Literary News and Criticism.

A Good Study of an Actress in a Difficult Situation.

ALL THAT WAS POSSIBLE. Being the Record of a Summer in the Life of Mrs. Sibyl Crofts, Comedian. By Howard Overing Sturgis. 12mo, pp. 312. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TWISTED EGLANTINE. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Illustrated by Frank Craig. 12mo, pp. 387. D. Appleton & Co.

THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 156. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GOLDEN HOPE. A Story of the Time of Alexander the Great. By Robert H. Fuller. 12mo, pp. x, 402. The Macmillan Company.

THE LAST SPIKE. And Other Railroad Stories. By Cy Warman. 16mo, pp. 286. Charles Scribner's Sons.

SONS O' MEN. By G. B. Lancaster. 12mo, pp. 289. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The opening pages of "All That Was Possible" make rather ominous demands upon the reader's patience. They acquaint him with the fact that the heroine, who has abandoned the stage for her lover, has just been regretfully but conclusively abandoned by him. Mrs. Sibyl Crofts sits more or less cheerfully in her pretty house in Ebury street, wondering what she shall do with herself, in view of the "approaching marriage in high life of the Earl of Medmenham to Lady Florence Marlowe." Shilling shockers are apt to begin in this way. But Mr. Sturgis is too clever to write a shilling shocker. Out of his almost hopelessly conventional material he fabricates a story that is both unconventional and sound. There is more of honest human nature in this little book than in half the novels starting nowadays with much greater pretensions to originality. This author's originality would appear to consist of a feeling for truth which might, on the surface, seem cynical, but is really, at bottom, humorous and wholesome. Mrs. Crofts, as he portrays her, is not a naughty dame, exploited for the sake of her naughtiness, but a natural woman, studied with an understanding that is too complete to place her in an adventitious perspective. She and her affairs engage our attention on legitimate grounds; we take her seriously, and, in the long run, while her indiscretion is in no wise condoned, it turns out to be one of those things from which much can be learned by the thoughtful reader. It is impossible to put the book down without a consciousness of having somehow been stimulated to a wider, more sympathetic outlook upon certain phases of life. Yet Mr. Sturgis never preaches.

He allows Mrs. Crofts to speak for herself, in a series of letters, and she does this with unexpected artlessness. Perhaps she is a shade surer of herself than most women would be in the circumstances, but she is neither brazen nor morbid; she carries off the situation in thoroughly plausible fashion, never striking a false note. If the machinery breaks down anywhere it is at those points which involve the filling up of her life story; things about her past that the reader needs to be told are brought in with less than the author's usual spontaneity. But there are no weak places at all in the main argument, in the simple plot which carries Mrs. Crofts from London to Wales, and there, with the introduction of a new lover, entangles her in a difficulty in the treatment of which Mr. Sturgis shows a delightful insight into the mysteries of character. The plot is too slender, the climax is too interesting and artistic, for us to spoil the reader's enjoyment of either by even the scantiest revelations. The main point is to record that both rest upon a true conception of human nature, and are handled, moreover, with a delicacy and a freshness which only serve to make the dramatic outcome of the heroine's second love affair the more impressive and illuminating. Mr. Sturgis could not be praised too highly for the fine texture of his narrative. The book wants compression. It is a novelette, not a novel, and it might even have been made a short story without the sacrifice of anything essential. We can imagine with what deftness Maupassant, for example, would have developed the theme in that form. But we can imagine, too, how insensitive the Frenchman would have been to the spiritual appeal in Mr. Sturgis's motive; how he would have left soiled and depressing that which the author has left quite free from sordid implications, and, in fact, even exhilarating. Beneath the light fabric of the story, considered simply as a story, there is a moral quality which excites our special admiration.

