

His description of the Shakespearian domain as "a gay Confusion of pleasing Objects" leaves something to be desired. But there is no doubt that he meant well, so to speak. That is the salient point disclosed in these old essays; the writers of them all unite in regarding Shakespeare as a kind of demigod and in lauding him accordingly.

They find it a little difficult to put up with his cavalier treatment of "the rules," and it is, indeed, amusing to observe their uneasiness under his irregularity. But instinct tells them that, rules or no rules, he was driving at the essential thing, nature, and the representation of it in such wise that the spectator could not withhold the sympathy which one man is bound to give to another in any real crisis. Macaulay did not think much of Johnson's preface to his edition of Shakespeare. For once Macaulay nodded. "Whether Shakespeare knew the unities," says Johnson, "and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire." The italics are our own. We use them



ALEXANDER POPE.
(From the portrait by Hoare.)

to point the special value of Johnson as a Shakespearian critic, his readiness to throw overboard all the irrelevant paraphernalia of the pedant and to take the poet for precisely what he was, a creative genius so puissant that he made his own laws. It is true that the famous preface contains banalities like the following: "In his comick scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners." Johnson made other remarks about Shakespeare no less ineffectual. But he could also write a passage like this:

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended that Menenius, a Senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

This criticism is not, perhaps, illimitably profound. There is, indeed, nothing in this volume which could be so characterized. But there is in it unquestionably a fund of warm and sufficiently penetrating appreciation which conclusively refutes the assumption that Englishmen had to wait for Schlegel to discover their national poet before they could make up their minds to honor him. They honored him in the eighteenth century with a spontaneity and a judgment clearly foreshadowing the idolatry of our own day.

THE CENSOR AT ROME.

From The Dundee Advertiser.
The Holy Office excommunicates books as actively as when, three hundred years ago, that body condemned the aged Galileo to repudiate on bent knees his famous Dialogues. The latest edition of the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" contains a long list of nineteenth century authors, among these being some English writers—John Stuart Mill, Dr. Whately, Roscoe, a lady of the name of Waldie (author of "Letters from Rome," 1817), and otherwise unknown to fame, also the late St. George Mivart, the works under ban being certain essays contributed to the "Nineteenth Century" in 1892 and 1893. French writers of the last century and their living brethren are made a pretty clean sweep of. Lamartine, Mignet, Michelet, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Renan, the two Dumas, George Sand, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, are forbidden fruit; and, incredible as it may appear, the great encyclopaedic dictionary of Larousse, the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" of France, is also under the ban!

PHARISEES IN FICTION.

Contrasted Types of English and American Humbugs.

THE ISLAND OF PHARISEES. By John Galsworthy (John Sinjohn). 12mo, pp. 311. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SALLY OF MISSOURI. By R. E. Young. 12mo, pp. 252. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Mr. Galsworthy has written a novel about Pharisaism in upper class English society. He finds plenty of material for satire among the complacent, leisured people among whom his hero moves and loves and has his disillusion. He might find more in the same Mr. Richard Shelton's ineffectual protests against prevailing conditions which deprive him of the subjective benefits of class association without giving him any adequate return, through his inability or disinclination to relinquish its objective realities. The Pharisee is the inevitable product of any class or age identified with a formal religion whose ideals are higher than the natural human standards, and varies only in respect to his environment. Shelton differs only from his fellows in recognizing the hollowness of it all. He is the young man who, when he "heard the saying, went away sorrowful, for he was one that had large possessions." One hardly knows whether to sympathize more with the rebellious Shelton, who loses his sweetheart because she fails to understand him, or with the thoroughly delightful Antonia, who finds her lover's mental attitude at variance with all the hidebound traditions of her clan, while he is able to offer her nothing more substantial in their stead. A year of travel had opened Shelton's eyes, rather than his heart, to the supremely selfish content

Maieira, Sally's father, is a type of the sharp financier and a dominating influence in his neighborhood. Unable to dominate Steering, he eliminates him, and incidentally roughens the course of true love. In spite of the artificial character of the plot, the story attracts, through its excellent character drawing and its accurate if somewhat overenthusiastic delineation of Missouri life and landscapes. There is no contradiction in the qualifying phrase. The author sees the things she describes as they are, but through lenses colored with enthusiasm, not magnified nor distorted, but glorified; just as her style, in its exalted periods, is that of Walt Whitman, percolated through Stephen Crane. There is, withal, a quality about her work that lifts it above its defects, and not only renders it readable, but causes the reader to look forward with curiosity to what she may accomplish in the future.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

The Life of a Great Religious House Vividly Reconstructed.

