Literary News and Criticism.

New Fiction by Mrs. Burnett, the Castles and Others.

THE SHUTTLE. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 12mo, pp. 512. F. A. Stokes Company.

MY MERRY ROCKHURST. Being Some Episodes in the Life of Viscount Rockhurst, a Friend of King Charles the Second and at One Time Constable of His Majesty's Tower of London. Recounted by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. ix, 383. The Macmillan Company.

MARGARET. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 355. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE FOLK AFIELD. By Eden Phillpotts. 12mo, pp. vii, 362. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In her new story of two international marriages Mrs. Burnett follows an ingenious method. By carrying the action over a period of some ten or twelve years she contrives to show the reader both sides of the medal. Little Rosalie Vanderpoel, the daughter of an American multi-millionaire, with whose fortunes the author is first concerned, marries her titled Englishman at a period of our social history which, it would seem, enjoyed very little light on the philosophy of such alliances. The bride's parents take Sir Nigel Anstruther at his own valuation, with the result that poor Rosalie wakes up in a gloomy English country house to find that she is tied to a sordid brute. Being a timid creature she acquiesces in her evil destiny, making no really determined effort to apprise the family at home of her wellnigh tragic situation. Here Mrs. Burnett makes a heavy demand upon her reader's credulity. She asks him to believe that a mature American and his wife would give their daughter to a foreign husband and then, for more than a decade, not simply allow themselves to be kept at a distance, but practically remain in the dark as to their child's condition. For the purposes of the story, however, the parental desertion of Rosalie could not well have been avoided. It was necessary that a free field should be reserved for the astonishing activities of Rosalie's young sister Betty. This daughter of the house of Vanderpoel is as strong as her sister is weak. Even in her childhood she has suspected Sir Nigel, and by the time she grows up she has trained herself to swoop down upon his home and there play the part of an avenger. On her portrait Mrs. Burnett lavishes all her pains. Decidedly, if we are to accept her view of the matter, the shuttle that moves between America and England moves swiftly and produces many patterns. Betty, too, marries a titled Englishman, but she has better luck than Rosalie because she is launched upon her enterprise with eyes wide open.

When this resolute young woman comes to the rescue of her beloved sister she is armed at all points. If she elects to be the Lady Bountiful of the village she elects also to go about the business with tact as well as feeling. If she has to enter many a combat with Sir Nigel Anstruther she is at least careful to use the weapons of a practised fencer. The moment she appears upon the scene the reader feels in his bones that she will, in the long run, set everything straight. But her difficulties are immense, and the manner of her triumph excites the liveliest speculation. Mrs. Burnett has never written a story framed better than this one is to hold the attention from beginning to end. It has not, we fear, any very serious relation to life. It is a purely melodramatic vein that is here exploited, and the effects secured, while well calculated to enchain the sentimental school-girl, are hardly of a nature to impress the thoughtful reader. But the novelist who can wake curiosity and keep it awake, who can fill even the dispassionate critic with interest as to the outcome of her plot, must have a power of narrative which, by itself, commands respect. The reader may find fault, if he pleases. He may protest that that swift movement of the shuttle to which we have referred is altogether too swift. He may be sadly bored by the slangy talk of one of the characters in the book, a young commercial traveller whose portrait is drawn with appalling patronage. But nothing can keep him from wanting to know "how the thing comes out." Though "The Shuttle" is scarcely a work of art it is an uncommonly readable tale.

