

"PENDYCITIS."

A Novelist's Diagnosis of an English State of Mind.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, pp. viii, 307. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 SHORT CRUISES. By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. viii, 236. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Galsworthy not only confirms, in "The Country House," the good impression he left in "The Man of Property," but gives the reader better measure, a cleverer and a stronger book. He is still a satirist handicapped by a system, a writer committed to a plan, and to that extent he falls short of the power of the matured artist. But his art is developing, and in this book, even more than in its predecessor, he makes you feel that, whatever his limitations, he has considerable insight into human nature, and a gift for writing amusing narrative and dialogue. The objects of his scorn upon this occasion are the prosperous English people who live in country houses according to the fashion of his central figure, Mr. Horace Pendyce, of Worsted Skeynes. "They have strong, meat-fed instincts," says one of the shrewder men in the book, "and what with the County Members, the Bishops, the Peers, all the hereditary force of the country, they still rule the roost. And there's a certain disease—to make a very poor joke, call it 'Pendycitis'—with which most of these people are infected. They're 'crass.' They do things, but they do them the wrong way!" Mr. Pendyce is exhibited to us in the character of a country squire, devoted to the interests of his estate, ruling his family with an iron hand swathed in the velvet of gentlemanhood, and stirred to a kind of suffocating fury when his son falls in love with a woman separated from her husband, and threatens to place an ineffaceable stain of scandal upon the name he bears. Squire Pendyce is representative. The reader of this novel cannot escape the conviction that there is many a Worsted Skeynes to be found in every English county, and that the masters of them all are men after Horace Pendyce's own heart.

It is this fidelity to nature that is Mr. Galsworthy's chiefest virtue. He interests us because his types are so human and so true. Each one is portrayed with a multitude of minute touches, and these are laid on not only accurately, but with a sly humor that makes the effect doubly satisfying. There is variety, too, in spite of the author's intensely close preoccupation with a definite plan. Though he has a fairly inartistic resolution to expose the follies of a class, he is learning some of the secrets of individuality, and is more skilful in this than in his earlier book in distinguishing between his different personages. Every man or woman in the book has a character, and some of them are untouched by "Pendycitis." The story moves through the interplay of character. Here, especially, does Mr. Galsworthy show improvement. His little comedy is played out in an entirely natural manner, so that one is very nearly induced to forget that the author has a case to establish. The interest is admirably sustained. It is impossible to put the book down until the tangle in it has been cleared up. If any discontent remains it is due in part to the essentially artificial nature of the author's scheme, and in part to his want of the right temper and the last touch of intimate knowledge. He is trying to do for this generation what Anthony Trollope did for his, but where the author of the Barchinon novels treated his subject from the inside Mr. Galsworthy treats his from the outside, and where the older writer had the understanding that meant qualities of heart as well as of brain the younger writer is altogether too anxious to show his sardonic superiority. Trollope's stories can never grow old. There is nothing about "The Country House" that suggests permanence. But these are the days of ephemeral fiction, and we need not worry about the durability of a novel which, while it lasts, is as readable as this one.

There is something that is almost uncanny about the uniform excellence of the stories written by Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Writers of infinitely greater calibre have their ups and downs and bring forth good or indifferent work according to their mood, but this young humorist seems to be able to go on indefinitely, producing tales that never miss their mark. The twelve pieces in his latest volume, "Short Cruises," are twelve examples of unadulterated fun. They turn, as always, upon the unconsciously droll traits of men who follow the sea in small vessels or pursue their vocations in quiet villages. These types are genial but slippery, always ready for a friendly mug of ale or for a mischievous dig at the failings of a comrade. They are notoriously susceptible to feminine allurements and most of their troubles spring from too ingenious love affairs or furtive wanderings from matrimonial placidity. The wives in the book are apt to be quick tempered and suspicious. The sweethearts are kind. The widows are fearsome creatures, and, incidentally, they are among Mr. Jacobs's most entertaining performers. We know all of his simple folk, but we never tire of meeting them, for whenever they reappear it is to work out a new farce, and then the author is fertile beyond measure in those quaint terms of speech, those flashes of naïve sarcasm, in which he shows, better than in anything else, his delightful originality. His illustrator in this

book, as in all the others, is Mr. Will Owen, who was born to collaborate with him. "Short Cruises" is a book to be warmly welcomed. It makes for innocent mirth.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ART.

