Literary News and Reviews.

BURMA AND ITS PEOPLE.

A PEOPLE AT SCHOOL. By H. Fielding Hall. 8vo, pp. 286. The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Fielding Hall's first book, "The Soul of a People," was of a sort rare not only in this period but at any period. He wrote without prejudice of the ideals of an alien people. He described the inner life of the Burmese with a sympathy, acuteness and breadth of judgment which roused the keenest interest in his reader. Absorbed in what he had to say, he said it without any apparent concern as to literary graces, and thereby achieved a singularly persuasive style. In this new book, a study of the outer life of the Burmese as a race or nation, he has approached his subject in the same unprejudiced and philosophic spirit, and with the same success.

As a member of a timber corporation and later as a government official, the author spent many years in the land which was finally annexed by England in 1885. He shows us what Burma and its people were like before that war of conquest, how they were conquered, and what changes have followed. It is the story of a young race beginning to grow up and learn under the tuition of an older one. Life was pleasant to those Burmese of a quarter century ago. They seemed all happy, all well to do, with leisure to play, and the will to play. If there were poverty the Burman put a good face on it. The power of money was limited:

> Money was good to get, but so were other things. So was leisure, so were festivals, so was independence. Money was not a master, but a slave. Man was worth more than silver. And so you found often that the power of money failed. If a man liked his pony he would not sell it, not for any profit. If he did not want to go, he would not go, for no payment. It seemed as if the necessities of life were come by so easily that their importance lessened.

There was no tyranny, for each village was self-contained and self-governed, and governed honestly and well. Women had equal rights and equal opportunities with men. If they did all the weaving the men did all the heavy work, and the money of the family was in the woman's care. The Buddhist faith was emphatic in its command over the people, and the women were the stanch supporters of the Buddhist monkhood. The ascendancy of women, the author points out, was due to the secluded life the nation lived, shut away from other races behind its mountain walls, its seas and swamps. The men, he declares, did not give one the idea of weakness or cowardice; "rather they seemed like boys still in the nursery" under women's governance. The boys have entered England's school, and entertaining in a high degree is the author's account of the way it was brought about. The conquest, he believes, was not only inevitable, but it was the only way in which the Burmese could be translated from their nursery into the world—to learn "what England learnt long ago, first at the hands of the Romans and then at the hands of the Normans." It was a curious struggle—a war which was not exactly a war, as the author's personal experience testified. The leaders and the rank and file were villagers, who had no organization, no commissariat and no arms but a few guns, all muzzle loaders. They would collect for an attack, then disappear, to the exasperation of the invader who would go out to look for them and find nothing. "Their object was never to meet us in open fight, but to harass us on the march, to attack us at night, to boycott us and make our rule impossible, for they hoped against hope that some time we would go away."

There was never any bitterness in the war on the British side, our author declares, and his account of his experiences during that time bears out this statement. Now and then his serious narrative is lightened by picturesque anecdote. Witness the story of the Chins in the expedition of 1888, undertaken in the interest of the Burmese:

> After the early fighting in the hills, and when the column was establishing itself in a fort up there, some Chin chiefs came in to negotiate. Or, rather, they came in to ask questions and make remarks. They wanted to know, firstly, what we meant by crossing into their hills at all; secondly, when we intended to go away. And they wished to add that if we didn't go soon they intended to make things hot for us. For the simple Chin knew his own mind, and was more or less indifferent about ours. The Political Officer explained how very much his thoughts varied from theirs, but they were deaf to what he said. Then the general took the chiefs in hand. "Words," he said, "are useless; soldiers have other means. I will give them a demonstration—then they will be afraid."
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> So he called out some troops and formed them up in line and fired volleys across an open space, knocking the targets into bits. He told the Chins to imagine themselves the targets, and the Chins smiled. Then the guns were brought out. There was a Chin village across the valley that had been taken by assault a few days before, and was now abandoned. The guns were turned on this village and fired some shells. The shells hit the village fair and square, but to every one's surprise it immediately showed signs of life. Little black figures began to run about and escape. And the general laughed, the staff laughed, even the Chins laughed. Here was indeed a demonstration. But when the colonel of a Ghurka regiment came in hot haste to inquire why his working party there was being fired on the laughter died from all faces, collecting only on the faces of the Chin chiefs, who sat upon the ground and shrieked. So the demonstration was stopped. But it was not lost. For the rest of the war the Chins took very good care, if they wished to have a fight, to arrange it in thick woods, where volleys were impossible, and when they built stockades they did it where the guns could not shell them. A good lesson is never lost. If it does not benefit one party, it may do the other.

