

SONG.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

Hope, the great explorer,
Love whom none can bind,
Youth that looks before her,
Age that looks behind,
Joy with brow like Summer's,
Care with wintry pate,
Masquers are and mummers
At Life's gate.

Pow'r with narrow forehead,
Wealth with niggard palm,
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a barren calm;
Haughty overcomers,
In their pomp and state;—
Masquers all and mummers
At Death's gate!

The New-York Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1905.

The power of literature over mankind has been interestingly illustrated by recent events in Russia. It is a comparatively short time since Maxim Gorky first dawned upon readers outside his native land, but when the rumor was spread that he was likely to be hanged for his relation to the recent disturbances, voices were everywhere raised in protest, and the exposure of the rumor as an absurdity was welcomed with a feeling indicating the universal solicitude for the fate of a man of books. Nothing quite like the manifestation of sympathy shown for Gorky in the press has occurred since the time of Kipling's illness in New-York. The history of authorship in Russia is sown thick with incidents going to show the pertinacity with which the government has restrained the efforts of the writing tribe to exert some influence on public affairs. We all know what the censor in that country has done to keep the pen and the printing press within bounds, and doubtless he knows how he is regarded elsewhere in the world. That redoubtable functionary, whoever he may be, must experience some queer sensations when the news reaches him of the uproar over the Gorky rumor, and that individual himself, by the way, must be touched when he comes to realize how far his name has travelled and how generously he is considered. But Russia has known for some time how jealous the world is of the safety of her literary celebrities. Foreign opinion has surely had something to do with Tolstoy's immunity from interference.

Apropos of Russia, an amusing controversy has been going on in the London "Saturday Review" over the translation of Tolstoy's play, "The Power of Darkness," made by Mr. Aylmer Maude. Max, "The Saturday's" clever dramatic critic, found the version inadequate, whereupon Mr. G. B. Shaw hastened to assert that if the effect of his article "should be to discredit Mr. Aylmer Maude as a translator, Max had better have hung an average daily criticism round his neck and cast himself into the Serpentine." His demand for "a canon of translation for plays written in dialect" has moved the resourceful Max to elaborate an amusing argument. Mr. Maude has made one of Tolstoy's peasant characters use the phrase, "S'elp me," as a preface to assertions which she fears might not be accepted. Max protests that this instantly makes us think of an English instead of a Russian speaker. He does not care how accurate the phrase may be. He maintains that it calls attention to itself as a question of language, and, he adds, "the duty of a translator for the theatre is very much akin to the duty of an oral interpreter. When two men meet, each ignorant of the other's language, it is the interpreter's business to make them understand each other as fellow men, not to proclaim the exact width of the gulf that separates them as foreigners." In other words, when we see "The Power of Darkness" we should be allowed to see it not so much as an English or a Russian play, but just as a human play. Who shall say that Max is wrong?

Mr. George Moore, the novelist, has been acknowledging his debt of inspiration to Zola. "You know," he wrote the other day, "how well I knew Zola, and how much indebted I am to him. He was, as it were, the spring-board from which I jumped into the world of letters." Though the confession tells us nothing that is precisely new, we cannot help pausing upon it for the sake of what it suggests. In the author of "Evelyn Inness" we have a perfect example of the man who knows how to profit by the work of another without imitating it. When, as a young man in Paris, he came into contact with Zola, Manet and other figures in the naturalistic movement which so seriously influenced French art and literature, he emulated them, after his fashion. But even then it was his fashion, and as time has gone on Mr. Moore has shown in the substance and in the style of his work how the value of a principle depends upon what you do with it. Too many of Zola's followers have assumed that all they needed to do was to copy their master. Mr. Moore adopted his friends' methods only as a means to an end, and he has reaped his reward. It took the public a long time to apprehend the merit of his novels. Because there were hints of Zola in his earlier books they assumed that he was all for "French realism" and the world well lost. Latterly they have discovered the truth and know that whatever he may have drawn from Zola his books are emphatically his own, and good books into the bargain.

DE LA COLONIE'S STORY.

An Old Campaigner in the Time of Marlborough.

THE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD CAMPAIGNER. M. DE LA COLONIE, 1692-1717. Translated from the French by Walter C. Horsley. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 479. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The conditions of warfare two hundred years ago are more or less vividly described in these personal memoirs of an accomplished French officer. The original work was published in 1737, and it went into several editions. It has certainly deserved resurrection and translation, re-hearsing, as it does, in familiar fashion, the story of some of the most famous campaigns in history.

