

NEW FICTION.

Books by Robert Grant, Maurice Hewlett and Others.

THE ORCHID. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball. 12mo, pp. 223. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE ARENA. Stories of Political Life. By George W. Lambert. 12mo, pp. 293. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN THE ARENA. Stories of Political Life. By George W. Lambert. 12mo, pp. 293. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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trained novelist. From the little introduction it is to be inferred that his aim is to throw light on a dark subject, to show the layman the true inwardness of the great game of politics, and in reading tales like "Boss Gorgett," "Mrs. Protheroe" and "The Need of Money," we all well aware of the lessons underlying the drama. But that the drama is there, that there are stories of human beings and not of factitious types, is the reason why we go through "In the Arena" from cover to cover with undiminished concern for what Mr. Tarkington is going to make out of his various representative situations. He has a shrewd insight into the ways of the minor politician, and he has a vein of humor which comes out alike in the portrayal of a character, more or less at full length, and in the turning of a phrase. The book has actuality. It is a faithful interpretation of American life in one of its most significant strata, and it is readable as only a book of good stories well told is readable.

LORD SALISBURY.

Essays That He Wrote When He Was Lord Robert Cecil.

ESSAYS OF THE LATE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K. G. Biographical, Foreign Politics, Two Volumes, with Portrait and Index. 12mo, pp. 22, 141. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is not always a safe experiment to exhume and reprint the fugitive writings of a great man's early years. In the case of Lord Salisbury it was not only safe but commendable.

More than that, it was a service of duty, both to the fame of one of the greatest British statesmen of his day and to those principles and ideals of statesmanship and of patriotism of which he was the chief exponent. It is within bounds to say that Lord Salisbury's place in the history of philosophic statesmen would have been less accurately appreciated, if not less justly fixed, and the principles and practices of British and, indeed, of European diplomacy would have been less perfectly understood, had these essays of Lord Robert Cecil not been recovered from the past.

For, apart from other intrinsic qualities of high value, they possess the interest of unconscious subjectiveness. Again and again, on almost every page, Lord Robert seems to be standing before the mirror and sketching what he sees within it—or propheticly thus sketching himself as the great marquis of our days.

The first essay, in the first volume, for example, is devoted to Castlereagh. We need not here consider the success of his effort to rehabilitate the historical standing of that grossly libeled statesman. There is scarcely another man of equal eminence in British history who has been so persistently misrepresented. We do not know that this republication of Lord Robert Cecil's powerful vindication of him will serve materially to correct the rooted errors of a century, though it should do so, and we may add that if it does not there is little hope that anything else ever will.

Macaulay's essay on Barère has long been esteemed a masterpiece of effective condemnation. Making all due allowance for disparity in style, though Lord Robert's is admirable and highly engaging, it must be concluded that if this equally veracious and authoritative vindication of Castlereagh has been and is less effective, it is largely because the world too often listens less sympathetically to champion-ship than to invective. There is a characteristic bit of audacity in Lord Robert's treatment of Castlereagh's Irish policy, picturesquely prophetic of the manner in which the marquis in later years was wont to "blurt out" startling opinions and facts, such as his famous remark about "dying nations"—things which many others had thought, but which nobody else would venture to say aloud, or things which might be reproved on sentimental or moral grounds, but which were perfectly impeccable on legal or technical grounds. He realizes that Castlereagh's Irish policy was the one chapter in his career which has been perhaps most misunderstood and which has certainly been the subject of most brutal vituperation. He does not, of course, attempt to deny that Castlereagh, in obedience to the instructions of that purest of statesmen, Pitt, resorted to the expedient of "bribing knaves into honesty and fools into common sense"—to quote the author's own racy phrase. Why not? he daringly demands.

In the supreme struggle of social order against anarchy, we cannot deny to the champions of civilized society the moral latitude which is by common consent accorded to armed men fighting for their country against a foreign foe. It is no reproach to a general on active duty that he has used either bribes or spies in furtherance of his operations against the enemy. There are emergencies in which the conspirator at home is more dangerous to all that society holds dear than any enemy abroad. No country, however subtle, can draw a tenable line of distinction between the two cases, so that the weapon which is lawful for the soldier shall be forbidden to the statesman.