In the dedicatory letter prefixed to "Twisted Eglantine," Mr. Watson indicates that he has tried to give in the book a portrait of an eighteenth century English beau, "assiduously and sincerely painted." We wish we could say that we recognized in Sir Piers Blakiston a type entirely credible, but the truth is that he resembles a lay figure far more than he resembles a man. Dandies of this sort abound in novels, but they are unheard of in the memoirs of the time which Mr. Watson has doubtless been at much pains to explore. Sir Piers is duly clothed after the proper fashion; his insolence is unquenchable, and he goes about the business of detaching the heroine from a faithful suitor with a diabolical resource which, on the stage, would cause the gallery to go wild with wrath. Unfortunately he fails to promote confidence in his reality; he moves like a puppet, and we had almost said that he talks like one. Certainly, for a beau, supposed to be a person of killing wit, Sir Piers is one of the dullest bores it has ever been our luck to meet. The story is the old one of a silly girl betwixt two lovers, one town bred and wicked and the other rustic and good. It is to be read, if read at all, simply for the sake of finding out how Mistress Barbara finally managed to behave with ordinary reasonableness.

Mrs. Burnett's pretty parable, "The Dawn of a To-morrow" is executed in primary colors, with its lesson writ so plain that it could not elude the comprehension of a child. The pathos is unmistakable; indeed, it is laid on with a trowel. Yet there is something in the very simplicity of the thing that saves it from collapse. The rich man bent upon suicide, and saved from that crime by occurrences into which it is not unnatural to read the intervention of a divine power, is a possible figure, and the group of outcasts with which he comes in contact is not without its legitimate elements. The author understands her craft. She is brief and vivid, and though she is melodramatic, too, she touches the emotions with an effective hand.

Mr. Fuller's novel, "The Golden Hope," opens with the fall of Thebes, follows Alexander through his Persian campaign and ends with the seating of Ptolemy on the throne of the Pharaohs. The story tells of the adventures of three Grecian gentlemen, three Alexandrian "musketeers," so to speak, and the love affairs of two of them, involving the search for their abducted sweethearts. A conscientious effort to put into the form of fiction the events of one of the most romantic careers in history, the book will appeal to those who like to gain their impressions of ancient times and customs from a tale of exciting adventure. The story is purely one of action, and the plot is moulded, with but little regard for probabilities, to fit the exigencies of actual happenings and to cover as wide a field as possible. With "Ben Hur" and Dumas' great romance as models, the author, without reaching the level of even the lesser of his two exemplars, has nevertheless constructed a readable novel, doubtless designed to meet with favor among those whose literary tastes have been formed by the works of the late G. A. Henty.

In the seventeen short tales and sketches of railroad life which Mr. Warman has collected into his volume entitled "The Last Spike" he has touched a deeper note and attained a higher degree of literary excellence than in his earlier work. Some of the stories are plainly imaginary, others are as plainly accurately biographical, but all are founded on actual experiences or observations of the author, who perhaps better than any other American writer has felt and translated the romance of railroad pioneering and administration.

The stories in Mr. Lancaster's book, "Sons o' Men," treat of sheep and cattle rangers in New-Zealand. They are not rich in striking incident; the author is chiefly concerned with the unutterable Manliness of his characters and gives us traits rather than drama. These might have been made more entertaining if Mr. Lancaster had not that self-conscious way of writing about the male subjects of the British Empire which Mr. Kipling has done so much to make the fashion. "The boys had faced death uncounted times and without fear," he says, "as is the custom of the men who make out to the corners of the earth where is life in the raw, strong and unbridled." Nice boys. Nice corners of the earth. But the "virile" story is getting wearisome. Mr. Lancaster makes it less interesting than ever.

A MERRY CRITIC.

Mrs. John Lane's Comments on Modern Life and Manners.

THE CHAMPAGNE STANDARD. By Mrs. John Lane. 12mo., pp. 314. John Lane Company.

It is not often that the reviewer comes upon essays as amusing as these—little criticisms of life and manners sparkling with humor over a limpid current of good sense and true-heartedness. If the essayist has a swift sarcasm for the mean and base and artificial it is sarcasm wholesome and not sour. She is a very sage now and then for a certain unsparing philosophy, but it is put with all the easy animation of a witty woman.

