

TO MEDDOWS.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:
And ye the Walks have been
Where Maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld, how they
With Wicker Arks did come
To kisse, and beare away
The richer Couslips home.

Y've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a Round:
Each Virgin, like a Spring,
With Hony-suckles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,
Whose silv'rie feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd Haire,
Adorn'd this smoother Mead.

Like Unthrifts, having spent
Your stock and needy grown,
Y're left here to lament
Your poore estates, alone.

The New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1908.

The publishers are beginning to issue their lists for the autumn. Two leading firms have made fairly full announcement of their plans and others will soon follow suit. The outlook is abundantly gratifying. The recent panic and the distractions of a Presidential campaign have evidently not had any serious effect on the arrangements made for new books. The forthcoming season may not be madly crowded with these, but neither on the other hand will it be sparsely supplied. It is interesting, by the way, in the light of the lists now in hand, to observe how thoroughly we have abandoned practices which once seemed established beyond all chance of change. Fiction is duly represented, but it is not put in the foreground, nor is it exploited in notable quantities. The "best seller," as a speculation by itself, has seen its best days, if it has not altogether disappeared. Biography and travel have come very conspicuously to the front. We are glad to note that in both departments the publishers are giving more and more attention to American material, handled by American authors. A special development of the last two or three years, emphasized this fall, has reference to dramatic literature. The publication in book form of plays in prose or verse, acted or unacted, has become almost as much a matter of course as the printing of novels.

Louise Chandler Moulton had a gift for friendship, and her death has brought sorrow to a peculiarly wide circle. In her the artistic temperament was broadened by qualities not always vouchsafed to those who dedicate themselves to letters. Her loyalty to a high ideal of workmanship came out in everything that she wrote. It heightened the vitality of the communications which she used regularly to send to The Tribune from Boston, years ago; it gave a firmer texture to her fiction, and it served especially to strengthen the delicate verse to which she brought her warmest inspiration, and by which she will be chiefly remembered. Yet no poet devoted so assiduously to felicities of expression ever escaped more completely from the dangers of a mere literary professionalism. Large minded, a keen lover of books and things, a woman for whom intellectual conversation was a necessity, Mrs. Moulton's whole life was nevertheless colored by the interests of her generous heart. To know her was in a very real sense to love her, and to come once within the spell of her kindness was to remain ever afterward among her devoted friends. Her home in Boston was a place of pilgrimage for many of the most distinguished men and women of her time, and in London, where she was wont to spend a part of every year, her drawing room was frequented by intimates of the same stamp. She knew all of the authors in England who were worth knowing, but they forgot to be celebrities when they came to visit her. There was something too genuine, too fine, too humanly lovable about her, for egotism to thrive in her presence. She talked well herself and she knew how to make others talk. Her death means a bitter loss of happy and stimulating companionship.

A neglected phase of literary craftsmanship is divertingly touched upon in the London "Nation." "Be it history, essay, romance, scientific tract, or sermon," says the critic, "there is an admirable art of opening. Every writer ambitious of distinction must have striven for the right beginning, yet not all the great ones have achieved it. Are there precepts? It is not easy to show them, inasmuch as every good beginning is a precept in itself, and of good beginnings there are many kinds." The latter point is well enforced by quotations, and, indeed, even without such aids every sensitive reader will at once recollect how very personal are the good openings he has encountered. Example is, no doubt, more illuminating than precept in this matter, yet there are one or two suggestions which may perhaps be made. Paradoxically speaking, that author will write the best opening who thinks least about it and simply gives himself up to the natural expression of a tangible idea. A contributor to this subject cites with admiration the first paragraph of Stevenson's "Edinburgh." He fails to notice that the sentences are too well turned, that one is made to think of the style rather than of the subject. An excellent way of arriving at a good opening is to go back, when the whole work is finished, and cut out the first paragraph. The second is apt to make a perfect opening.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Captain Amundsen's Narrative of the Gjoa Expedition.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE. Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship Gjoa, 1903-'07. By Roald Amundsen. With a Supplement by First Lieutenant Hansen, Vice-Commander of the Expedition. In two volumes. With illustrations and maps. 8vo. pp. xiii, 335; ix, 397. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The author of this book fulfilled a dream of his boyhood in the voyage of exploration he describes. The early reading of the history of the Franklin expedition fired his imagination, and as he grew older he seems to have become obsessed with the idea of making that Arctic passage on which so many mariners had set their hearts. Nansen's Greenland expedition in the 80's excited his enthusiasm, and on a later occasion it was apparently all that his mother could do to keep him from accompanying the great explorer. Presently, however, he had the opportunity to go seal hunting in the Polar Sea, and in due course he was qualified to ship as mate in the Belgian Antarctic expedition of

from certain destruction. Shortly before the fire broke out, Ristvedt had reported to me that one of the full petroleum tanks in the engine room was leaking. I bade him draw the petroleum from that tank into one of the empty ones immediately. This order was promptly carried out. On clearing up the engine room after the fire, we found that the tap of the emptied tank had been wrenched right off during the struggle with the fire. Had my order not been carried out promptly over one hundred gallons of petroleum would have spurted out into the burning engine room. I need not enlarge upon what would have been the inevitable sequel. But I hold up the man who so promptly obeyed orders as a shining example.

