Literary News and Criticism

A Sheaf of Volumes on Delights in the Open Air.

IN THE WOODS AND ON THE SHORE. By Richard D. Ware. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xvii, 279. L. C. Page & Co.

INTER-OCEAN HUNTING TALES. By Edgar E. Randolph. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 173. Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

CAMP-FIRES ON DESERT AND LAVA. By William T. Hornaday, Sc. D. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xix, 366. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ANGLING AND ART IN SCOTLAND. Some Fishing Experiences Related and Illustrated. By Ernest E. Briggs, R. I. 8vo, pp. 216. Longmans, Green & Co.

TWO DIANAS IN ALASKA. By Agnes Herbert and a *Shikari*. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 316. John Lane Company.

REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN. By Edgar Beecher Bronson. 12mo, pp. 314. The McClure Company.

It is reasonably safe to predicate at least one virtue of any sportsman's narrative you may come across. It abounds with enthusiasm. Well written or ill written, bristling with scientific terminology or wholly popular in style, there is the same characteristic, untiring zest in the telling of the story. For that matter, has not the telling of the story been acknowledged from earliest times a legitimate, nay, an essential feature of the vocation? "What would the catching of the big fish be without the fish story that is born of it?" asks the author of one of these volumes by way of self-justification. "What would the stalking of the big stag be without the story the wide spreading antlers tell every time one looks at them on the wall?" There is, he admits, a certain element of sameness and repetition in tales of chase and stream; the theme of each is only "the pursuit and capture of the quarry by ways and means which have been rehearsed so many times before."

> By the same token there is a certain amount of sameness in the doing of the things themselves, but the fascination of it is never ending. So in a less degree it has seemed to me as to the stories. When I have been unable to go after my own ducks, the next best thing was to learn how the other fellow bagged his.

Well, not one of the half dozen volumes before us but offers a happy abundance and diversity of these "next best" things. Mr. Ware's volume, for example, deals with hunting experiences in Newfoundland and along the Atlantic Coast from the St. Lawrence to Cape Cod. He has hunted caribou and watched their strange migrations across the vast Northern wilderness; and he has set his duck decoys in full view of the chimneys of a New England manufacturing city. The sport's the thing with him, wherever it is to be found; and every novel problem fascinates. Especially entertaining for its quality of novelty is his account of the live decoy shooting which has been developed in certain localities of Eastern Massachusetts to the level of a highly intricate science. The hunter's "stand," a well concealed cabin with coops attached, is built close behind a sandy fresh water beach of the sort likely to attract migrating flocks of wild birds blown inshore. A number of old captive geese are "tethered" by the water's edge, and in the coops above are some score of goslings, hatched and bred in captivity and pampered by a sybaritic diet of corn. At the first sight of a passing flock of their wild kindred the tethered geese, or "callers," lift up a noisy quack of greeting, and the next instant a score of goslings are flung into the air from the coops. They circle upward in brief, excited flight, then settle to the pond and quietly swim ashore. To the weary sea birds this pleasant sight is irresistibly seductive, and—unless there is some hitch in the programme—they break formation, circle and settle. That is the end of their story.

"Inter-Ocean Hunting Tales" is also a collection of reminiscences. The scenes of Mr. Randolph's adventures have been west of the Mississippi. He has shot elk in the northern Rockies, "cats" in Colorado, ducks in Southern Louisiana. Like most hunters he is a keen observer, and he combines this faculty with a habit of thoughtful and interesting comment. Seeking to account for the fact that a wild animal, when shot at, will frequently run directly toward the firing, he develops the theory that the animal has been confused by the echo of the shot and conceives the sound to have come from the opposite direction. Of the two sounds heard in succession it is the latter which determines its course. The author follows with this suggestive note on the sight of wild animals:

> Though keen of sight, animals are not very discriminating. Birds, as well as wild animals, will frequently continue their course when it lies in the direction of a human being, provided there is no perceptible movement to attract their attention. Any kind of motion is immediately noticed, particularly if it is at all sudden. . . . Animals use their faculties in a very mechanical way, and this observation is more true of sight than of any other sense.

