Literary News and Criticism.

Novels of Ancient Greece and of the Modern World.

A VICTOR OF SALAMIS. A Tale of the Days of Xerxes, Leonidas and Themistocles. By William Stearns Davis. 12mo, pp. viii, 444. The Macmillan Company.

IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM. By Arthur W. Marchmont. Frontispiece in color by Archie Gunn. 12mo, pp. vi, 317. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE MAYOR'S WIFE. By Anna Katharine Green. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. 12mo, pp. 378. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE PICKWICK LADLE AND OTHER COLLECTOR'S STORIES. By Winfield Scott Moody. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 275. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 325. D. Appleton & Co.

When the last page of "A Victor of Salamis" is reached the reader congratulates Mr. Davis, and in the same moment breathes a sigh of relief. It is not that he has been bored by the tale. On the contrary, he has been well entertained. But all along he has been beset with anxiety lest the author should meet failure, and he cannot but rejoice when success is actually achieved. The task Mr. Davis set himself was one of heart breaking difficulty. He undertook to tell over again, in the form of a novel, the story of the invasion of Greece by the Persians, to bring into the pages of fiction such events as Thermopylæ and Salamis. It would seem as if disaster were bound to overtake him as a matter of course, and, indeed, he skirts disaster in every chapter of his book, if not in every page. But something—perhaps it is his enthusiasm—has carried him through, and "A Victor of Salamis," instead of being a mixture of archæology and fustian, is a really moving narrative, with figures of flesh and blood in it and a broad vitality that touches the reader's imagination. The thing is astonishingly human. Mr. Davis has a sympathetic and entirely plausible hero in Glaucon, the Athenian athlete who deserves well of his countrymen, but is treacherously made the object of their scorn. Betrayed by his best friend, he is forced to fly, leaving his wife behind him, and ultimately rises to high place at the court of Xerxes. He remains, however, a faithful son of Hellas, as he has always been, and despite one losing struggle after another with the power of his enemy, he ultimately comes into his own with the proud consciousness of having served Greece nobly and won back the good will of those who once thought him a traitor. By dint of keeping the interest of this personality in the foreground, Mr. Davis avoids being swamped by the grandeur of the themes supplied to him by Greek history. He is as unaffectedly dramatic as though he had drawn his material from the modern world and dealt in issues familiar to us all. Of course, he is weak where all novelists who choose antiquity for their field are weak, in his dialogue. But we can easily forgive this for the sake of the living tale he has told.

"In the Cause of Freedom" is a story about one more of those incredible young Englishmen who go prancing about the dangerous corners of Europe, picking up bewitching brides as they go. This time it is Russia that provides the background for a series of perilous adventures, made to seem not so desperately perilous, after all, by the hero's easy triumph over most obstacles. Naturally, Mr. Robert Anstruther gets into many tight places, for otherwise Mr. Marchmont would have no story to tell; but when, in the first chapter, he meets a beautiful young Russian in distress, we know that all his troubles will seem like thistledown, since she is to give him his reward. She is a courageous soul, this sorely tried damsel. Circumstances have swept her into the dark waters of secret revolution, but she bears herself with coolness and determination. She plays a man's part when she and the happy-go-lucky Robert are obliged to join forces in order to outwit a brutal police. Mr. Marchmont is apt in the development of his plot. This is not very complicated, but just for that reason we appreciate the more his skill in maintaining the interest from chapter to chapter in a fairly long romance. Russia in these later troublous days is possibly a very different thing from the Russia of this book. That does not matter. "In the Cause of Freedom" is nevertheless excitingly readable.