The Sale of the Muhlbacher Collection in Paris. Some years ago there was sold in Paris a remarkable collection of eighteenth century French art belonging to a M. Muhlbacher. It was presumably the same gentleman, M. Gustave Muhlbacher, who formed the similar collection which, since his death, has come into the market and is to be sold at the Georges Petit galleries, in the Rue de Sèze, on the afternoons of May 13, 14 and 15. A copy of the illustrated catalogue, just received from M. Paul Chevallier, one of the commissaires-priseurs identified with the sale, shows that this will be one of the most important events of the season in Paris. The

"Nympe et Satyre," in terra cotta, by Clodion. Altogether the collection runs to 350 pieces, and from the many that are illustrated we judge that the average is high.

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED."

From Notes and Queries. Like most of these wise old proverbs, this is probably, in some form or other, universal. In Germany there are three forms of it. "A penny saved is a penny gained" ("Ersparter Pfennig ist so gut wie erworben"); "A penny saved is twopence got" ("Ein ersparter Pfennig ist zweimal verdient"); and "Penny is penny's brother" ("Pfennig ist Pfennig's Bruder"). In Spanish, "A penny spared is a penny saved" ("Quien come y dexa, dos veces pone la mesa"). In Dutch "A penny spared is better than a florin gained" ("Een stuiver gespaard is beter dan een gulden gewonnen"). In Danish, "A penny in time is as good as a dollar" ("En Skilling er i Tide saa god som en Daler"). In French, "Saving is getting" ("Qui épargne, gagne"). Similarly in German, "Saving is a greater art than gaining" ("Sparen ist grossere kunst als erwerben").



"AMOUR."

(From the drawing by Boucher.)

beautiful plates reproduce obviously fine examples of some of the most brilliant masters of a period that in art at least was one of positive enchantment.

Fragonard, that type of languid grace and playful sentiment, is represented by a portrait and several of these vivacious and tender compositions in which he excelled. There is a charming outdoor scene with figures by Watteau, and Boucher also figures in this collection. There are stately court portraits by Rigaud, Van Loo, Largillière and others, including one most interesting to students of musical history, a portrait of Angelica Catalani by Vigée Le Brun. Among the illustrations of social life there are numerous works by Boilly, Leprince and Lavreince, and in the field of topographical subjects there are specimens of the always picturesque and romantic Hubert Robert. Besides the paintings, water colors and drawings, there is a collection of sculpture, medallions and furniture. In this section we notice especially a superb

Danish, "Money saved is as good as money gained" ("Den Penge man sparer er saa god som den man avler"). Italian, "Money is money's brother" ("Il danaro è fratello del danaro"). But money is no gain when it "advances meadows" ("Deniers avangent les bediers"). English, "Penny and penny laid up will be many," and "Who will not keep a penny shall never have many"—he who is prodigal of little can never have a great deal.

FEAR.

St. John Lucas, in The London Academy.

When the summer twilight closes  
 O'er the river, round the roses;  
 When the panes that glowed,  
 Darken, each a burnt-out ember;  
 This our sinking hearts remember,  
 And forbode:

Some wild autumn sunset burning  
 O'er the wanderer returning,  
 Eager-eyed to find  
 Only faded roses, only  
 Vacant windows, and the lonely  
 Moaning wind.



"LA PROMENADE."

(From the drawing by Moxau le Jeune.)

LITERARY NOTES.

How spiritual rest may be achieved in this time when many people think that the influence of religion is waning—this is what perturbed spirits may learn from Mr. Frederic Harrison's forthcoming book. He calls it "The Creed of a Layman: Apologia pro Fide Mea."

New editions of some of the best books of the late Paul du Chaillu are coming from the press of the Harpers. Those who have perhaps forgotten that cheery and hard-working little man may be glad to be reminded of his "Lost in the Jungle" and "Stories of the Gorilla Country."

The author of that fantastic and amusing little book, "The Admirable Tinker," hits in "The Book News Monthly" a fault of the period—the unreasonable craving for print, "Reading," he says, is without doubt an excellent thing, "but it would seem that there is a danger of its leading to a print habit which is bad. We seem to be suffering from a plethora of printed matter. I find it very hard to break myself of the continual craving for it, to acquire the power of being able to sit quiet and just think. Yet that is a most valuable power. After all, though you get knowledge from books, you do not want to be always at them. The digestion of that knowledge and the wisdom which comes from it are only attained by self-communion. The race is losing that power; excess in reading is destroying it."

"The Woman" is the title of Signor Antonio Fogazzaro's new novel announced for publication this month.

