

Literary News and Criticism.

A Survey of Manners and Customs in Revolutionary Days.

AMERICANS OF 1776. By James Schouler. Rev. pp. xiv, 27. Dodd, Mead & Co. The aim of Professor Schouler's volume is to present a picture of the social, political and industrial conditions in the thirteen colonies at the time of the Revolution.

SAINTS IN SOCIETY. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. 12mo, pp. vi, 423. G. P. Putnam's Sons. HAZEL OF HEATHERLAND. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. 12mo, pp. 282. The Baker & Taylor Company. BOB AND THE GUIDES. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. With eight illustrations. 12mo, pp. xii, 321. Charles Scribner's Sons.

OLD WORLD INFLUENCES were, of course, still strong in America a hundred and thirty years ago, and belief in political equality had not leveled social distinctions, nor, indeed, has it done so yet, although it seems strange to read that at both Harvard and Yale the students were arranged in the class lists according to their family connection.

"Benefits of clergy" was a privilege long conceded by our common law to men of letters, so that they might escape the block or gallows. A book in Latin was only burned in the hands of a convicted person, and if he could read and translate he was treated as a gentleman and a scholar.

"Marriage," remarks Professor Schouler, "in this simple and sincere age was not only stable as an institution, but remarkably prolific," and he gives instances that would reduce the heart of President Roosevelt. Of a Massachusetts gentleman, dying in his eighty-fourth year, it was printed that "his life was exemplary; his departure in firm hope of immortality; his progeny was numerous."

The spirit of the free, outdoor life of the Canadian woods and the merry mischief of the frequent guests; and the author concludes that there must have been a good deal of "doubting up," not only upon occasions of festivity, but, indeed, ordinarily. The houses being generally of wood, fires were frequent, and often disastrous, owing to the lack of means of putting them out.

Two old maiden sisters, it seems, were in the habit of smoking their pipes after they got into bed, whence, probably, the disaster. "Therefore," says the chronicler, "it would be amiss to caution people against such a practice."

Distances were long, roads were bad and bridges few. The journey from New York to Philadelphia took three days—two by the flying machine. The fare was \$4. The Schuykill was crossed by a rope ferry—"such as a foreign tourist may still find upon the Rhine," remarks Professor Schouler, who would have found plenty such still in use here if he had wandered a little off the beaten path of travel.

Professor Schouler is especially interesting in what he has to say in regard to Colonial literature and to the position and influence of the press in Revolutionary days. The newspaper proprietor at that period was the printer, who made his profit, if he might, upon the mechanical work through which the public, while intellectual matter for his columns had to be made up after a scrambling fashion and a haphazardly chosen material was bound up by hand letters, gilded with the pen, would discuss in such columns the burning questions of the day. These were the real conductors of a press in Colonial and Revolutionary times—a splendid, unaided start, moved by patriotic fervor and the desire to gain substantial reward elsewhere.

quarters for information during the six days between issues, and was used as a sort of intelligence office for advertisers, including those coming under the head of "Help Wanted." The author quotes the communication of a lady, complaining, in 1772, that she has lost her "black double satin cardinal, almost new," which she suspects was "stolen by one of the various nurses wanting a situation whom she found at the house of the printer when she called there to engage one for herself." Advertisers were thrifty in those days, and "when a person had needful occasion to pay for newspaper space on one account he used it for another."

A PRIZE NOVEL. A Story That Won a Prize and a Story That Deserves One.

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A story written for a prize, even if it proves to be a winner, is likely to owe its success rather to extrinsic than to intrinsic merit. If the successful tale is one that has been written without reference to the prize, and is merely offered in competition in the hope of gaining a larger return than would likely accrue to it if published in the usual fashion, the author, and possibly the publisher, may reap increased benefit; but literature and the public are no better off, since the story would have been published in any event.

There is a delightful naturalness about Mabel Barnes-Grundy's "Hazel of Heatherland." It is a self-revelation of the heart of a captivating, impulsive girl, living in one of the quiet corners of English rural life, a bubbling spring of joy and humor and mischief seeking an outlet from the dead waters of commonplace household routine and conventional piety that hem her round.

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In no other volume bearing Tenyson's name, titles which till now have been unknown and unrecorded in Tenyson's bibliography. For instance, "The Coming of Arthur" appears as "The Birth of Arthur," and "The Passing of Arthur" as "The Death of Arthur," together with corrections in Tenyson's hand on every page, and on slips of blue paper are additional passages, some with alternative readings. The wrongly inserted pages of the printer, which appear with mistakenly interpolated leaves, has been removed, and the precious volume rebound by Riviere.