Mr. Hornaday's new volume takes the reader into the desert of Southwestern Arizona and below the Mexican border. "Desert," however, is not the word by which to denominate this truly wonderful country. Cacti of many handsome species are abundant, as well as a considerable variety of tough, drouth resisting shrubs—creosote, ocatilla, mesquite—so that the landscape is never without its characteristic verdure. Add to this the tracts of tropically luxuriant vegetation that hem in the occasional water courses, and you do not wonder that the author protests against the evil reputation of Western Arizona. The goal of the expedition was the extinct volcano, Pinacate, situated somewhat south of the American boundary, in a region heretofore all but unexplored and totally unmapped. As the party included beside Mr. Hornaday (who manages to know a great deal about zoology without being in the least pedantic) an expert botanist, a geographer and a mighty hunter before the Lord, the account of the enterprise is admirably comprehensive. Better yet—or at least quite as important—it never fails in interest. Mr. Hornaday succeeds marvellously well in conveying the scenic impressiveness of this strange land, where the mountains of granite or lava rise so sheerly out of the plain that you can stand with one foot on desert sand and the other on mountain rock; and his stories of hunting adventures, above all of the pursuit of the big horn sheep of Pinacate, are recounted with the gusto of the born sportsman.

From an English artist comes an informal narrative of happy "days off" spent with rod and line among the Scotch lakes. "Angling and Art in Scotland" does not pretend to be exhaustive or scientific; but it contains an abundance of pleasant, desultory comment on the piscatory attractions of this or that hill-encircled lake in Galloway or swift woodland stream in Perthshire. There are charming bits of description and many good tales of eccentric gamekeepers and officious "gillies." Of Thomas Burnside, for instance, "the gem of Scottish gamekeepers," we learn that his pride in Lochinvar was so enormous, his jealousy for the good fame of the lake so unsatisfiable, that he would never allow that it was a good fishing day, lest you should have bad sport, and so take away the only extenuating excuse that could be offered.

> "Good morning, Mr. Burnside," you would say, "this looks a likely morning for the fishing." "Na, na!" he would reply; "thaat's no the right thing at a'; there's a nasty glassy *glare* on the waterr." On another occasion—a perfect fishing day, with a grayish sky and beautifully steady breeze from the west—I ventured on a word of praise, and was met with several inarticulate murmurs from Burnside—sounds as if he were being wound up somewhere inside. At last these internal noises formed themselves into words, and came out as though under great pressure, with a burst—"I like not thaat nasty, *slated* appearance on the waterr."

To write these chapters must have been a pleasure to the artist-author; yet he may well have found a still greater pleasure in depicting his favorite haunts in a series of thirty or more color studies, several of which—"The Valley of the Ken," for instance, and "Lochinvar, Looking Westward"—are of admirable execution.

Surely no more sportsmanlike sportsmen ever went forth into the wilderness than the quartet whose exploits form the theme of "Two Dianas in Alaska." There were two Nimrods, be it understood, as well as two Dianas; and now and again throughout the narrative are found agreeable hints that one Dan Cupid was also a busy and successful member. But those who recall the story of Agnes Herbert's shooting trip across Somaliland will not expect the main business of this Alaskan expedition to be interfered with for a moment by mere romance. A renovated sealing schooner transported the hunters from point to point along the Alaskan peninsula as far as Bering Sea; and the hunting, which was abundant and thrilling, included bears, caribou, moose, walrus and mountain sheep. The utmost breeziness and vivacity characterize the narrative. No extremity of discomfort could damp the ardor of these hotfoot children of the chase. Of their various exploits, walrus hunting was, perhaps, the most novel. This is a form of sport which put an almost superhuman tax on patience and self-control. It is useless to shoot at a walrus off shore, no matter how alluring a mark he may offer you, for he is almost certain to sink at once. You must wait till he flounders up for a nap on his favorite sun-exposed sandspit. That is not all. The walrus herd has a marvellous team spirit. Sleep never finds them unguarded; there is always a sentinel, alertly watching, head up, somewhere in the company; and as the sandspit does not afford "a stick or a stone large enough to hide a mouse," it is a nice problem to come upon the beasts unawares.