If the Burmese were taught by the war, so were the British, who found that moving columns had no permanent effect against a people in arms. The first measure toward pacification was "pegging down" the country by innumerable small armed posts, from ten to fifteen miles apart. The subaltern in command of a small force studied the surrounding villages, people and roads, and managed to prevent any big gatherings. The people got used to his presence and "reconciled to the inevitable." Then the village organization was invoked for good government, and made responsible for the peaceable and lawful behavior of its inhabitants. Anybody suspected of assisting the insurgents could be deported, and the village could be fined and have troops or police quartered in it. The wisdom of the British administration was shown in forbidding the burning of offending villages or any public parade of executions. It endeavored to establish its rule without exasperating the people too deeply. The merchant and trading classes, the author notes, submitted first; then the Buddhist monks, true to their doctrines, even if hating the invaders, preached peace.

> And so, in 1890, Burma was quiet. It was like a high tempered colt brought from out the pastures bitted and bridled. It was exhausted, panting, weary of the useless effort. But the people had begun to see, I think, that we were not so bad as they had feared. If we could be bad enemies, we could be good friends, too, and we were ready to make friends. They sulked for a while, desired to see as little of us as possible, to have as little intercourse with us as may be. Naturally they were sore; but there was no enduring bitterness; and if most of our troops had not been Indian troops there would have been even less soreness.
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> "To be beaten by the English we don't so much mind," they said, "for, after all, you are a great people. But that you should bring Indian troops to do it is what we do not like." For the Burman hates and despises all the Indian races which he knows.

That was more than fifteen years ago, and Upper Burmah is now, as Mr. Fielding Hall says, just a quiet, ordinary province of the British Empire. The rule of the stranger has brought extraordinary prosperity to the country. But prosperity is not everything to be considered in the matter; and the author is large minded enough to look at the situation from the point of view of the Burman and from that of the student of humanity. The village community has suffered from a loosening of the bonds that held it into a close organization. The ethical standards are lower, each peasant has become "more of an individual, with less sense of duty to his community and fellows." He is learning his lessons, but that of adaptation is yet too difficult. An old Burman said of the days before the British rule that everything was very simple, and life was very quiet and pleasant. "Every man grew enough grain and vegetables for himself to eat, and beyond that he only wanted salt fish. The dress of himself and his family was woven in the house, and he had no desires beyond these; except in a few large towns there were no rich men, and except again in those towns there were no very poor." Every man tilled his own lands and there were no laborers. Now there are plenty of laborers, for the simple agricultural community, with the growth of trade, has its rich men who cultivate on a larger scale, and there is a growing class of poor men—those who have lost their occupation or have "borrowed and been sold up." With the coming of cheap goods from Europe the old trades and handicrafts have drooped and died. The magnificent silks and embroideries of the old days, for example, are made no more. The Burman, who is an admirable cultivator, now devotes himself to the growing of rice—it is the most profitable crop, and as a rule the only one that will grow on his land. The life of the village has grown dull because the varied interests of the old time have departed. There are no politics to talk or think about. "No one can exercise his brain by thinking out improvements in looms, or embroideries, or lacquer, or ironwork, or boat building; new designs for shoes, or even new toys, such as they used to invent. They can discuss crops and manures, and the rise and fall of prices, and that is all. And that does not, I think, tend to brightness of mind." The people miss the old officials, who were, as the author reminds us, the social heads of society:

> They introduced and maintained good manners, they cultivated the higher form of speech, they introduced new fashions which were in accordance with the national taste. They were the patrons of all art. They led all social movements. Now that they are gone, there is no one to take their place. . . . The national taste, the national manner, the sense of nationality, which alone can give dignity and ease, have fallen. There is no one to keep it alive. Where we interfere we only make it worse. For these things are essentially part of a nation. A nation's art, whether of dress, of speech, of manner, or of silverware, is rightly the national sense of beauty applied to the national common use.