What is the champagne standard which gives a title to her book? It is, in a word, Pretence—the cultivation of Appearances—the incapacity to have "the courage of one's income." The essayist calls this the curse of an age which only judges of success by material results, and she offers various illustrations of its phases in her native land and in that of her adoption. There, for example, is the growing American mania for ancestors:

> The Herald's College could tell many a queer story of our sturdy republicans in search of their forebears. An Englishwoman told me that a New-York family had annexed a crusading forefather of her own, as well as one who had his head chopped off, and to whom they had no more right than the grocer 'round the corner. She acknowledged that they were a pretty bad lot (the ancestors), but she objected to have strangers meddle with them. "You are funny republicans," she added, genially, "coming over here and grabbing our ancestors."
>
> Now, there is nothing so frank as a frank English woman. "What is the use of celebrated ancestors," she added, "if your whole present family are as dull as ditch water and bore you to distraction? I'd swap off my crusading ancestor and my chopped-off-head one any time for a cousin with brains. But, mind you, I don't want your American millionaires grabbing 'em without leave."

Perhaps it is hardly necessary to believe in the magnate's wife who sends for another diamond necklace in the drawing room after dinner, because she feels chilly; and we seem to have heard before the story of the millionaire who "started in life peddling tripe," and who said at one of his musical functions, apropos of a great violinist, "We pay such people, but we don't know them." These absurdities are not impossible, and an everyday thing is the evolution of Jones from the jolly, care free partaker of a "meat tea" at six to the worried head of the table at a six course dinner at 8 which he can't really afford. "O vanity of vanities!" Thackeray has cried over such pretences. "O champagne standard!" cries Mrs. Lane.

A candid consideration of housekeeping in England leads this American woman to the conviction that truly comfortable living costs as much in one country as in the other, and that it is much harder to secure comfort in the motherland. "How I wish," she exclaims, "I could clap a big, stolid conservative, frostbitten English matron into a snug American house, with a furnace and heaps of closet (cupboard) room, and all sorts of bells and lifts and telephones, and then force her to tell me the absolute, unvarnished truth! What would she say?" The difficulties of the fair American who organizes a home in London, the kitchen comedies which wear an exasperating air of tragedy, the odd British prejudices which confound such a newcomer—all these Mrs. Lane describes with gayety. Writing of international differences she recalls the old days when the visiting Englishman was a rarer bird in this country than he is now.

> We spoiled the errant Englishman most abominably; one idol got had manners and a swelled head, and it always took him some time on his return to a nation, that, after all, consists of Englishmen, to find his level again. The wife of a very distinguished man complained to me of the demoralized condition in which her husband—who had gone to America to lecture—had been sent back to her. "It will take me years to unspoil him," she cried. "It's all the fault of your women, who flatter them to death! And that is the reason," she added, with some bitterness, "that Englishmen think they are so charming and clever."

A chapter on the extravagant economy of women is full of laughing shrewdness, and preaches energetically the wisdom of realizing that what is too cheap is usually very dear. A plea for women architects rehearses anew the singular inconveniences of the average English house; and an attack on the plague of music puts into words the sufferings of many worthy persons smarting under the strummings of mediocrity. On the deadly haste with which America is infecting the world in this electric age the essayist has some vigorous comments, together with an anecdote or two. One of these concerns the German director of an art museum, who after a few months in the United States still remembered "the sober methods of the fatherland" and raged in indignation:

> "These Americans, oh, these Americans!" and he tore his long hair. "I haf a letter this morning from a young man, and he ask me—Gott in Himmel, is it conceivable?—he ask me can I—I—I—what you call it?—guarantee—that he can become a portrait painter in three months! It is to grow mad!"
>
> "Will the world be as well off," asks our writer, "if it has reached the summit and apex of hurry?" And she answers her own question: "In those days there will be no more contentment, for the electric age is, of all things, the enemy of contentment. Yes, by that time the whole world will be discontented, and the universal characteristic of nations will be that they are tired—tired—tired."

The cleverest and most pungent of all these papers is that in which the author administers a proper medicine to the Little Lions. It is called "On Taking Oneself Seriously," and it hits the different modern varieties of swelled head with a vim and an ingenuity which we may not ungallantly admit is charmingly feminine.

