

IN THE LAST CENTURY.

The Reminiscences of a Veteran Journalist.

DAYS OF THE PAST. A medley of memories, by Alexander Innes Shand. 12mo, pp. 319. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Shand, who has spent the greater number of his years in London journalism and in travel, has genially set down in this volume his reminiscences of the famous and interesting people he has known and of manners and customs in England and Scotland forty years ago. It is of men and of the affairs and sports of men that he writes, and writes with healthy, hearty enthusiasm. His sporting sketches are to be specially commended to brothers of the rod and gun; most amusing also are his anecdotes of the oldtime poacher and shepherd, and of the oldtime coachmen who drove before the rail had superseded the road. Of the comfortable old days in London lodgings where a bachelor could live in clover under the care of a landlord of substance, a retired butler or courier, the author has almost pathetic recollections—recollections which take the reader back into the world of Thackeray and Dickens.

Mr. Shand remembers Queen Victoria as a pretty, smiling, dainty young matron, caressing the little princess royal at her knee—both are gone, worn with age and sorrow. He remembers Wellington on horseback, a lightweight, spare of figure, in faultless attire, "the buttoned blue frock coat, the white ducks tightly strapped down and the stock with the silver buckle showing conspicuously behind." So he rides past as, "with abstracted face, gazing fixedly before him mechanically he kept raising his finger to the brim of his hat in answer to the incessant salutations he rather expected than saw." Brougham seemed to the young Shand one of the ugliest of mortal men and one who apparently prided himself on his defects:

The lofty forehead scarcely redeemed the mouth, the nose, the cadaverous complexion, and the eyes under their shaggy penthouses, that lent themselves so easily to most diabolical scowls. Wellington was austere spick and span; Brougham was one of the worst dressed men in the kingdom in a day when statesmen and legislators were still among the dandies. He wore the famous plaid trousers: it was said he had picked up a web of the stuff, sold at a sacrifice, after spending fabulous sums on a Yorkshire election. There was a catch phrase in those days of "What a shocking bad hat!" But Brougham's headpiece was the shabbiest it was possible to conceive—a battered beaver, with the bristles rubbed the wrong way, which no old clothes man would have picked out of the gutter. His gestures were as grotesque as those of Johnson, and in his oratory he carried action to the heights and depths of absurdity. He swung his arms like a round-hitting prizefighter and bellowed like a bull of Bashan.

Many noted figures of literature pass through these pages. One of them is George Meredith, walking fast, with "the buoyant Gallic temperament, with a flow of esprit to the very fingertips; mind and body seemed to be set on springs." There is a particularly vivid account of Laurence Oliphant, that "stormy petrel" of diplomacy and journalism. He was the most rash of war correspondents, but it was not on the battlefield that he encountered his greatest risk. "He told me," says Shand, "his nerves were never more severely tried than when he was on 'Times' duty at Lyons and attending a great socialist meeting. Perfidious England was bitterly denounced when the rumor somehow got about that a spy of 'The Times' was present. The rabid mob were on their legs to hunt him out, when Oliphant jumped up with the others, and with his stanch friend, Leroy Beaulieu, began looking everywhere below the benches. Needless to say, he did not find the man he was hunting for." It is worth while remembering Shand's statement that Oliphant, as a good judge of courage, always maintained after the Franco-German War that the German dash and determination came short of that of the Americans in the Civil War.

A contributor to the London "Times" in its strongest days, Shand was the friend of successive editors, the most remarkable of whom, he declares, was John Delane. He reminds us that Delane was only twenty-four when the post was offered him, and describes the incident in the words of the editor's lifelong comrade, John Blackwood. "The youths were living together in St. James's Square. One morning Delane burst into their room exclaiming: 'By—, John, what do you think has happened? I am Editor of 'The Times.'" Forthwith he buckled to the arduous task, and from the first Printing House Square acknowledged the master."

Of John Blackwood and his brilliant group of contributors Shand, as one of the circle, has much to say. It is a pleasure to find in his notes on General Hamley an admiring reference to that writer's masterpiece, "Shakespeare's Funeral," a bit of work whose charm is truly perennial. Hamley's one novel, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," is happily not yet forgotten; but we should be glad to see a collection of his delightful short stories. Another novelist of the group, Laurence Lockhart, is remembered as the incarnation of jovial spirits. He could get himself up to play a part like another Sherlock Holmes, Shand declares. "His most perilous escapade was at Gibraltar, when the ensign, dressed as an admiral, called on the commandant and was embarrassed by an invitation to dinner. He frequently figured as an old general at London dinners, growling with a gruff voice over a starched necktie." Mrs. Oliphant also belonged to that band of novelists, one who surprised her editor and host, John Blackwood, by throwing off an amazing amount of work when

she seemed to be idling. Another old friend of our author was John Murray 2d; and at a time when the members of the famous publishing firm have been attacked with abominable virulence we may quote Mr. Shand's suggestive anecdote of his friend:

"Once, under pecuniary pressure and against his advice, an author parted with the copyright of a manuscript for £600. As the publisher had foreseen, the book had a sensational success, and the sale realized over £3,000. The author received a further check for £2,000." It may be said that "business is business," and that this action of John Murray's was not "business"—but it was a fine piece of abstract justice, such as must dignify the man's memory forever.

BRET HARTE'S ANCESTRY.

Further Notes on the Question of His Jewish Origin.

From The London Sphere.

In continuation of my remarks about the ancestry of Mr. Bret Harte it is interesting to note that in "The Jewish Encyclopedia," just pub-

POLITICAL FICTION.

American Sensationalism and British Satire.

THE JUNGLE. By Upton Sinclair. 12mo, pp. 413. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE CLEANSING OF THE "LORDS." By Harold Wintle. 12mo, pp. 296. John Lane Company.

The jungle of which Mr. Sinclair writes consists of the plants of the animal food industries of Chicago. The beasts that roam in it are alike the Beef Trust magnates and their foreign-born laborers. The novel is, in fact, a political tract disguised in the form of fiction—a highly colored plea for socialism. It is difficult to tell where the author's fiction leaves off and where his fact begins. That conditions in "Packing-town" are ideal few who have visited that unsavory suburb could be brought to admit; that they are as absolutely infernal as they are here depicted it is difficult to believe. The pub-

powerful enough to purify even so corrupt a social system as the one he describes without having recourse to the socialistic dispensatory.

Dedicated "to all those statesmen who believe that practical facts are of more importance than sentimental theories," Mr. Wintle's novel, "The Cleansing of the Lords," is, in effect, an amiable satire on English politics. The plot of the story turns on an imagined Act of Parliament declaring that all future elevations to the peerage shall be made at the expense of an equal number of the least worthy members of the Upper House. In other words, no new titles are to be created, but the old ones shall be taken, from time to time, from those adjudged least fit to bear them, and bestowed on commoners who by services to the state and society shall have demonstrated their claim to advancement to nobiliary rank. How the plan worked, and for what real purpose it was contrived, the author describes with ingenious cleverness. While to the average American reader many of the political details and veiled allusions will probably not be comprehensible, there is enough that is transparently clear in the story—the main outlines of the political stratagem, the social problems, and the introduction of great financial interests—to make the volume illuminating. The love interest is a subordinate one, and as surprising, if not perhaps as amusing, in its dénouement as are the plots political and financial.

LITERARY NOTES.

A forthcoming book bears the suggestive title of "The Author's Progress; or, the Literary Book of the Road." It is hardly necessary to say that it is a satirical study. Its author is a well known writer who calls himself "Adam Lorimer."

The tragic death by accident of Sir Edward Grey's wife has evoked from Englishmen of ability tributes of unusual heartiness. Mr. Henry Newbolt's lines in "The Spectator" have the ring of an olden time:

ON THE DEATH OF A NOBLE LADY.

Time, when thou shalt bring again
Pallas from the Trojan plain,
Portia from the Roman's hall,
Brynhild from the fiery wall,
Eleanor, whose fearless breath
Drew the venom'd fangs of Death,
And Philippa doubly brave
Or to conquer or to save—
When thou shalt on one bestow
All their grace and all their glow,
All their strength and all their state,
All their passion pure and great,
Some far age may honor then
Such another queen of men.

"Charles Lever: His Life in His Letters," is the title of a new work which ought to offer much interesting material concerning writers and literary episodes in the middle of the last century. Mr. Edmund Downey is the biographer.

Of Turgenieff, "a compound of the Western man and the Slav," a London critic writes in "The Spectator" with something like tenderness: The novelist sat in Paris among his friends, we are told, talked brilliantly, was found strangely charming, with his simple, amiable, slightly absent manners, by every one who had the good fortune to make his acquaintance:

Tall, white haired, soft eyed, the impression he produced was one of goodness and nobleness, with something in his looks and his conversation of what Daudet calls "le brouillard Slave," some suggestion, in fact, of the wide, misty horizons in art and life which made the world he really lived in so large and mysterious in comparison with that of his Western friends and actual surroundings. The analyst of Russian humanity was in truth a reed through which was breathed the low, sad music of centuries of Russian pain. All his work was "triste comme un chant de moujik." He was both a realistic analyst and a dreamy poet whose inspiration came to him direct from Russian soil. His patriotism rings true, though it has the note of despair. "My strange, dear, dreadful, beloved fatherland," cries Potugin in "Smoke"; and his voice seems to be that of his creator, far away in France. "I have abandoned Russia, far away in France. I have abandoned Russia, far away in France. I have abandoned Russia, far away in France. I feel it. Garden soil is good—but cloudberry will not grow on it!"