Mrs. Rohlfs is tantalizing beyond her usual habit in "The Mayor's Wife." She piles mystery upon mystery, so that when one is explained the reader is still bewildered and still anxious to go on to the end. The scene of her story and the salient figures in it are arranged with the discretion of a practised novelist. An old-fashioned house, inhabited by a man and his wife, with an atmosphere of prosaic politics around them—what could be less suggestive of sinister things? But something ails the mistress of the mansion. While her husband is performing his duties as Mayor, and is incidentally trying to get himself elected Governor, she pines at home. She has everything to be thankful for, but a secret woe is gnawing at her heart. Is it to be traced to the fact that the house in which she lives is believed to have sheltered a ghost? The author exploits this possibility through a good part of her narrative, but, as we have indicated, she disposes of the ghost theory only in order to deepen the mystery enshrouding her plot. The Mayor has a secretary, and presently we begin to suspect that he has something to do with Mrs. Packard's misery. The relation between the two, however, is not in the least what one would naturally suspect it to be. In fact, as Mrs. Rohlfs draws near to the close of the story she makes disclosures so unexpected as to excite a special tribute of admiration for her adroitness. She has made one mistake. There is a cipher that has some bearing upon the development of the tale, and to this she gives an entire chapter of description. It is a little blot of dulness, inserted with very bad judgment in a fabric that is otherwise put together with good sense and smooth craftsmanship.

Mr. Moody's book of short stories, "The Pickwick Ladle," has what books of the sort so seldom possess, veritable atmosphere. Mr. Peter Wyckoff and his wife are instinctive collectors, modest folk who cannot treat themselves to very expensive performances in the auction room, but are none the less happy by reason of their financial limitations. When they make a purchase it is because their hearts are in the matter, and, as is just, their adventures as collectors are therefore the charming adventures that befall only the initiated. They are conscientious, too, as the first story in the book, "The Pickwick Ladle," clearly proves. We are glad when the fates give them what they want. Mr. Moody's inventive faculty is unflagging and he finds a good motive for each of his six tales, handling it, too, with admirable resource; but most of all does he appeal to the reader by his saturation of the whole book in what we can only call the collector's sentiment. No one who has ever gone about, quietly stalking a beautiful or curious object, could fail to enjoy these pages, and we can readily imagine the reader without a hobby developing one on the spot when he makes the acquaintance of the delightful Wyckoffs.

"The Tree of Heaven" opens with a number of prophetic remarks from a professor of psychical philosophy in the University of Trebezond, "the man who was the confidential adviser of the Shah of Persia, the mentor of the Ameer of Afghanistan, the inspirer of the greatest diplomat of all the East—the late Akhound of Swat." At the moment, he is dining with a group of young Americans, and to each of these he gives a dark glimpse of the future. He tells a strange story of his own, and then the book is devoted to stories of his fulfilled prophecies. Some of these, like "The Sign of Venus" and "The Bridal Pair," are distinctly mysterious, and not altogether satisfactory. In others, like "The Tree of Dreams" or "Ex Curia," which are built upon firmer ground, Mr. Chambers moves with greater freedom and is more convincing. The book as a whole is just clever enough to inspire a wish that the author might have brought greater gifts to his task.

A ROMANTIC POET.

The Brave Mood and Clever Pen of Mr. Alfred Noyes.

POEMS. By Alfred Noyes. With an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. 12mo, pp. xii, 193. The Macmillan Company.

The young author of these verses was not altogether fortunate in the first appeal that he made to readers on this side of the Atlantic. Though he had published more than one volume since making his debut in 1902, it was not until he brought out his "Drake: An English Epic," in "Blackwood's Magazine," about a year ago, that he attracted any attention here at all, and his "epic" was scarcely calculated to wake enthusiasm. But at least the interest aroused by his experiment was sufficient to encourage the publication on this side of the water of a collection of his miscellaneous pieces, and now that we have it we think better of Mr. Noyes as a poet. He is a minor poet, a poet as Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. William Watson, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. John Davidson and all the rest are poets; but he has the advantage over most if not all of his fellows, of going about his singing task with no portentous airs. If he has less of temperament, less of atmosphere, than you will find in Mr. Yeats, he has less of obscurity and of overwrought symbolism. If he wants some of the intellectual purpose of Mr. Watson or some of Mr. Phillips's dramatic color, he has at any rate a nimbler touch than either of them can claim, and in these days of poetic craftsmanship, rather than of poetic inspiration, quickness and ease of touch demand special appreciation. What is peculiarly ingratiating about Mr. Noyes is his interested, energetic way of taking up a picturesque theme and handling it as though it had actually touched his emotions.

