

said, "Would any one like to lay me I don't take it back?"

The chapters on old furniture and on the old cottage gardens are delightful both in text and illustration. Much of the beauty of rural England has always been due to the love of flowers felt by the majority of the working people. The old-fashioned plants and vines grow in their gardens with marvellous luxuriance, and admirable taste is generally shown in the arrangement of them. A mournful deterioration in the appearance of the beautiful old English churchyard is mentioned by Miss Jekyll. Cheap and vulgar decorations from the ironmonger and artificial wreaths are taking the places of the dignified grave boards which have helped to give an air of "peace and quiet beauty" to the churchyard of the ancient time. The concluding chapter deals with the Surrey haunts of smugglers, and gives some amusing details of the "industry." They had many hiding places on the downs, and when a country neighbor came upon one of these lairs he never thought of betrayal; he merely marked with chalk a small proportion of the number of articles. These marked legs, the price of silence, were always left for him when the smugglers collected their property. Here is Miss Jekyll's last story:

A squire, new to the country, came to live at a place in the hills near Dorking in the early part of the nineteenth century. One morning, before he was dressed, his valet brought him an urgent message from the bailiff to say that he wished to see him. . . . The man came in with a mysterious air, and watched the servant out of the room, and then said, in a hoarse half whisper: "There was a run last night, sir, and I've marked four."

The squire had not the least idea what the information meant, and on being enlightened he burst out indignantly: "But I can't have anything to do with smuggled goods! Why, I'm a magistrate. How dare you come to me with such a suggestion!"

The bailiff stood his ground quite unabashed. "If you'll take my word for it, sir, if you don't do as others do you'll have trouble."

The squire continuing to protest vigorously, the bailiff said: "Well, sir, will you ask the parson?"

He did so, and the rector's answer was: "If you wish to live in peace with your neighbors you had better fall in with the custom of the country."

EMERSON.

His Writings in Prose and Verse in a New Form.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. With a Biographical Introduction and Notes by Edward Waldo Emerson and a General Index. Centenary Edition. Vols. I-IX. 8vo. pp. xii, 461, 445, 358, 375, 406, 434, 451, 440, 531. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

When a new edition of Emerson's works was projected, with a view to commemorating in this admirable fashion the hundredth anniversary of his birth, the task of preparing the volumes was offered to his old friend and literary executor, Mr. James Elliot Cabot, who had put the well known Riverside edition into shape. He, however, felt unable to take the matter up, so the work was assumed by Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson. That gentleman was deprived by the death of Mr. Cabot last year of invaluable advice which he might have enjoyed, but he has proved himself, nevertheless, an altogether adequate editor. In this Centenary edition the familiar prose and verse will fill, we gather, twelve volumes. Two or three more will be added, embodying new matter. Throughout the series the editor supplies copious notes, and these, while sometimes a little too long, as Mr. Emerson himself admits in his preface, are, on the whole, so useful that we cannot regret the space they occupy at the back of each volume. In every



EMERSON IN 1853. (From a daguerreotype.)

one of the nine volumes thus far published Mr. Emerson has something interesting to say about his father's works.

His annotations gain much in interest from being obviously, in many cases, the fruit of personal observation. Thus, in treating of the essay on "Manners," he alludes to the saying, "Fashion loves lions, and points like Circe to her horned company," and adds the following:

Circe and her company of lions, or horned beasts, recalls a remark which I heard Mr. Emerson make about a zealous lady of wide sympathies whom he valued more for her virtues than for her judgment. Some one said at his table, when Mr. Emerson did not seem to think highly of some traveller who was spoken of, "But Miss X. says that he is a very remarkable man!" "Oh, Miss X.," said Mr. Emerson, "she has always a whole stud of Phœnixes in charge."

Lecturing on Plato, in the series on "Representative Men," Emerson spoke of the philoso-

pher's having no external biography. "If he had lover, wife or children, we hear nothing of them. He ground them all into paint. As a good chimney burns its smoke, so a philosopher converts the value of all his fortunes into his intellectual performances." The editor notes: "When Mr. Emerson gave this lecture in Concord, a lady walking home with her neighbor, a substantial farmer's wife, found that she did not approve of it. On pressing her to learn what she objected to, the disapproving matron said, 'Well! If those old heathen did what Mr. Emerson said they did, the less said about them the better!' 'Why, what do you mean?' 'He said they ground their wives and children into paint!' It is recorded, apropos of a passage in the speech Emerson delivered at Manchester in 1847 that, 'finding life so beautiful that all days were, or should be, holidays, [he] took little interest in these as such. When any one would remember that the day was the anniversary of some occurrence, he would jestingly say, 'Oh, it is always a hundred years from something.'" In the chapter on Fate, in "The Conduct of Life," Emerson notes that "the pigment of the epidermis," among other things, betrays character. His son remarks: "I remember Mr. Emerson saying somewhat sadly of a spirited schoolboy of good blood, 'But he has the hopeless adust complexion,' and the subsequent history of the man, of generous traits, but cursed by a passionate temperament, justified this foreboding." There are many similarly interesting bits of Emersoniana set forth

by several members of the modern French school. Mr. Monk's "Strand Mortuary" is a commonplace etching of a subject needing the genius of a Meryon for its proper treatment. There is another plate in this number bearing two woodcuts of Biblical subjects, by Mr. T. Sturge Moore, which are obviously intended to be naive in style, but are merely feeble. One lithograph is included, a capital portrait of Rodin in his studio, by Mr. Will Rothenstein.

