

mended the "Velasquez" of Mr. Calvert and his collaborator in the "Spanish Series" which we have praised before and gladly praise again. The text, filling the first half of the book, sketches the painter's career, and describes and characterizes his work. It is written with becoming enthusiasm, but at the same time with a wholesome avoidance of rhapsody and rhetoric. The authors have not tried to do too much. They have been satisfied to record the salient facts and to give a clear impression in simple terms. Their list of the paintings has been made with great care and following it is the collection of reproductions which is always in this series made conspicuous. There are 136 of these, a generous number, permitting more than one of the paintings to be shown not only in full but in two or three well selected details. Altogether this volume well fills the little niche that has been waiting for it.

The publication of Messrs. Arnott and Wilson's exhaustive work on "The Petit Trianon," to which warm tribute was paid in this place on the appearance of the first part not long ago, continues with exemplary dispatch. The second of the three portfolios in which it is to be completed has just been issued, and the last may doubtless be expected at an early date. This present instalment, like its predecessor, illustrates the beauty of the building at many points and in different ways. There are more plans, more scale drawings of the exterior, and certain sectional drawings which better than anything else help the reader to apprehend the perfect proportions of this architectural masterpiece. The magnificent wrought iron railing on the principal staircase is shown in half a dozen photographic plates, and in addition the authors have made detailed drawings which, for the architect, must prove a boon. He will be grateful, too, for the mouldings in stone and wood that are drawn to scale or at half the full size, and, in short, for the full documentation of the decorative motives everywhere. In this portfolio there are more photographs giving general views of the rooms, there are more plates of a similar nature devoted to the furniture, and there is one leaf containing photographs of four carved panels that is to be hailed with particular rejoicings. As the work goes on the plates are issued according as they happen to be made. When the third portfolio appears it will be a pleasure to study the drawings and photographs again, arranged in their proper order, and introduced by the historical and critical essay which the authors have in preparation. In their labor of love they are being assisted by the publishers, we may add, to the fullest possible extent. The plates in this work could not have been better executed.

**NOBEL "OF THE PRIZES."**

**A Note on the Inventor's Peculiarities.**

From The London Chronicle.  
Alfred Nobel, whose memory receives its annual revival in the award of his munificent prizes, had little personal knowledge of England. He disliked our climate and cooking—in all London he found only one hotel and one restaurant where dinner was a possibility, and he qualified even this praise by describing their cuisine as "the least disagreeable" in England. A disappointment that he never got over was that he was not elected a member of the Royal Society, while his lifelong weakness and nervous disposition and winter bronchitis made first Paris and then San Remo his chosen abode on his attainment of wealth.  
Only twice did Nobel ever visit the great high explosive factory which he established in Scotland. In Paris he was to be seen daily, huddled up in his rugs in his carriage, driving to his laboratory outside the city. He had an extraordinary knowledge of languages, a distrust of lawyers—he made his own will—and when heart disease came upon him he wore a pycnograph to trace the irregularities of his pulse. Tiring easily of the pictures on his walls, he arranged with an art dealer to have his rooms hung with pictures on hire, returning them and receiving others in exchange as often as he liked. He took out 129 patents in England, and the invention to which he attached most importance was his artificial india rubber, of which few people have ever heard, because his dynamite speaks so loudly for itself.

**MORE "LINKS."**

From The London Mail.  
In the very interesting volume on the life of "Coke of Norfolk" which Mr. John Lane has just published there is rather more than a hint of romantic passages between young Coke and the Princess Louise of Stolberg at the time of her marriage with Charles Edward, the "Young Pretender." The grandson of "Coke of Norfolk," the Hon. Henry John Coke, has just published a novel, "Open Hatchways," also through Mr. Lane. This is an extraordinary link with the past. It is explained by the fact that Coke, who was the first Earl of Leicester of the new creation, married, for the second time, when he was sixty-eight. His first marriage and the second marriage of his son, the second earl, took place exactly a hundred years apart, in 1775 and 1875.