Books of deliberately episodical fiction have threatened, of late, to fall into disrepute. The idea of making some picturesque character the central figure in one short story after another, until a book has been filled, has tempted scores of the romancers of the day, and many of them have put forth merely mechanical work. It is doubly pleasant, therefore, to welcome a volume like "My Merry Rockhurst." In the eight stories of a courtier of King Charles Second, which are here gathered together, the Castles are at their best, reviving all the fragrant charm of those books, like "The Pride of Jennico," in which they first showed an instinct, amounting to genius, for sunny romance. My Lord Rockhurst, when we make his acquaintance in the opening narrative, is doing his best to lighten the melancholy of his exiled King. On a misty night in Bruges they find themselves without food or money, and Rockhurst at last fares forth in search of the one or the other, knowing not what his fortune may be, but resolved upon success. He wins it through the adroitness and gallantry with which he takes advantage of a chance encounter, and returns to drink to his King's happy restoration. The little tale is exquisitely told. Especially noticeable is the art with which the authors have sketched in their background, giving to their plot the right proportions, and then enveloping the whole in a perfect atmosphere. There is no mistaking Bruges as they paint it. Brilliant, too, is their work in all that concerns the portraiture of Rockhurst or of the King. The characters of both are given a vitality that is the more remarkable when the lightness of the fictitious fabric is considered. The sparkling touch of the water colorist is in these pictures, yet they have also something of the depth and richness of paintings in oil. Partly this is due to the sincerity of emotion with which the work has been done.

It is varied work. In the first story, "The King's Comrade," Rockhurst is all ingenuity and daring. In the second, "Farrant Chace," he is a haughty and melancholy figure, turned to a mood of tenderness in the service of a woman in peril. Then, in "The Enigma of the Locket," we see him at once cynical and gentle at the court of his re-established master, and in "The Peacock Walk" we are carried even closer to the secret of his nature. A tragic note is struck in "The King's Cup" and in the three stories that follow. Rockhurst is no saint, and the authors make no specious apologies for him, but he is a very human creature, with much that is noble in his makeup, and from first to last he has our sympathy. It is not the romance of mere intrigue and sword play that the authors make their leading motive. They do not invent their stories so that Rockhurst may have scenes and situations in which to shine. On the contrary, the stuff of each story seems to be brought straight from the kind of life which such a man would lead. That it is a double life, now lit by the pure white light of honor and now lurid with the gleams of a wanton court, no doubt makes it easier for the authors to surprise the reader; but at least the dual character of this sombre, misnamed courtier is natural and all of a piece. The book is absorbing, and it is, into the bargain, as spontaneous in feeling as it is artistic in execution.

Mr. Haggard's "Margaret" is, in its modest way, as captivating a tale of old days as we have read in a long time. The opening scenes are laid in the England of Henry VII, at whose court the villain of the piece, a certain handsome Spaniard, is mysteriously occupied. Accident throws across his path the heroine, a merchant's daughter, and the stalwart Englishman whose heart she holds in the hollow of her lovely hand. When Margaret Castell is insulted by one of the mercenaries of the Spanish ambassador, and Peter Brome slays the drunken dog, the amiable intervention of the villain aforesaid obviously presages woe. We read on until we discover that Margaret's father, John Castell, is secretly faithful to the Jewish religion which he is supposed to scorn, and we are then convinced that the Inquisition is going to change the whole current of the heroine's life. When it does so the scene shifts to Spain, and there adventures follow one another so rapidly that we are soon scant of breath. Mr. Haggard manipulates the windings of his plot with skill. The story goes with a swing, and throughout it is kept in just the right brave key. It is a rather superficial and even conventional romance, but it is joyously interesting. Apropos, we direct the attention of the reader to the letter written by Mr. Haggard on the subject of this book which we quote in another column.

There are unexpected qualities in the short stories which Mr. Eden Phillpotts has collected under the general title of "The Folk Afield." The work by which he has made himself known has been done in his novels of peasant life on Dartmoor, and though his success in collaboration with Mr. Arnold Bennett, along fantastic lines, has shown that he has more than one string to his bow, he has never hitherto given us reason to suppose that he could produce such tales as are here presented. They treat of types in Switzerland and Algiers, in the Riviera and in the West Indies, in Egypt and in France. Wherever he goes the author is original. Long absorption in the problems of English rusticity has, if anything, heightened his interest in exotic phases of life. It seems almost incredible that this intensely British novelist should sit himself down to the task of describing how two women of Egypt clashed over the love of one man, and fought a duel to the death in the King's Chamber that lies at the centre of the pyramid of Cheops. What is even more amazing, and incidentally most pleasing to the critic, is that Mr. Phillpotts does this thing extraordinarily well. Of the fourteen stories in this collection there is not one which is without a living interest; there is not one without a certain individuality. If the author can maintain this standard he may be sure of his popularity among all those who care for good short stories. In this volume he has something to say, and, in the saying of it, discloses an admirable command of a difficult literary form.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Recollections by Captain Mahan and General Schaff.

