

and balloon on a sandbar. The Federals gathered it in, and with it the last silk dress in the Confederacy. General Longstreet used to say laughingly that this was the meanest trick of the war.

Owing to the superiority of the Union batteries the Confederates had to make up in accuracy of marksmanship for the deficiencies of their ordnance, and naturally had hard work to do it. General Longstreet used to tell of two splendid shots he saw during the war. The first was at Antietam.

He and General Lee were riding along his line and D. H. Hill's, when they started up a hill to make a reconnaissance. Lee and Longstreet dismounted, but Hill remained on his horse. General Longstreet said to Hill: "If you insist on riding up there and drawing the fire, give us time to get out of the line of fire when they open up anew." While they were all standing there viewing with their glasses the Federal movements, Longstreet noticed a puff of white smoke from a Federal cannon. He called to Hill, "That shot is for you!" The gunner was a mile away, but the cannon shot took off the front legs of Hill's horse. General Longstreet said that that shot at Hill was the second best shot he ever saw. The best was at Yorktown, where a Federal officer came out in front of the Confederate line, sat down at a little grating table, and began to make a map. A Confederate officer carefully sighted a cannon, touched it off, and dropped a shell into the lap of the man at the little table, a mile or more away.

Longstreet's first personal meeting with Grant was at the surrender of Appomattox, whither he went with Lee as one of the Confederate commissioners. Compelled to pass through the room occupied by Grant as his headquarters, he was naturally uncertain how the victor would greet the vanquished, and was prepared to observe the rigid demeanor of ceremonial intercourse. Grant's greeting, however, was to slap him on the back, and, addressing him by his old West Point nickname, to exclaim, "Well, Old Pete, can't we get back to the good old days by playing a game of brag?"

After the war, General Longstreet went to New-Orleans, and was prospering beyond his expectations, when his famous letter of 1867, in which he advised the South to accept the situation, and to render loyal service to the Washington government, turned the opinion of the community against him and drove him out of business. His subsequent political appointments came to him unsought. Yet despite the local ostracism under which he suffered, his widow writes, "he loved the South with the tenderness of one who was willing to die for it. In all the quiet hours that he discussed the misrepresentations of the Southern people, the resentment they bore him. . . I never heard him utter a word against them, or give expression to a note of bitterness."

SOUTHERN STORIES.

The Ku Klux Klan Trotted Out Once More.

THE CLANSMAN. An Historical Romance of the Ku Klux Klan. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. 12mo, pp. 374. (Doubleday, Page & Company.)

CHRISTMAS EVE ON LONESOME AND OTHER STORIES. By John Fox, Jr. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 24. Charles Scribner's Sons.

We had thought that the Ku Klux Klan, as a source of effect in fiction, was as dead as nail in door, but Mr. Dixon puts it through its paces in his new novel with a touching confidence in its potentiality. "The Clansman" is one of those novels, only too common at the present time, in which the events of an historic epoch are handled with tremendous gravity and not the least inspiration. Alluding to the famous Klan, Mr. Dixon says, in his preface, "How the young South, led by the reincarnated souls of the Clansmen of Old Scotland, went forth under this cover and against overwhelming odds, darling exile, imprisonment, and a felon's death, and saved the life of a people, forms one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the Aryan race." Clearly a colossal theme. But one would hardly draw that inference from the body of Mr. Dixon's book, which is crudely sensational in substance and melodramatic in style. The book opens in Washington, and in its first section the reader is asked to witness the assassination of Lincoln. It is a pity that the author could not put his story together without pawing over that great tragedy. But doubtless Mr. Dixon intended to be "strong" at this point, as he intended to be "strong" in the revolting episode which he makes preliminary to an exhibition of the Klan engaged on one of its swift campaigns of vengeance. The book is in bad taste. It is written with a kind of violent power which holds the reader's attention, but just for that reason we regret it the more. Tales of this sensational order give no pleasure and can do no good.