He is, of course, a "literary" poet, which is to say a poet who makes you feel that he has lived much among books and has picked up quantities of effective words—words that he can weave together and make cleverly descriptive if nothing else. But he has the virtue of a certain simplicity. If he uses the language familiar in a thousand books of verse, instead of the new-minted words that spring from the heart of genius, at least he avoids the far-fetched epithets in which so many minor poets are wont to indulge. Now and then he tries a little too hard for his effect, as when he describes the Venus of Milo as

> The topmost and consummate flower,
> The last harmonic height, our dull desires
> And our tired souls in dreary discord climb;—

which somehow seems to us a little absurd. But generally he is more concerned with his subject than with the searching out of phrases, and the result is a tone of sincerity and truth. The simpler the subject the more successful he is. If he presses his imagination, as in "The Swimmers' Race" or "The Forty Singing Seamen," he strikes here and there a false note. If he chooses a theme that is well within his range, and lets himself go, he writes a good set of verses. His temperament is romantic; he takes fire from episodes that appeal to him with a kind of direct warmth. The best thing in his book is the long ballad called "The Highwayman," which may be quite innocent of the naive and rugged quality of true ballad poetry, may be just a very clever literary performance, but goes with a certain swing just the same.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

PART ONE.

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

. . . .

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the 'ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light:
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

. . . .

PART TWO.

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A redcoat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say—
"Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!"

She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

. . . .

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

. . . .

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

In work like this Mr. Noyes discloses his true gifts. The human motive, touched with romantic passion, engages his sympathies so thoroughly as to react upon his handling of form, and he comes nearest, when under its kindling influence, to the spontaneity which is one of the first of poetic virtues. His diction, too, is clarified and strengthened by the fervor he draws from the right theme. Several of his lyrics are pleasing, but it is in narrative verse that he excels. He should avoid the kind of poem he has tried to write in "A Night at St. Helena," a Napoleonic piece in which he makes the fallen Emperor address his physician in lines like these:

> This is the kind of dream that harasses
> One's nerves, and gives one cancer in the stomach.
>
> I hardly think that you can help me much
> Now; you had better leave me. I may sleep.
> Good night.

This is sheer prose, and dull prose at that. Compare it with "The Highwayman" and it is obvious that Mr. Noyes is uneven. But looking at the work in this volume as a whole we are struck chiefly by its vitality, by the note in it of fresh feeling, wholesome ambition, and genuine aptitude. Mr. Mabie, in a brief introduction, welcomes him with a cordiality which we share. He begins well. If he guards his facility, and postpones trifling with the epic form for a decade or two, his talent may mature into something of value to our literature.

THE COURT OF LUNÉVILLE

The Marquise de Boufflers and the Society of Her Time.

Paris, April 30.

"La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier de Boufflers" is the title of the third and last volume of that fascinating series in which M. Gaston Maugras has undertaken to revive the atmosphere of a once celebrated Court. That was the Court of Lunéville, where the indulgent epicure, King Stanislas, and his captivating friend, the Marquise de Boufflers, reigned after the gay fashion of Louis XV and the Marquise de Pompadour at Versailles—of which Lunéville was a kind of miniature. In "La Cour de Lunéville au Dix-Huitième Siècle," M. Maugras gave some delightful sketches of the persons who surrounded the last nominal ruler of the Duchy of Lorraine, enlivening the book with anecdotes of Voltaire and the Marquise du Châtelet. "Les Dernières Années de la Cour de Lunéville" described the levity and luxury of the Court up to the moment of the pathetic death of old King Stanislas. The wadded dressing gown given to him by his daughter, Queen Marie Leczinska, caught fire and enveloped him in a blaze from which he received irreparable injuries. In the present volume the historian follows the strange careers of the Marquise de Boufflers and her son, and of the witty courtiers whose doings and sayings at Nancy and Lunéville were so characteristic of eighteenth century frivolity. The death of King Stanislas was a catastrophe for those two cities, which soon afterward sank to the level of provincial towns of the second order.