One of the incidents attending the issue of current fiction—which is a very different thing, be it remembered, from permanent imaginative literature—is the reported financial success of Mr. T. W. Lawson's novel. It is stated by the publishers that 50,000 copies of the book have already been sold; that translations into Dutch, Swedish, and German are being made; and that it is proposed to translate it into French, Spanish, Italian, Danish, Norwegian, Bohemian, Hungarian and Japanese.

Articles, biographical and critical, on the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich are beginning to appear in the magazines. The most interesting one of the month fills several pages of "The Atlantic" and comes from the pen of Mr. Bliss Perry. He gives this pleasant glimpse of the poet as a visitor in the office of the periodical which he once edited:

Poached upon the edge of a chair, as if about to take flight, he would often linger, to the delight of his listeners. His caustic wit played around every topic of conversation. He did not disdain the veriest "shop-talk" concerning printers' errors and the literary fashions of the hour. "Look at those boys!" he exclaimed once, as he picked up an illustrated periodical containing the portraits of a couple of that month's beardless novelists. "When I began to write, we waited twenty years before we had our pictures printed; but nowadays these young fellows have themselves photographed before they even sit down to write their book." Himself a fastidious composer and reviser, Mr. Aldrich was severely critical of current magazine literature. "That was a well-written essay," he once said of an "Atlantic" contribution which he liked, "but you will find a superfluous 'of' upon the second page." It was very rarely that he praised a contemporary poem. Mr. S. V. Cole's "In Via Merulana" and some of the exquisite lyrics by Father Tabb are the only verses of recent years which I now recall as having won his unqualified approbation. More than once I have heard him declare that he would have rejected Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" if it had been offered to the "Atlantic"—so extreme was his dislike for one or two harsh lines in that justly celebrated poem. The one American poem which he would have most liked to write, was, he said, Emerson's "Bacchus"—where, amid imitable felicities, there are surely harsh lines enough.

Another forthcoming book devoted to the Napoleonic period is entitled "Queen Hortense and Her Friends." This memoir of Napoleon's step-daughter, the swan-necked woman half French and half West Indian, is by Miss Q. A. Taylor.

Concerning Disraeli's literary tastes, one Mr. Kebbel, who knew the statesman rather well, says in a newly-published volume of reminiscences:—

Of Pope he was a warm admirer, and the author of the "Dunciad" was one of the few English poets whom he ever quoted. Talking of Scott, he said he thought "Redgauntlet" was one of his finest creations, I do not recollect hearing him say much. He asked me if I did not think that both Dickens and Thackeray had written themselves out.

Here is a sketch of Disraeli in the House—a sketch which, in the passage of time, it was well to preserve:—

Lord Beaconsfield had once been a dandy, and had lived with the dandies; and how completely he had caught the tone of them may be seen from "Coningsby." But as he advanced in the political stage he left his dandyism behind him. His dress was always in the best taste—black frock coat, grey trousers, and well-fitting shoes on his well-shaped feet. His garments never looked either old or new. And as he walked up the House of Commons with his coat buttoned, he looked, men would sometimes say, as if pleased that he had "kept his waist." He stooped a little in his later days, but otherwise he had a very neat figure. I have said that he was not a dandy. But there was one thing about which he was very particular, and that was his wig. When any Conservative member, in passing to his seat on the bench just above the front one, disturbed the arrangement of his leader's "back hair" there was always a little impatient gesture and a hand hastily raised and passed round to the nape of the neck to repair the disorder if there were any.

Dr. Wilhelm Bode's work on "Italian Bronze Statuettes of the Renaissance" is to be published in ten parts and the English edition is limited to 150 copies. The illustrations include 500 large photographs of bronzes, selected from all the leading collections. It is said that Renaissance sculpture is the favorite subject of the Director of the Berlin Museum, and this book represents the labors of many years. He will give, it is said, a full account of all the notable statuettes that are scattered up and down Europe, and it is added that he has arranged them mainly according to schools, beginning with the older Florentine works by Donatello and Pollaiuolo and the older Paduan works by Bellano and others, going on to the bronzes of Riccio and Sperandio, bronzes after the antique and bronzes of animals, and concluding with the small Florentine and Venetian bronzes by Michael Angelo, Cellini, Sansovino and others.

A new periodical which is coming out in England is intended to provide Oxford and Cambridge with a common meeting ground and platform for the discussion of questions affecting the welfare of both, and to discuss without partisan feelings or sectarian prejudice all those topics—religious, political, educational, literary, social, retrospective—which make up the complex life and thought of the two universities. It is to be entitled "The Oxford and Cambridge Review."