The author had one other desperately anxious moment, in which an ugly reef threatened to reduce his ship to fragments, but in the main he tells us a slow and uneventful story. The periods spent in winter quarters were marked by the tasks which the now extensive literature of Arctic exploration has made familiar and even commonplace. When the weather released the patient voyagers they picked their way through known waters, entered those which had been awaiting the discoverer, and so continued upon their successful way. The journey was difficult, but in no wise backbreaking. The investigations of previous explorers had done much to smooth the path and nothing dramatic marked the final step. The general impression left by the book is one



ROALD AMUNDSEN.
(From a photograph.)

1898-'99. By this time his resolve to explore the Northwest Passage was fixed, and by dint of ardent agitation and much practical hard work he succeeded in organizing the expedition which these two volumes commemorate. There is something ingratiating about the spirit in which he writes. Never was a difficult task undertaken with more eagerness or executed with more of cheerful devotion. When the Gjoa at last sighted Nelson Head on Baring Land and Amundsen knew that his cherished purpose had been accomplished, he experienced an emotion of exultant happiness in which his reader cannot but share.

Captain Amundsen did his work in a small but very sturdy vessel, and with the aid of men who were in complete harmony with him, and accordingly made the long and often monotonous voyage uncommonly pleasant. They made the trip out from Christiania with fair rapidity and few exciting adventures. One incident, however, was enough to stretch their nerves for a long time. It is thus described:

I was sitting at night entering the day's events in my journal, when I heard a shriek—a terrific shriek—which thrilled me to the marrow—something extraordinary had happened. In a moment all hands were on deck. In the pitch-dark night, which luckily was perfectly calm, a mighty flame, with thick suffocating smoke, was leaping up from the engine room skylight. A fire had broken out in the engine room, right among the tanks holding 2,200 gallons of petroleum. We all knew what would happen if the tanks got heated; the Gjoa and everything on board would be blown to atoms like an exploded bomb. We all flew in frantic haste. One man rushed down to the engine room to assist Wiik, who had stuck to his post from the outbreak of the fire. Our two fire-extinguishing appliances, which were always ready for use, were first brought into play, and we pumped water on that fire for dear life. In an incredibly short time we had mastered it. It had broken out in the cleaning waste that lay saturated with petroleum on the tanks. The next morning on cleaning up the engine room we found that it was no chance, but prompt discharge of duty, that had saved us all

of an unexpectedly manageable enterprise. One member of the company fell ill and died, but that was not until after the Passage had been conquered.

Captain Amundsen's most picturesque pages are those in which he exhaustively describes the Esquimaux and their habits. The latter are rude and in some respects almost incredibly filthy. The author is strenuous in his assertion, however, that the Esquimaux character is at its best wherever it has remained untouched by civilization. The more the native is left to himself the more he behaves after a fairly normal fashion. In Captain Amundsen's experience he was generally good natured and tractable, but the book contains one instance of primitive savagery which is startling enough. It is related as follows:

Umiktuallu, the "Owl's" elder brother, to whom I have previously referred, lived with his wife, three children and a foster-son, in a tent pitched a few paces below the "Magnet." He had in his possession an old muzzle-loading rifle he had obtained by barter from another Esquimaux. He had procured balls, powder and caps from us. He was accustomed to leave the weapon loaded, which indeed in itself was not very dangerous, but in spite of our repeated advice he had not removed the caps. That evening, when he and his wife were visiting another family, his foster-son and his own eldest son got hold of the rifle. Then followed what so often happens when boys play with weapons without having been shown how to use them properly; they were ignorant of their danger, the gun went off, and Umiktuallu's son, who was only seven years old, fell down dead. The father heard the shot and rushed to the spot. At the sight of his own dead son, and the foster-son sitting with the smoking weapon, he was seized with frenzy. He carried the horror-stricken boy out of the tent, stabbed him three times through the heart with his knife, and kicked him away. Wiik was a witness of this terrible scene from the "Magnet." The seven-year old lad was an exceptionally bright and clever little fellow; he was really quite a hunter, and with his bow and arrow brought quantities of game to the house. Umiktuallu was exceedingly fond and proud of him. Both boys were buried that night, we did not know where. With time and reflection Umiktuallu calmed

down, and was seized with remorse. When he entered the camp next morning he and his foster-son had gone over to the mainland.