FROM SAIL TO STEAM. By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. 8vo, pp. xvii, 326. Harper & Bros.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT. By Morris Schaff. Twenty-three illustrations from photographs. 8vo, pp. 283. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The immortal old chroniclers, Captain Mahan points out in his preface, are at their best when least conscious of their formal task; their colors run truer then; the pictures they give us of contemporary life and manners are more revealing. "For lesser gabblers," he continues, "the best way to lose self-consciousness is just to let themselves go." It is in just such an engaging spirit of artlessness and spontaneity that these two volumes of reminiscences have been produced, the one treating of life in the Naval Academy immediately before the Civil War, and, more briefly, of episodes in subsequent naval history; the other concerning itself chiefly with the West Point to which the writer bade farewell in 1862, when he entered the Army of the Potomac.

Our navy of ante-bellum days was predominantly a sailing fleet. In 1861 more than half the available ships of war were sailing vessels pure and simple, and the whole navy was still equipped with canvas. Hesitation was general as to the ultimate predominance of steam. Captain Mahan says: "An acquaintance of mine, a sailmaker in the navy, a man of unusual intelligence and tried courage, used to maintain that steam would never prevail. Small steamers, he contended, would accompany sailing fleets, to tow vessels becalmed or disabled in battle." Although the work of naval reconstruction was already under way, the liberal standards of the older navy—the navy that dated from 1812—still controlled the spirit of the service when, in 1856, Mahan was enrolled as midshipman at the Academy. The earlier course of five years at sea and a final year at Annapolis had recently been made over into a course of four preliminary years at Annapolis, with summer cruises and two finishing years on shipboard; but the democratic tradition of the "oldsters," with its supreme regard for seamanship and slight relish for "unpractical" academic training, was universally operative. The new scholarship requirements were most indulgently enforced; there were no strict regulations in regard to dress, carriage, use of leisure, etc., and ignorance in matters academic or military brought no discredit—provided always, of course, that a man was a good seaman.

In our last year the adjutant in my class, on the first occasion of forming the battalion ashore, after some moments of visible embarrassment, could think of no order more appropriate than "Form your companies fore and aft the pavement." . . . Had this man "missed stays" when in charge of the deck, he would have been sorely mortified.

Relations between the different classes were of the most cordial nature, and this fact especially impressed Midshipman Mahan, for his boyhood had been spent at West Point, where his father was professor of mathematics. Hazing was unpractised, not even talked of. A great freedom of intercourse existed between faculty and students, "a general good humored tolerance, easy going and depending upon a mutual understanding, none the less clear because informal." There was a sort of implicit equality. Though it was the understood duty of officers to enforce regulations and the understood duty of students to disregard them, this was a kind of game in which no one greatly minded being the loser.

General Schaff tells of a very different state of things at the Military Academy. Except in the rarest instances neither officers nor professors came into any sort of personal relation with the cadets. The cadet world was a world of sharp boundaries, shut into itself and cleft within itself into smaller class communities. It was, in short, a highly aristocratic system, and as any aristocracy depends upon the tacit acceptance of certain standards by all concerned, so at West Point, it was the usage, the code, the unwritten law of the place that counted most in the molding of cadet character. If at the Naval Academy the chief forces were personal forces, at West Point they were just as markedly impersonal forces—a body of traditions, of ideals that no one dreamed of challenging.

"There are two West Points," says General Schaff, "the actual West Point and the overarching spiritual one." This "Spirit" of West Point had a part so vital and lasting in the life of the cadets that it has come, in the author's mind, to be no abstraction at all, but an actual, almost tangible Personality. Again and again he comes back to the figure, lingering over it affectionately. Now it is the Spirit of the little chapel that speaks to the hearts of the cadets, now the Spirt of the guns and of the dreaming parapets, now of the flag shaking out its colors at the masthead, now of the hills and the river and the forest.