These are the least pleasant sides of the situation, but the author does not leave his Burman in the slough of despond. He sees in England's "school," the school of the wider world, a splendid outlook for a primitive people who have many fine characteristics to build upon.

NAPOLEON'S BOOKS.

The Great Emperor as an Omnivorous Reader.

James Westfall Thompson, in The Atlantic.

The command in Italy seems to have been Napoleon's renaissance. As it awoke his ambition, so it stimulated his intellect. Henceforward history, institutions, biography, travel, polite literature, poetry, became a permanent interest of his mind whenever the exigencies of war and state allowed him to read anything save dispatches, reports and bulletins. He always remained an omnivorous if not a deep reader. . . .

If Napoleon's enemies could have looked into his boxes of books, especially after 1809, or seen the instructions he sent to his librarian, they might have anticipated the future more accurately. He always "read up" for a coming campaign the history, geography, institutions of the country and people with whom he was going to come in contact. It is exceedingly interesting to see this projection of his thought into the future, as indicated by his reading. This is particularly true of the Russian campaign.

This historical material displaced most of the novels and the poems in the campaign of 1812. But in the hot summer days of that year, while the army waited long in Poland, the Emperor sometimes found that moments of leisure went by on leaden wings, and prayed for more diverting literature. The faithful Méneval hastily dispatched an order for "some good new novels, or old ones that he is not familiar with, or some memoirs that would make agreeable reading."

The fate of this travelling library was the fate of the entire army of 1812; it was lost. The books of the Emperor probably went to boil the tea of some Cossack soldier, even as Junot's veterans plundered Spanish libraries to find material for their camp fires. One interesting detail of its fate has been preserved: on the road to Russia the Emperor borrowed certain books from the Royal Library in Dresden. In the retreat from Moscow these also were lost. The effort the Emperor made to repair this loss entitles him to a place in the ancient and honorable company of book lovers. The man who had lost an army of 480,000 men, who saw Europe marching against him from the Ural to the Bay of Biscay, took time and thought enough, on February 7, 1813, upon his return to Paris, to give express orders to procure duplicates of these volumes at any price and see that they were sent to Dresden.

In 1808 Napoleon formed the idea of having a travelling library, in order to make his hours of intellectual recreation independent of the exigencies of a campaign or the delays of a courier. Obviously such a collection of books would have to be selected with great care, that the library might be a portable one, and consequently the minute instructions as to its care are, as it were, a picture of his mind.

The distribution of subjects was as follows: Forty volumes on religion, forty of epic poetry, forty of the drama, sixty volumes of other poetry, sixty volumes of history and one hundred novels. "In order to complete the quota," ran the instructions, "the balance shall be made up of historical memoirs." Among the religious works were the Old and New Testaments and the Koran, works on church history, including some upon the Lutheran and the Calvinist movements. The epics included Homer, Lucan, Tasso, the "Henriade," and so forth; the drama, selected tragedies of Corneille, Racine and Voltaire. Comedy Napoleon could not endure; "not a word of Molière," he says. The history included some good chronological works, standard histories of France, like that of Mably, Machiavelli's "Discourses on Livy," some of Voltaire's historical writing, Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," and a French translation of Gibbon. Among the novels were the "Nouvelle Héloïse," Le Sage's "Contes," and French versions of Richardson's and Fielding's works. Indeed, of English fiction Napoleon was very fond.

THE FLAUBERT MUSEUM.

From The London Academy.