TASTE IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY VILLAGE

From The London Academy.

Tree planting is not the only amusement practised at Eynsham on Arbor Day. Last year the population, headed by the village band and armed with stout ropes, pulled down two huge and unsightly pill advertisements near the railway station—and the pill people did not dare to prosecute; this year "six aged matrons, each armed with a pail of water and her scrubbing brush, and spurred on by the town crier," and the village band playing the provocative strains of "Cock o' the North," obliterated all the advertisements on a huge bill sticking hoarding. Splendid!

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Professor JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE says of it in closing his introduction :

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Published by **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 5th Ave., New York.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

The author of a recent novel is described as "a clever young business man," who indulges in literary avocations as a sort of "side line" to his regular occupation. Asked why it was that he continued in commercial pursuits instead of devoting all his energies to writing, he replied that he remained a business man in order that he might afford to be an author. He evidently has a clearer appreciation of the value of his book than he has been given credit for.

Robinson Crusoe has come back in a novelette which Mr. Barry Pain is publishing. He tells his readers how Crusoe sails from his desert island on a raft of his own fashioning and is cast upon the south coast of twentieth century England; how in his rough goatskin coat, which he still retains, he is taken for a motorist; how he experiences remarkable adventures and falls into many scrapes through ignorance of modern manners. "Robinson Crusoe's Return" is the title of this production.

Charles F. Holder is so enthusiastic and catholic an angler that he claims to have caught every variety of fish that swims in American waters. Besides the trout, the salmon, the black bass and other fresh water denizens, he has taken captive such marine big game as the ray, the grunt, the Bahaman barracuda, the tarpon and the leaping tuna. He has now written an account of his more exciting piscatorial adventures in a volume entitled "The Log of a Sea Angler," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish next month. Not all his catch, however, was taken with rod and reel. Some of his liveliest sport has been had with the grains or spear.

A woman—Frederika Macdonald—is said to have devoted twenty years to investigating the original sources and materials for what we know of Jean Jacques Rousseau's life and to have made "unexpected discoveries of the way in which the all important memoirs of Mme. d'Epinay were tampered with. It seems, according to her statement, that the original MS. is stuffed full of corrections and additions, so that the result is a burlesque, and an entirely false impression of what the real man was. Several photographs have been taken of the MS., with the original text showing through the version superimposed by officious and misguided friends." The result of Miss Macdonald's precious investigations will soon be given in two volumes to the world. "Though," says "The Pall Mall Gazette," "the new champion of Jean Jacques the Confessor may fail to prove all that she professes, we are at least secure of that bonne bouche so dear to the literary palate, a controversy around a human enigma who once had a sentimental following throughout literary Europe. And if she does prove it, then we may exclaim, with Dr. Pangloss, that 'we have reached the right reading at last.'"

There is a perverse feeling of satisfaction among writers when a publisher is made to suffer for the sins of an author. An entertaining instance of vicarious atonement of this nature has just come to light. In the early editions of that capital novel, "Broke of Covenden," one of the characters is made to say that a certain old hack of a horse is only good to be made into beef extract, identifying it with the name of a well advertised brand. When the book first came out no notice was taken of the paragraph, but when the novel began to attract attention the publishers were suddenly confronted with a libel suit, and only avoided one by publicly disclaiming any intention of discrediting the maligned article of diet. In their public apology the publishers not only declared this, but gave good measure by testifying that so much did they love ——'s beef extract that in some form or other it was never off their tables. It is needless to say that in the present edition the old hack is not considered fit even for beef extract.

Why did Mary Ann Evans take as her novelist's name the combination "George Eliot"? Mr. Cross says that she once told him that she took it because it was "a good, mouth filling, easily pronounced word." Mr. C. K. Shorter recalls statements in "Notes and Queries" relative to a certain George Donnithorne Elliott, a young British officer in India who was drowned there in 1854, and adds:

> When one remembers that Arthur Donnithorne is one of the principal characters in "Adam Bede" it seems very hard to believe that there was no connection between the pseudonyme of George Eliot and the personality of Mr. George Donnithorne Elliott who died just three years before "Adam Bede" was published.