FICTION.

Quiller-Couch on American Soil.

FORT AMITY. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 12mo, pp. 37. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SIGN OF TRIUMPH. By Sheppard Stevens. 12mo, pp. 37. With four illustrations by Harry C. Edwards. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Quiller-Couch, deserting in his new novel the shores he knows best, follows the fortunes of an English ensign in the America of the eighteenth century. The scene opens on Lake George at Fort William Henry, the year after the famous massacre—a disaster not seldom recalled to this day by the poor remnants of mortality unearthed by the road-maker and the ploughman. Young John à Cleeve, embarking with his regimental colors, sweeps down the glorious lake with the army of Howe and Abercrombie, intent upon the reduction of Fort Carillon or Ticonderoga. There Montcalm and

course of the crusade and the evils that were wrought in it are graphically portrayed. The result is a curious mixture that, stir the ingredients as the author will, refuses to make a wholly satisfactory combination. The reader lays down the book, unable to decide whether he has been treated to a dish of Lew Wallace flavored with Stanley Weyman, or of Max Pemberton with a dash of Sienkiewicz.

LITERARY NOTES.

Acton literature will not come to an end with the publication of the scholar's letters to Miss Gladstone. The present Lord Acton is collecting his father's writings and lectures, published and unpublished, and will give them to the public in three or four volumes.

It is possible that the Cromwell letter sold in London the other day for \$605 may come to the United States. It was addressed by the Protector to his wife and dated September 4, 1650. It is in an affectionate strain:

I have not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writest to me that I should not be unkindful of thee and thy little ones. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice. The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy. Who can tell how great it is? My weak faythe hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported, though I assure thee I grow an oulde man and feeble infirmities cage marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success one gill. Pickering will impart to thee.

At the same sale the interesting sum of \$1,470 was paid for some Chatterton relics. The visage of Father Time might well wear a sardonic grin over that transaction.

"The Last Hope," the late Mr. Merriman's final novel, is written round the now hackneyed story that poor little Louis XVII escaped from the Temple and grew up in safety. The novel introduces, says "The Sketch," "a young man, a sailor on the Suffolk coast, by name Loo Barebone, whose father had been brought over to that village in childhood by French parents who had crossed the sea about the time of the execution of Louis XVI. The boy, although only a sailor, bears a remarkable resemblance to the ill fated Louis XVI. Upon the scene enter a French nobleman and his friends—old Loyalists who see with dismay Louis Bonaparte about to mount the throne of France."

They persuade Loo Barebone, whose real name they think is Louis de Bourbon, that his business is to go over to France and organize a Royalist party. He does so, and a dramatic episode is presented when a locket that had been in his family from his father's infancy is opened in a large company and in it is shown the portrait of Marie Antoinette. Loo Barebone knows that the portrait that had formerly occupied the locket was quite different, and he learns privately for the first time from one of the conspirators that instead of being the grandson of Louis XVI, he is probably only the grandson of a much less distinguished family of the old French nobility.

France is the one country in which literature is regarded with actual enthusiasm. To her long list of celebrations is to be added in July that of the literary centenary of George Sand. A committee of arrangements has been formed which includes, we are told, every name in France distinguished in literature, art or science. The Minister of Public Instruction is at the head of it.

The regrettable proclamation of Harriet Beecher Stowe on the subject of the Byron separation is recalled by Mr. Shorter, who frankly says that Lady Byron "gave half a dozen different versions of her troubles with the poet to half a dozen different personal friends." It is worth noting that whatever the feeling of Lady Byron's own time may have been, the sympathy of the world now seems to be with her



RODIN IN HIS STUDIO. (From a lithograph by Will Rothenstein.)

in these notes, apt odds and ends gathered from the editor's own recollections or from sources in print and in manuscript. He illustrates episodes in his father's life, such as the friendship with Carlyle, in just the right manner, introducing a fact or an anecdote with practical judgment and always with good taste. His annotations are, in short, a welcome addition to the text.

TWO ART MAGAZINES.

Recent Numbers of the "Burlington" and the "Artist Engraver."