Visitors to Rouen this summer will perhaps be tempted to make an excursion to the Flaubert Museum, which has just been opened in Croisset, some seven miles away. The little house where Flaubert sometimes stayed has been saved from demolition by the energy of friends. The interior has been fitted up as a museum, containing an old fashioned armchair, the table on which his masterpieces were written, some quill pens, an inkstand and one of the little pipes that he loved to smoke. Besides these, a gilded idol, representing Buddha, a few letters, and a novel containing notes in Flaubert's handwriting, make up all the objects that the museum possesses for the moment. It is not very much, but it is a typical example of the length to which Frenchmen go in perpetuating the memory of their literary heroes. What, we wonder, would be the fate of a museum of the relics of an equally famous English author, opened (say) in a village seven miles from York? Would it be visited by any one but Americans?

AN INTELLIGENT ADMIRER.

From The London Academy.

An audience, especially a British audience, best likes what it most thoroughly knows. An anecdote of Paderewski, and one which he particularly loves to tell himself, is illustrative of this. At the close of one of his earlier recitals in London, in the days when the great virtuoso was is now, a lady hammered at the door of the artist's room. She must see Mr. Paderewski, she positively must, she had something important to say. Admittance was more or less grudgingly allowed, and then the important communication gushed out, "Oh, Mr. Paderooski, I was so delighted with that Beethoven sonata. My daughter Arabella plays it!"

"DUMA."

From Notes and Queries.

This word is one of those interesting culture terms which Russia has borrowed from her Scandinavian neighbors. Vigfusson tells us in his dictionary that dömr was an important term in Icelandic law, meaning a court of judgment, the body of judges, the court of law. It was in this sense that the word was introduced, with other Swedish words, into Russia, and hence the present political meaning of the Russian "Duma," namely, an assembly of councillors, met to pronounce their doom or judgment—a far finer term than our word "Parliament," a talking shop. The form of the word is according to analogy. The Teutonic sound ó or uo, being unknown in Slavonic, was rendered in Russian by u, exactly in the same manner as Old Swedish roths in roths menn, "rowers, seafarers," has become Rus, one of the forms of the native name of Russia.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Current Talk: About Things Present and to Come.

"Plantation Sketches" is the title of a volume which has just been privately published by Margaret Devereux, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. These "pen sketches drawn from memory," as the author calls them, are intimate recollections of a Southern gentlewoman who loves the Old South, and are happily blended of humor and pathos. Some of the fine, even noble, traits of character which slavery brought to light, perhaps helped to produce, are recorded, and are at least interesting as illustrating the attitude of a cultivated Southerner of the old school toward Southern problems old and new.

William Harbutt Dawson has written a work, which is issued this week by Macmillan, in which, under the title of "The German Workman: A Study in National Efficiency," the author undertakes to consider the causes and effects of Germany's rapid industrial advance. Mr. Dawson believes that this advance is due in large measure to the thorough training and the consequent general effectiveness of the German artisan. Furthermore, he holds that the German state and municipal experiments in dealing with the problems of the unemployed, housing, sanitation, old age pensions and poor relief, which he discusses at length, are capable of affording suggestion and instruction to other countries that are forced to meet the industrial competition of Germany in the world's markets.

The recent discriminating estimate of the work of J. Fenimore Cooper by William C. Brownell, which was published in "Scribner's Magazine," will be the introduction to the forthcoming "Iroquois Edition" of Cooper's complete works, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This new reprint will fill thirty-three octavo volumes, and will include the story of "Ned Myers" (which does not find a place in the previous sets of Cooper's novels) and the entire series of the original steel engravings by F. O. C. Darley. The edition will be further illustrated with photogravure reproductions of original drawings by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum, J. T. Richards, Henry Sandham and other well known artists. "Ned Myers" is a truthful picture of the life of an American sailor in 1843, and was written by Cooper from material furnished by the hero.

Current interest in public questions is indicated by the announcement by Henry Holt & Co. that their edition of "The Federalist," edited by the late Paul Leicester Ford, has just passed into its fifth edition, and that a seventh edition of Professor Winthrop M. Daniels's "Elements of Public Finance" has been called for.