> At intervals the bull raised his head and gazed in sleepy fashion all around, then would appear, for a few seconds, to sink to sleep himself. During this brief interval the stalker might scramble and crawl a few yards nearer. I shall long remember that arduous progress along the barren sandy beach. For minutes at a time I would lie there flat on my face in cramped position to avoid the vigilance of the lookout sentinel bull. Three times during the time I took to crawl that distance did the sentinel get tired of his duty, and roused up another one to undertake this apparently irksome task. As each fresh sentinel took up his duty, the former one promptly dropped his head and went off to sleep. This approach lasted two hours, during which time I had barely covered eight hundred yards.

Though not precisely to be classified with the foregoing volumes, Mr. Bronson's "Reminiscences of a Ranchman" may be mentioned here for its spirited realistic pictures of rough life in the open. It was in 1882 that the author sold his Wyoming ranch and entered upon a more prosaic career. The "grangers" were flocking into Wyoming, and boundary lines and fences meant the end of ranching; but during the ten years that preceded the author appears to have had a normal life supply of adventures. Of his breaking in as a tenderfoot from the East he writes with enjoyable frankness, and after he came into possession of his own ranch—the Deadman—and brand of cattle—the Three Crows—he had a busy succession of encounters with refractory hands, with cattle thieves, yes, and with Indians, for the "finish fight" of the Cheyennes, in '79, occurred close to the Deadman. Mr. Bronson is a specialist in rancher's lingo, and his liberal use of it gives a particular relish to his reminiscences.

PICTURES AND PLATE.

A Gallery of Masterpieces Reproduced in Color.

THE OLD MASTERS. One Hundred Examples of Their Work Chosen from European Galleries and Reproduced in Color, with Notes on the Pictures. In two volumes. 4to, pp. viii, 93; vi, 94. E. P. Dutton & Co.

SHEFFIELD PLATE. Its History, Manufacture and Art. With Makers' Marks, Also a Note on Foreign Sheffield Plate. With Illustrations. By Henry Newton Veitch. 4to, pp. xiv, 360. The Macmillan Company.

JOHN PETTIE, R. A., H. R. S. A. By Martin Hardie, B. A. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xxiv, 278. The Macmillan Company.

A reproduction in colors of some old master requires for its proper appreciation a certain measure of common sense in the beholder. It is foolish for him to dismiss it with brief scorn and the remark that it is impossible for a mechanical process to do justice to the original. Everybody knows that. In the preface to "The Old Masters," a kind of gallery in little, filled with reproductions of famous paintings, the statement is made that "whilst it remains impossible to reproduce an exact replica of any picture, it may safely be said that, so far as human ingenuity at present goes, the reproductions of the Old Masters here shown will be found to be as near the originals as it is possible to bring them." This is a reasonable statement of the matter. No one would expect this book to give exact equivalents for the pictures dealt with. But those who are prepared to meet the color process halfway will be grateful for this publication.

