

TO CORINNA, SINGING.

BY THOMAS CAMPION.

When to her lute, Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged Echoe clear;
But when she doth, of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs, the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I!
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
But if she doth, of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart, the strings do break.

The New-York Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1904.

There is a lesson for authors, as well as for artists, in the practice of M. Claude Monet, which is described by our Paris correspondent in the letter given on another page. Painting the same subject over and over again, under different atmospheric conditions, the object of the French impressionist is not simply to register a certain number of moods on canvas, but to represent each mood repeatedly until he has satisfied himself. One summer's day in the second year of his work upon this Thames series, he showed to an American visitor all that he had up to that time produced. The unframed canvases, all of the same size, stood in deep rows against the walls of the big studio at Giverny. One by one they were turned to the light until dozens of them were visible. Inquiry as to whether every one in the collection would be carried to completion brought from the painter an exclamation of astonishment and protest. Out of the pictures made in every series of this sort that he undertakes, there are always some of which Monet in due course makes a bonfire! Imagine the benefit to current literature if our popular authors were to adopt a similar policy. If they were to write, and re-write, and re-write their works again, consigning one version after another to the flames, the whole face of things literary might be changed for the better. They could do this without any loss whatever, quite as easily, in fact, as M. Monet destroys his canvases. But in many a case, we fear, the violence done to the vanity of the author would nearly kill him.

The new edition of Mr. Swinburne's poetical works is to be brought out in six volumes. One volume a month will appear, beginning with the first series of "Poems and Ballads." An issue of his dramatic works will follow in uniform shape—but we imagine that this will depend on the favor with which the new edition of the poems is received. As for his critical essays and papers, they may, perhaps, be added, though it is questionable if in these days they are regarded by the majority as worth preservation in such form. Mr. Swinburne does not shine as a prose writer, he wields altogether too bumptious a pen. It will be very interesting to observe the effect of a new collected edition of his poems upon his reputation. Since the disappearance of Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Morris and Rossetti from the scene, his position as the sole surviving representative of what we may call the first flight of Victorian poets has of itself served to enhance his importance. It has come to be the fashion amongst many Englishmen to pay fervid tributes to him, in and out of season, as "our only great living poet." Nevertheless Mr. Swinburne's vogue is not now what it once was; if there are eulogists who still delight to honor his verse and his prose there are also critics who do not hesitate to point out the defects in both. We may be certain that when the new edition arrives it will provoke, above all things, debate.

The patriotic record of the late Maurus Jokai was no doubt at the root of the popular mourning for his death, yet much of it may be justly ascribed to his countrymen's feeling that he was the typical representative of the Hungarian genius in the literature of the world. Bulletins concerning his illness were constantly sent to the Emperor-King, and hundreds of people waited outside his house to hear the latest news about his condition. On the day after his death all the newspapers of Budapest appeared with mourning borders. His interment was carried out at the expense of the State. Never was there a more indefatigable worker than Jokai. More than a thousand volumes are credited to him, and this estimate does not include the tremendous mass of his political speeches and newspaper articles, his articles for comic papers and his fairy tales for children. He was, moreover, a painter of considerable skill, and a carver of wood and ivory. Soon, we suppose, a biography of him will be put in shape, and it will be read with interest everywhere, but it is not to be expected that Jokai will ever become, in the strict sense, a world's classic. Though his interpretations of Hungarian types are as vivid as they are authoritative, he does not strike the alien reader as a great creator of character. For the world outside his native land he must remain simply a picturesque story-teller, and while in that capacity he exerts considerable power, he falls below the level of the masters, both in art and inspiration.

'AN ENGLISH BOHEMIAN.

Some Personal Recollections of Charles Reade.