Hardly less attractive is the trial edition, printed in June, 1872, of "Gareth and Lynette," one of perhaps two or three copies struck off for the author's personal use. The title throughout is given as "Gareth and Lynette," and it appears that Tenyson's first idea was "Lynette," and in the trial book "Lynette" is always altered to "Gareth." Similarly the poem generally known as "The Northern Farmer, New Style" was printed in 1864 as "Property," unrecorded till now. The only known copy has fifty or sixty corrections in Tenyson's writing, many of them substituting dialect for ordinary words.

DRAWING A PREMIER.

Mr. Le Queux's Feuilleton Advertised from the Treasury Bench.

London, March 27. Mr. William Le Queux is more fortunate than Mrs. Humphry Ward. "Robert Elsmere" was reviewed by Mr. Gladstone in a most exhaustive manner on its merits, and the world accepted this official evidence that a new English novelist of exceptional power had been discovered. Mr. Le Queux has received his advertisement from a Prime Minister the day before the serial publication of "The Invasion of 1910" in the "Daily Mail." The proofs of this fresh bit of feuilleton had not been sent to Downing Street to beguile the leisure moments of the harassed and overworked Chief of State. It had merely been advertised in the morning newspapers with a tremendous war map, showing in detail where the Germans had landed in England when the Channel fleet was on guard in the wrong waters, and the lines of a concentric advance upon London. "The Daily Mail" understands the fine art of advertising its wares, and this was a most fetching feat of window dressing; but the artist who illuminated that map with military sensationalism could hardly have hoped in his most imaginative moments for a certificate from the Front Government bench that he was a dangerous realist. The Prime Minister with portentous gravity expressed his surprise that an advertisement so alarming should have appeared "in newspapers of which but a few years ago we were all proud." "I do not know," he added, without a smile flickering on his face, "what step the government will take. I am afraid they can do nothing; but we can safely leave it, I think, to be judged by the good sense and good taste of the British people." Lucky "Daily Mail," to escape without menace of injunction or proceedings by the law officers of the Crown and to have its enterprise rewarded with a pawky answer from the First Lord of the Treasury! Happy novelist, who is enabled to lean back in his armchair behind Queen Anne's Gate and to express to a copy-hungry interviewer his astonishment that the Prime Minister should have given utterance to unjust criticism without reading a line of the book!

The Prime Minister ought not, perhaps, to have been drawn so easily into treating an ingenious newspaper advertisement as a serious matter of international importance. He might naturally have suspected an insidious bit of literary log-rolling—an art almost as industriously carried on in London as newspaper advertising, and, indeed, not easily differentiated from it except in the commercial detail that space is not paid for. Possibly he was off his guard, since the questioner who called his attention to the realistic war map was not one of the wicked Tories or scheming Nationalists of the Opposition benches, but a loyal follower on his own side of the House, Mr. Lehmann, apart from being for a brief period Editor of "The Daily News" when that stanch organ of old-time Liberalism and Nonconformity was rescued from militant patriots during the Boer War, is a lifelong Whig, a grandson of Robert Chambers and member for one of the Leicester-shire divisions. The Prime Minister was not, perhaps, overcredulous when, after receiving private notice of the inquiry respecting "The Invasion of 1910," he took a serious view of the question whether the government ought either to do or to say anything which would discourage the publication of "matter of this sort calculated to prejudice relations with other powers." Yet if he had been as cautious as a Scotsman usually is, he would have remembered that Mr. Lehmann has been on the staff of "Punch" for sixteen years and is the author of "Adventures of Picklock Holes" and the "Prize Novels," as well as the "Digest of Overruled Cases." Even the Edinburgh ancestry was not a guarantee against the insidious "Punch" humor, which may be understood in England from its literary quality, but is often a puzzle for the unsuspecting Scotsman and the inguistic foreigner. Mr. Punch's guests at the weekly mahogany are not to be taken too seriously, even if they are barristers of the Inner Temple and have stood unsuccessfully for Parliament two or three times before finally gaining admission to Westminster.

