

LOVE'S POSY.

BY MARY DUCLAUX.

I made a posy for my love
As fair as she is soft and fine:
The lilac thrift I made it of
And lemon-yellow columbine.

But woe is me for my despair,
For my pale flowers woe is met!
A bolder man has given her
A branch of crimson peony!

The New-York Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1904.

After a summer during which they have been "more than usual calm," the publishers are busily putting the finishing touches to the enterprises with which they will, in a week or two, open the season. It is stated in England that no new book thus far announced there promises to possess anything like the importance of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and it is not known that American lists will differ from those across the water in this respect. Nevertheless there will soon be quantities of new books to the fore, and to judge from the titles and the names of the authors many of them will be of serious interest. Three points in the prospect are especially to be noted. There will be an increase in the number of books illustrated in colors. There will be a goodly number of works on art. There will be more publications than ever of a purely literary nature, critical and biographical studies of famous authors, and analyses of abstract literary questions. Of course the writers of fiction will take their accustomed place in the centre of the stage, but this has come to be the most familiar phenomenon of the season, and excites no special interest. As regards the color books, it is to be hoped that they will illustrate the policy at which one magazine editor declared he was driving not long since, the policy of using color not for its own sake, but in order to reproduce paintings in themselves worth reproduction. Color printing in books and periodicals, being the newest "craze," is too often exploited for catchpenny purposes, with the result that many gaudy and worthless plates are issued.

It is pleasant to observe that the juvenile verses, published through the complacency of certain fond parents, to which we had occasion to refer with disapproval not long ago, are meeting, in divers places, with the same severity. "The Saturday Review," which can usually be relied upon to say a trenchant word where literary follies are concerned, protests, in alluding to one of these books, that "to parade puerilia of this kind as verse is to make a laughing stock of the parents and a most unfair exhibition of the child," and roundly adds of the child's father, who is a schoolmaster, that he is "grossly unfit for his profession." We like especially "The Saturday's" remark that the sponsors of the volume in question "are acting precisely as vulgar parents who insist on exhibiting their children in all their best finery and inflicting them on every unfortunate person who comes to the house," and that this is a "literary" nuisance that must be stopped. The same book moves Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson, the novelist, not simply to object to its publication, but to point out, what is too often forgotten, that "precocity signifies little or nothing." Suppose Mummy's darling *does* write little rhymes that are surprisingly well turned, considering his or her age? As Mr. Watson says, "many children write verses, and write them uncommonly well." But few of these children grow up to be poets, and if, by chance, one of them is really destined for a poetical career, the best way in the world in which to discount the possibilities of that career, and to handicap its hero or heroine, is to publish the child's writings. The twelve-year-old rhymester who sees its lucubrations between the covers of a book is certain to become intolerable, a conceited little monster incapable of really good work in the future.

Bringing to a conclusion his recent address before the British Association, "Reflections Suggested by the New Theory of Matter," Mr. Balfour made a remark which has in it much indirect suggestion for the student of literary affairs. "I have been tempted," he said, "to hint my own personal opinion that as natural science grows it leans more, not less, upon an idealistic interpretation of the universe." Is not current literature drawing more and more inspiration from what we may well regard as a kindred impulse? It seems so to us. There is visible in fiction, where the issue between the fact and the ideal has been most sharply drawn, a disposition to bring the purely romantic motive to the front, and in books of every kind a desire to rise above the bleak conditions of bald narrative. The scientific historian, who is more scientific than historic, has worn out his welcome with unexpected rapidity. Even the most severely trained writers are learning that they must take account in their work of more things than they can find recorded in black and white, that they must understand human passions and aspirations as well as human "documents." It is more than a question of style that is involved here. Authors are finding out that the imagination cannot be ignored, that they must satisfy the spirit of man as well as his thirst for information.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

An Impartial Book About His Character and Reign.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE RISE OF PRUSSIA. By W. F. Reddaway, M. A. (Heroes of the Nations Series). 8vo, pp. vi, 358. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Reddaway has written a terse and picturesque character study of the great Frederick. In the disposition of the light and shade which give animation to his portrait of the King he is at once sympathetic and critical, avoiding the extremes of depreciation and panegyric. For impartiality and for interest this is one of the best volumes contributed to the "Heroes of the Nations" series. He has, to be sure, everything on his side. Frederick, considered simply as a man, provides the writer with a fruitful theme, but Frederick as the presiding genius of a national efflorescence is a figure positively fascinating. No doubt, as Mr. Reddaway is careful to point out in his first chapter, there were effective Hohenzollerns before Frederick, and, in fact, it is to his great-grandfather, Frederick William,

heedless of principle, a man recalling in his general tone and in many specific deeds the age of the despots in Italy.