CHARLES READE AS I KNEW HIM. By John Coleman. 8vo, pp. xii, 423. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The late John Coleman, an actor and manager well versed in the theatrical traditions of the old school, had a gift for friendship. He proved that fact by remaining for many years on terms of the pleasantest intimacy with Charles Reade, a man who had a gift for irascibility. One of the photographs of the novelist which are reproduced in this book was christened by him "The Benevolent Imbecile," but it must have been some trick of the camera that gave Reade, on this occasion, so bland and mushy an aspect. As Mr. Coleman sketches him—and his portrait seems of one unalloyed veracity—he is seen to have been a true Bohemian, a man of prodigious animal spirits, quick tempered, dogmatic in debate, and altogether a very leonine and exciting individual. He certainly kept the nerves of his family on edge before he even began to settle down. The mistress of Ipsden Manor

CHARLES READE.
(From a photograph.)

House, his mother, longed to see him burgeon into a bishop. The fox hunting squire who was his father cheerfully fell in with this idea, and, as it happened, the way was easily made smooth for its realization. The Reades had powerful friends at Oxford, and young Charles went up to the university with everything arranged to further the plan of his parents. But though he won a fellowship in due course and actually came to be installed, in 1851, as Vice-Chancellor of "Maudlin," as he calls it, he never had the faintest notion of fitting himself either for a bishopric or a scholarly career.

Oxford, on its serious side, bored him to death, and he stayed away from the place as much as was possible. Oxford hardly regretted him. "Dear old Routh, MacBride and Ellerslee always received me with dignified politeness, if not with cordiality," he says, "but as for the other antediluvian duffers, though I made a martyr of myself by dining in the senior common room, though I tried to laugh at their ponderous jokes, and actually played whist with them, they held me at arm's length." It is difficult to see how they could have done anything else. His heart was not in the university, but in Bohemia; while he dwelt amid the halls of learning, he was quick to escape, whenever he could, to the London theatres.

It is the Charles Reade of heedless ways whom we see almost exclusively in Mr. Coleman's pages—the devotee of the footlights, the lover of amusing company and the joyous rebel against the solemn laws of officialdom. He ran about in London and Paris enjoying himself; wrote plays and moved heaven and earth to get them produced; engaged with a Frenchman of Soho as adventurous as he was himself in the importation and sale of old fiddles; ran down to his father's house from time to time to patch up a truce with the family and enjoy the shooting, and grew to manhood before he achieved anything like success in the career which he ultimately found so productive both of fame and money. He worked with tremendous energy, but he was long in finding out his true line. Cherishing the conviction that he was born to be a dramatist, he naturally could not see at once that his real destiny was to be found in the sphere of fiction, and from the start he wasted an immense amount of energy—which might well have been diverted to the writing of both books and plays—raging ferociously at his critics. He was far from possessing the artistic temperament as it is commonly understood, far from contenting himself with the mere doing of good work. He was perpetually bothering about the public fate of the things he wrote, a trait which leaves, when all is said, a rather distasteful impression. We have always felt sorry for the readers who could not see that his masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth," is one of the great books in the history of English fiction, but somehow we cannot help feeling a little sorry for Reade himself when we come upon this passage in Mr. Coleman's book:

In discussing the merits of his works (he was by no means averse to discussion on this or any other

subject, except politics and the Athanasian Creed, both of which he avoided and detested.) I always maintained the supremacy of "The Cloister and the Hearth" over all his other books; but in this case, as in the drama, his barometer was false or success, and he declared that he would never go out of his own age again. "I write for the public," he said, "and the public don't care about the dead. They are more interested in the living and in the great tragic-comedy of humanity that is around and about them and environs them in every street, at every crossing, in every hole and corner. An aristocratic divorce suit, the last great social scandal, a sensational suicide from Waterloo Bridge, a woman murdered in Seven Dials or a baby found strangled in a bonnet box at Piccadilly Circus interests them much more than Margaret's piety or Gerard's journey to Rome. For one reader who has read "The Cloister and the Hearth" a thousand have read "It Is Never Too Late to Mend." The paying public prefers a live ass to a dead lion. Similia similibus: why should the ass not have his thistles? Besides, thistles are good, wholesome diet for those who have a stomach for them. No, no! No more doublet and hose for me; henceforth I stick to trousers. Now, after that, if you please, pass the wine and change the subject."