That may sound quite shocking to ears of morality and sentiment. Indeed, its author himself hastens to add that "such employments are more inevitable than honorable." But, logically, it is flawless and unanswerable. Its morals, indeed, are more austere than some may suppose from hasty reading, for it is no more an excuse for corruption in politics than it is an arraignment of trickery in war. We hear much of the high standard of honor which prevails in the chivalrous profession of arms, and of the moral elevation which war effects. Who, then, shall condemn the application of the warrior's knightly standard of honor to the statesman's strife? It is Lord Robert Cecil, prophetically sounding the keynote of his own later utterances, who propounds the question. We may leave it to him—and to Castlereagh's and Pitt's—critics to answer it.

It is, however, to Castlereagh's career as Foreign Minister that our author most addresses himself, partly because that was the most important phase of his career and partly because it was the phase with which the essayist himself was naturally most in sympathy. There was, indeed, a certain suggestive parallel between the careers of the two, in that each was intimately associated with a "concert of the powers," and that each was for that reason the object of much undeserved censure. There is also another striking suggestion or provocation of inquiry. We are not inclined to question the justice of Lord Robert's portrayal of Castlereagh's character as a Foreign Minister, glowing as some of his eulogies are, and contrary as they are to much of the "mythical mist" (his own phrase) which has obscured or distorted that distinguished figure. When we read that "Lord Castlereagh was not the man to jeopardize the meanest English interest for the sake of refuting some calumniator of his own good name," we are quite willing to accept it as true. Yet we cannot repress the involuntary exclamation, "Why, that is the marquis himself!" We cannot help wondering to what extent, in writing that sentence, Lord Robert Cecil was unconsciously adumbrating the Marquis of Salisbury. For in that sentence substitute "Salisbury" for "Castlereagh" and you have a Lord Salisbury to the life.

Nor can we pass without something of the same reflection the fine touches of philosophic consideration which the essayist bestows upon the statesman's career, at once illuminating his pages and forecasting the practical experiences and observations of his own later life. Such is his reference to "the just Nemesis which generally decrees that partisans shall be forced to do in office precisely that which they most loudly decry in opposition." There could scarcely be a more felicitous expression of one of the most impressive facts in the partisan history, not only of Great Britain, but also of more than one other land. Again:

A diplomatist's glory is the most ephemeral of all the forms of that transient reward. There is nothing in his achievements which assails in the

Imagination, nothing which art can illustrate, or tradition retain, or posterity glorify in. All his achievements are a succession of dramatic effects, each of which is gained by one feat, each of which is lost by another. The destinies of whole nations are decided, and which puts to the uttermost every quality of mind and character, and every quality of body. The excitement is contagious to his countrymen who are spectators of them. . . . But there is nothing dramatic in the successes of a diplomatist. His victories are of a commonplace tour round the world. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., K. C. V. O., C. B., LL. D. With forty illustrations from photographs by the author. 2vo, pp. xvi, 421. Cassell & Co.

Sir Frederick Treves modestly styles his book "an account of a commonplace tour round the world." This, in fact, it is; but it is by no means follows that the account itself is commonplace. While not straying from the beaten paths, the author succeeds in investing them with a new interest. The old familiar sights, so often written about in volumes of travel, assume a refreshingly different aspect when seen from Sir Frederick's point of view; and one puts down the book with the feeling that it is not so much what the author saw that gives the reader pleasure as the spirit in which he saw it, as well as the skill with which he translates his impressions.

As a surgeon, his description of a layman's treatment for prickly heat is not without interest. It was early morning on the Red Sea. A nursemaid, rendered "labby" by the stifling heat of the cabin, had crawled on deck with a complaining baby, which she almost immediately forced on a convenient officer of dragoons, having herself been taken "that ill" that she had to flee to cover. The dragoon was much alarmed:

He was himself suffering at the time from prickly heat, and it struck him that the baby's unhappiness might be due also to the same cause. So, with the assistance and advice of a mining expert, who was smoking in pajamas in the next chair, the baby was entirely undressed and rubbed with a tobacco poultice. The treatment, though not in accord with the usual medical practice, was immediately effective, for when the limp nurse returned to the deck the baby was naked, but neither ashamed nor complaining.