It is interesting to notice that both Schaff and Mahan were deeply impressed by a duty that fell to the lot of each, that of making the watch. At West Point the sentinel on his round witnesses all the solemn pageantry of the night: the silent river, the passing craft, "the moonlight lying wan on the steps of the chapel, the clock in the tower striking the deep hours." Captain Mahan has memories equally stirring, though different enough in character, of the night watches at sea.

Once you were awake, what a mighty stimulus there was in the salt roaring wind and the pelting rain! How infectious the shout of the officer of the deck! the answering cry of the topmen aloft—the "Haul to windward! Together! All!" . . . How eager and absorbing the gaze through the darkness from deck, to see how they were getting on; whether the yard was so braced that the sail lay with the wind out of it, really slack for handling, though still bellying and lifting as the ship rolled. . . .

The high stress of feeling that prevailed in each institution before the outbreak of the war is strikingly recorded. In 1859 Mahan was graduated from Annapolis and at once embarked as midshipman on the Congress for a two years' cruise in the South Atlantic. The political situation aboard—as also at the school—was characterized by unanimity of sentiment among the Southerners and the utter lack of it among the men from the North. The Southerners knew what they wanted; the issue was perfectly simple and clear; conviction and pride reinforced each other; whereas the Northerners, more reserved and calculating by nature, split over problems of ways and means, disagreeing even as to the nature of the main issue. The news of the fall of Sumter and the orders home, which reached the Congress simultaneously at Montevideo, had a profound effect. "Every voice but one was hushed, and that voice said 'Fight!'" Just as in the nation at large, so in this miniature embodiment of it, the North was at last aroused and united.

After the return of the Congress, Mahan joined the Pocahontas, a steam corvette, which was kept in blockade service off Charleston until the summer of 1862. Six months more at the Naval Academy, at this time transferred to Newport; a European practice cruise, a few months in the Texan blockade, another transfer to the South Atlantic seacoast, and Lieutenant Mahan saw the hoisting of the American flag over Sumter. The remainder of the volume describes cruises in the Far East, and gives an interesting account of the author's transition from naval to academic and literary life.

As for General Schaff's story, he ends it with the departure of the graduated cadets for the war. What he emphasizes most is the passionate sincerity that actuated the whole corps, Northerners and Southerners alike—Southerners who remained loyal to the Union at the bitterest personal sacrifice, and, equally, Southerners, like Fitzhugh Lee, who resigned and entered the Confederate army. West Point friendship could endure even this harshest of tests, and in the end it had a great part to play in the bringing back to peace. He says:

West Point has rendered many a service; she opened the gates to Grant's undreamed of abilities; with beating heart she was with Thomas as he stood at Chickamauga that mighty September day; she was at Warren's side on Round Top; she was with little George B. McClellan when he rallied the Army of the Potomac after the Second Bull Run; all these were great services. But her greatest service was in inspiring and revealing the ideals of the soldier and the gentleman, and in knitting frendships which, when called on by the world's love of gentleness, respoded at Appomattox by bringing back enduring peace, leaving our country's history unshadowed by revenge and unhaunted by victims of political gibbets.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Dr. Furness's Variorum Edition of the Play.

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra. Royal 8vo. Pp., xx. 613. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The fifteenth volume of an invaluable edition of Shakespeare is herewith presented to Dr. Furness's grateful readers, and, like its predecessors, leaves a great subject considerably illuminated. In comparison with most of the earlier volumes in the series, however, this one must have proved unusually easy to prepare. The longest of Shakespeare's plays, "Antony and Cleopatra," has suffered at the hands of the critics only sixty material emendations, none of which has been made since the publication of Dr. Johnson's edition in 1765. This happy circumstance has left Dr. Furness freer than usual to supply the text with historical and literary notes. It has also tempted him to treat with lightness and charm the more formidable textual puzzles, inasmuch as these latter do not seriously jeopardize either the sense or poetry of their passages. Nobody save a crass pedant could fail to be amused as well as informed by this scholar's long criticism of that mysterious line: "He soberly did mount an arme-gaunte steede" (Act I, sc. V, line 56). All the ponderosities, brilliancies and asininities of a dozen nations and generations of critics are scrupulously quoted; and then the editor makes glad our hearts by remarking:

In sooth (these textual puzzles) supply a certain charm; they give the imagination play. What imposing grandeur is imparted to Antony's deportment when we learn that "he soberly did mount an arme-gaunte steede"! What image of panoplied greatness is there here lacking? And that Antony could "soberly" mount this hippogriff betokens a serenity of mind that of itself ranks him with the gods. Ah, no; give me Caliban's "scammels" and Antony's "arme-gaunte steede." If arm-gaunt be not the true word, I think Shakespeare's shade must be grateful to the printers for having supplied its place with one so suggestive.

Nothing can better characterize the editor's fortunate judgment than this observation. How few critics have the knack of being optimistic fatalists!

Dr. Furness's annotations are all built up on the interpretation of the play as one portraying the purest love and illimitable affection. Coleridge's description of it as a drama of passion and appetite is flatly rejected. When Cleopatra kisses Cæsar's conquering hand and kneels, with her crown, at his feet, she does this, according to Dr. Furness, in order to gain time for Antony in his low fortunes by temporizing with Cæsar. And Adolf Stahr's interpretation of the last scene, where the Queen falls into a rage against Seleucus, her treasurer, for his honest refusal to countenance her dishonest inventory of her possessions, is accepted; Cleopatra is raging here to deceive Cæsar into thinking her subdued. Read with Dr. Furness's guiding notes, the play runs smoothly along the lines he marks for it. But, afterward, one may well wonder whether Shakespeare himself did not deliberately portray here a woman of whom Enobarbus said: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." In short, is not Cleopatra, to the bite of the asp, a woman of such baffling profundity and subtlety that interpretations of her character, whether by Cæsar, Antony, Dr. Furness, or Broadway theatregoers, must be infinitely various? The antipodal opinions of two such appreciative critics as Coleridge and Dr. Furness assuredly go to prove this view.

Following the text and its annotations is an invaluable appendix containing the sources of the plot, a reprint of Dryden's remarkable imitation of Shakespeare in "All for Love," a tragedy with a variation of the Shakepearian theme of "Antony and Cleopatra"; an excellent mass of citations from critical essays on the play. Finally there is an account of dramatic versions and actors who have distinguished themselves in presenting the classic. The wealth of information Dr. Furness has collected must make every future Shakespearian student his debtor.

GLIMPSES OF SCOTT.

How He Worked with His Brownie.

Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, in The Athenæum.

My grandfather, William Carmichael, was Assistant Clerk of Session in Edinburgh during the whole time that Walter Scott was Clerk of Session, and he was also Extractor at the Register Office until he was pensioned off on the transfer of the department to London. Scott was very friendly with him. They often, if not generally, sat together in working hours in one room.

There was a good deal in common between the two men, both near the same age, of the strong Anglo-Saxon type, with keen intelligence, and the social enjoyment of life and nature. At the beginning of their association Scott frequently took my grandfather's hat away instead of his own, but one day a new hat had been bought to glorify a special visit on the way home. Scott annexed unconsciously the new hat. My grandfather ran down the stairs after him with his own. There was a frank apology: "Man! I never thought I could get into any other hat than my own." Scott was always very proud of the size of his head, and was after this testimony more respectful to his assistant, frequently saying, "No wonder you can stand in my shoes when you can stand under my hat!" . . .

On one point my grandfather was Scott's superior. He had a quick ear and a delicate taste for music; he could play the fiddle so as to make the heart ache or rejoice at his will. Scott used sometimes to slip along in the late evening from Castle street to Maitland street to talk about office work; but that done, he always asked for the fiddle. Sometimes it was to know what was the tune for a ballad or a song, sometimes to test the fiddler's knowledge, to ask, "What is the tune for this?" reciting some verses he had just composed. To such novelties the musician would guardedly say, "This tune would do for that." When asked why he fitted it so, he would answer, "Because the skirl comes in the right place for the feeling." Scott always submitted to his judgment on this point. Sometimes my grandfather's crony, Mr. French, was there also with his fiddle, and they would combine in wonderful duets. I do not know whether this Mr. French was in any way connected with Scott's early tutor of the name. I remember once seeing him when I was a child. He was tall and thin and gray, and he played his fiddle especially for me. I suppose it must have been on a morning of one of the two great annual feasts, New Year's Day and the 4th of June; the latter was always honored as "the King's Birthday," even after the death of George III. On these days a patriarchal family assembled, and there was no room for children or any one else, except Mr. French, to sit down to the feast.