To possess it is like possessing a number of memoranda in water colors of the masterpieces selected from the galleries of Europe. These plates do, after all, what the best photograph cannot do, they give you some suggestion of the artist's color and especially of the values thereof. The records vary in interest. Some masters submit far more gracefully than others to the limitations of the process. Roughly speaking, the pictures most successfully reproduced would appear to be those painted either in broad and simple masses of tone or those which, at the other extreme of style, are executed with fairly minute precision. The subtler, more atmospheric qualities of painting completely baffle the process. Thus the reproductions here of works by Watteau, Corot and kindred painters are in no wise pleasing. The picture that is bathed in light comes off from the ordeal in sorry shape. The reproduction of "The Surrender of Breda," for example, is flatly bad. But out of a hundred shots in this book the lucky hits are surprising in number. The early Italians are charming in these plates. Those after Melozzo's "Rhetoric" and "Music" are very good indeed, and there is considerable merit in the reproductions of Fra Angelico, the Lippis and Botticelli. The Venetian plates are uneven, but several of those after Titian are well done. The German masters reproduce admirably. Durer's "Portrait of His Father" and Holbein's "Portrait of a Man" at Frankfort are particularly persuasive. Van Eyck's "Man with the Pink," Van Dyck's "Children of Charles I" and Rembrandt's picture at Cassel, "Jacob's Blessing," are also to be mentioned among the more satisfactory reproductions. These plates are all set on gray mounts, with the text opposite on white pages. The text consists of brief historical and descriptive notes. For the returned traveller and the student at home this makes an excellent gift book.

In a letter to his friend Montagu, written in 1760, Horace Walpole says: "As I went to Lord Strafford's, I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England, in the most charming situation. There are 22,000 inhabitants making knives and scissors; they remit £11,000 a week to London. One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver. I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas; they are quite pretty." In his book on "Sheffield Plate" Mr. Veitch shows how very pretty those candlesticks must have been, and how very interesting were the developments in eighteenth century England of "the art of plating copper with silver." It is, of course, an ancient art. Classical civilization knew it well, and it was old then. But it was not until modern times that the English revived it and made it the basis of one of their most profitable manufactures. How this revival came about, with the discovery of the process known as "Sheffield Plating," is thus recounted by Mr. Veitch:

> It happened in 1742, that, in a garret of what was then called Tudor House, Thomas Bolsover, "an ingenious mechanic" (as he is styled in Hunter's "Hallamshire"), was repairing a badly cracked piece of plate—a knife, according to some authorities. Mr. Strafford, of Sheffield, states that he used a penny to "cramp" up the join, and accidentally allowed his work to become overheated, when he found that the silver and copper had "fused" so firmly together as to be inseparable. It soon occurred to Bolsover that this accident might be turned to good purpose, and after some experiments he succeeded in producing an imitation of silver by beating out a thin layer of silver and placing it on a copper foundation, then fusing the two metals by the action of heat.

Bolsover himself is, however, hardly more conspicuous in the history of Sheffield plate than is his apprentice, Joseph Hancock, who took the process in hand with greater energy and seems to have contributed tremendous impetus to the whole industry. The popularity of Sheffield plate was not at once fostered by universally sound craftsmanship. The platers had to take time in which to master all the difficulties in their path. But Mr. Veitch easily demonstrates that good standards alike of workmanship and design were soon established, and not only his appreciative text but his numerous well made illustrations indicate how much there lies in this field to stimulate the ardor of the collector. It is largely for that individual that this book has been written. In successive chapters the technique of Sheffield plating is traversed, its history is interestingly told, and thenceforth in his descriptive notes on the specimens illustrated and in his pages on makers' marks and in his lists of makers the author puts us in possession of all that it is necessary to know in order to start intelligently upon our quest. This useful book is handsomely made, and, we may add, it has been put together with just the right touch. Mr. Veitch is a sympathetic guide.

Mr. Martin Hardie's "John Pettie" is one of those biographies, now rapidly increasing in the minor literature of art, which owe their existence more to the availability of color processes than to anything else. They are entertaining picture books in which the text may or may not be of serious value. In this volume it is only of mild interest. John Pettie was a Scotchman of lovable traits, but not a man whose personality or career would yield very much to the biographer. Mr. Hardie has barely any traits or incidents to put before us which excite any special concern, and it seems quite natural that most of his space should be taken up with notes on the works of his hero. These, as here reproduced, should undoubtedly make the book popular. Pettie was a typical member of the Royal Academy, an adept at the production of the romantic "subject picture." He painted scenes from Walter Scott. He would make a picture of figures in the costume of the past consulting over a table, and, calling it "Treason," he would give you a hint of slumbering drama. The soldier and the courtier of another day were his favorite models. With them he told picturesque and often charming stories. Mr. Hardie speaks of "the splendid impetuosity of his style, that arrests the attention and thrills the blood with its martial note, like the tramp of armed men, the beating of drums, or the trumpet call." To talk like this is greatly to overstate the case, but it is true that there is something exhilarating about Pettie's pictures. His color was his best resource. He made it vivid without making it tawdry, and it would sometimes take on a beguiling quality. He had a gallant, sprightly way with him, and this collection of his works, admirably reproduced, is worth having.