The artful "Daily Mail" has, however, what its cleverness deserves—the handsome advertisement from the Treasury bench of its new feuilleton on the opening day of serial publication. With this gratuitous official tribute to the map maker and the amiable reference of the whole matter to "the good sense and good taste" of the nation, full page advertisements can be dispensed with, and even the editor's own certificate that the novel is an "interesting and instructive narrative" can be dropped. With or without the naval chapters by that accomplished expert, Mr. H. W. Wilson, this stirring account of the siege of London in 1910 ought now to have a successful run. If timorous old ladies are frightened by the war maps at the ladies' and railway traffic falls off in the Eastern counties and the South of England in consequence of the illusion that Germans have invaded the home soil, the country has the Prime Minister's word for it that the government is helpless and that anxious Britons cannot do anything except to read Mr. Le Queux's story and to find out for themselves how the campaign of 1910 turns out, and whether London is really doomed to an ignominious surrender after the collapse of the "blue sea" theory of defence. Happy novelist, when Mr. Punch and the Prime Minister stand hand in hand and check by jowl to give him a send-off for serial publication! He is particularly fortunate, his enterprise is not startling in novelty, there was a German attack in "The Battle of Dorking," and he himself has conducted a previous imaginary campaign in "The Great War." He admits that he has no official secrets to reveal, and scouts the idea that his book will cause international complications or portend a new war. Tenyson may be of corrected leaves, including the 1862 title page, and the whole of the material was bound up by hand letters, gilded with the pen, would discuss in such columns the burning questions of the day. These were the real conductors of a press in Colonial and Revolutionary times—a splendid, unaided start, moved by patriotic fervor and the desire to gain substantial reward elsewhere.

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Books and Publications.

A new novel by the Author of "The Virginian" READY THIS DAY MR. OWEN WISTER'S new novel Lady Baltimore By the author of "The Virginian," etc., with full-page half-tone illustrations and drawings in the text. Cloth, \$1.50.

Books and Publications.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS Publish To-day The Tower By MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT A vivid love story in a college community described from the faculty side. Told with deep understanding and the most delicate art. \$1.50 Six Stars By NELSON LLOYD Six Stars contains more humor, originality, sentiment and interest than any known town of its size. An altogether entertaining book. Illustrated, \$1.50 German Universities By FRIEDRICH PAULSEN Translated by FRANK THILLY and W. W. ELWANG. A most helpful guide to the solution of university problems. A systematic account of the nature and organization of the German University. "Paulsen is not only a strong but an attractive writer, and his views of education always deserve respect."—Evening Post. \$3.00 net; postage extra.

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Books and Publications.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS. Current Talk About Things Present and to Come. Gamaliel Bradford, jr.'s new novel, "Between Two Masters," will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. about the middle of this month. The same house announces that early in May it will bring out another book by Professor Hugo Münsterberg, "Science and Idealism," which will present the subject and substance of his recent Harvard address at Yale University. Gertrude Atherton, who has been spending the winter in California, has announced her intention of making an early trip to England. "Literary perspective" is what she says she is seeking. She is writing a novel the scenes of which are laid in California and the British Isles. The earlier chapters of English life were completed in California a short time ago, so now she is going to London to write about the Pacific Slope. "I find," she declares, "my sense of proportion is better when I am at some distance from the scenes about which I am writing." Many other writers seem to have the same experience, or at least to act upon the same principle, but as a rule they are less frank in acknowledging it. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's story, "A Diplomatic Adventure," which has been appearing serially in "The Century Magazine," will be published in book form next Saturday by the Century Company. Writing of Philadelphia in "The North American Review," Mr. Henry James notes the signs there of "a slightly congested, but still practically sufficient little world,"—signs which were there most to his ear, "in the fact of the little world's proper intimate idiom and accent; a dialect as much its very own, even in drawing room and libraries, as the Venetian is that of Venice or the Neapolitan is that of Naples—representing the common things of association, the things easily understood and felt, and charged as no other vehicle could be with the fund of local references." It struck me even, truly, as with a certain hardness it—very much as the egg is made oval by its shell, and, really, if I may say all, as taking its stand a bit consciously sometimes, if not a bit defiantly, on its own proved genius. I remember the visible dizziness of a gentleman, a dizziness from afar, in a drawing room, at the comment of a lady, a lady of one of the new generations, indeed, and mistress of the tone by which I had here and there occasion to observe that such ornaments of the new generation might be known. "Lines to the creature," he speaks English!—It was the very opposite of the indulgence or encouragement with which, in a casual drawing room (I catch no analogies as I can), the sound of French or of Italian might have been greeted. The poor "creature's" dismay was so visible, clearly, for the reason that such things have only to be said with a certain confidence to create a certain confusion—the momentary confusions of some such misdeed, from the point of view of manners, as the speaking of Russian at Warsaw. I have said that Philadelphia, Philadelphia, has only to be said with a certain confidence to create a certain confusion—the momentary confusions of some such misdeed, from the point of view of manners, as the speaking of Russian at Warsaw. I have said that Philadelphia, Philadelphia, has only to be said with a certain confidence to create a certain confusion—the momentary confusions of some such misdeed, from the point of view of manners, as the speaking of Russian at Warsaw.

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