A still more extraordinary discrepancy of the same kind is mentioned by Sir George Trevelyan in his "Early History of Charles James Fox." Fox had two aunts whose deaths occurred no less than a hundred and seventy years apart. One was his father's half-sister, the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, who was born and died in 1656. The other was the famous Lady Sarah Gordon-Lennox, his mother's sister, who lived until 1826.

These curious links with the past are always interesting. There is the famous case of Dr. Routh, president of Magdalen, who died in his hundredth year in 1854. There must be a good many people still alive who were undergraduates of Magdalen College under his presidency. He is said to have remembered seeing Dr. Johnson coming down the steps of the Sheldonian, and to have talked with an aunt who had danced with Charles II. It was he who gave the precept, "Always verify your references."

The classic instance of such a link with the past, however, remains unverified. An old lady, still living, is supposed to have said, "My dear husband's first father-in-law knew William Shakespeare." Apocryphal or not, that statement might possibly be true.

**A TRUE POET.**

**Andrew Lang and His Verses of Long Ago.**

BALLADS AND LYRICS OF OLD FRANCE. With Other Poems. By Andrew Lang. 16mo, pp. xiii, 176. Longmans, Green & Co.

A book that will stand the test of some thirty-odd years must have in it qualities that are good. Such a book is this little sheaf of poems which Mr. Lang first printed in 1872. He reprints it now at the request of a friend, and in no complacent mood. Speaking of his verses, in a prefatory note, he says that "they were born of an early affection for old French poetry, and the contents of the original pieces mark their date but too plainly." The poet's youth is gone, he would remind us, and he contemplates the fact with clear eyes, eyes that hold no illusion as to those metrical exercises of old days. Yet he sang then too sincerely and too sweetly for the charm of his singing to fade. Time has spared this delightful book because it got itself written out of a genuine inspiration.

If you have pity, child, give o'er;  
Give back the heart you stole from me,  
Pirate, setting so little store  
On this your captive from Love's sea,  
Holding his misery for gain,  
And making pleasure of his pain.  
Another, not so fair of face,  
But far more pitiful than you,  
Would take my heart, if of his grace,  
My heart would give her of Love's due;  
And she shall have it, since I find  
That you are cruel and unkind.  
Nay, I would rather that it died,  
Within your white hands prisoning,  
Would rather that it still abide  
In your ungentle comforting,  
Than change its faith, and seek to her  
That is more kind, but not so fair.

One reflection provoked by this poem and others in Mr. Lang's collection is that he must have had a very nearly uncanonized poise as a young writer. He was in his twenties when he made his excursions on the shallows of Renaissance poetic style, but he had the judgment of an older head and was not betrayed into the preciosities which were lying in wait for him in every sunlit cove. He wrote then, as he writes now, with the touch of one born to use English in a clean, straightforward fashion. There is something about his diction which we can only describe as an element of wholesomeness. Never a tinge of morbidity can be traced in his romantic songs. He thinks too clearly, and

When'er I hear that music vague and old,  
Two hundred years are mist that rolls away;  
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold  
A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,  
The windows gay with many colored glass;  
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers,  
That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold hair,  
A lady looks forth from her window high;  
It may be that I knew and found her fair  
In some forgotten life, long time gone by.

**LITERARY NOTES.**

The letters written by Georges Bizet, the composer of "Carmen," when he was a student at the Ecole de Rome, are to see the light in the pages of the "Revue de Paris." The first instalment of the letters appears in the last issue of that periodical.

What promises to be a book of more or less tragic interest is the forthcoming translation by Mr. Herman Rosenthal of the "Memoirs of Prince Urussov." The author was Governor of Bessarabia three or four years ago. The Harpers are publishing this book.