For his mother and sister he steadily preserved an affection, in the light of which he seems humanized and almost lovable, but it is not by his domestic relations that Frederick is to be judged. They were, after all, but incidental to the life he led as a soldier and a statesman. The tender emotions, if not obliterated from his nature by the brutality of his father, were at all events powerless to modify the broad drift of his actions. By the time the throne was really his he was resolved to allow nothing to interfere with his absorption in the aggrandizement of the state. It is interesting to observe the failure of that culture to which he was so devoted really to soften the fibre of the man. He wrote verses and much else besides; he played the flute; he loved good talk and was hospitable to men of brains. His friendship with Voltaire is famous. But it is significant that when he broke with the great Frenchman he descended to discourtesies—to use the mildest possible phrase in the circumstances—which among all the rulers of Europe only the son of his father could have inflicted upon a guest. He was, in short, as ruthless a type as ever

brilliance of a personality intensely human. Incessantly active, impetuous to an extreme, he won or lost his battles like an athlete whose fall or triumph is essentially his own affair. Without those wonderful troops of his, which he made the finest in Europe, he could, it is true, have done nothing, but it is equally true that without him those same troops could have done but little. Like Napoleon, he was a host in himself, a man in whom the instinct for action burned like a clear flame, and whose labors, whether on the field or in the paths of peace, resemble the labors of an artist, moulding clay to his uses, and leaving the imprint of his finger on every inch of it.

In his administration of the state he made many errors. This very energy of his, that led him to treat his people and his territories as so much raw material to be used simply as he saw fit, inflicted grievous wounds upon the body politic of Prussia. Refusing to grant powers of initiative to his officials, he rendered them timid and ineffective, and the results of his effort to supervise every detail for himself were naturally far from edifying. His economic theories were sometimes feeble and sometimes actually pernicious. He seems to have thought that he could develop an industrial fabric out of hand as he could reclaim a swamp and build a village on its site. He thought that he could regulate the movement of trade by edict. Carrying out his plans with complete indifference to what his subjects thought of them, he caused discontent as well as practical troubles, and he made the task of his successor doubly hard. But when all of Frederick's mistakes and limitations have been given their due value, the transcendent importance of his services to Prussia remains undiminished. In war and in diplomacy he worked unceasingly with but one object in view, to preserve and aggrandize the state, to give his people prosperity and peace, and he succeeded in his aim. His duplicity excites disgust, but as a type of kingly devotion, courage, industry and resource he is sure, as only the great figures in history are sure, of the admiration of mankind.

GILYAKS AND CONVICTS.

Experiences Among Natives and Exiles in Sakhalin.

IN THE UTMOST EAST: BEING AN ACCOUNT OF INVESTIGATIONS AMONG THE NATIVES AND RUSSIAN CONVICTS OF THE ISLAND OF SAKHALIN, WITH NOTES OF TRAVEL IN KOREA, SIBERIA AND MANCHURIA. By Charles H. Hawes. With 73 illustrations and 3 maps. 8vo, pp. xxx, 473. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Since the breaking out of the Russo-Japanese War called the attention of the world to the Far East, more has been heard, but little is still known, of the island Sakhalin, opposite the mouth of the Amur, which is used as a convict prison and settlement by Russia. Mr. Hawes, the author of the present volume, is the first English traveller to explore the northern interior, and his account of his travels among the native tribes, of his association with prisoners and exiles of various degrees, and of his experiences with the Russian officials, forms a record of ethnological research, combined with lively adventure, that is as valuable in its results as it is thrilling in its details. His exposure of the Russian convict system, as carried on in this remote outpost of the "Uttermost East," shows a state of affairs as bad as anything revealed by George Kennan in his "Siberia and the Exile System." The island, though situated in the temperate zone,—Alexandrovsk, the capital, is on exactly the same parallel of latitude as Brighton, England,—has about the same climate as Iceland. It has been so little explored that until 1849 it was generally supposed to be a peninsula. All through its long winters it is entirely cut off from communication with the mainland, except for the dog train mail service across the frozen strait, its remoteness being emphasized by the inscription on the postoffice, "St. Petersburg, 10,186 versts" (6,752 miles).