The noble ruins of one of the greatest medieval monasteries in the history of England have provided Dean Hodges, of the Theological School at Cambridge, with positive inspiration. In "Fountains Abbey" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) he has written a brief monograph reconstructing the life of the English Cistercians who began their career as a community in a hut beneath the shadow of a mighty elm, and ultimately became the masters of a splendid domain. His simple, sympathetic narrative gives a vivid idea of the daily movement of that life, easily persuading us that the author has really recaptured its atmosphere. The founder of the Cistercian order, an Englishman named Stephen Harding,



FOUNTAINS ABBEY.
(From the picture by Turner.)

of the class to which by birth and training he belonged, and had introduced him to one Louis Ferrand, a living protest against the shams of modern society. Ferrand is an uncomfortable adventurer, who, out of tune with life as he finds it, expends his feeble energies in expressions of discontent and sponges on his wealthier patron. He is simply another Shelton, without the advantages which the latter's class affiliations have secured for him. While the author offers no solution of the problems he presents, the book is enjoyable for its keen dissection of English social conditions and its agreeable, easy style. Food for thought it does afford, and the inevitable conclusion is that the fundamental need of the leisure classes is work—work with a definite utilitarian objective—which would, of course, only turn them into another variety of Pharisees, until our social standards shall have reached our spiritual ideals.

Missouri is a great State. It is Missouri; it has a Louisiana Purchase Exposition and—it has Sally. When we are introduced to Sally there is no Louisiana Purchase Exposition, but meeting Sally we don't miss the exposition, and still Missouri looms just as large. To be sure, Sally had been East and acquired polish and taste in art and music and dress, but this only serves to bring out the innate qualities conferred by her Missouri birth, and to make them more dazzlingly apparent. For great and all sufficient to herself as is Missouri, some good can come from the East—notably Steering, the only fit mate for Sally. Steering has speculated, not too wisely, and all he has is a contingent interest in some property "entailed" in a decidedly complicated and un-American manner by a cynical and perverse ancestor. Probably the non-productive nature of the property had reconciled the heirs to the provisos of the will, which is of the variety occasionally met in the drama and in fiction, but never in real life, because it would never hold in law. It is a pity that a story which is so admirable in many respects should be built upon so clumsy a piece of literary machinery. The discovery of zinc in the neighborhood causes the land to take on interesting possibilities, and Steering decides to look it over, and devises a plan whereby he may anticipate his reversionary rights. He places his financial interests in the hands of Sally's father, who is several things that Sally is not, and devotes his personal interest to Sally. Mr.

met in Burgundy, on his way home from Rome, a number of monks who were living the religious life in the midst of the forest, under something like Spartan conditions. He joined the body, but in the course of time found that it was disposed to relax its rules. Whereupon he and a few others went forth and established themselves at Citeaux, presently had a church built for them, and, waxing too popular for Stephen's taste, once more dedicated themselves to a colder austerity.

Under the administration of St. Bernard the order developed bravely, and he it was who admitted to it the founders of Fountains Abbey, a group of monks who in England had come to feel, like Stephen in France, that the religious life was best lived without any luxuries whatever, and with few comforts. Of course, with the passage of years these well meaning men and their followers inevitably accumulated land and other property, and Dean Hodges tells a story of ever increasing prosperity and importance for the order. But the simplicity of the founders was never quite forgotten, and all the notes here on the daily practices within the walls of the Abbey point to a truly disciplined form of existence, one making for the honor of the Church. The author has scattered through his pages a number of good illustrations, and gives also an historical ground plan of the Abbey. The book is beautifully printed, and makes altogether an ideal souvenir of a famous monastic fabric.

Mr. Kipling seems suddenly to have become very active, after a considerable period of silence. First came the beautiful story in "Scribner's Magazine," called "They," then that amazing piece of verse called "Things and the Man," and now, in "The Metropolitan Magazine" for September, we have a tale by him entitled "Mrs. Bathurst," which is a queer mixture of sailor's love, the cinematograph, and slang. "Mrs. Bathurst" is a curious anecdote, and since Mr. Kipling, under any and all circumstances, has a certain way with him, it holds the reader's attention. But in point of merit it is about seventy thousand miles away from "The Man Who Was," "Without Benefit of Clergy," and all those other masterpieces. For those who would collect everything written by Mr. Kipling, by the way, we may note that he is contributing to a pamphlet called "Our Silent Navy—Is It Forgotten?" which is coming out in London, and has written his views on the automobile for a book on "The Complete Motorist" which Mr. Filsion Young is publishing with the aid of half a dozen amateurs.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Alhambra is to be the subject of a sumptuous quarto, running to some six hundred pages, which Mr. A. F. Calvert is to publish before long, with eighty colored plates and over two hundred and fifty sketches in black and white. The author has gone thoroughly into his subject, and will set forth not only impressions, but an abundance of the fruits of historical research.

