

power of our currency was depreciating daily, seemed to make no impression on the temper or spirits of the people." The pretty girls of the South were still lightheartedly dancing, making the best of their old finery and defying whatever Northern "despots" they might happen to see. Here is a story from a letter of the period concerning a famous beauty:

It is told of Miss Hetty Cary that on one occasion, when federal troops were passing through Baltimore, she stood at an open window of her home and waved a Confederate flag. One of the officers of a regiment passing below noticed the demonstration and calling it to the attention of the colonel asked: "Shall I have her arrested?" The colonel, glancing up and catching a glimpse of the vision of defiant loveliness, answered emphatically: "No; she is beautiful enough to do as she pleases."

This was the fair Southerner whose husband, a Virginian officer, was killed in battle three weeks after their wedding day.

One of the many letters addressed by General J. E. Johnston to Mr. Wigfall and quoted in this volume suggests a hopeless expedient for recruiting the writer's dwindling army. It was to substitute negro slaves for all soldiers employed out of the ranks as cooks, engineers, laborers, etc. It was a counsel of despair, for, as he acknowledged, negroes had been impressed ever since the war began, and had deserted whenever they approached the federal troops. One cannot but see the absurdity in the troubled general's plea: "If you can devise and pass a law to enable us to hold slaves or other negroes with armies, this one can, in a few weeks, be increased by the number given above of soldiers—not conscripts." What laws of the Confederate Congress could hold the slaves within reach of the federal lines it is interesting to conjecture!

There is not a little bitterness in this book—a bitterness unrelieved by anything of that humor, sweet, sane, abounding, which delighted us in Mary Chesnut's chronicle. The correspondence included is not of extraordinary value.

LINES TO A GHOST.

WRITTEN IN MY FOLIO OF COWLEY.

Mine is a copy of the Seventh Edition, London, 1681, and on the back of the Portrait the Lady who owned it in 1692 has written her name:

Elizabeth Butler
Her Book
1692.

It was *thy* book; it now is *mine*:
But presently I must resign
My book,—so cherished,—and become
As thou art, blind, and deaf, and dumb,
A Stranger; and my book will go,
The Lord knows where! But this I know—
Where'er it goes, it ne'er will be
More lov'd and priz'd than 'tis by me:
For COWLEY, with his fancies queer,
His learning ripe, his taste severe,
His spirit reverent, and his mind
To rural solitude inclin'd,—
To ancient lore, to sacred themes,
To knightly deeds and mystic dreams,—
Has shone upon me, like a star,
And sweetly lur'd and led me far;—
So that, forgetting now and here,
And troubles rife and feelings sere,
I've heard the songs of angels, blent
With echoes from his fields of Kent.—
Things own'd are mere Oblivion's dues:
Things lov'd the soul can never lose!

WILLIAM WINTER.

SEA WALLS.

Punishment for Neglecting Their Repair.

From Notes and Queries.

Mr. W. H. Wheeler, in his "History of the Fens of South Lincolnshire," quotes Harrison as saying, in his preface to Holinshed's "Chronicle," that "such as, having walls or banks near unto the sea, do suffer the same to decay, after convenient admonition, whereby the water entereth and drowneth up the country, are by a certain ancient custom apprehended, condemned and staked in the breach, where they remain for ever a parcel of the new wall that is to be made upon them, as I have heard reported."—P. 40.

Harrison, so far as I am at present able to make out, is the earliest authority for this, and he only speaks of it as a report. I shall be very much obliged to any one who can furnish me with earlier evidence.

In a paper by the Rev. F. C. J. Spurrell in "The Archaeologia Cantiana" relating to Dartford, and the following, which, though it is by no means a proof of what Harrison had heard, tends to make the statement less improbable than it otherwise would be:

"In early times, the Roman way crossed the marsh untroubled by the tide. Afterward, the tide having advanced further inland, the road was raised, becoming a causeway. In mediæval times this bank was heightened against the tide, the road running inside as at present. During a section made a few years ago through this road, near Stidolph's house, I saw a human skeleton extended across the bank, about two feet below the present surface. This is, of course, a strange situation, but looking to the fact that it was a tide wall, it is possible that the once owner of the skeleton had the duty of repairing the bank, and having let the tide through by his neglect was placed in the breach, thus helping to repair it while suffering punishment. Mr. S. Smiles has mentioned that such a mode of dealing was a mediæval custom. However, I know not how far the ancient graveyard extended hereabout, so that the body, which showed no signs of burial, might yet have been buried in sacred ground."

A LOST WILL.

The Tale of a Family Quarrel in Old England.

THE FAIR MAID OF GRAYSTONES. By Beulah Marie Dix. 12mo, pp. vi, 351. The Macmillan Company.