Dr. John Foster Kirk, in a posthumous article printed in the current number of "Lippincott's Magazine," and written before the activity of the Reformed Spelling Board had aroused so much controversy in the press, considers the English language, as spoken and written on both sides of the Atlantic, with special reference to words and phrases in common use, particularly the so-called "Americanisms" that our English cousins are prone first to "pity, then embrace." The author believes, however, that usage would never be quite the same in both countries, although he noted a general tendency to assimilation. Summing up his views he declares:

> The innovations, real or supposed, have been mostly on this side, where, however, they are now less extreme than formerly, especially as regards spelling and pronunciation. There is a conservatism that still, with or without reason, resists such forms as "center" and "theater." On the other hand "honor," "favor," etc., are more likely to find currency in England than to be disestablished here, though one word of this class, "Savior," in its specially sacred sense, did not assume this form without an occasional protest. The famous Cambridge proofreader, Mr. Nichols, whose corrections used to be the terror of the "Atlantic" writers, once said to the first editor of that periodical, "Mr. Lowell, before I would print the name of my Redeemer without the u I would consent to be"—I was not told the final word.

"Modern Love, an Anthology," is the title of a tastefully printed little volume, issued by Mitchell Kennerley, and containing a collection of poems, mostly by living authors, from fifty different volumes of verses. The principle followed in their selection has been to avoid "the insincere elaboration and hyperbole of the style of the love poems of early literature. In its place," continues the editor, "we find the spirit of sadness and melancholy, but it is a more real sadness than the extravagant lover's complaints of days gone by." Among the authors represented are Andrew Lang, W. E. Henley, John Davison, Matthew Arnold, Christina G. Rossetti, Fiona McLeod, W. B. Yeats and many other well known and little known names. The joyous note of love is painfully absent from the book, the contents of which are otherwise generally well chosen. The tone of the volume is well represented by the despairing lyric by Alfred Hayes, which follows:

> Moan, wretched wind; drive the sad clouds
> Along the blindfold plain;
> Ye leaves, whirl on your lonely crowds;
> Weep on, remorseless rain!
>
> O for one smile of buried Spring,
> O for one note of May;
> O for one sunny hour to fling
> My aching heart away!

Frederic J. Stimson, whose latest novel, "In Cure of Her Soul," was recently published by the Appletons, is a lawyer of large practice, yet his literary work, for which he is compelled to find time during the hours which most busy men devote to recreation, is nevertheless prosecuted in a very leisurely manner, the nice choice of a phrase meaning more to him in the result of an evening's work than the number of pages of "copy" that he has written.

Duffield & Co. will be the new name of the publishing house for the last three years known as Fox, Duffield & Co., from which the late president, R. K. Fox, has just retired. The present officers of the corporation are Pitts Duffield, president and treasurer; Frederick A. Richardson, vice-president, and Kenneth G. Duffield, secretary. Since its organization, in 1903, this young company has increased its list to three hundred titles, including those acquired through the purchase of the business of Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago.

Katherine Lee Bates, head of the department of English literature of Wellesley College, sailed this week for Liverpool, and will make an automobile trip through the western counties of England, from the Lake country to Cornwall, to gather material for a series of nine articles, to be entitled "A Reading Journey in Famous English Counties," for "The Chautauquan Magazine." Miss Katherine Coman, of the department of economics at Wellesley, accompanies Miss Bates, and will take the photographs to be used in illustration of the articles.