M. de la Colonie, the son of a noble but poverty stricken family of Périgord, received his military training in one of the cadet companies established by Louis XIV in nine of the frontier towns of France. The sharp witted boy, realizing that with no money and little influence behind him he must cut his own way to fortune, flung himself into his studies with passionate zeal. Cadets of quality were then accustomed to wreak themselves after drill upon such elegancies of a soldier's education as riding, dancing and fencing. M. de la Colonie surprised and delighted the teachers of mathematics by pursuing that branch with eagerness, and that he became an uncommonly skillful and resourceful engineer officer his unaffected narrative shows. He first took the field in 1692 with the troops besieging Namur under the command of the King in person. The town, whose fortress was one of the strongest on the Flanders frontier, had never been captured by an enemy—it had even safely defied Cæsar—and Louis, making up his mind to break this tantalizing record, sat himself down before it, with Mme. de Maintenon and the principal ladies of the court comfortably settled three leagues away. The town presently surrendered, but the garrison retired into the citadel, and for weeks held the besiegers at bay. It does not increase our respect for Louis to read that Vauban nearly persuaded him into the discreditable breaking of the treaty wherein he had agreed not to attack the fortress from the town side. An unexpected chance saved the King from perjury and brought about the fall of the fortress; de la Colonie was one of the twenty-two engineer officers who came out of the siege alive. There were sixty altogether, and the others died in the trenches. The young man fought at Namur again in 1695; this time France lost the place to the Allies, who sacrificed more than twelve thousand men in taking it. The siege was not without its humorous features, as the author reveals in his story of the Gascon Sieur de Vigouroux. This gentleman, he tells us, had never experienced any serious danger, and the sensation of finding himself ordered to take command of one of the sorties had such an extraordinary effect upon him that he brought back miraculous reports of his personal feats of valor.

He wearied every one by interminable recitals of his deeds in this sort of pure inventions which, after so much repetition, he ended in believing himself. He took every opportunity of publishing these noble actions, and bored even M. de Boufflers himself with them. One day he asked him with some emphasis if he could not put him in the way of giving a fresh proof of his valor. The Maréchal, tired of his discourses, replied as follows before all the company present: "Well, M. de Vigouroux, you shall have your wish. A most convenient opportunity presents itself at this moment—the breach is now practicable in Fort William; the enemy, as far as we can see, will not be long before they make their assault. I therefore make you its Governor. Go now and take over the fort, and if this rabble show themselves, kick them out in proper style and let them feel the weight of your arm; as a matter of fact, I doubt whether our opponents will be willing to run the risk if it comes to their ears that you will be there. Run and gather the laurels and spite the envious. I give you the preference in this, as every other consideration should give place to your well known bravery."

Poor Vigouroux, whose intention was but to be credited as valiant, and who had no wish to be taken too literally, was aghast at M. de Boufflers' answer. He was struck dumb, his Gascon repartees deserted him, and all present roared with laughter. After thinking a while, he thought he had found a way out of the difficulty, and said to M. de Boufflers: "That, Monseigneur, is hardly the post for Vigouroux. I cannot stand being boxed up between four walls, for the intense desire I feel to dash right and left amongst these scoundrels would rebel in so confined a space. I should stifle with rage; but let me give vent to my valour in the open country, and you will soon see what Vigouroux can do."

At these words, "give vent to my valour," etc., the entire company burst into shouts of laughter, which quite nonplussed Vigouroux; he left the room without uttering another word. This bit of boasting was not lost on us, but was instantly noised abroad throughout the whole garrison, and Vigouroux soon had the annoyance of hearing the soldiers chaffing each other and quoting "give vent to my valour in the open."

The campaigns of these years preceding the Peace of Ryswick were a heavy drain upon a not too prosperous country. In 1694 France had writhed under a terrible famine. The bad quality of the corn produced an acid in the bread which, De la Colonie says, quickened digestion and left the devourer of the scanty crust hungrier than ever. The wretched people ate bran soaked in boiling water, even the grass in the fields; then came death. "Three-quarters of the population of certain provinces perished by hunger alone." Here was a poor basis for military operations "to the glory of my lord the King!" In 1702, when the War of the Spanish Succession began, the country was in better condition, and the officers who had been retired and the soldiers who had been discharged returned to their service with light hearts. M. de la Colonie, to his great joy, was made commander of a regiment raised for the King, but attached as the prince's foreign guard to the forces of the Elector of Bavaria. These soldiers, who, after the Peace, had seen service in