There is to be a new biography of George Eliot included among the volumes devoted to the "Modern English Writers." Mr. Quiller-Couch is the author of the book.

"Why drag in Velasquez?" inquired James McNeill Whistler. "Why not?" asks C. Lewis Hind, the author of "Adventures Among Pictures." Accordingly, his next volume, to be published very soon by Macmillan, will be entitled "Days with Velasquez." Mr. Hind has visited all the galleries of Europe and the chief private collections where pictures by Velasquez are hung, and his book records his impressions of the paintings, together with a series of studies of Velasquez as a man and as an artist, and of his "companions, sitters, travels, methods, influence and appeal."

All races in the world, it is said, play games with strings and loops, and each race has its own peculiar variety of reticular ingenuity, not excepting the Esquimaus and the Australian Bushmen. It has been the interested occupation of Caroline Furness Jayne to study and to make record of all these string and loop diversions, excepting those where a human neck is involved, and the Scribners are to-day publishing a sumptuous volume by her, describing these curious pastimes, under the title of "String Figures." The book is illustrated with more than a thousand diagrams.

A correspondent of "The Athenæum" quotes in that periodical some almost forgotten lines in which in 1823 Barry Cornwall dedicated one of his poems to Charles Lamb:

> Good Friend! whose spirit, like an April day,
> Is full of change,—bright flashes and some rain,
> Fantastic, gay,—yet gentle more than gay,
> And rich and deep as in [*sic*] the populous main,
> Take—(if thou wilt)—my song. I build my fame
> Beneath the shadow of thy rising name
> (Which shall not pass away while wit shall be)
> Proud to associate my verse with thee.

Another instance of royalty engaging in literary adventure is to be recorded in the publication, in London, of "The Queen's Carol," a collection of poems, stories, sketches, drawings and music, edited by Queen Alexandra, and now being sold for the benefit of the Queen's Fund for the Relief of the Unemployed. Among the contributors are Robert Hichens, Bram Stoker, Israel Zangwill, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Edwin A. Abbey, Sir Gilbert Parker, Katherine Cecil Thurston, Theodore Watts Dunton, Sarah Grand, Mrs. H. K. Clifford, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Austin Dobson and Max Pemberton.

Sir Walter Scott wrote to a friend in 1819 an interesting letter describing his efforts to keep the secret of his authorship of "Waverley." He says in this letter, which is now on sale in an Edinburgh bookshop:

> I own I did mystify Mrs. S. a little about the report you mention, and I am glad to hear the finesse succeeded. She came up to me with a great overflow of gratitude for the delight and pleasure and so forth which she owed to me on account of these books. Now, as she knew very well that I had never owned myself the author, this was not polite politeness. . I have no notion of being pumped by any old Dowager Lady of Session, male or female. In plain words, I denied the charge, and as she insisted to know who else was capable to write these novels, I suggested Adam Ferguson as a person having all the information and capacity necessary for that purpose. But the inference that he was the author was of her own deducing, and thus ended her attempt, notwithstanding her having primed the pump with a good dose of flattery.

Charles Marriott, the author of "The Column," a novel which had a certain success in this country, has written a new one called "The Lapse of Vivien Eady." Vivien lapses from faith in her ideal of a husband, and engages herself to a prig described as "dreadful." Does she marry him? Inquire of Mr. Marriott.

The reminiscences of the Provençal poet, Frederic Mistral, are now coming out week by week in a French periodical, and are exciting prodigious interest in its readers. It is believed that an English translation will be published.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

A LADY IN WAITING. Being Extracts from the Diary of Julie de Chesnie, Sometime Lady in Waiting to Her Majesty Queen Marie Antoinette. By Charles Woodcock-Savage. With frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 330. (D. Appleton & Co.)

