

## VERSE.

Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,  
Alcectis rises from the shades;  
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives  
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil  
Hide all the peopled hills you see,  
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
These many summers you and me.

## The New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1906.

The minor poet unquestionably has his uses. For one thing he occasionally "makes for mirth." The other day Mr. T. P. O'Connor started a competition for spring poets in the columns of his paper. Seventeen hundred came chattering to his door. The conventionality of the chirrupers nearly drove him frantic. He cannot understand why these "singers" have not learned to avoid the phrases which have been done to death. Here is part of his plaint:

I am justified in asking them to beware of calling the sun "Old Sol," and the nightingale "Sweet Philomel." In nine cases out of ten it is mere clap-trap to call the fields "the lea." Expressions like "Boreas blast," "purling rill," "bright harbinger," "precursor of the spring," "concerts of the feathered band," and so forth, are to be sedulously avoided, and I think that the young poet should think twice before he uses words like "zephyr" and "roundelay."

Precisely—but what if the chirruper is constitutionally unfitted to think once, to say nothing of thinking twice? If there is not an atom of originality in his intellectual equipment; if, in the matter of passion, his soul is about as susceptible as a dish of cold rice pudding, why in the world should he be expected to know better than to fabricate his poems out of the phrases that he fancies are poetical? The dabster who has never felt anything beyond the range of the commonplace, and has nothing on earth to say, is bound to fall back upon the fearful joy of playing with words. Mr. O'Connor ought to have remembered this before he laid himself open to the infliction of seventeen hundred spring poems.

Mr. Brownell's essay on Cooper in the current number of "Scribner's" is particularly welcome at this time. The world is full of the silly noise made by the "best seller" and his touts. It is good, therefore, to have an authoritative voice uplifted in praise of a master who is only patronizingly mentioned, if mentioned at all, by those who shout the glories of the best seller aforesaid, or, lost in contemplation of Mr. Henry James's works, twitter about what they call literary art. Mr. Brownell reminds us of the eulogistic things said about Cooper by writers like Thackeray, Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, and it is desirable that he should do so; but the main thing about his essay is that it penetrates to the heart of Cooper's genius, and not only applauds his works, but gives the most lucid demonstration of their merits. These are, in the first place, says the critic, the merits of a born story teller, and then he goes on to show how Cooper's romance has a "solid and substantial alliance with reality," how it is based upon nothing so much as upon the bed rock of human nature. "He looked at his material as so much life; it interested him because of the human elements it contained." He had his limitations. He could be tedious. "Of the art of literature he had perhaps never heard." But he had genius, and he put into his pages characters that live. Mr. Brownell constantly enforces this fact. Incidentally, he brings out other points that are too often forgotten, as, for example, that "the so-called 'noble red man,' whom he is popularly supposed to have invented, does not exist in his books at all." The whole essay is of pure gold. It is as good a piece of writing as it is a piece of criticism, though we wish it had not occurred to Mr. Brownell to apply to open air Cooper a hard-sought word like "iracund."

Among the many questions raised by the over-production of novels nowadays is one which it is particularly hard to answer. Why are they written? Mr. Lang, who has small regard for the average new tale, but, like every one else, is constrained to reflect upon the subject of modern fiction, offers an answer to the difficult question. "There are so many novelists, probably," he says, "because the writing of novels appears to be a soft job, and success much of a lottery, while education is quite unnecessary to the author. The novel of the year, as far as popularity goes, may be ignorant fustian." The solution is plausible, and yet we still wonder, for the fiction market is a lottery in which you may easily draw a blank, and, as Mr. Lang says, "as a barrister, a scientific inventor, a surgeon, a physician, a solicitor, not to speak of a financier, a man may acquire gains compared with which those of the most popular novelist are puny." On the other hand, education is necessary to the successful pursuit of these callings. That point ought to explain everything, but it leaves us still unsatisfied. Unless we are to ascribe the writing of a large proportion of modern fiction to "pure cussedness" its origin must remain a mystery past finding out. The novelists themselves are hardly qualified to throw light on the subject. The real one, of course, is simply urged by his demon to write, and that is reason enough. But the rest might invent a thousand excuses without formulating a sound justification.

## "F. CANTUAR."

## A Composite Biography of the Late Archbishop Temple.

MEMOIRS OF ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE. By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford, Archdeacon of Exeter. With five photogravure plates and six other illustrations. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. xviii, 611; xiv, 743. The Macmillan Company.