The grave of Macbeth, says a correspondent of "The Manchester Guardian," does not lie in the country near Dunsinane, "where Shakespeare represents the chief to have fallen, but on an Aberdeenshire hillside to which, after his army had received the sound thumping which Shakespeare pictures, Macbeth fell back":

It is marked by a circular cairn of stones of six or seven yards in diameter, ringed about by a dwarf wall and a belt of starveling elms, and although the spot is only a couple of miles from one of the most frequented of Highland routes, no tourists visit it. That it is authentic is very probable. No other place seriously competes for the distinction. There are said to be in the neighborhood graves as of ancient battle, and local tradition has run strong. A stone a mile off is "Macbeth's Stone," for he rested there when, wounded, he fled from the lost field. A spring so deep that in the bitterest frost it has never been known to freeze nor in the severest drouth to have run dry is "Macbeth's Well," for it was there that the hero drank. Enthusiasts have maintained that the local color of Shakespeare's play is so true that he must have collected it on the spot. At any rate, there are evenings when, standing on Craig Lich and looking toward the mountains behind Braemar, one sees such a sinister and wizard twilight settle down upon the vast landscape as gives it the appearance of just such a witch haunted Lapland as Scotland was to the imagination of the dramatist. One thinks of the weird heaths, the robber frequented roads and the murderous inns of olden days.

That the place has had its witches local traditions aver—traditions full of terrifying instances. Still, it is asserted Shakespeare never visited the spot. It is added, however, that a company of players under one who later on became a colleague of the poet, was once in the neighborhood.

A book of lyrical verse is coming from the pen—or pens—of Michael Field. The aunt and niece, Miss Cooper and Miss Bradley, who share that name, have already produced several volumes of lyrics as well as a dozen, more or less, of pseudo-poetic plays. "Michael Field" is quoted in anthologies, but not that fact nor those many books of plays and poems will keep the name alive. A certain wavering music and a certain misty sentiment are characteristic of this verse, but it suffers from curiously prosaic words and passages.

The American publishers of "The Burlington Magazine" are to be in future Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. The frontispiece of the January number will be a reproduction of a picture from the Kann collection, Rembrandt's "Scholar with a Bust of Homer," a work which has passed into the possession of an American collector.

What became of the unhappy little prisoner of the Temple, the son of Louis and Marie Antoinette?—this is a question which will probably never be answered with certainty. M. Joseph Turquan, the author of a new book on the mystery, comes forward with a not unreasonable theory that Louis XVII was strangled in his prison by order of Robespierre, a consumptive child from a Paris hospital being substituted for him—a child who, by process of nature, was not far from death. M. Turquan bases his belief on the story that Count d'Andigné, when a political prisoner in the Temple in 1801, discovered while idly digging about the moat the skeleton of a well grown child that had been buried in quicklime. An English commentator, Mr. Tighe Hopkins, says:

The governor of the Temple approaching at this moment, D'Andigné said to him, "This must have been the Dauphin?" "Yes," answered the governor, not without embarrassment. The story is told by D'Andigné in his Memoirs, but has been neglected, or, as M. Turquan holds, misinterpreted.  
Starting from the discovery of the skeleton, he proceeds, in the manner of the "Juge d'instruction," to reconstruct the crime. A child is buried in the moat of the Temple, and, since he is interred without a coffin, it was clearly impossible to bury him with the customary rites elsewhere. There must have been dark reasons for dissimulating this death. The body must be destroyed as quickly as possible, so it is laid in quicklime. The death could not have been declared, since notifications of death were as necessary then as now. A death that is not declared is a death that must be concealed. No formal act of decease having been drawn up, the corpse could not be delivered to a cemetery. The child whose skeleton is here suddenly brought to light must, therefore, have met a violent end. Some crime had been committed. History knows of but one child imprisoned in the Temple whom there was any cause for making away with. What child was this? The Dauphin!

A repetition of Mr. G. B. Shaw's remark (obviously that of advertising pose) that Wordsworth's mind was "a genteel, third class mind" unnecessarily stirs a critical commentator to making the statement that in England Wordsworth never had so many readers as he has now. He remembers also that one politician, who hated wars, justified the Boer War to his conscience by saying that it would spread—a knowledge of Wordsworth on the veld!