The island is 500 miles long, with an area a little less than that of Scotland, and in 1898 it had a total population, in round numbers, of 36,000. In addition to the Russians, five different peoples are found there—the Ainu, Gilyaks, Orochons, Tungus and Yakuts. The Ainu are of the same race as those found on the island of Yezo in Japan. The Tungus and Yakuts came from Eastern Siberia. The Orochons seemed to the author to be a tribe of Tungus origin, modified by intermarriage with various neighbors. Many of the Gilyaks bear a strong resemblance to the Northwestern American Indians, and philologists hold that their language knits them in origin to the dwellers on the Pacific coasts of Northern Asia, America and the Aleutian Isles.

In a canoe trip down the River Tim, running north about one hundred miles to the Sea of Okhotsk, and thence for fifty miles along the coast, Mr. Hawes came into close and friendly association with members of the Gilyak and Orochon tribes, partaking of their hospitality and making a close study of their habits, customs and traditions. His investigations throw a great deal of absolutely new light on these little known tribes, who are even now yielding to the influences of the civilization, such as it is, of their Russian neighbors. Interesting as is the story of this boat voyage among these strange tribes, with their curious superstitions, bear festivals and domestic life, it is to the



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(From the portrait by Wulff; Courtesy of H. Wunderlich & Co.)

more generally known as the Great Elector, that the emergence of the Prussian state from the political conditions surrounding the old Mark of Brandenburg is really to be attributed. But Frederick it was who not only consolidated the territories of Prussia along durable lines, but added to them and gave his country its place among the nations. He accomplished his ends by methods which, with his extraordinary personality behind them, may shock the moralist, but indubitably touch the imagination with a sense of heroic drama.

The paradox of Frederick's career lies in the fact that he who was to become the passionately devoted guardian of Prussia began by seeking to escape beyond its frontiers. Never was the youth of a prince more profoundly embittered. His father was a violent and even boorish man, impatient of the lad's aesthetic and philosophical tastes, and so tyrannical in the management of his family that Frederick's life at court became intolerable. It seems at times as if the King could have looked with equanimity upon his death. What wonder, then, that he contemplated flight? He was only eighteen, and his sufferings were too great to permit him to look into the future and possess his soul in patience. Fortunately for Prussia the prince's project was discovered, but, unfortunately for him, his father imprisoned him under circumstances so cruel, and pursued him with a wrath so malignant, that his character was permanently warped. Though he had learned to dissimulate long before the period of this disastrous adventure of his he might have developed, under the right influences, into a nobler man. Treated by the King with irrational severity and scorn, he came to the conclusion that he must put an end to the situation at any cost, and left his prison a consummate hypocrite in order to hoodwink his exacting sire. From this time on Frederick remains a cynic and a liar, utterly

lived. He showed this in the familiar episodes of daily intercourse, in his insulting treatment of his officials and courtiers, in his contempt for the people at large, and he showed it still more vividly when he proceeded to take a hand in the political and military game of his time. Mr. Reddaway says the best that he can for Frederick's freebooting excursion across the Silesian border, but he is candid enough to dismiss as worthless the pretence that the state was necessary to Prussia, and in discussing the question as to whether it was right for Frederick to attempt to make the acquisition he uses these forcible words:

Considerations of right and wrong counted for little with Frederick himself. There seems to be no evidence that Frederick either in his public or private life practised the stale hypocrisies of truth and morality. What seemed to him profitable to do, that he did; what it seemed to him profitable to say, that he said. "If there is anything to be gained by being honest, let us be honest; if it is necessary to deceive, let us deceive," are his own words. In the case of Silesia, his avowal to Podewils, who urged that some legal claim could be furnished up, is sufficiently explicit. On November 7, the King writes: "The question of right (*droit*) is the affair of the ministers; it is your affair; it is time to work at it in secret, for the orders to the troops are given."

His attitude in this Silesian enterprise was his attitude in everything that he undertook. His fame, therefore, is that of the strong man who is successful, and questions of principle must be left in abeyance. But he would not be known as Frederick the Great if he were merely a skillful pirate. His military genius and his statesmanship take him quickly enough out of the latter category. Mr. Reddaway gives a capital account of his hero's exploits as a soldier, laying stress upon the energy and the rapidity which characterized Frederick in his Silesian campaigns, and afterward in the Seven Years' War. Catastrophes like Kolin and Kunersdorf, no less than victories like Rossbach, Liegnitz and Torgau, illuminate his biography with the