The heroine of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's forthcoming novel, "Tommy and Co.," is a little girl named Tommy. The other conspicuous figure in this book is an elderly London journalist, Sir Gilbert Parker's new story, to be published in the next fortnight, is called "A Ladder of Swords." It is a love story of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Clark Russell promises for the autumn, in "The Yarn of Old Harbour Town," a novel of the early nineteenth century, with a kidnapping affair and other picturesque incidents.

Mr. Marcus R. Mayer, the impresario, has been writing his reminiscences and will publish them this winter. The book will be filled, of course, with anecdotes of theatrical and operatic celebrities, Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Patti and scores of others.

There is to be still another edition of the writings of Carlyle. This one, to be called the "Standard Edition," will be completed in eighteen illustrated volumes, and will comprise everything which he himself considered worthy of preservation, printed from the text which he revised and arranged in the 70's.

The late Davenport Adams left the "Dictionary of the Drama," on which he was engaged, in such a state that its completion is assured. One volume is in type, and will be issued early in the autumn, while the materials for the other are all in hand.

Mr. Hardy continues to inspire other writers to make books about him and his work. The late Lionel Johnson's interesting study of the Wessex novels was followed by a work on their scenes by Mr. Windle, and now Mr. Charles Harper, who has written many topographical books announces a volume on "The Hardy Country." It will be lavishly illustrated.

A reviewer of recent Rossettiana, who must be Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton, notes in "The Athenaeum" that to paint the celebrated pre-Raphaelite as he was "it is necessary to have come under the spell of his fascination and of his pleasant and unconsciously exercised literary tyranny." He adds words which give an interesting glimpse of the poet-painter among his intimates:

In himself Rossetti was the least possible of a tyrant. He was not even consciously assertive. He had not the breezy, petulant, imperious, and—we use the word with no lack of respect—whimsical arrogance of Morris, the most fervently illogical of poets. Rossetti never preached to you; he told you, and you accepted. Like every artist the world has seen, he was impatient of hostile or, what to him was the same thing, unfavorable criticism. This, however, after the cessation of intimacy with Ruskin, he seems never to have heard, and Ruskin even appears to have conveyed his censure designedly in a species of mock-heroics. Whether his brother, who, as those most intimate with the Rossetti household best know, had every conceivable right of counsel, ever allowed the gentle rain of dissent to fall upon Rossetti's ears, is unknown. So far as can be judged, indeed, the spell exercised over Mr. Rossetti by his brother was no less potent than that over the most ardent worshipper or the most devoted disciple.

Mr. Andrew Lang is making steady progress in the writing of his "History of Scotland." The third volume is soon to be published, and it is expected that the fourth, completing the work, will not be long delayed.

Some newspapers in France, apparently dissatisfied with current fiction—or with the prices asked for it—have taken to reprinting stories by Stendahl, Balzac and Eugene Sue. The idea is not a bad one. Many an English classic might well be reprinted in the papers that give serials by living authors, and the public, we fancy, would not be in the least displeased.

A writer in a recent number of the "Berliner Tageblatt" gives some details about the introduction of European literature into Japan, which began with the importation of books from Holland. Works in English, German and French followed in rapid succession. The English authors who have made the most impression upon Japanese thought, the writer goes on to say, are Carlyle, Macaulay and Herbert Spencer. Most of our great poets are also widely read, several of Shakespeare's plays having been translated into the native language. German works, too, are in request, "Werther" and "Faust" having been rendered into Japanese. In French literature, Victor Hugo, Zola and De Maupassant are said to have the widest vogue. Other foreign authors whose books have secured a measure of popularity are Ibsen, Björnsen, Gorki and Dostoevski.

THE WOOD OF SILENCE.

E. C., in The London Athenaeum.
In the Wood of Silence everything goes wrong.
Very deep the shade is, and hushed with joyous song;
The heart sings on the highway and in the field of sheaves,
Who could lift a song to such a roof of leaves?
In the upland valley the lovers danced and sang,
Down beside the river still their laughter rang.
Then they crossed the cornfield, passed the white barred gate,
And knew the Wood of Silence where the shadows wait.
Once within its darkness came the sudden change,
Each, quick glancing sideways, found the other strange.
They forgot the wind there and the sun above;
In the Wood of Silence comes the end of love.
Out upon the roadway with the Wood behind
Still they felt its magic hold their spirits blind;
Though they strove with laughter to mask each hidden thought,
Nothing could unravel the spell the shadows wrought.
Not the falling sunset nor the falling light,
As the hill they mounted, brought so deep a night.
Darkness all about them, darkness in the heart,
Hand in hand they journeyed, all a world apart.
Nevermore together to stand as they had stood
Watching for the dryads in the Enchanted Wood;
Or to tread the winding road and hear the lark above;
In the Wood of Silence came the end of love.