Mr. Fox, another Southern writer, makes his appeal in much more persuasive accents. The stories in his "Christmas Eve on Lonesome" are uneven, but in all of them there are interesting types. We read "The Army of the Callahan," for example, with appreciation of the home-spun characters in it, if not with much satisfaction in the plot. The best tale in the collection is the one which gives the book its title. That is a picturesque bit of writing, commendably brief. There is not a trace of morbidity in Mr. Fox's book, a fact for which we are grateful, coming to it from "The Clansman."

The new collected edition of his poems having been passed through the press, Mr. Swinburne is now at work upon a collected edition of his dramas. The first of the five volumes in which they are to appear will probably be published in the autumn. The set will be uniform with the new edition of the poems.

A WOMAN IN SICILY.

Notes of Travel in the Land of Color.

SUNNY SICILY. Its Rustics and Its Ruins. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, pp. 392. The Macmillan Company.

Mrs. Tweedie has in this volume made an excellent addition to her list of sprightly travel narratives. Like its predecessors, it is animated, picturesque and practical. She exhibits anew an engaging sense of humor, a sympathetic understanding of alien character and alien customs, a genuine delight in the monuments of antiquity and the drama of history. In Sicily she found an inspiring region, and she has produced a decidedly useful book. The beautiful island, sparkling in sunshine through the winter days, a place of "endless warmth," of blossoming slopes, of ancient temples and glorious scenery, grows more and more inviting to the tourist. This volume he will find an indispensable companion, full of suggestion in regard to the things to see and the methods of seeing. That Sicily is comfortable for the traveller of

holiday unless they can squeeze four or five folk into a victoria and drive about." An odd thing to be observed in Sicily is the lack of good looks among the women. There are pretty girls, but they are rare. Poverty and especially the want of nourishing food are no doubt at the root of this plainness.

In lovely Taormina poverty and the tourist have combined to train beggars. The author tells us that nowhere else in Sicily did she see such rags and untidiness. Of course she blames the English and Americans, who with foolish generosity have spoiled the natives, created unnecessary disagreeabilities and cultivated extortion. This complaint of the skilled traveller will never be stilled, we imagine, for the unwise scattering of largesse means personal ease for those who have no knowledge of languages other than their own and little interest in the study of stranger races. If the poverty of the peasants is grievous, so, too, is that of many of the nobles, whose palaces are deserted and falling to decay. The spectacle of a country so fertile and so beautiful going quite to waste constantly exasperates our author, who blames the government for most of its woes. "Instead," she exclaims, "of employing their people to improve the roads, and in other public works,

Greek temples. The experiences of an Englishman held by brigands are related, and a ramble among oldtime records results in an entertaining abstract of the island's history. In short, Mrs. Tweedie offers something for every taste, and so vivid is her work that one to whom travel is forbidden can ask nothing better than to see Sicily through her eyes.

LITERARY NOTES.

Jules Verne has written almost a hundred books. His latest story is called "Le Voyage Extraordinaire," and the vehicle described in it, in which the "Voyage" is made, combines the qualities of an electrical ship, an automobile, a flying machine and a submarine boat. This charming machine is adapted for use on sea, on land, or in the air, and it can be made to move at the rate of 150 miles an hour!

A letter of Carlyle's, written in 1838, in reply to some one who had asked him questions as to the various biographies of Napoleon then in existence, has just been bequeathed to Melbourne University. In it the sage says:

I have never been able to fall in with a really good life of Napoleon; the best are extremely indifferent, while a good many are bad and altogether worthless. . . . Walter Scott's Napoleon you doubtless know. It is an agglomeration of the newspapers of the time, and gives in glowing language the doings of Napoleon which any English Tory justice of the peace might form over his nuts and wine.

The late Norman Maccoll was willing enough to have the world know that he edited "The Athenaeum," but he drew the line at allowing the public to see his portrait in an illustrated paper. It is said that his successor, Mr. Vernon Rendall, adopts the same attitude. This gentleman, by the way, has won the blue ribbon of English literary journalism at an early age. He was born in 1869, the son of an Oxfordshire clergyman. He was educated at Elstree School, Rugby, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a first class classical tripos. He became Assistant Editor of "The Athenaeum" in 1896. The only book he has brought out is an edition of "Tom Brown's School Days."