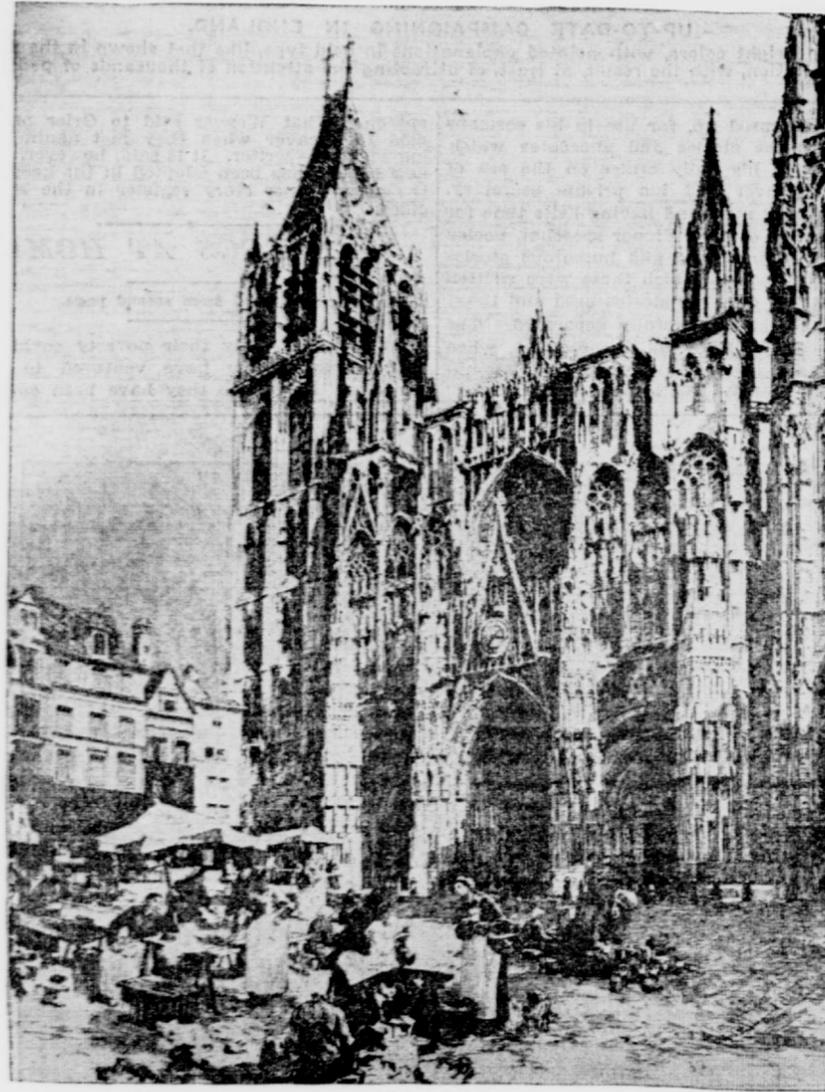
"Fanny Lambert" is the title of the new novel which H. de Vere Stackpoole is about to bring out. It is mentioned as a partially humorous story. Mr. Stackpoole is remembered as the author of an uncommonly clever piece of fiction.

In respect to statements recently made in London concerning divers letters of Charles Dickens addressed to his wife, their son, Henry F. Dickens, writes to the offender:

It is not true that my father's letters to her were destroyed; it is not true that they died before she did; it is not true that "her husband regained possession of them and destroyed them." On the contrary, my dear mother prized the possession of them to the last day of her life; they are still in existence, and in safekeeping.

The current number of "L'Art," just received, shows that that excellent periodical is more vigorous than ever. The text is full of interest and the illustrations are exceptionally numerous. M. Gabilot, writing of the painters of "fêtes galantes," begins, of course, with Watteau, and his entertaining essay is accompanied by many reproductions, among them facsimiles of some of the great artist's adorable drawings in red chalk. M. Leroi makes some allusions to the etched work of Leon Lhermitte, the painter whose religious composition, "Chez les Humbles," has recently found its way into our own museum, to the regret of the French editor, who would have kept it at home. The plate which we reproduce, "Rouen Cathedral," illustrates a phase of M. Lhermitte's art which is too little known here.