The seven clerical friends of the late Archbishop Temple, in their nearly fifteen hundred pages of "Memoirs," have come dangerously near to disregarding his strongly expressed wish that no "Life" of him should be written. Each of the authors has covered, indeed, but a portion of his career; yet when the results of their labors are printed in consecutive order, together with a supplementary article, by the editor, dealing with Dr. Temple's personality, the product certainly seems sufficiently to ap-

plest fashion and on the simplest fare. Simplicity and directness, indeed, characterized his entire life. There was nothing of the courtier in Frederick Temple. His manners were brusque, at times to the point of rudeness, but relieved always with a keen sense of humor, a warmly affectionate regard for his friends and a tender sense of compassion for the erring. Perhaps his heartiness was his most salient characteristic, that won him friends and admirers even among those on whose toes he seemed most recklessly to tread. When once he had decided that a certain course of action was right he always pursued it, and pursued it with all his might. If success may be accepted as the criterion of endeavor, his judgment, as a rule, would appear to have been correct, all the more since personal ambition was never an element in his conclusions, and his advancement from one post of honor and distinction in the Church to another came to him in each instance unthought of and unsought. There seems to have been

dition was gone," writes Dr. Klitchener, who covers this period in the "Memoirs," "and yet, miracle of miracles, a loud cheer burst from the five hundred boys." In his home life at the school he was at once frugal and hospitable; "the table was always open to guests, but the fare did not seem to vary, whoever might happen to be present." His frugality enabled him to be generous.

When, in 1867, he was about to subscribe a sum which to him—for he was at no time a rich man—was a sacrifice, he was afraid lest the sending round of a list might lead some of the masters into giving more than they ought; hence he asked each to put down the figure of his proposed subscription on a piece of paper and to throw it into a master's cap. The new quadrangle was built with that cap's contents.

Perhaps his consideration for others was more often evident in his acts than in his conversation. "I think, your grace, it may save time if I rise to move," said a bishop at the Lambeth Conference. "You can save more time by sitting still," was the somewhat abrupt response from the Chair. An incumbent, asking leave of non-residence, explained that the house in which he purposed living was only one mile from the boundary of the parish, "as the crow flies." "You are not a crow and you can't fly," was the Bishop's succinct manner of refusing permission. At a public luncheon a guest asked, "May I give your grace some of this cold chicken?" "No, you may not," replied Dr. Temple. "Wherever I go they give me cold chicken and 'The Church's One Foundation,' and I hate them both." One of his replies has become a classic:

"Do you believe in Providential interference, my lord?"

"That depends on what you mean by it."

"Well, my aunt was suddenly prevented from going a voyage in a ship that went down—would you call that a case of Providential interference?"

"Can't tell; didn't know your aunt."

Those who look upon the portrait of Archbishop Temple drawn for the memorial window in Exeter Cathedral must be struck by its general resemblance to Gladstone, to whom he owed his successive advancements to the sees of Exeter and London. The two men differed greatly in their views, and the Bishop did not hesitate to give outspoken voice to his disagreement with the Prime Minister. Writing in 1886 of "Home Rule for Ireland," he says:

Whatever Home Rule be conceded, it is essential that Ireland should have her full share in the imperial legislature. Otherwise it would become a clear duty, incumbent on the Irish, to work for total separation. They ought not to submit to be a mere dependency, with no voice in the councils of the world. They will seek, and they will rightly seek, a flag of their own, and a foreign policy of their own. Now, in his secret soul Gladstone would not object to this in the last resort. He sees no advantage to humanity in the existence of the British Empire. He would have been glad if the Civil War in the United States had ended in the separation of the South from the North. It would have seemed to him a juster end. So, too, it would not really shock him to contemplate the loss of Ireland from the British Empire. He does not feel with us when we talk of our empire as a gift from God to be used for the good of mankind. Now, England has the imperial feeling very strongly, and will not part with Ireland or with Scotland or with Wales on any terms whatever. And a statesman who has not that in him is not the statesman that England can trust.

## LACONIC LETTERS.

From Notes and Queries.

According to Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals," Sir George Walton was sent in pursuit of a Spanish squadron, and reported what took place in the following dispatch to the admiral in command:

Sir: I have taken or destroyed all the Spanish ships as per margin. Yours, etc.,  
G. WALTON.

Horace Walpole in one of his papers in "The World" praises the following letter, written by Lady Pembroke in the reign of Charles II. I quote from memory, but think that Lady Pembroke wrote to Lord Arlington, who had insisted on her allowing Sir Joseph Williamson to be returned member for her borough of Appleby:

Sir: I have been bullied by a usurper. I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand.  
ANNE PEMBROKE.

I have some memory of a story that some person wrote to the first Duke of Wellington, threatening to publish certain letters of his, and that he replied:

Dear Julia: Publish and be damned. Yours,  
WELLINGTON.

When Lord John Russell announced the breaking up of Earl Grey's Cabinet on May 27, 1834, Mr. Stanley, Colonial Secretary, wrote the following to Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty ("Hist. of Reform Club," by Louis Fagan):

My Dear G.: Johnny has upset the coach. Yours, etc.

The Rev. Sydney Smith tells my late father of his having obtained a living for him, thus:

Dear Sir: You have got the living. Yours ever  
SYDNEY SMITH.

Sir Walter Scott said that the most pointed letter he knew was the answer of Lord Macdonald to the head of the Glengarry family:

My Dear Glengarry: As soon as you can prove yourself to be my chief, I shall be ready to acknowledge you; in the mean time, I am yours,  
MACDONALD.