Strange to say, the first complete critical edition of the works of Sir Philip Sidney is to be given to the world by a Frenchman. Professor Albert Feuillerat is the editor in question, and his edition is to be in three volumes, two of text and one of notes.

As everybody knows Lear's quaint song, "The Owl and the Pussycat," nobody will be at a loss to appreciate the little story lately told of the child (of his landlord at some small inn) for whom he was drawing an owl, when up came a diminutive companion, who said, "Oh, do draw a pussy, too; for you know they went to sea in a boat with lots of honey and plenty of money wrapped in a £5 note." Lear was naturally enchanted and sketched in a cat.



ANDREW LANG.

(From the portrait by W. B. Richmond.)

It was not a profound inspiration. Mr. Lang's verse has never been stirred by fiery passion. But his note has at least been unforced, it has been delicate and winning, and it has been always his own. Never did he show more effectively the original faculty which has made him so brilliant a man of letters than when he gave himself up to the company of the poets of old France.

Charles of Orleans, Villon, Joachim du Bellay and the others have always been the poets of poets. They have been loved by writers who have loved song—and books. Much of their charm springs from their deft handling of engaging lyric forms, and with most of their imitators these forms are put in the foreground. There is no one like your connoisseur of old French poetry to give pieces written in emulation of it a certain intensely literary flavor. This is what Mr. Lang had the good luck to escape. The spring was in his own heart when the old French writers dawned upon him with their "April song":

Sweet as all shapes of sweet things unfulfilled,  
Buds bloomless, and the broken violet,  
The first spring days, the sounds and scents thereof.

The lightness and the fragrance, the tender sentiment and the almost naively youthful ardor which we associate with the early Renaissance poetry of France all touched Mr. Lang's imagination in a happy hour. His pen was attuned to smooth and graceful measures. The emotion that freely but not too hardly energized the lines of his masters sang itself into his own English, and he was spontaneous where, so often, those who have meddled with the fragile old rhymes have fallen upon stiff-jointed artificiality. Witness this lovely piece after Ronsard:

**TO HIS YOUNG MISTRESS.**

Fair flower of fifteen springs, that still  
Art scarcely blossomed on the bud,  
Yet hast such store of evil will,  
A heart so full of hardihood,  
Seeking to hide in friendly wise  
The mischief of your mocking eyes.

feels too sincerely, for that. Also he has invariably been careful to find something to say. Whether he sings a theme of his own or interprets that of another, he is at pains to make sure that it is a theme, that it gives a positive filip to thought or emotion. Here is a specimen of the verse in which he speaks out of experience or personal sympathy rather than as a reader of old songs:

**TWO HOMES.**

To a young English lady in the Hospital of the Wounded, at Carlsruhe, September, 1870.

What does the dim gaze of the dying find  
To waken dream or memory, seeing you?  
In your sweet eyes what other eyes are blue,  
And in your hair what gold hair on the wind  
Floats of the days gone almost out of mind?  
In deep green valleys of the Fatherland  
He may remember girls with locks like thine;  
May dream how, where the waiting angels stand,  
Some lost love's eyes are dim before they shine  
With welcome—so past homes, or homes to be,  
He sees a moment, ere, a moment blind,  
He crosses Death's inhospitable sea,  
And with brief passage of those barren lands  
Comes to the home that is not made with hands.

In the true penetrating tone of this poem we have the explanation of Mr. Lang's success upon all his poetical adventures. He has believed in his subject and in himself, he has cared, and so in work that from one point of view might suggest experiment in versification, he has really struck fire, he has had not only art but inspiration. The authentic nature of his gift has permitted him to be versatile without superficiality. In this little book he ranges over a wide field, he is grave and gay, courtly and Bohemian, and whatever the key his verse rings true. Well advised indeed was the friend who persuaded him to reissue so good a book. We must take leave of it with another quotation, one showing his peculiar *flair* for a poet, Gerard de Nerval, for whom, we gather, he has a special tenderness:

**AN OLD TUNE.**

There is an air for which I would disown  
Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies,  
A sweet sad air that languishes and sighs,  
And keeps its secret charm for me alone.