A sharp distinction was drawn when the bodies of these two boys were buried. The foster-son was carefully sewed up in deerskin, and the author, "and buried with his bow and arrows, drinking cup, gloves and so on, but the foster-son was treated very indifferently; his head was almost uncovered, and only a pair of old worn-out gloves were buried with him." Captain Amundsen gives many interesting details of the daily life that goes on in the tents of the Esquimaux, their modes of making clothing and utensils, of eating and speaking, of tanning their bodies, and of amusing themselves. Their characteristic dance is a noisy and graceful affair. As hunters and fishermen the native does most to excite admiration for his skill, but in all his doings he faces from conditions with a stoical resourcefulness for which it is impossible not to feel a certain respect. "They love life," says the author, "but on the other hand they have not the slightest fear of death. If they were sick or in misery they would starve to life with a tranquil mind and strangled themselves. Two such cases occurred during our sojourn among them." Captain Amundsen gives a good deal of his space to many of his illustrations to these strange types of humanity. In so doing he gives welcome variety to a record in which the routine work of his expedition sometimes proves a little tedious to the reader.

THE FREEDMEN.

The Work Done for Them by Grant and Chaplain Eaton.

GRANT, LINCOLN AND THE FREEDMEN. Reminiscences of the Civil War, with special reference to the work for Contrabands and Freedmen of the Mississippi Valley. By Grant and Eaton, in collaboration with Ethel Mason. Illustrated. 8vo, xi, 331. Longmans, Green & Co.

So soon as the Northern armies began work their way into Southern territory slave population presented a problem, unforeseen and unprovided for; a problem moreover, the solution of which might involve constitutional questions of the utmost gravity affecting the fundamental issues over which the Civil War had broken out. In this book are given an interesting and convincing account of some of the first steps in the line of action that led to the solution of that problem by means of the Emancipation Proclamation, the enrolment of negro regiments, and the establishment of the Freedmen's Bureau. And the account is that of a witness of first rate importance, a pioneer in the work of negro rehabilitation, a man in close contact with Grant and Lincoln, of whom he furnishes us with many interesting glimpses, an enthusiast in the cause of education.

At the very outset of the war the attitude of the Union commanders towards the slave population was at the best negative. Halleck's deed, commanding in chief in the West, issued an order in November, 1861, excluding all the white slaves from his lines. In the following year, however, after Grant had carried the war into the enemy's country, he reversed his predecessor's policy, in a degree following an example already set by Ben Butler in the South. Here were the conditions as Chaplain Grant Eaton, of the 27th Ohio Volunteers, saw them.

Imagine, if you will, a slave population, sprung from antecedent barbarism, rising up and leaving its ancient bondage—some garbed in rags or in silks, with feet shod in bleeding, individually or in families, or in large groups, an army of slaves and fugitives pushing its way irresistibly toward an army of fighting men, perpetually on the defensive and perpetually ready to attack. The arrival among us of the hordes was like the oncoming of cities. Their condition was appalling. There were no women and children in every stage of disease, decrepitude, often nearly naked, with flesh torn by the terrible experiences of their escapes. Cringing deceit, theft, licentiousness, all the vices which slavery inevitably fosters, were the deplorable companions of nakedness, famine and disease.

Grant dealt with this avalanche of human misery like a practical soldier and like a humane and prudent statesman. He made such use as he could of the raw labor thus placed at his disposal, and for the rest made up his mind that the slaves must be cared for and helped to do better things. To further this object he selected John Eaton, and from that moment the two men came into frequent contact, a contact that left the latter an enthusiastic admirer of the great soldier and citizen who commanded the Western armies. And in the policy Grant pursued he was taking a large personal responsibility at a moment when the politicians grouped about McClelland were striving to the utmost for his suppression. Many years afterward Grant said to Eaton: "I wonder if you ever realized how easily they could have had our heads?" "I had often had enough cause to wonder if he had ever realized this," he said, "but my responsibilities were slight compared with those assumed by him."

The details of Eaton's work among the slaves are many, and not all equal in interest to the fact that on one occasion he succeeded in performing the marriage service over the heads of 119 negro couples in less than one hour! But the interest of the book does not lie wholly in that direction; it lies largely in the personal side of Grant and Lincoln, as Eaton saw them. In this connection there are abundant anecdotes, though not always told with much point and with two of these, relating to Lincoln, it may close.

A deputation of members of Congress