "no English gentleman should travel!" It was not for me to point out his mistake, and to this moment I am uncertain whether he himself ever found it out. At all events, he never told any of us he had done so.

M. ROSTAND AT CAMBO.

From The London Daily Telegraph.

M. Edmond Rostand, the dramatist, has founded, in conjunction with M. Pierre Roland Gosselin, a new club at Cambo-les-Bains, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees. It is called the Mimosa Club, and the honorary presidents are M. and Madame Rostand. The establishment is under the patronage of the Princess Frederica Sophia Maria of Hanover and her husband, Baron von Pawel-Rammingen. The club will be devoted to sport and art, and arrangements have been made for the construction of a Basque house for the members. From this building there will be a splendid view of the valley of the Nive.

tation, is an undue suppression of himself. A few more footnotes are desirable. Monroe was a cautious writer, given to indirection of phrase, and allusions often occur which are clearly understood only by turning to other books and finding, for instance, what Jefferson or Madison may have written to him at a particular time, or just what inconspicuous office some forgotten worthy filled when his affairs were brought under discussion. The editor gives this comfortable information now and then in a way that prompts the wish that he had done it oftener. But while this lack may detract somewhat from the pleasure of the reader, it does not seriously impair the value of the work for reference, and that, of course, is the chief purpose of any such collection. Editorial arrangement and indexing and the letterpress work are all that could be desired.

Volume VI covers the period of Monroe's Presidency, or his service in the office of Chief Magistrate, as he would have preferred to call it. The fashion of speech is significant of his Virginia Republicanism. In all his letters never once does he speak of himself as President, and only once or twice afterward, in writing of Mr. Adams or General Jackson, does he use the word President. Contrary to natural expectation, this volume is less interesting than some earlier ones. Monroe continued his intimate correspondence with Jefferson and Madison, asking their advice on almost all important subjects that came before him. His ideas were sensible. He was careful and conscientious. But he lacked imagination and was excessively timid with reference to public opinion, though not lacking in administrative ability and determination in a course once decided upon. His letters are essentially commonplace. Written from the centre of national life and authority about great affairs, they are astonishingly barren of interesting revelation, and the subjects discussed in them are remarkably few, considering the variety of questions which even at that day must have been brought to executive attention.

General Jackson's taking of the Spanish posts in Florida furnished the topic for an important part of Monroe's correspondence for the rest of his life. After his retirement from the Presi-

ure in his message on the attitude of the Holy Alliance toward Spanish constitutionalism, but Adams steered him to the declaration of a thoroughly American policy, which the United States of itself was prepared to maintain.

The other great questions of Monroe's administration were internal improvements and the Missouri Compromise. Monroe fully realized the benefit to be derived from internal improvements, but was hampered by his constitutional scruples. His long discussion of the subject in his memorandum on the Cumberland Road is acute and fairly reasoned from his theory of the government, but its conclusions are now utterly disregarded, even by those who pretend to his principles. In the struggle over the Missouri Compromise he saw only an effort of the North and East to grasp power and cripple the growth of the South. His early prejudices and reminiscences of the trouble under the Confederation to preserve for the West the navigation of the Mississippi were revived. Mr. Hamilton prints two interesting letters to Jefferson on this subject, but makes no reference to the long and well known letter of February 15, 1820, on the constitutionality of the measure. It would be interesting to know if the letter escaped his notice or he found its publication impossible, or if it was not properly attributed to Monroe by President Gilman in his biography. Mr. Hamilton has also apparently been unable to secure some letters of Monroe contained in the Adams manuscripts and in the collection of the New-York Public Library.

Monroe took no part in the selection of his successor or in the subsequent contest between Adams and Jackson. This was owing partly to his conviction of what was becoming in an ex-President, partly to his relation to the contestants. He took office in the fond hope that this could be made a government without parties. Convinced that the Republicans were the only true friends of our institutions and that the Federalists were becoming a negligible quantity, he saw no reason for division on principle among good citizens. He did not even understand the place or the necessity of parties in our system when he saw instead of the unity he desired the demoralizing divisions on mere lines of personal politics. If he had any