THE RESURRECTION OF MISS CYNTHIA. By Florence Morse Kingsley. With frontispiece in colors by Martin Justice. 12mo, pp. 321. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The opening lines of Miss Dix's story raise dire suspicions that she is going to give us one more of those "dramatic" novels of Cavalier and Roundhead of which we have had, indeed, a surfeit. But presently "The Fair Maid of Graystones" gets started upon new lines; there are hard knocks bestowed within its pages, but there is scarce a hint of war—the quarrel here is all between the members of one family and the cause is a rich estate. The owner of Graystones seems to have been a creature of sardonic

uration of the former one. Miss Cynthia does not really die, but she is told that she has only one year to live, and the story grows out of the change that this information produces in her character. The object of paternal and even ancestral repression from babyhood, she retains in singular young-oldmaidhood the form into which she had been moulded by her departed relatives. But with the knowledge, brusquely imparted by a busy specialist, that her days are numbered, the long-pent-in desires and aspirations of her girlhood break their bonds. She neglects her missionary meeting to go picnicking with some children, and as the feeling that nothing earthly really matters any longer takes possession of her, she rises above neighborhood criticism and gossip as much as if she had actually passed through the gates. With this feeling comes a dawning comprehension to which she is helped by the counsel of the now married Miss Phillura that God is not the avenging spirit she had been accustomed to think of, but One who would take pleasure in the innocent happiness of His children. Quite delightful are the ways and the manner in which

LITERARY NOTES.

A volume of Richard Wagner's lyrical poems is announced for publication soon. They have been collected by his biographer, Dr. Glasenapp.

The new edition, prepared by Mrs. Page Toynbee, of "The Letters of Horace Walpole," will be completed this season, the remaining volumes now being on the press. Those who have a Cunningham edition need not mourn their inability to possess themselves of the new one, for the added letters, while interesting, are not indispensable.

Studies of life and scenery in Algeria will make up the material of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new book. It is to be called "Esto Perpetua."

The "portmanteau" word most brilliantly employed by Lewis Carroll is said to be seriously used by certain English rustics. "Tremense," for example—a word formed from "immense" and "tremendous"—is often heard in Kent. This fact thus inspires the "doggeriter" of "The London Chronicle":

A list of new doubarrelled words
Would be interesting;
A mixedley of whey and curds
We might enjoy progesting;
As all our sthand cleventions are
Growing tremensely popular.

To write a book in glowthmic rhyme,
Or sing a song swevinely,
Or paint in portraiture greylblime,
Would take my fancy spolineely.
The only consequence prebsurd
Would be to pay me at per word.

Sir Thomas Browne's tercentenary is to be commemorated publicly this month at Norwich, and the proposition that the Hospital Museum of that town should return his skull to its original resting place in St. Peter Maucroft's Church ought to prevail. Browne certainly deserved at the hands of his medical countrymen better treatment than that indicated in the rifling of his grave.

The book on Elizabethan dramatists which Mr. Swinburne determined to write more than thirty years ago is nearly finished—has only waited, "The British Weekly" says, for Mr. Bullen to bring out an edition of Rowley's works.

Year after year went on and Mr. Bullen has not yet seen his way to doing the world this literary service. Therefore it was necessary for the two quarto plays of Rowley's, which Mr. Swinburne had not read, to be studied in the British Museum. But during this time Mr. Swinburne had come to share Carlyle's dislike of reading in the British Museum, and his friends could neither persuade him to go and read Rowley's uncollected quartos nor yet persuade him to leave these plays untouched and to give the world his study of Rowley as far as he knew him.

At last, however, he was persuaded by a friend to go to the British Museum. The result was that they went, and he who had never been seen in the Museum for a quarter of a century was seen there again bending over Rowley's quartos and making extracts. The interesting feature connected with this story is that a writer allowed a mass of work, to which he had given a considerable portion of his life, to remain scattered and lost in magazines for the sake of about ten pages. This shows two things: an amazing strength of the artistic conscience and an amazing faith that time would allow him to take nearly forty years over a book.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his new book, "A Wanderer in Holland," quotes an epigram by Roemer Visscher, who indulged his cynicism toward the end of the sixteenth century:

Jan sorrows—sorrows far too much; 'tis true
A sad affliction hath distressed his life;
Mourns he that death hath ta'en his children twof
O, no! he mourns that death hath left his wife.

Those contemplating a journey in Holland may like to know the Dutch name of a motor car. It is "snellpaardelooszoonderspoorwegpit-roofrijting," a word of forty-four letters, thus compounded: "Snell," rapid; "paardeloos," horseless; "zoonderspoorweg," without rails; "pitroofrijting," driven by petroleum.

A new edition of Miss Braddon's novels—fifty-eight in number, those stories—has just been completed. She was a popular author fifty years ago; and she is not yet seventy.

Tributes to the personal worth of the late George Macdonald continue to appear in the British journals. The Rev. A. J. Church says that the man and his books were wonderfully consistent: "In his family life he was the most tender hearted of men. He loved children with an intensity that seemed more like a woman's than a man's. He would put the little ones to sleep in his own working room."