My grandfather was very methodical, clear and exact; his eyesight and his memory were wonderful; he was an omnivorous reader, and had a great reverence for authors, but he was disturbed by no literary imaginings or ambitions of his own. He was therefore very well suited to be Scott's assistant, and gladly did at times more than his share of work. He could not, of course, sign the innumerable registered deeds which Scott had to authenticate with his signature; but he could draw up the cases that had come before the court, and find references and precedents with unerring certainty. Sometimes his superior, when he had been at some great reception the evening before, would come to the office with a burden of arguments and phrases in his memory, and, finding the whole report clearly drawn up for him, would give a sigh of relief and a smile of appreciation.

When inquisitive people used to ask Scott how he got through so much work, he would jokingly say that he "kept a brownie." Though it was his own tremendous energy that carried him through his various undertakings, yet that there was some truth in the joke was proved by the cordial introduction of his assistant to some of his intimates in the words, "This is my brownie!" At the time his literary work had to be kept secret, not only for official reasons, but also because of the mystery in which he enshrouded it when he took to prose; for, as Scott himself wrote to Morritt about "Waverley": "I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels." In some quarters, indeed, it was considered worse than "indecorous." From the beginning my grandfather was aware of the fact. Scott occasionally took refuge in a special corner of his office, to complete a chapter interrupted by breakfast, or to jot down some sketch which had struck him; and his subordinate was too acute not to know the difference between the page-consuming style of the Waverley novels and ordinary verse lines, legal reports, or friendly letters, even when only glanced at upside down. From the first there was a tacit understanding that though each knew that the other knew, there was nothing to be said about it.

But there were often discussions as to the exact distinction of meaning in Scotch words by Clydeside and Tweedside, about the completions of Border ballads, and sometimes questions of local geography. Carmichael was originally, and is still, a place name. The parish is bounded by Douglas Water on the west, and the top of Tinto Hill on the east. There were confabulations as to a search for the completion of the old tradition:

On Tintock top there is a mist,
And in the mist there is a kist,
And in the kist there is a quhern.
If through the mist you find the kist
And take the quhern——

My grandfather had told Scott about a habit of the Lanarkshire hand loom weavers of crooning to themselves popular tunes as they wrought with a string of comparatively musical names:

There's Lamington and Symington,
And Covington and Allanton;

but when a knot came, or a thread broke, the weaver dashed out fiercely, "Carmichael!" not in the modern pronunciation like the name of the archangel, but with three short vowels and a strong guttural. Thereafter Scott, when worried with a crux in his reports, would call also "Carmichael!" but with him it was not only a mild imprecation, but also an invocation to his brownie for help.

ODD LORD GARDENSTONE.

A Library Founder of the Eighteenth Century.

From The London Saturday Review.

Francis Garden, Lord Gardenstone (1721-'93), advocate in 1744, had an excellent right to call the village of Laurencekirk "his." It did not come to him by any commonplace (though doubtless comfortable) descent or marriage. He bought it in '62, began to build a new village in '65, which at his death contained (if our figures be right) five hundred houses and a population of twelve thousand. Twenty-four to a house sounds crowded. Garden's tenants must have been, as Mrs. Primmins said of earwigs, "the prolifickest things." He let land on easy terms, established manufactures, built an inn, and founded a museum and library.