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Very different were the author's medical experiences in Japan, where he arrived after the breaking out of the war with Russia, and where he saw and admired the wonderful progress made by the Japanese in surgery. "So far as there is any character in modern surgery," he declared, "that of Japan is German. It is, however, being improved in countless details. The Japanese surgeon is no longer a servile imitator. He is introducing into his methods the results of his own ingenuity. Many features which in Europe are of the latest suggestion have already been anticipated in Japan."

Wherever he went Sir Frederick found material for quaintly original comparison. His statement that his first impression of India is its "teeming life" has no ring of novelty. Many other travellers have expressed the same feeling; but to him alone has occurred this method of illustrating it:

It may be the host of animals in the street is due to their unwise admixture with traffic. This would be understood by imagining the Bond Street of Delhi transferred to the Bond Street of London. One could then see carriages driving down the road with supercilious disregard of the police, a train of donkeys winding among the hansom, and goats and dogs of the various breeds, and a fat gray bull would be dozing on the steps of a hatter's shop, a couple of sheep would be nosing among the things on a milliner's counter, while a buffalo, laden with straw, would hustle the frock-coated lunger from the pavement.

He took a ride on an elephant from Jeypore to Amber and found the beast "extraordinarily full of joints" and his tread as "spongy as an old butler's." Jeypore itself he describes as "a surprising city." It was built "on the American plan," with broad streets laid out at right angles, by Jay Singh, a former Maharajah of Rajputana, who had become dissatisfied with his "wizened" capital of Amber. When Jeypore was completed the Maharajah and all the citizens of Amber moved down five miles to their new homes. It is lighted by gas, is well paved, well watered and uniformly decorated in pink and white.

There will be wall paintings of pink elephants fighting with pink tigers, and white elephants from pink palaces. A favorite form of fresco deals with scenes from English life, illustrative of the domestic habits of the race. A pink Englishman in a helmet is sitting on a sofa with his arm around the wrist of a gratified pink lady; while in the next house is another Englishman—or it may be the same—still in a helmet, receiving a pink baby from a pink faced ayah.

The women of Burmah proved very fascinating to the author, and he devotes a chapter to them, entitled "The Ladies of Creation." He admired their daintiness, their lightheartedness, their executive ability—they are the original possessors of "women's rights"—and the simplicity and beauty of their costumes, which are at the same time so "perfect from the standpoint of health" that the Burmese woman "seems to be endowed with the privilege of preserving the youthfulness of her figure into advanced age." He registers a protest, however, against their habit of smoking Broddingnagian cigars "as large as wax candles from an altar" and as variously colored, which appear to be composed of "tobacco and vague herbs."

His investigation in China convinced Sir Frederick that the alleged "yellow peril" does not exist. "China for the Chinese" is all the people want, not to mingle with the foreign devil either at home or abroad.

If a horrible stink bottle of the tropics were to crawl on to the white hand of an English child it would scarcely cause more alarm or uneasiness than does the foreigner who drops down into an unappreciated part of China with an eye to business. The child's instinct would be to knock the awful thing off, and that is the impulse of the Chinaman. The boxer uprising was the outcome of this impulse.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PHILOSOPHY.

His Advice Concerning Low Spirits.

From The London Bookman.

Nobody has suffered more from low spirits than I have done—so I feel for you. First, live as you are. Second, go into a shower bath with a small quantity of water at a temperature low enough to give you a slight sensation of cold. Third, amusing yourself with short views of human life—not further than the dinner or tea. Fifth, be as busy as you can. Sixth, see as much as you can of those friends who respect and like you. Seventh, and of those acquaintances who amuse you.