I remember seeing him in a little play of "Beauty and the Beast," where he took the part of the Beast. Beauty being one of his own daughters; how he reared himself up—he was clad in a bear's skin—and with paws hanging down exclaimed in tones of infinite pathos, "Won't you love me, Beauty?" I hope that I am not venturing on forbidden ground when I say that in early years, before he attained the comfort which one is glad to think attended his later days, Mrs. Macdonald must have experienced some of the "Provocations of Mme. Palissy." The rare sovereign was not always expended as it should have been. Instead of a leg of mutton, he would bring back a book.

Macdonald, it is said, was never overanxious for a long life. "How strange this fear of death is," he once remarked to a friend who had spoken with sorrow of his advancing years, "yet we are never frightened at a sunset!"

Londoners who love literature are beginning to chafe at the fact that there is no monument to Charles Lamb in the city for which he cared so much. It is an extraordinary thing that the Temple where he was born and where he lived so long has given him no memorial. It is not to its credit.

Mr. Sidney Lee has made an interesting discovery in regard to Chapman's poem, "The Amorous Zodiac"—i. e., that it is a literal translation, line for line, from a French original.

Time has been working havoc on Barnard Castle—the "Barnard" of Walter Scott's "Rokeby"—but its master has come to the rescue and is repairing it enough to save at least the Richard III window.

The fourth series of "Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville" will be published soon by Alice, Countess of Strafford. Henry Greville was less clever than his brother, Charles, but he is said to have been more amiable and better liked. In the latter part of his life in his London home he was accustomed to give musical parties, which were of a fastidious perfection—so perfect, in fact, that a visit of his time compared them to a little cream in a Sèvres cup.



MARIE LOUISE

(From the portrait by an unknown artist.)

humor, with a fancy for drawing up wills, and as the conclusive document fails to turn up immediately after his death there is every incentive to fraud among those least likely to benefit by his dispositions. Jock Hetherington, the hero, knows nothing of Graystones or its affairs, until, having undertaken to pass as his cousin, in order to escape grave peril, he finds himself a prisoner in the house, with orders to produce a certain little deal box with which the cousin aforesaid has in times past been known to meddle. He looks so much like his kinsman that denial, not being accompanied by instant and full explanation, only gets him into deeper waters. Almost before he knows it he has to struggle against apparently overwhelming odds, and it is only by virtue of Miss Dix's capacity for devising new situations that he survives through more than three hundred pages. For the author's inventive faculty we have abundant respect. She fills Jock's story to the brim with thrilling incident, and she does this, moreover, with a freshness that is in itself delightful. Heroes in fiction have made escapes before this, so often, in fact, that the average episode of the sort is nowadays apt to move the experienced reader to a languid smile. But Miss Dix's episodes are above the average, as is her whole book. "The Fair Maid of Graystones" has a flavor of originality about it; it is a closely knit but spirited narrative, and, best of all, it spares us the usual military pictures. A good book, in short, well written and well worth reading.

Miss Kingsley, having shown us the effect of a simple faith in the goodness and fatherhood of God on one type of New-England woman, in "The Transfiguration of Miss Phillura," now shows the result of the same influences on another type, taken from the same town, in "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia." We may next confidently expect, to complete the popular "trilogy," "The Ascension of Miss Deborah" (or whatever other name may strike the author's fancy). The resurrection of the present heroine is, of course, as figurative as was the transfig-

uration of the former one. Miss Cynthia does not really die, but she is told that she has only one year to live, and the story grows out of the change that this information produces in her character. The object of paternal and even ancestral repression from babyhood, she retains in singular young-oldmaidhood the form into which she had been moulded by her departed relatives. But with the knowledge, brusquely imparted by a busy specialist, that her days are numbered, the long-pent-in desires and aspirations of her girlhood break their bonds. She neglects her missionary meeting to go picnicking with some children, and as the feeling that nothing earthly really matters any longer takes possession of her, she rises above neighborhood criticism and gossip as much as if she had actually passed through the gates. With this feeling comes a dawning comprehension to which she is helped by the counsel of the now married Miss Phillura that God is not the avenging spirit she had been accustomed to think of, but One who would take pleasure in the innocent happiness of His children. Quite delightful are the ways and the manner in which

A NELSON STORY.

From The London Academy.

If Nelson was not an author he at least enriched the language with one great, though diversely reported phrase; and in this year of his centenary any new story about him claims our attention. Here is one which the writer of these lines believes to be hitherto unprinted. Nelson was one day talking to Mrs. Swinburne, of Hamsterly, and the conversation turned on Frenchmen. "I never see a Frenchman, Mrs. Swinburne," said Nelson, "without shivering from head to foot." Any one who has seen a dog quivering in every limb when prevented from falling on a familiar enemy will appreciate the feeling which made Nelson shiver.

HOWLERS.

From The London University Correspondent.

The "Plays" of Marlow (sic) and the "Tudor Translations" of Henley together form one of the most brilliant regattas on the stream of English literature.

Hawkins and Drake were playing golf on the Hoe at Plymouth when the Armada hove in sight. Hawkins said: "I'll trouble you for the brass," and then went and defeated the Armada. For this he was made Baron Brampton, and his son, Jim Hawkins, wrote "Treasure Island," by Stephenson.