Living when he did, he had permission to be eccentric. And in the intervals of hard work the "Douglas cause," for instance, that Serbonian bog into which all the Scotch bar plunged, and beneficence took full advantage of it. It is told that a visitor called on him one morning before he was up, and was shown to his bedroom. Entering, the visitor fell neck and crop over a bundle which grunted indignantly. "'Tis but a bit sow," said his lordship. "I wrappit her up in ma breeks, lest the pulr beastie should feel cauld i' the nicht." He was also celebrated "even at the Scotch bar for wit and conviviality"—qualities now a little out of fashion, but amiable. For "conviviality" meant in those days more than three-bottle capacity, to which sense the word is too often degraded. It implied "clubability."

Having founded his library, Garden was not content to leave his guests to browse there unguided. It was "his lordship's practice to insert his critical observations on the margins of the respective books," which observations, with his poems and other essays, were printed at Edinburgh in 1792, the first edition not having been intended for sale.

A LITERARY SURPRISE.

From The London Outlook.

I once received near Cape Town a literary surprise which it would perhaps be difficult to "cap" within the limits of fact. Like many others, I used to find relief from the tyranny of war and politics in the classics, and particularly the "Odyssey." One lovely morning in January I went to a neighboring little fruit shop for two handfuls of the opulent Cape grapes. I had taken my "Odyssey" with me, and was served by a foreigner who said he was Greek. Asked from what part of Greece he came, he gave the rather startling reply "from Ithaca." He was soon mouthing out the opening lines of the First "Odyssey," but with a pronunciation and accent very different from those accepted in our English public schools. Considering how very far we both were in many senses from the home of Penelope and Odysseus, my readers will admit that the coincidence was remarkable.

A WOMAN HATER.

From The London Outlook.

A volume called "A Blue Book," recently published by the Swedish writer August Strindberg, has aroused great discussion both in Scandinavia and Germany. It is dedicated to Emanuel Swedenborg, and takes the form of a series of conversations between a master and his disciple, in which Strindberg's views of religion, philosophy, patriotism, etc., are set forth with characteristic vehemence. In one section he answers those who have charged him with being a woman hater. All the great writers who wrote on the subject have, he says, expressed similar views to those which he has been condemned for publishing. Schopenhauer, he notes, has dealt most ably with the subject, Nietzsche is not bad, but Joseph Péladan is the master. In England Thackeray wrote "Men's Wives," but that book is not sufficiently outspoken.

Balzac's portrait of Caroline he also regards as an important contribution, and if Otto Weininger had followed up the line he struck out in his earlier work he would have done great things. "I have said," Strindberg goes on, "that a child is a little criminal who cannot rule himself, but I love children all the same. I have also said that woman is what she is, but I have always loved some woman. He who calls me a woman hater is consequently an idiot, a liar or a miserable wretch, or all three at the same time."

A DICKENS INN.

Another Vanished London Landmark.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

The doors of the Barnard's Inn Tavern, in Holborn, have closed for the last time, and very shortly the housebreaker will be busy demolishing the old house. Few persons have any idea how old the tavern is, but it dates back, as a matter of fact, to the fifteenth century, and in 1454 was bequeathed with the rest of Barnard's Inn by John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, to the chapter of Lincoln Cathedral, who were, in return, to appoint a chaplain to sing masses for the repose of his soul. The bequest has long since been diverted to less pious uses, but the arms of the dean are yet to be seen on the inner doors of the tavern.

A good many stirring scenes must have been witnessed during those early centuries of the history of the inn—a history very nearly ended by the Gordon rioters, who invaded Holborn, and burned Langdale's distillery, a few doors away. Dickens, who knew and loved the district so well, lived in Furnival's Inn close by, and must have used the house often. Dozens of his characters lived in the neighboring streets, and the inn itself is the "Red Lamp" of "Barnaby Rudge."

For the last twenty years the house has been in the hands of the Pelthorpe family, and has been the home of the Pickwick Masonic Lodge and other societies connected with the memory of Dickens.

For other Literary News see eighth page.

Books and Publications.

1857 THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY 1907

The Atlantic celebrates its semi-centennial with a Special Anniversary Number for November, 1907.

THIS ISSUE CONTAINS:

Verses . . . . . JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
The Launching of the Magazine . CHARLES ELIOT NORTON
An Early Contributor's Recollections . . J. T. TROWBRIDGE
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