When Margaret Deland's new novel is published in book form by the Harpers next month it will be known as "The Awakening of Helen Ritchie," instead of simply "The Awakening," as it was originally entitled when appearing month by month in "Harper's Magazine," another novel with that title having appeared during the serial publication of the story. It has been suggested that a registration of book titles in the office of the Librarian of Congress would obviate similar conflicts in the future, but in the case of books published at very nearly the same time it is difficult to see how even such a registry would avail to prevent possible confusion. It frequently happens that it is necessary to adopt new or modified titles for American books published in Great Britain. Mrs. Thurston's novel, "The Masquerader," which was first published in this country, appeared in London as "John Chilcote, M. P.," the former title having been pre-empted there. More recently it has been found necessary to alter the title of Rex E. Beach's novel of Nome life, "The Spoilers," to "The Spoilers of the North," in bringing out the English edition, as an English writer, Edwin Pugh, had published a novel called "The Spoilers" at about the same time that Mr. Beach's story appeared in America.

Bert Leston Taylor and W. C. Gibson, who were responsible for the witty little book entitled "The Log of the Water Wagon," have been encouraged to record the further adventures of the passengers and crew of that stanch craft after it was wrecked in the dust storm which formed the climax of the volume. "Extra Dry" is the name of the sequel, the lively contents of which enforce the moral, "Drink in Moderation and Keep Off the Water Wagon." Scattered through the narrative are many apt saws and pithy epigrams, such as the following:

> You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time—but you can't fool your wife.
>
> Fortune knocks once at every man's door. It pays to do your drinking at home.
>
> One good drink deserves another—and usually gets it.
>
> He who smiles last smiles best. He is one ahead of the game.

Charles William Bowers, at one time on the staff of "The Tribune," and more recently associated with daily newspaper life of Richmond, Va., has just published a little volume of original verse, the composition, presswork and binding of which are entirely the work of his own hands. Entitled "Newspaper Waste Basket, and Other Poems," the little book is issued in the shape of a miniature newspaper file. There is a pleasant, homemade quality in the verses which quite accords with the dress in which they are presented to the public.

Charles Dormon Robinson, the San Francisco artist, is so inured to conflagrations (he has seen his home city burn four times—in 1851, 1853, 1854 and 1906) that he was able calmly to paint a picture of the latest fire when at its height, and found time to make thirteen pastels of various phases of it as well. One of these pastels is to be reproduced in color in the August "Century."

Louis Rhead's attractively illustrated book on "The Speckled Brook Trout," which was originally published by Robert Howard Russell, and was later acquired by Harper & Brothers, has now passed into the hands of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, which will issue it as a companion volume to the same author's "The Basses; Fresh Water and Marine."

Curious instances of the strange freaks played by nature's electrical batteries form the contents of Camille Flammarion's "Thunder and Lightning," recently issued by Little, Brown & Co., in an English translation by Walter Mostyn. One of the most deplorable and inexplicable of the fantastic actions of lightning is its propensity for removing the clothes of its victims, many instances of which are given by the author. There is no telling what lightning will not do. Sometimes it will snatch things out of people's hands and carry them away without injury to them. The author relates several such occurrences:

> There is a case of a mug being thus spirited away from a man, who had just been drinking out of it, and deposited undamaged in a courtyard near—the man himself suffering no injury. A youth of eighteen, holding up a missal from which he was singing, has it torn out of his hands and destroyed. Two ladies, quietly knitting, have their knitting needles stolen. A girl was sitting at a sewing machine, a pair of scissors in her hand; a flash of lightning, and her scissors are gone and she is sitting on the sewing machine. A farmer's laborer is carrying a pitchfork on his shoulder; the lightning seizes it, carries it off fifty yards or so, and twists its prongs into corkscrews.

These and other queer pranks of thunderbolts give rise to the following philosophic reflection by the author:

> Pranks they seem to us, but we may be sure there is some method in their mischief. It is the same with women. Women in their caprices are obeying some law of nature. They are not so capricious as they seem.

"Litchfield County Sketches" is the title of a handsomely bound and printed volume, by Newell Meeker Calhoun, privately published, in an edition of five hundred copies, under the auspices of the Litchfield County (Conn.) University Club. There will be fourteen other volumes in the series, devoted to the history and interests of Litchfield County. In this first volume the author writes pleasantly and sympathetically on such homely and familiar topics as "Grassgrown Roads," "The Upper Reaches of the Farmington," "Two Country Parsons," "A Deserted Farm," "The Old Red School House" and "The Country Doctor."