It appears that the First Folio Shakespeare, which once belonged to the Bodleian Library at Oxford and was sold as "superfluous" by the authorities in 1664, may possibly come to this country. Its present owner, a country gentleman and Oxford graduate, who inherited the book from his great-great-grandfather, would like to see it return to the Bodleian, and has not, therefore, closed with an American offer of \$15,000. He gives the university until March 31 the opportunity to purchase the book, and the librarian of the Bodleian is trying to raise the necessary fund.



ROUEN CATHEDRAL.
(From the etching by Leon Lhermitte.)

lished by Funk & Wagnalls, there is a biography of one Bernard Hart which runs as follows:

"Bernard Hart, merchant, born in England in 1764, died in New-York in 1855. He went to Canada in 1777 and removed to New-York in 1780, where he engaged in business, keeping up the trade connections he had formed in Canada. During the yellow fever epidemic of 1795 he was unceasing in his devotion to the afflicted. In 1797 Hart was quartermaster of a brigade of State militia, of which James M. Hughes was brigadier general. He married in 1806 Rebecca (born 1783, died 1868), daughter of Benjamin Mendez Seixas, and by her had several children, one of whom was Emanuel Hart.

"In 1802 he had associated himself with Leonard Lispenard under the firm name of Lispenard & Hart, and conducted a general commission business. Hart withdrew from the firm in 1813, and then continued in business alone. In 1831 he succeeded Jacob Isaacs as secretary of the New-York Stock Exchange, and continued in office until 1853. Hart was interested in the formation of some of the earliest social organizations of New-York City, and his name frequently occurs in the records of the Congregation Shearith Israel."

This, it seemed to me, must have been Mr. Bret Harte's grandfather, and I sent the biography to Miss Ethel Bret Harte, who replied as follows:

"The inclosed biography of Bernard Hart, as given by 'The Jewish Encyclopedia,' is correct as far as my mother knows and as far as it goes, though she has always understood that he was the first president of the Stock Exchange of New-York. Katherine Brett, who was the first wife of Bernard Hart and the grandmother of Francis Bret Harte, was separated from her husband on account of religious differences, and died early in her married life, but my mother does not know in what year. Miss Seixas was the second wife of Bernard Hart. Henry Harte, Bret Harte's father, added the e to the name, as it was originally spelled Harte in England, but the e was not used by the Jewish Harts in America.

"In 1862, at San Rafael, Cal., Francis Bret Harte married Miss Anna Griswold, daughter of Daniel S. Griswold and Mary Dunham, his wife, of New-York City. She bore him three sons and two daughters. Their youngest son died in infancy; their eldest son died in New-York City five months before his father's death. Bret Harte's widow, one son, and two daughters yet survive him."

"The Building of the Tower" is the title of Tolstoy's new novel. As may be guessed, it deals with the upheaval in Russia. It will probably appear some time during the spring.

lishers have stated that they were unwilling to publish the book until they had sent a legal representative to investigate on their account the statements made by Mr. Sinclair; and since they have now put forth the volume the inference is that they were satisfied of the substantial correctness of the author's revelations.

If true they are, the packing industry, as now conducted, is morally and physically the foulest blot on twentieth century American civilization, and no one who fully credits its horrors and iniquities could possibly eat anything that he suspected of being its output. Yet it is possible that justification could be found for every statement made by Mr. Sinclair and still leave him guilty of exaggeration. His plan has apparently been to hunt up every conceivable evil associated with the business of converting cattle into food, and then to take a single family of Lithuanian immigrants and so contrive their experiences that they shall come in contact with every one of them, until all who are not killed outright, and some who ultimately are, are driven into crime or into dependence on the wages of sin. Socialism saves the hero, but is not powerful enough to redeem his women kith and kin.

Mr. Sinclair's method and temper alike are fatal to conviction, a fact keenly to be regretted if the circumstances are one-half, or even one-quarter, as bad as he paints them. His style is hysterical, and his only idea of emphasis is to shriek. The natural result is that the reader unconsciously discounts everything he says, and the higher he pitches his key the less credence he receives. He paralyzes the brain with his din and deadens sensibility with his reiteration of abominations, instead of arousing indignation and stimulating to action—defeating his own ends, if one gives him credit for earnestly desiring to instigate a crusade and not merely to exploit to a new phase of sensationalism. Fortunately, even if one accepts his diagnosis, it is not necessary to apply his remedy. There are panaceas in the economical pharmacopoeia