It is strange that an author who could say "I write for the public" could ever have written a romance like "The Cloister and the Hearth." The truth is that along with the imaginative quality which enabled him to write that book Charles Reade had much that was earthy in his nature. The bohemianism of which Mr. Coleman has so much to say often communicates a beguiling color to his recollections, but as often it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. He makes his old friend entertaining enough, but he does not make him lovable. In short, this stout volume, readable as it is from cover to cover, leaves us feeling that Charles Reade was one of those authors whom we are bound to admire most when we know them simply and solely through their works.

MONTAIGNE.

The Last Volume in the New Folio Edition of His Essays.

ESSAYS OF MICHAEL, LORD OF MONTAIGNE. Written by Him in French, and Done into English by John Florio. In three volumes. Vol. III. Folio, pp. 492. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It has taken something over a year to complete the new edition of Florio's Montaigne, printed at the Riverside Press. But no one could grudge the time that has been so generously lavished upon this enterprise, for to the extreme care taken by the publishers we owe what must undoubtedly remain the definite edition of this Anglo-French classic. Though the lover of Montaigne who is so fortunate as to possess the edition of Florio published in the series of "Tudor Translations" in 1892 will not dream of dismissing those beautiful volumes from his shelves, he will prize the three folios issued by the Houghtons as being more beautiful and, in divers ways, more useful.

Mr. Ives is one of those judicious editors who realize that they can best fulfil their duties by keeping themselves in the background. He relegates his notes to the closing pages of his three volumes, and in them all he cuts to the bone. If he has a verbal difficulty to clarify he clarifies it with the fewest possible words, and passes on to his next problem. If he allows himself the pleasure of throwing a little light on the text it is with reference to some such subject as Montaigne in his library that he expands his notes. Thus, apropos of the passage in the present volume dealing with that favorite room of the essayist, "whence all at once I command and survey all my household," Mr. Ives reproduces the following notes of M. Courbet:

On the second floor (second above the ground floor) of the tower overlooking the main entrance to the chateau is the laboratory of the Essays. Forty-six stairs lead to a circular room four metres in circumference and less than three metres high. The floor is tiled, and the beams, divided into three sections by two transverse timbers, are unpainted and discolored by time, as are the inscriptions written thereon in ink, with a brush. The spot where Montaigne sat at his study table is at the left, at an equal distance from the door and from a window looking on a kitchen garden with fan shaped lawns, and on the surrounding country. From his arm chair he could see at a glance the tall cases in which were arranged, in five rows, the thousand volumes of which his library consisted. The dispersion of that precious collection, the disappearance of the furniture of that sanctuary, even of that which was fastened to the wall (by iron hooks, some of which still exist), give the very greatest value to the inscriptions written in small capitals on the beams. Through them we come in touch with the great recluse who dwelt in that imposing cell.

In addition to the inscriptions on the beams, there was on the moulding of the library (it was on the topmost shelf of the five that contained the books) an inscription to the memory of La Boétie. The text of this offering to friendship is conceived in such affectionate terms that it would be a blame-worthy omission not to reproduce it here: "Michel de Montaigne, bereft of his most loving, most intimate and dearest friend, of the best, the most learned, the most agreeable and the most perfect companion whom our century has seen, seeking to perpetuate the memory of the love which bound them together, by a special testimony of his gratitude, and being unable to accomplish it in a more expressive manner, has dedicated to that memory all these paraphernalia of study, which is his joy."