An English edition of E. B. Greenshields's "Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Artists," which was published in March by The Baker & Taylor Company, has just been brought out by Gay & Bird, of London. A Canadian edition was published simultaneously with that in the United States.

The well known missionary Dr. Arthur H. Smith, who sails to-day for the Far East, has written, during his visit to this country, a volume entitled "America and China," which will soon be published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. Based upon his long experience in the East and qualified by the impressions he received during his stay in the United States, it is stated that his comparison of the two countries is not always flattering to us as a people.

The lectures recently delivered by the Rt. Rev. William Paret, D. D., Bishop of Maryland, on the Reinicker foundation, under the title of "The Place and Function of the Sunday School in the Church," will be published this summer in book form by Thomas Whittaker.

A new novel by Molly Elliot Seawell is promised for early publication by the Appletons. Entitled "The Victory," it will be a story of the Civil War; but, unlike most of the fiction relating to that period, will not concern itself with the struggle between the rival passions of love and patriotism. The chief characters of the book are all of the South, and the story contains an exposition of the author's principles of what might be termed "Southern Abolitionism."

Richard F. Outcault, the cartoonist, who made his appearance in vaudeville at Proctor's last week, has issued the following characteristic manifesto in regard to his various publications:

> I hereby warn the book trade and the public that the sole publishers of my books are Frederick A. Stokes Company and that I shall prosecute to the full extent of the law all publishers or dealers who infringe on my rights. Notwithstanding representations to the contrary, I shall have the following new books for 1906, all containing nothing but my own work from cover to cover: "Buster Brown's Antics," "Buster's and Mary Jane's Painting Book" and "My Resolutions: Buster Brown."

A charming excuse for a mispronouncing maiden appears in the London "Saturday Review" over the signature of Hugh Macnaghten. It is addressed "to Muriel, who will mispronounce anything":

> It was your nature. You were never taught
> The inalienable wayful words that fell
> From sweetly mispronouncing lips, pêle-mêle;
> The right divine of children is not bought
> For rubies or for gold: a gift unsought,
> Undreamed of, it is theirs. I might as well
> Forecast the curves of swallows, Muriel,
> As that bewildering coinage of your thought.
> You will not learn your grammar, some one says,
> Oh, me! The foolish elders, how they preach!
> I cannot blame you; I can only praise
> As fairer flowers that blow beyond our reach
> Your native incommunicable ways,
> The wise haphazard of your fairy speech.

The story of the man who went to a party on the wrong evening has been told with many variations. Sir Henry Roscoe gives a version which has for hero Bunsen, of Heidelberg, a man as absentminded as he was eminent. He forgot a card party to which he had been invited until the next morning his man pointed at the evening clothes which the Herr Professor had failed to wear.

> And then he remarked to himself, "I know what I'll do." That evening he put on his dress clothes, and went to the lady's house at the appointed time, and walked in as if it were the day upon which he had been invited. The Frau Geheimräthin, much too polite to tell him that he had mistaken the evening, and that the party had taken place on the previous night, sent out to her friends to say Professor Bunsen had arrived unexpectedly, and would they come in to play a rubber again? And so the party was made up. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on absentmindedness, and Bunsen began to tell them what had happened to him a long time ago—how that he had forgotten an invitation and how he had made up his mind to go the next night; and thus he told the party the whole story, forgetting altogether that he was giving them an account of what was happening at the moment!

We are to have a new novel from Björnson, the English translation coming out simultaneously with the Copenhagen edition.

A small "find" noted by "The Athenæum" is a volume in the interlinear spaces of which "René Auguste Constantin de Renneville, the first historian of the Bastille (in which he was confined from May 16, 1702, until June 16, 1713), has written various hitherto unknown particulars of his life. Twenty-seven of the leaves contain a finely written poem of 2,052 lines, dealing with the events of De Renneville's prison life, with moral reflections thereon, and it is claimed that Voltaire founded one of the songs—the seventh—of 'La Henriade' on this MS. poem of De Renneville."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ART.