In 1766 the Marquise de Boufflers left Lunéville, and all the members of her joyful coterie who could afford it followed her to Paris. In the succeeding summer she accompanied her brother, the Prince de Beauvau, to Plombières, and her accounts of the daily life at that watering place in the Vosges are exceedingly amusing. All those who took the waters were first subjected to a course of blood letting, to render the treatment more efficacious. A favorite pastime was to visit in his mountain hermitage an old bonesetter who cured so many of the fashionable people that the rival physicians tried to assassinate him. This book contains spirited pictures of the social movement at Versailles. There are descriptions of the marriage of the Duc de Chartres in 1769, the reception at court of Mme. du Barry, and the fêtes given on the occasion of the visit of the King of Denmark. M. Maugras also prints interesting letters written by Voltaire, the Duc de Lauzon, the Duchess de Choiseul, Walpole, Mme. du Deffand and Mme. Vigée-Lebrun. There is a capital narrative of the desperate passion of Mme. de Boufflers's son Elzéar (half-brother of the Chevalier) for Mme. de Staël. It was returned by that impressionable lady, but this only made matters worse, and the indiscreet young man suffered arrest and imprisonment.

The Chevalier de Boufflers was a man of brilliant attainments, and, though not handsome, was a great favorite with the women of the Court. "M. de Boufflers," wrote the Prince de Ligne, "was successively an abbé, a soldier, a writer, an administrator, a deputy and a philosopher, and of all these conditions the only one for which he was unfitted was the first. I never met any one more kindhearted or more witty." Rousseau, in his "Confessions," is by no means so enthusiastic. He describes the Chevalier as a jack of all trades and a master of none. Nevertheless the Chevalier was made a member of the Institute of France, was decorated by Napoleon for his success as an agriculturist, and was appointed librarian of the Mazarin Library (now the National Library) by Louis XVIII. He died on January 19, 1815, in his modest apartment in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. His mother, the Marquise de Boufflers, died at Scey-sur-Saône in July, 1786.

M. Maugras has succeeded in painting a charming picture of the easy, luxurious life of these clever people. His work, just published by Plon, forms a valuable contribution to that class of anecdotic literature dealing with the waning phases of French Court life in the eighteenth century, which seems to possess a perennial interest.

C. I. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Andy Adams, whose books about cowboy life have won some popularity, is publishing another volume through the Houghtons this week. It is called "Reed Anthony, Cowman: An Autobiography," and it treats of the whole business of raising, buying and selling cattle. Some historic incidents form part of the story.

The tenth volume of the Cambridge Modern History will presently be published by the Macmillan Company. It will bear the subtitle of "The Restoration," and will deal with the history of Europe after the fall of Napoleon.

There will presumably be an official biography of the late Ferdinand Brunetiere. While his admirers are waiting for it they may find some satisfaction in the book which Professor Victor Giraud has prepared about his friend, and will issue immediately. In this the author will give personal recollections of Brunetiere, some letters and a number of hitherto unpublished fragments of the noted critic's writings. The frontispiece will be a portrait.

The name of John Baskerville is held in high honor by collectors of books. This eighteenth century Birmingham printer was a type of thoroughness and good taste, and his pages are a delight to the eye. A memoir of him has just been brought out by Mr. Ralph Straus and Mr. R. K. Dent. It presents much new material and includes one especially welcome feature, a full bibliography.

Literature on socialistic millenniums continues to be as irrepressible as spring poems, and sometimes, as in the case of Prince Kropotkin's "The Conquest of Bread" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), quite as entertaining. In this latest fantasy of the distinguished "communistic anarchist," as he calls himself, the principle of village communism, formerly widespread and still considerably used in Russia, is universalized. The prince recognizes that mankind has not yet found the proper form for combining on communistic principles agriculture with a suddenly developed industry and international trade; but he finds in trade unions, co-operative enterprises and municipal ownership three important experiments in bringing nearer the day when all private property will be expropriated, not by an act of law, but by a revolution, peaceable or violent. All work will be made agreeable, and nobody will toil for wages; for "wage work is self work; it cannot, it must not, produce all that it could produce." Many of the pictures the writer sketches of what will happen when the great revolution comes are far more interesting than the chapters of the average summer novel, although unfortunately less convincing than the latter. Every lover of political poetry will enjoy reading the book, and doubtless not a few will take it seriously.