various countries, were hard cases, but the man from Périgord soon established reasonable discipline. It is easy to see that to his undoubted skill and bravery he united a ruthless will and a jovial way calculated to subdue and enchant the mercenaries of his day. Through all the campaigns that followed, to the Peace of Rastadt in 1714, he gave, if we may believe his own picturesque account, extreme devotion to King and Elector. When he could not control his deprecating grenadiers any other way he made one-half of them mount guard over the other half. Sorry enough was the fate of the Swabian or Tyrolean peasants in the regions through which they marched. In a forest of tall firs, on one occasion, the natives, thinking to save themselves from the fury of the troops, climbed the trees and strove to hide themselves in the

thing, and he escapes. We are touched, with him, by the strange meeting on the field of Denain of a father and son fighting on opposite sides, and only revealed to each other by an extraordinary turn of fate. The Frenchman's final campaign—that against the Turks in 1717—was full of dramatic incidents. Not the least exciting was the collapse of the infantry during the racking march from Buda to Belgrade. The heat was torrid; there was no shade, there was no water. After eight hours of this agony the men fell where they stood, many of them in convulsions. So graphic is De la Colonie's account that we almost feel with him the relief that came with a sudden thunderstorm. He found the Turkish troops to be a curious collection of contrasting races, dressed with no uniformity in all sorts of clothes; sometimes in mere rags. The Turkish camp was beautiful as observed from a distance. Its tents and flags were of all colors, so that it had the appearance of a gigantic flowerbed full of every kind of blossom. The observer who makes this pleasing comparison mentions with equal coolness that the Christian deserters who had abjured their religion on joining the Turks were, when handed back to their own army, impaled in front of the Bavarian camp. It is pleasanter to leave our author clasped in the arms of Monsieur the Prince Electoral and heartily kissed for his distinguished service at the battle of Belgrade.

TOM MOORE.

A Pleasant Portrait by a Brother Irishman.

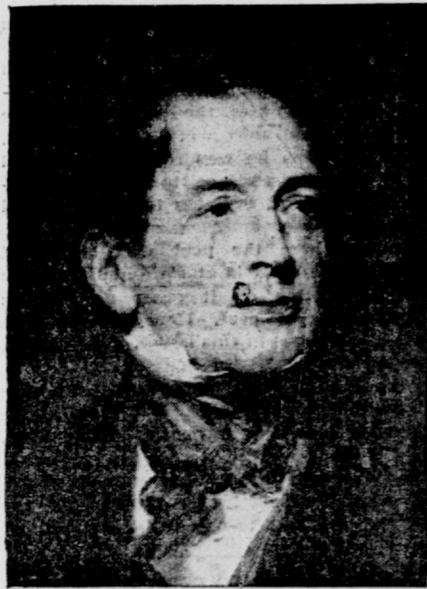
THOMAS MOORE. By Stephen Gwynn. English Men of Letters Series. 12mo, pp. 204. The Macmillan Company.

"Moore beats us all at a song," said Scott, and it is as the singer of softly flowing measures that the amiable little Irish gentleman has his right to remembrance. That he was a master of cadence Mr. Henley has declared, and we are not disposed to quarrel with any appreciation of the rhythmical smoothness and sweetness of his verse. A few of his songs will, no doubt, live forever, but many of them are to-day as uninviting to the reader as to the singer. Why? It is not only because the "Irish Melodies" belong to a forgotten fashion, but because, whatever their limpidity of cadence, they are often obvious, shallow and commonplace. Mr. Gwynn admits that while Moore's words always clearly convey the definite thought, they hardly ever convey anything more; and we may add that the definite thought is frequently as stale and mechanical as it is sentimental. We can hardly agree with the biographer in his sweeping statement that the poetry of Moore's lyrics "lies very near to eloquence"—it is only of a limited number that this may be said with justice—but he is right enough when he says that it "is remote from that distinctive quality of the highest poetic expression which transcends rhetoric altogether." Remote, indeed, for it is quite without glamour. At its best it is the poetry of talent only—but of a genuine and lovable talent.

Moore's narrative poems his biographer is content to leave in the limbo where they belong. They are difficult to read nowadays. His sprightly satirical verse was too much a thing of occasion to have much interest for later generations. But for a neat little song full of liquid music and surface feeling—here's "a health to thee, Tom Moore!" The astonishing social success which his songs and his singing won for him in London was like that of a wandering poet in a fairy tale. But newly out of his teens, the son of the Dublin grocer snored merrily if modestly in the great world. "An infectious gayety, joined to copious but never ill natured wit," says Mr. Gwynn, "made his company desired by all; and his physical presence, though not striking, was always agreeable."