WHISTLER AND OTHERS. By Frederick Wedmore. 8vo, pp. xvii, 222. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A comparison of the work of some of the modern masters.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE SCHOOL AND ITS LIFE. A Brief Discussion of the Principles of School Management and Organization. By Charles B. Gilbert. 12mo, pp. ix, 259. (Silver, Burdett & Co.)

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The tendency to throw the accent on English words as far back as possible has gradually established the practice of pronouncing "revenue" with the stress on the first syllable. Till quite recently, however, it was not uncommon to hear the earlier "revénue," and it would be interesting to have late instances of its literary recognition. It must have been used in the House of Commons in the last generation, and it is not yet many years since I heard it from a Scottish representative when addressing his constituents. The practice of the eighteenth century is thus illustrated by Young in his "Love of Fame," i., 21:

> When men grow great from their revenue spent,
> And fly from bailiffs into parliament.

In the following stanza of his "Ocean: An Ode," the poet gives a further instance of the same thing, besides furnishing one of his numerous examples of the old value assigned to the diphthong ea:

> My hours my own!
> My faults unknown!
> My chief revenue in content!
> Then, leave one beam
> Of honest fame!
> And scorn the labour'd monument!

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Winchester Cathedral is a precious possession, for it enshrines the bones of our Saxon kings, and its history to within a century or two is an integral part of the history of England. But in selecting the valley of the Itchen as the site for their cathedral the early builders were unwise. The Norman cathedral was built upon a pretty solid foundation, but when extensions were made toward the east the builders got into a peaty bog. But if they could not lay blocks of stone on peat they could pack beechwood logs, filling in the crevices with chalk, and this was the foundation for their superstructure. After eight hundred years in a swamp the trees decayed in places, and drainage of the locality did the rest. The marly bed gave way beneath the pressure of the building, which sank nearly two feet in a sort of curve, throwing the walls out of the perpendicular.

Some twelve months ago the whole of the eastern end beyond the Norman tower was in daily danger of sudden collapse. Remedial measures were resorted to not a moment too soon, and now £30,000 must be buried in the foundations.

The first step was to dig out the foundations, and, curiously enough, cherry stones and apple pips were unearthed as well as Roman and other pottery. When the peat was removed the water from the gravel beneath rushed in. During part of the winter masons worked in a depth of three and four feet of water, while a steam pump drew thousands of gallons an hour from the area of their labors. Then two divers were obtained, and in sixteen feet of water they have been working for some time right beneath the huge foundations of the cathedral. Their duty is to remove the peat which has imprisoned the water in the gravel for centuries and in its place to deposit on the gravel bags of Portland cement and grout them in with concrete in order to seal down the water again. In the water the cement will become as stone.

When the water is sealed the remainder will be pumped out and the ordinary masons will be able to go down and build up to the original foundations with concrete blocks and bricks. The beech tree trunks will be removed, and thus for the first time in its history the cathedral will stand upon a rock.

JOHNSON'S "VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

From Notes and Queries.

The opening couplet of this poem is well known:

> Let observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru.

Almost equally well know is the paraphrase, "Let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind extensively." But the authorship of the paraphrase is not certain. Dr. Birkbeck Hill ("Boswell," i, 194) says that De Quincey ("Works," Edinburgh, 1862, x, 72) quotes it from "some writer." Miss Caroline Spurgeon ("The Works of Dr. Johnson," 1898) attributes it to Goldsmith, in the form:

> Let observation with observant view,
> Observe mankind from China to Peru.

Locker-Lampson, in his recollections of a Swiss tour with Tennyson in June, 1869 (see the "Memoir" of Tennyson, by his son, ii, 73), says:

> Tennyson admired Samuel Johnson's grave earnestness, and said that certain of his couplets, for these qualities and for "their high moral tone," were not surpassed in English satire. However, he ventured to make merry over [the first couplet]. "Why did he not say, 'Let observation, with extended observation, observe extensively'?"

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