An interesting note appears on the cover of the April number of "The Burlington Magazine," published here by the Macmillans. It is to the effect that the annual subscription price has been reduced from \$12 to \$8. The change is well advised, and ought to result in a wide increase of popularity for this excellent periodical.

Mrs. Cartwright supplies the text accompanying a number of admirable reproductions of drawings by Millet in the collection of the late J. S. Furnes, whose London gallery was gradually made extraordinarily representative of the Barbizon school. She speaks of Millet's predilection for the masters of line, and especially of his enthusiasm for a certain drawing by Michael Angelo. She adds, with justice, that we realize something of the same feeling that he had in the presence of the great Italian when we contemplate his own drawing. The Forbes examples are of signal importance. The series is continued in the May number and will be carried on until forty of the Frenchman's works in line are reproduced. The May number contains several other good things, including some useful notes by Mr. Weale on the portraits by John van Eyck at Vienna, and the conclusion of Mr. Cook's suggestive study of the Milanese painter Zenale as a maker of portraits. From this number we borrow the fascinating portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli by Leonardo in the Louvre.

The second number of the new quarterly magazine "The Artist Engraver" has just been published by the Macmillan Company. It contains, like its predecessor, five original plates printed on a generous scale, and this group well sustains the standard originally adopted. "The Farmer" is an admirable etching by Philip Pimlot, a freely drawn and very skilfully bitten study of a barnyard scene.

"The Falcon," by C. M. and E. J. Detmold, is not at all attractive as a design, but in technique it is an adequate illustration of that method in the treatment of birds which, originally derived from Dürer, has been exploited to very good ef-

fect by several members of the modern French school. Mr. Monk's "Strand Mortuary" is a commonplace etching of a subject needing the genius of a Meryon for its proper treatment. There is another plate in this number bearing two woodcuts of Biblical subjects, by Mr. T. Sturge Moore, which are obviously intended to be naive in style, but are merely feeble. One lithograph is included, a capital portrait of Rodin in his studio, by Mr. Will Rothenstein.

He found himself saying aloud in French, "I won't answer for the hinges. Run, mademoiselle—call again to the red-coats! They will help!"

But still, while blow after blow shook the hatch, Diane crouched motionless, staring at him with wild eyes. "They will help," he repeated with the air of one striving to speak lucidly; then, with a change of tone: "Give me your pistol, please!"

She held it out obediently at arm's length, but as he took it she seemed to remember, and crept close. "No—no!" she whispered. "C'est a moi—que tu le dois, enfin!"

From the staircase—not close beneath the hatch, but, as it seemed, far below their feet—came the muffled sound of shots, and between the shots hoarse cries of rage.

"Courage!" whispered John. He could hear that men were grappling and fighting down there, and supposed the 4th to be at hand. He could not know that the parleyers at the gate, appalled for an instant by the vision of Diane, with a dozen savages in chase, had rallied at a yell from Dominique Guyon, pelted after him to the rescue, and were now at grips with the rearmost Indians—a locked and heaving mass choking the narrow spirals of the stairway.

"Courage!" he whispered again, and, pressing a knee on the edge of the hatch, reached out a hand to steady her. What mattered it if they died now—together—he and she? "Tu dois"—the words sang through him, thrilling, bathing him in bliss.

The characters of this book are well within the lines of romantic convention—even to the Indian chief whose deep affection for the hero and whose lofty and refined language are in the best early-nineteenth-century literary style. We appreciate the fleeting glimpses of the brilliant soldier, Richard Montgomery—especially that most vivid one at the end, when he meets death under the palisade of Près-de-Ville.

The fact that Mrs. Stevens takes the Children's Crusade in France in the thirteenth century as the background for her latest story does not signify that it is by any means a Sunday school tale. It belongs rather to the swashbuckling school of historical romance, of which the public has had a surfeit of late years. It tells the story of a gentleman adventurer, fallen into evil courses, who befriends one of the child knights and saves him from the fate that overtook the main body of the unfortunate little crusaders. There are a light o' love and a lady of high degree to give spice and contrast to the adventurous adventures. The descriptions of the pitiful



LUCREZIA CRIVELLI. (From the portrait by Leonardo.)

husband. The mystery of their parting will probably never be solved; the atrocious theory repeated by Mrs. Stowe is, at any rate, thoroughly discredited.

"Beatrice of Venice" is the title of Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel. It is to be published in the autumn.

What ought to be a book of great interest is the proposed "Life of Renan," by Dr. Barry. The priest's estimate of the French thinker will be looked for with curiosity, and will no doubt excite burning discussion.

"The Chronicles of An Old Campaigner" is the title of a translation of a book originally published in Holland in the early years of the eighteenth century. The author, Mr. de la Colonie, served in the army of the Elector of Bavaria, and offers some stirring records of the war of the Spanish succession and especially of the battles of Ramillies and Malplaquet.