Writing in "The Library," Mr. John Rivers gives an amusing account of more than one of the French eighteenth century authors who took Shakespeare in hand and attempted to purge him of all that offended the classicism of the national and contemporary taste. Ducis himself says Mr. Rivers was a modest man of lofty ideals, and it was a genuine admiration of Shakespeare's work that led him to try to improve it. But the result—their great classical dramas—were forgotten in a moment.

Nor, whom we know as Horatio, flatter refuses to believe in the ghost at all, though Hamlet (who has ascended the throne on his father's death) tells him that he saw it in a dream. Ophelia is not the daughter of Polonius, but of Claudius, who for no apparent reason has decreed that she, "the sole and only daughter of my race, shall be my wife."

Claudius and Gertrude, who between them have murdered the late king, "refuse to be bluffed into confession" by his play; but all the same, Claudius is killed by Gertrude, and Gertrude stabs herself, while Hamlet remains in possession of the throne. They are doing their best now in Paris to appreciate Shakespeare as they should—by reading his plays rather than we are to master their great classical dramas; but the reception of Mr. Marcel Schwob's translation of "Hamlet" was not over-enthusiastic.

PURGING SHAKESPEARE.

From The Academy.

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EYES TO SEE WITH.

New Views of Old Sights by Sir Frederick Treves.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LANTERN. An Account of a commonplace tour round the world. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., K. C. V. O., C. B., LL. D. With forty illustrations from photographs by the author. 2vo, pp. xvi, 421. Cassell & Co.

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Wherever he went Sir Frederick found material for quaintly original comparison. His statement that his first impression of India is its "teeming life" has no ring of novelty. Many other travellers have expressed the same feeling; but to him alone has occurred this method of illustrating it:

It may be the host of animals in the street is due to their unwise admixture with traffic. This would be understood by imagining the Bond Street of Delhi transferred to the Bond Street of London. One could then see carriages driving down the road with supercilious disregard of the police, a train of donkeys winding among the hansom, and goats and dogs of the various breeds, and a fat gray bull would be dozing on the steps of a hatter's shop, a couple of sheep would be nosing among the things on a milliner's counter, while a buffalo, laden with straw, would hustle the frock-coated lunger from the pavement.

He took a ride on an elephant from Jeypore to Amber and found the beast "extraordinarily full of joints" and his tread as "spongy as an old butler's." Jeypore itself he describes as "a surprising city." It was built "on the American plan," with broad streets laid out at right angles, by Jay Singh, a former Maharajah of Rajputana, who had become dissatisfied with his "wizened" capital of Amber. When Jeypore was completed the Maharajah and all the citizens of Amber moved down five miles to their new homes. It is lighted by gas, is well paved, well watered and uniformly decorated in pink and white.

There will be wall paintings of pink elephants fighting with pink tigers, and white elephants from pink palaces. A favorite form of fresco deals with scenes from English life, illustrative of the domestic habits of the race. A pink Englishman in a helmet is sitting on a sofa with his arm around the wrist of a gratified pink lady; while in the next house is another Englishman—or it may be the same—still in a helmet, receiving a pink baby from a pink faced ayah.

The women of Burmah proved very fascinating to the author, and he devotes a chapter to them, entitled "The Ladies of Creation." He admired their daintiness, their lightheartedness, their executive ability—they are the original possessors of "women's rights"—and the simplicity and beauty of their costumes, which are at the same time so "perfect from the standpoint of health" that the Burmese woman "seems to be endowed with the privilege of preserving the youthfulness of her figure into advanced age." He registers a protest, however, against their habit of smoking Broddingnagian cigars "as large as wax candles from an altar" and as variously colored, which appear to be composed of "tobacco and vague herbs."

His investigation in China convinced Sir Frederick that the alleged "yellow peril" does not exist. "China for the Chinese" is all the people want, not to mingle with the foreign devil either at home or abroad.

If a horrible stink bottle of the tropics were to crawl on to the white hand of an English child it would scarcely cause more alarm or uneasiness than does the foreigner who drops down into an unappreciated part of China with an eye to business. The child's instinct would be to knock the awful thing off, and that is the impulse of the Chinaman. The boxer uprising was the outcome of this impulse.

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