The following is quoted as Francis Jeffrey's wicked reply to a begging letter:

Sir: I have received your letter of 6th inst. soliciting a contribution in behalf of the funds of ——. I have very great pleasure in subscribing [with this word the writer contrived to end the first page, and then continued overleaf] myself. Yours faithfully,  
FRANCIS JEFFREY.

A certain lady having written to Talleyrand informing him of the death of her husband, he replied:

Chère Marquise: Hélas! Votre dévoué,  
TALLEYRAND.

At a later date the same lady wrote telling him of her approaching marriage. To this he replied:

Chère Marquise: Ho, ho! Votre dévoué,  
TALLEYRAND.



ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE IN CORONTION ROBES.

(From a photograph.)

proach a biography to fall within the spirit of his prohibition, while perhaps evading the letter of it. Leaving these distinguished churchmen to settle the matter with their own consciences, the public can only be grateful for the admirable composite, or, rather, panoramic, view they have given of the lamented primate of all England. If the method adopted has resulted in a work unduly voluminous, this fault is more than atoned for by the varied aspects in which we are privileged to survey that long, eminent, useful and, at times, tempestuous life. While the note of sincere admiration runs through all the contributions to the two volumes, Dr. Temple was of too positive, too uncompromising a nature to make it possible that any of his friends, however close, should agree with him on all points. Accordingly, there is enough divergence of opinion in regard to his acts and character to give, on the whole, a more frankly dispassionate, unprejudiced view of him than would have been the case had the volumes been the work of a single hand.

Again, a reason that may well be dignified into an excuse for the great space taken up by the various memoirs is found in the prominent and often controversial part taken by Dr. Temple in the religious, educational and temperance reforms of the last century. His Oxford days were lived in the heat and unrest of the tractarian movement. From there he jumped into the fight for improved methods in the schools, and for twelve years, as headmaster of Rugby, he exercised a powerful influence as an exemplar and promoter of a more rational curriculum. As bishop, first of Exeter and then of London, he was drawn into the midst of the high, low and broad church agitation and antagonism. As Archbishop of Canterbury during the closing years of his life he became an arbiter where he had formerly been a disputant, presided at the fourth Lambeth Conference and officiated at the coronation of Edward VII.

A sturdy Cornishman, the son of a high-strung army officer and a mother of firm and earnest Christian character, the thirteenth child in a family of fifteen, he was raised in the sim-

plest fashion and on the simplest fare. Simplicity and directness, indeed, characterized his entire life. There was nothing of the courtier in Frederick Temple. His manners were brusque, at times to the point of rudeness, but relieved always with a keen sense of humor, a warmly affectionate regard for his friends and a tender sense of compassion for the erring. Perhaps his heartiness was his most salient characteristic, that won him friends and admirers even among those on whose toes he seemed most recklessly to tread. When once he had decided that a certain course of action was right he always pursued it, and pursued it with all his might. If success may be accepted as the criterion of endeavor, his judgment, as a rule, would appear to have been correct, all the more since personal ambition was never an element in his conclusions, and his advancement from one post of honor and distinction in the Church to another came to him in each instance unthought of and unsought. There seems to have been

He won a double first at Oxford and showed a wide grasp of all the subjects which he studied and a remarkable capacity for imparting his knowledge to others, adopting Arnold's principle that a teacher must be always a learner—"he must give his pupils water from a running stream and not from a stagnant pool." Arnold's son received the benefit of this precept in a strikingly interesting manner:

Matthew Arnold got leave at the last moment to take in logic for Responsions, instead of Euclid, which he never could master. The day before the examination he went to Jowett, who was his tutor, and asked how he could learn the subject in time, as he was wholly ignorant of it. Jowett said his only chance was to go to Temple and see if he would try to teach him in one day. Temple consented, and, starting about 9 o'clock in the morning, talked continuously, allowing two pauses of half an hour each for meals, till past 2 o'clock the next morning. Arnold had been provided with paper, but took no notes. He lay back in his chair, with the tips of his fingers together, saying from time to time: "What wonderful fellows they were!" Soon after 2 o'clock a. m. Temple sent Arnold away to get some sleep, after which he satisfied the examiners in logic. He answered every question.

At Rugby he was more loath to interfere with the games and traditions of the boys than with the course of study, in which he made many enlightened changes. The father of one of the boys was watching a football scrimmage with him one day, when the players appeared to be inextricably mixed up, and "limbs seemed to have but an off chance of emerging whole." "Do you never stop this sort of thing?" he asked. "Never, short of manslaughter," was Dr. Temple's characteristic reply. Yet in the end he greatly modified the game for the better, prefaceing his edict with the words: "Englishmen have a natural right to grumble, and so have English boys. I give you leave to grumble at all I am going to do." Then the merits of the case were shortly stated, and intentional "hacking" was declared illegal. "Another Rugby tra-