In other notes Mr. Ives adds to our knowledge of Montaigne as a man indifferent to wealth; exhibits the essayist's regrettable willingness to forget that his great-grandfather made his fortune humbly enough, in the salted cod and herring trade, and thereby enables us to see him not simply as a writer, but as a man. In his chapter "Of Vanitie" Montaigne says: "What I have not disposed of my affairs, or settled of my state, when I was in perfect health, let none expect I should do it being sick. Whatever I will do for the service of death is always ready done. I dare not delay it one only day." Mr. Ives, in a note on this passage, quotes from a work entitled "Comments on the Customs of Bordeaux," by one Anthonne, these words: "The late Montaigne, author of the Essays, realizing that his end was approaching, got out of bed in his shirt, put on his dressing gown, opened his study, called all his servants and other legatees,

and paid them the legacies that he had left them in his will, anticipating the difficulty that his heirs would make about paying them." The anecdote is infinitely in keeping with all that we know of Montaigne.

The bibliography of the Essays which fills the last seventy-five pages of the present volume is a concise, thorough and very interesting piece of work. Beginning with a brief survey of what his predecessors in this field have done, Mr. Ives describes all the known editions from the first, published in two octavo volumes at Bordeaux in 1580, to Hazlitt's reprint of Cotton, brought out in London in 1842. The student as well as the collector must value these pages. They contain a good deal of information relating to the gradual establishment of the accepted text of Montaigne; in other words, they have often a literary as well as a bibliographical significance.

"TRELAWNY" HAWKER.

The Poetical Works of the Vicar of Morwenstow.

CORNISH BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. Edited with an Introduction by C. E. Byles, with numerous illustrations by J. Ley Pethybridge and others. 8vo, pp. xxvi, 312. John Lane.

The edition of Hawker's poetical works which was brought out, under the editorship of Mr. Alfred Wallis, in 1899, is an excellent volume,

MONTAIGNE.
(From an old title page engraving.)

but this is a better one. While Mr. Byles has retained the text adopted by his predecessor, he has reversed the order of the two versions of the Trelawny ballad, adopting for his own text the final form given to the composition, and in order to keep down the bulk of the volume he has omitted the memoir and bibliography prepared by Mr. Wallis. He notes, by the way, that a "Life and Letters" of the Vicar of Morwenstow is now in preparation. The book is admirably printed, and contains a number of illustrations showing scenes dealt with in the poems. The frontispiece is a portrait of Hawker. One would not gather from the full, sedate visage it shows that the much loved vicar was a brilliant and eccentric man, who rarely did anything in a commonplace way. When he decided to marry he ran several miles without stopping and proposed to an elderly spinster. She was apparently not too greatly surprised to accept him, and they lived, until her death, in great poverty and happiness. He adopted an equally original method of obtaining readers for his poems, as Mr. Byles shows in the following passage:

The printed leaflets on which so many of his poems first appeared are now much sought after by the bibliophile, and it is interesting to trace his motive in resorting to this device. Writing to a friend on November 7, 1861, he says: "I have at last discovered a mode of publicity and circulation whereby I baffle the resolve of these editors that nobody shall read my lines. It is a costly but effective plan. I print my verses at my own expense in London, get down some hundreds on fly leaves like "The Comet," and then insert a copy or two ingeniously in letters of business when I pay an account or transmit any formal envelope, and thus my lines in a moment of surprise or friendly curiosity are read and do become known."

Hawker is known, and probably always will be known, simply as the author of one poem, "The Song of the Western Men." He never wrote anything quite so good as that famous "Trelawny" ballad which Scott took for an ancient song, and Macaulay and Dickens accepted in the same way. But he wrote, nevertheless, a considerable quantity of very pleasing verse, and it is good to have all his works in a well made volume.

AN OBLIGING HEARER.

From The London Chronicle.

Unsectarian education has its humorous side, as the modern father found, after bringing up his small son to value the Bible from its literary as well as its inspired side. Given on one occasion the choice of the story book to be read to him, in the drawing-room hour before bedtime, the small son promptly answered: "Leviticus, please." Feeling that there were limits to his own literary appreciation of the Old Testament, the father looked a little downcast. But the small son had a kind heart. "If I can't have Leviticus, 'Erer Rabbit' 'll do," he added obligingly.