There is talk, by the way, of a possible memorial volume of Mr. Maccoll. In regard to this "The Athenaeum" says that such papers and letters as have been left will be placed in the hands of Mr. John C. Francis for publication should they be sufficient and suitable for that purpose.

John Oliver Hobbes, in her little book of essays on half a dozen men of genius, called "The Artist's Life," has compared Browning with Brahms. This leads Mr. John F. Runciman, the brilliant musical critic of the London "Saturday Review," to make a note on the subject which is worth quoting. He says:

The comparison of Browning with Brahms startled me; I thought Mrs. Craigie wanted to add a fourth "B" to Bülow's three—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms; and Mrs. Craigie has fairly outdone Bülow in absurdity. No less intellectual musician than Brahms has ever lived; and if Browning is not an intellectual poet—and I deny most emphatically that he is. Brahms had facility, he was precocious, he made himself a great master of technique; Browning had no facility, he was not precocious, he remained to the end a clumsy handler of so simple a device as rhyme. Brahms is full of delicately sensuous effects; there is nothing of the sort in Browning. I am always interested in the criticism of people who know music only from the very outside; and I anticipated something stimulating from Mrs. Craigie. But unluckily she has not chosen to be stimulating; instead she makes a smart comparison which happens to be hopelessly wrong.

A new "learned body" has recently been formed under the style of the Sociological Society. The papers read before it during its first session have been put into a book which the Macmillans will publish before long. The contributors include Dr. Westermarck, Mr. Francis Dalton and Mr. Bryce, whose address delivered at the opening meeting will serve as an introduction to the volume.

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston begins in the January number of "Blackwood's Magazine" her new novel, called "The Mystics." It opens with a death scene in a house on the coast of Scotland. John Henderson, who is presumably to be the hero of the tale, watches at the bedside of his dying uncle, a dour individual, who belongs to a group of believers in a creed the principles of which are set forth in "a secret book designated the Scitsym." The old man dies, leaving this volume temporarily in his nephew's care. Incidentally he bequeaths only £500 to the young man, who has been waiting to step into a fortune, whereupon the disappointed heir resolves, in his rage, to fling the precious book into the fire. Some hint of what the novel promises to be like is given in the passages which bring this first instalment to a close:

Instinctively he bent forward, opened the book, and gathered the first sheaf of leaves into his fingers. Then involuntarily he paused, as the bold characters of the printed words shot up black and clear in the fierce glow from the coals. "Almost without volition he read the opening lines: "Out of obscurity will He come. And—having proved Himself—no man will question Him. For the Past lies in the Great Unknown. By the Scitsym—from which none but the Chosen may read—will ye know Him; and, knowing Him, ye will bow down—Mystics, Arch-Mystics, and Arch-Councillor alike. And the World will be His. For He will be Power made absolute!" "For He will be Power made absolute!" Something in the six simple words arrested Henderson, suspended his thoughts, and checked his hand. By an odd psychological process his rage became chilled, his mind veered from its point of view. With a curious stiffness of motion he drew away from the fire—the book held uninjured in his hand. "He will be Power mad; absolute," he repeated mechanically, as he rose slowly to his feet.

Signor D'Annunzio has written two new tragedies, both of which will presently be put upon the stage. According to "The Pall Mall Gazette," the scene of the first of these plays, which is called "The Ship," and relates to the fifth century, is on the islands and marshes between Ravenna and Trieste, more particularly where Venice now stands, to which the refugees from the surrounding country fled from the barbarians. The hero and heroine belong to two noble families between which a ferocious feud exists, and which ends in tragedy for the lovers. It is a national poem, which affirms Italy's right to the seas. The tragedy is divided into a prologue and three scenes, while over two hundred persons are at times on the stage together.