Professor William T. Brewster, of Columbia University, is issuing through the Macmillans a book entitled "Specimens of Modern English Literary Criticism." It embraces unabridged selections from about fifteen representative English and American critics, among them Dryden, Coleridge, Lamb, Poe, Arnold, Pater and Leslie Stephen.

The Harpers have just printed a new book written and illustrated by Mr. Howard Pyle. "Stolen Treasure" is its title, and the stories it contains deal with pirates and the like.

Mr. Swinburne's celebration of his seventieth birthday produced, of course, many laudatory articles and some recollections. In "The Sketch" one of his eulogists has drawn attention to the portrait of him that his friend Meredith put into "Emilia in England" many years ago. The poet was there presented as Tracey Runningbrook, whose poetry was illustrated in one line—

> Large eyes lit up by some imperial sin—

and whose talk was shown to be quite as forthright as anything we know of in Swinburne's declamatory prose. When Runningbrook wishes to pay his compliments to a philistine critic, he says: "Let the fellow bark till he froths at the mouth and scatters the virus of the beast among his filthy friends. I am mad-dog proof."

Authors may come and authors may go, but Mr. Quiller-Couch goes on forever. We are always welcoming a new book by him. Fortunately, he seems to keep up the quality of his work, for all that he is so facile and prolific. We look forward, therefore, with anticipations of pleasure to the early appearance this spring of his latest collection of short stories. "Merry-Garden" it is called, from the first of the seven stories in the book, nearly all of which are based on material drawn from the author's blissful Duchy.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for publication toward the close of this month a new volume in their "Geographical Library." It will be called "The Awakening of China," and the author is Dr. W. A. P. Martin.

The Putnams have just brought out "The Friends of Voltaire," by S. G. Tallentyre. This clever sister of the late Henry Seton Merriman, the novelist, has a gift for writing entertaining biographical pages, and the present volume gives the sprightliest possible impressions of Diderot, Galiani, Grimm and the other wits of their circle. Here is a typical fragment from the chapter on Diderot:

> There has surely never been such a good natured man of letters. The study door in the attic was open not only to all his friends, but to all the Grub Street vagrants and parasites of Paris. Diderot purified his friend d'Holbach's German-French, and profusely helped his dearest Grimm in the "Literary Correspondence"; he corrected proofs for Helvetius, Raynal and Galiani, gave lessons in metaphysics to a German princess, and was, for himself, not only an encyclopædist, but a novelist, an art critic and a playwright. He also wrote dedicatory epistles for needy musicians, "reconciled brothers, settled lawsuits, solicited pensions." He planned a comedy for an unsuccessful dramatic author, and, in roars of laughter, indited an advertisement of a hair wash to oblige an illiterate hairdresser. The story has been told often, but still bears telling afresh, of the young man who came to him with a personal satire against Diderot himself. "I thought," says the satirist, "you would give me a few crowns to suppress it." "I can do better for you than that," says Diderot, not in the least annoyed. "Dedicate it to the brother of the Duke of Orleans, who hates me; take it to him and he will give you assistance." "But I do not know the prince." "Sit down and I will write the dedication for you." He did, and so ably that the satirist obtained a handsome sum.
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> Another day he composed for the benefit of a woman who had been deserted by the Duc de la Vrillière a most touching appeal to the duke's feelings. "While I lived in the light of your love I did not ask for pity. But of all your passion there only remains to me your portrait—and that I must sell to-morrow for bread." The duke sent her fifty louis.