Diminutive in size and plain of feature, he gained something approaching beauty by the constant play of expression centred in his vivacious eyes and the mobile and beautiful mouth. More distinctive still in youth at least was his hair, which curled in long tendrils over his head. But the special charm which he exercised—and it was doubtless of greater importance in youth, before his powers as a talker had matured—lay in a gift for singing, which appears to have been something peculiar to himself. He sang always to his own accompaniment, and the performance by all accounts approached declamation rather than ordinary song. Moore is the only poet of modern times who, like the ancient bards, lent to his own verses the added charm of musical expression. Poet first, musician afterward, he gave the words for all they were worth, and he seems always to have counted it a failure if there were no wet eyes among his hearers.

If we were to wholly trust Mr. Gwynn's portrait we must believe Moore to have been a man almost without a fault. His warm loyalty to his friends, his devotion to his family, the independence and integrity which made him rather punctilious in money matters and a reluctant borrower, all these are dwelt upon with positive affection. Moore probably played with as much dignity as might be the part of the fortuneless pet of society. It kept him constantly in debt, even before the embezzlement of his deputy in his Bermuda registrarship left him liable to Government for a sum which to him was crushing. The biographer holds that the life which made frugality almost impossible to the poet was necessary to him in his work as satirist and writer of memoirs. There is truth in this view, for Moore had not that within him which blossoms in retirement. He found his account in the brilliant London life, and for pure joy he went back to the beautiful, kind, not too wise child-wife in the rose hung country cottage. Perhaps he was not over



THOMAS MOORE.

(From the portrait by Lawrence.)

thick foliage. "Unhappily for them, one of their number failed to conceal himself sufficiently, and our people at once set about searching tree after tree, and bringing down their occupants as if they were out squirrel shooting. Had not this scene been somewhat repugnant to one's feelings it might have been amusing; at all events, there was the merit of novelty in this method of gathering by means of powder and ball the large fruit which dangled at the tops of the fir trees." It is a characteristic comment.

De la Colonie pictures, sometimes with zest, sometimes with chagrin, events of the engagements of his troops with those of "Milord Marlborough" and of Prince Eugene. The queer adventures of both armies in the marsh at the battle of Ramillies provide one of the most stirring chapters of the book. The groups of officers and men, bogged and helpless, and rescued by the enemy only to be made prisoners, were pitiable and comic at the same time. Here his own men showed signs of the white feather, and we have the commander swearing as terribly as ever they did in Flanders and searching in a simulated rage for the poltroons. He devotes only a few sentences to Oudenarde, evidently feeling that so inglorious a defeat was not easy to describe. He lays stress on the mournful state of France at the opening of the following campaign—that of 1709. The winter was bitterly cold. The very largest rivers were frozen over; grain and fruit trees and vines were utterly destroyed and fields had to be resown. That meant famine for the peasants and short commons for the soldier and his horse. Milord Marlborough again won a fine victory—this time at "a little place called Malplaquet." Again wrath evidently overcame our commander at the conduct of his own friends. "Some of our best dressed troops," he says, scornfully, "did not think proper to hold their ground; doubtless not so much that they were afraid of being killed as the fear of the embarrassment they might cause the State by the difficulty that would be created later on in having to replace them!" In plain words, they ran away, much to the contentment of Milord Marlborough. After Malplaquet famine in the French army put a stop to further active operations. The four days' supply of bread necessary before the troops could take the offensive was not to be had. The Intendant of Maubeuge, when threatened with hanging if he did not provide this bread, promptly declared that he was ready for the rope. There was no more forage than bread; the wretched horses perished at their picket ropes.

These memoirs, full of human interest, give the reader a clearer realization of those far off campaigns than can most elaborate military histories. The technical details the author does not fail to offer take on life and movement when mingled with the episodes of comedy and tragedy which are scattered through his pages. We see him trembling in his shoes for the safety of the Elector, when, with his highness masked, the two men make a reconnaissance outside the ramparts of Memmingen, and a burgher takes aim at the "Shrove Tuesday Mask." We see him strewing the bank of the Danube with hat, wig, pistols, sword and richly embroidered uniform, on the chance that the pursuing troopers may stop to pick up the spoil while he swims for dear life across the river. They do that very