The other new play is called "The Torch Under the Measure," and is totally different from "The Ship." Six characters appear in it, and the scene does not change in the course of the four acts. It is said that the drama is principally between father and son.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY. (From the painting by Verrocchio.)

to-day Mrs. Tweedie does not claim, though she does not seem to have suffered. Outside the chief towns, she says, "the roads are abominable, the inns disgraceful, and even such public monuments as the temples and amphitheatres are rendered difficult of access by the want of a bridle path." With all these drawbacks, her Sicilian days were delightful and her discomforts certainly not great enough to deter any visitor sharing her taste for the primitive. Brigandage has been almost rooted out, and travellers who keep to the large towns and well known routes are safe enough; outside that beaten track they take the risk of highway robbery and murder, and must perforce have a police escort. But inside the line of safety what happy experiences are possible! The author's wanderings among the people show that they are indeed, as she declares, a people of four hundred or five hundred years ago, curiously unaffected by modern civilization. The peasants are far more interesting than the nobles, whose lives are mostly dull, retired and comfortlessly simple. The Sicilian ladies "never go anywhere or do anything, and appear only at balls or on some grand occasion." Their humbler neighbors are more in evidence, though quite as indolent:

In the big towns people loiter at street corners as the ancients did in the market places, quite content to stand and gaze at nothing by the hour, with a pinch of gossip thrown in occasionally. In the smaller villages and the country they seem particularly fond of living at their front doors or lying on the roadside sleeping; in fact, they never appear in a hurry or perturbed by anything, unless—ah, yes, unless they lose their temper, and then the lamb becomes a devil. . . . The longer one stays in Sicily the more impressed one becomes with the sadness of her people, no doubt a legacy of the Saracenic occupation. They have their folk songs, but one seldom hears them; they have their marionettes, but the audience never smiles or claps. . . . Their amusement seems to consist in jolling about in the sunshine and hanging round doors, propping themselves against walls and gossiping, but seldom in singing, dancing, laughing, or making merry. The children rarely play; their chief form of amusement appears to be to beg or hang on to the backs of cabs or carriages.

To drive, it may be added, is incarnate joy to the Sicilian, who will live on macaroni and olives in order to keep a carriage. "Soldiers, sailors, students and small shop people," says Mrs. Tweedie, "do not consider they are having a

instead of encouraging them to remain in Sicily by the offer of fair wages, just laws, and less taxation, they are depopulating their own precious island at the rate of thousands and thousands a year, and these folk are going forth with their agricultural knowledge to enrich themselves in the United States of America or Tunis." Properly to use the soil—which often gives three crops a year in its abundant fertility—is the traveller's chief recommendation. With adequate facilities for transport to the great waiting markets of Europe, Sicily, she believes, could make its fortune out of the growing of vegetables. The means of equal enrichment lies in the improvement of hotels and roads and in the suppression of robbery, thereby helping to make the island, with its magnificent climate, the most fashionable winter resort in Europe. What spring can be in Sicily she tells us in a fascinating chapter dealing with her visit to Girgenti, the ancient Akragas of the Greeks. The fields, snowy with almond blossoms, fragrant with the fruit and flower of the orange, are in joyous contrast to the great ruined temples which rear their stately columns beyond. A pretty gift of description has this writer—some of her pages are calculated to make an appreciative reader look up steamer lists. To the question as to the chief charm of this land of the South she responds, "Its varied coloring."

It is an artist's paradise. Again and again we revelled in the soft grays of the olive, prickly pear, aloe, cactus and fig—the pink of the peach and almond blossom—the yellow of the orange, lemon, broom and gorse—the green of the palm and date, banana and wheat—the carpet of wild flowers of every hue, and then the colors of sea and sky, the bright shawls of the women, the red scarfs and blue capes of the men, the scarlet cotton umbrellas and gay donkey harness, the smartly painted carts of Palermo, the vivid uniforms of the gendarmes—color, color everywhere. It is this coloring, with quickly changing sky effects, that constitutes the charm. One may stay for days in a place, and yet every day that place looks different; every hour it seems to change. . . . Sicily is a kaleidoscope of beautiful pictures.

Amusing glimpses of fellow tourists and their ways, of the puppet theatre and of life in a palace are sandwiched among accounts of excursions through the countryside and visits to