A contributor to "Notes and Queries" sends to that invaluable little journal a striking passage from an almost forgotten work, the "Memoirs" of Marie Grosholtz, afterwards Madame Tussaud. When young she lived with an uncle at the Hotel d'Allegre, in Paris, and was frequently in the rooms of M. Curtius, the friend of men like Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin and Mirabeau. The passage quoted in "Notes and Queries" runs as follows:

> Full well she remembers the literary discussions, which were sometimes conducted with much bitterness by the opposing partisans of the favourite authors of the day; observing that she never could forget the acrimony displayed between Voltaire and Rousseau in their disputes in the support, perhaps, of some metaphysical theory, in which themselves alone could feel interested. . . . One grand source of complaint, which was preferred against Voltaire by Rousseau, was that he had often advanced different ideas, which were purely original, at M. Curtius's table, and which were intended to form the foundation of a future work, Rousseau ever specifying that such was his object; yet had he the mortification to find that Voltaire would forestall him, by bringing out a volume containing those very opinions which his rival had expressed; and, in fact, the very thoughts and subjects on which he had dilated, and designed as the outlines and substance of his next production. Voltaire, perhaps, scarcely apparently listening to what was said, or taking up the opposite side of the question, would argue with vehemence against the very doctrine which he would soon after publish to the world as his own. Thus, whilst Rousseau was conceiving and projecting materials for his work, and in the simplicity of his heart was proclaiming all his inspirations to his friends, his subtle cotemporary was digesting all he heard, and, as quick in execution as the former in imagination, he turned the fertility of his rival's brains to his own advantage.
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> Bitter, indeed, was then the venom which was emitted by those two celebrated authors at each other; most rancorous were the reproaches which Rousseau would launch forth against Voltaire, whilst *his* replies were not less [*sic*] deficient in their portion of gall. The latter was far more biting in his sarcasms than his competitor, who sometimes felt so irritated that, losing his self-possession, the point of his satire often lost its keenness. Voltaire, also, was ever gay, whilst Rousseau was generally the reverse, and rather misanthropic.
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> When Voltaire retired, then would Rousseau give free vent to all his rage against his arch rival, till he would exhaust all the abusive vocabulary of the French language in expressing his wrath, exclaiming: "Oh, the old monkey, the knave, the rascal!" until he was fatigued with the fury of his own eloquence. He was younger than Voltaire by sixteen years, but they both died in the same year.

Students of the French Revolution will be interested in the announcement for early publication in Paris of a facsimile of sixty-three documents and engravings belonging to the time of the imprisonment and death of Marie Antoinette. Two hundred copies only are to be printed. M. Maurice Tourneux has written a special introduction for the work, which is edited by M. André Marty, under the title of "La Dernière Année de Marie Antoinette; Le Temple; La Conciergerie; L'Exécution; 14 Août, 1792-16 Octobre, 1793."

The Associated Publishers of American Records have just published the tercentenary number of "The Journal of American History." It is an interesting miscellany, containing material, old and new, relating to subjects of particular importance at this time to students of our development. Ample space is given, of course, to Jamestown and to Captain John Smith, whose arms are emblazoned upon the cover. The excellent illustrations include a number of picturesque old prints and photographs of the statue of Smith to be unveiled at Jamestown Island, and the Charles Brockden Brown memorial, lately erected in Philadelphia. We note, too, four striking old silhouettes of Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, John Randolf, of Roanoke, and the first bishop of America, Dr. William White, of Pennsylvania.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES JAMES FOX. A Commentary on His Life and Character. By Walter Savage Landor. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. With portrait. 8vo, pp. xxv, 255. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Landor's Commentary, though written toward the end of 1811, is here published for the first time.

MAUDE ADAMS. By Ada Patterson. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 110. (Meyer Brothers & Co.)

A short sketch of her professional career.

DRAMA.

THE GODDESS OF REASON. A Drama in Five Acts. By Mary Johnston. 8vo, pp. 234. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A drama of the French Revolution.

THE DOUBLE LOVE. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Arthur Dougherty Rees. 12mo, pp. 85. (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company.)

A play of American life.

GETHSEMANE AND AFTER. A New Setting of an Old Story. By the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady. 16mo, pp. 217. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

FICTION.

IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM. By Arthur W. Marchmont. With frontispiece in colors by Archie Gunn. 12mo, pp. vi, 317. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

Reviewed in another column.

BARBARA REBELL. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. Frontispiece by Gilbert White. 12mo, pp. 379. (B. W. Dodge & Co.)

The story of an English girl.

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