FOLLY. By Edith Rickert. With frontispiece in colors by Sigismond de Ivanowski. 12mo, pp. 368. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

A story of modern English life.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BORDER. By Zane Grey. With four illustrations by J. Watson Davis. 12mo, pp. 266. (A. L. Burt Company.)

A romance of the early settlers of the Ohio Valley.

THE FINANCIER. By Harris Burland. With six illustrations by Charles Grunewald. 12mo, pp. 352. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

A romance of English financial and political intrigue.

THE OPAL SERPENT. By Fergus Hume. With frontispiece by Gordon H. Grant. 12mo, pp. 315. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

A tale of mystery and crime.

LOVE LETTERS THAT CAUSED A DIVORCE. By Mrs. A. E. Aldington. 12mo, pp. 96. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

A story told in the form of correspondence.

THE LADY AND THE LADDER. By Harrison Garfield Rhodes. With fifteen illustrations by Karl Anderson. 12mo, pp. viii, 231. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

A comedy of modern "high society." The adventures of an American widow in mounting the social ladder.

THE RATTLE OF HIS CHAINS. By W. H. Clare. 12mo, pp. 370. (Eastern Publishing Company.)

A sociological romance.

THE WAY OF AN INDIAN. By Frederic Remington. With fourteen illustrations by the author. 12mo, pp. 252. (Fox, Duffield & Co.)

Eight short stories of Indian life.

DISPLAY. By R. E. S. Spender. 12mo, pp. 301. (John Lane Company.)

A semi-allegorical narrative of a modern British expedition to Utopia, supposed to be located in South Africa.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SUPERCARGO. By Louis Becke. 12mo, pp. 295. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

A story of the South Seas.

THE IDLERS. By Morley Roberts. With a frontispiece in colors by John C. Frohn. 12mo, pp. 362. (L. C. Page & Co.)

A story of modern social life in England.

THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. With eight illustrations in colors by F. C. Yohn. 12mo, pp. 156. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

HISTORY.

THE FALL OF TSARDOM. By Carl Joubert. 8vo, pp. 255. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Describing the latest phases of the process of disintegration, which drives the Russian people to seek relief from Tsardom in constitutional reform.

JOURNALS OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, 1774-1789. Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncey Ford, Chief, Division of Manuscripts. Vol. IV, 1776 January-June 4. Royal 8vo, pp. 416. (The Government Printing Office.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUSTICE FOR THE RUSSIAN JEW. 12mo, pp. 125. (J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.)

A stenographic report of the speeches delivered at a mass meeting in Washington, January 21, 1906.

WHAT MEN LIKE IN WOMEN. By E. J. Hardy. 12mo, pp. 157. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

By the author of "How To Be Happy Though Married."

POETRY.

LEONTINE STANSFIELD'S BOOK OF VERSE. By Leontine Stansfield. With four illustrations. 12mo, pp. 45. (J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.)

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SCIENCE.

THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF LIVING MATTER. By H. Charlton Bastian, M. A., M. D., F. R. S., F. L. S. With 245 illustrations from photo-micrographs. 8vo, pp. 344. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

REPRINTS.

THE GREEN FLAG. By A. Conan Doyle. 12mo, pp. 384. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

Short stories of war and sport.

RICHELIEU. By G. P. R. James. With frontispiece illustration. 12mo, pp. 474.

A story of the reign of Louis XIII.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

BRUGES AND WEST FLANDERS. Painted by Amedee Forestier. Described by G. W. T. Omond. With thirty-seven illustrations in colors. 8vo, pp. x, 187. (The Macmillan Company.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PALESTINE EXPLORATION. By Frederick Jones Bliss, Ph. D. 12mo, pp. xx, 337. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Comprising the Ely lectures for 1903, delivered before the Union Theological Seminary, New-York.

SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH.

John Foord's speech to the Burns Society.

Has it ever occurred to you, gentlemen, that men and nations and races are strong very much in proportion to the intensity of the struggle they have had to wage for the privilege of existence? I say "privilege" advisedly, because there is no such thing as a right to live, apart from the effort required to overcome the forces that make for the extinction of the individual, the nation or the race. Our forefathers did not waste any time in theorizing about that question. Having first conquered those who were there before them, and possessed themselves of the land of the vanquished, they proceeded to the harder task of conquering nature. Caledonia, stern and wild, is doubtless, as Sir Walter has said, "meet nurse for a poetic child," but she must have been a particularly dry nurse for the men who first tried to compel her to yield them "corn, horn, lint and tarry 'oo." The Scottish earth was not so kind that you had just to tickle it with a hoe to make it laugh with a harvest. It was a dour, weet and cauld soil, even where in the Lothians, the Carse o' Gowrie or the Howe of Strathmore the farmer takes to-day his forty bushels of wheat out of an acre, and neeps and tatties in proportion. Nay, even that smiling vale which surrounds the links of Forth and makes the Carse of Stirling, and those broad and fertile acres which flourish under the blithe glint that the Scottish sun casts on the Kingdom o' Fife, needed long years of eident toil before they yielded crops enough in their season to make it possible for the refinements of life to take root in the land. And if that conquest were hard, think what must have been the task of extracting corn and bere from the stony hillsides and moorland farms between Tweed and Tay and from many more equally unpromising for husbandry, clustered beside the streamlets that flow through Highland glens. Gentlemen, the race that made that soil yield them a living was marked out for great things, because it had demonstrated its right to live where nature was continually saying it nay; where the climate was as inconstant as the soil was refractory; where beauty and barrenness had joined hands and proclaimed that the privilege of admiring the beauty must be bought by the subjection of the barrenness through the labor of the hands and the sweat of the brow.

Then, what I suppose we must call a perfectly natural thing happened. These rude forefathers conceived for their crabbed auld mither Scotland, that would give them nothing without toil, a love passing the love of woman. How much they loved her most of you can tell by looking into your own hearts. As I have had occasion to remark before, in this presence, Time does not conserve what time has not gone to the making of, and the passionate love of the Scotsman for his native land ranks among the great passions which possess the hearts of men, because generation after generation has owned its power, and the man ceases to be Scottish who would willingly let it die. There was a basis of truth for Dr. Johnson's gibe that "the noblest prospect which a Scotsman ever sees is the high road that leads to England," and England is the greater and stronger for the longer procession of the men of the North who have sought their fortunes in the South. There is at least as much ground for the saying that a Scotsman is never so much at home as when he is away from home, and though the path of the exile has not always been straight nor his efforts always blessed, I know of no country or clime where the things that Scotsmen have done are not chiefly remembered because of the essential nobility that was in them; I know of none where Scottish lineage, were it but on the mither's side, is not cherished as a proud possession—a distinction to be handed down to latest posterity. But, go where he will, live where he will, the love which the Scotsman has for his native country abides with him; is a well of sweetness for him in the desert and a cup refreshing amid the din, the dirt and the struggle of the cities in other lands. His is the feeling of the Hebrew captive by the rivers of Babylon: "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joys." Or, to express the sentiment in his own tongue:

> Where the caller breezes sweep
> Over the mountain's crest,
> Where the caller breezes sweep
> Is the land that I love best.

But there is neither complaint nor repining in all this; no disposition to disparage the land he lives in to the exaltation of the land he has left. He is very apt to think the place he is in rather the better for his presence, and to be properly conscious of the fact that if it were not a fairly good place he would not be there. He is not greatly susceptible to homesickness, being usually content to bide his time for a chance to gaze on the broom and the heather again, and to watch the lark rising till it becomes a sightless song in his native Scottish air. But I think the object of his desire is always the tangible thing called Scotland. I do not believe that he reasons as the German does in answer to the question, "What is the German Fatherland?" by saying that wherever the German tongue is heard and German song ascends to heaven, that is the German Fatherland. So might a German argue, celebrating as we do to-night, that he has recreated the Fatherland and placed a section of it right here in Delmonico's. To us, this is merely a way of keeping green the memory of the Motherland, of reviving our longing to bury our noses in the thyme with which she clothes her rugged bosom, and of playing on the heart strings that thrill to every touch of the greatest of her singers and the most passionate of her adorers.

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