"IAN MACLAREN."

A Good Portrait of the Scots Parson and Author.

"IAN MACLAREN." The Life of the Rev. John Watson, D. D. By W. Robertson Nicoll. 8vo, pp. viii, 367. Dodd, Mead & Co.

John Watson, of Liverpool, was over forty years old and he had been fifteen years a city pastor before he used any of his holiday hours in writing the idylls of Scottish life that won such wide attention for his pen name, "Ian Maclaren." The disguise of the authorship of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was never thick enough for concealment, and although Watson persisted in treating the book as but a by-product of his activity it brought him a celebrity which made no small difference in his position as a public man. Perhaps to his fellow citizens of Liverpool the sudden accession of fame was interesting less as a revelation of the gifts of their townsman than as the ratifying of a more locally established renown. Whether apart from the popularity of his stories he would have gained a hearing from the wider world passes knowledge. What can be agreed on is that being the man he was the literary success was an important episode in his career without beginning to constitute his sole claim to regard. A biography that reported John Watson's life in terms of, let us say, its friendships, would be well worth while, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who was the man to do it, has given us this and more.

As Watson was of pure Highland blood, he was simply a victim of circumstances in being born at Manningtree, in Essex. At the age of four he was taken to his proper country, living with his parents first at Perth and later at Stirling. His father, who became Receiver General of Taxes in Scotland, was a methodical and somewhat stern man, a devout Free Kirk elder who saw to it that in his home every Sunday the toast "The Queen" was drunk with grave loyalty. Watson's mother, a Maclaren of Loch Tay, who could speak the Gaelic tongue, was of Jacobite and Roman Catholic ancestry, and she had an uncle well known and of some influence in the Highlands as a priest. Dr. Nicoll says she was a splendid and fearless horsewoman, and she accustomed her son to ride from infancy, mounting him on the wildest of farm colts. She possessed an extraordinary gift of mimicry which would sometimes prove irrepressible after the departure of a pompous visitor.

Entering the University of Edinburgh when he was sixteen years old, Watson's academic ambitions seem to have reckoned on nothing more than passing examinations with a view to taking his degree in the regular course. He did attain some distinction, however, in English literature and in philosophy. In the English literature class sat Robert Louis Stevenson. It does not appear that Watson ever spoke to him, but he remembered that his attendance was very occasional, and that when he entered the classroom with his velvet jacket and Bohemian air he was usually greeted with a round of cheers.

Either the army or the bar would have suited Watson's inclinations, but after taking his master's degree he found his father and mother so desirous of his entering the Church that he dutifully proceeded to a four years' course in divinity at New College. Despite his unwillingness in entering the theological hall, it turned out that here he was far more at home than he had been in the university. His powers were maturing, and there was the stimulating camaraderie of a group that included James Stalker, David Patrick, the present editor of "Chambers's Encyclopædia," and Henry Drummond, his friend from boyhood. Among intellectual and spiritual influences to which he yielded himself Robertson, of Brighton, and Thomas Hill Green, of Oxford, were particularly potent. A semester at Tübingen was added to the eight years of preparation at Edinburgh. Then came three happy years as minister of the Free Church in Logiealmond and three rather less happy years as junior pastor of Free St. Matthew's, Glasgow. In 1880, when he was thirty years old, he commenced what he always considered the real work of his life, his twenty-five years' ministry in Sefton Park Church, Liverpool. If in his youth he had gone grudgingly to the theological disciplines, time and "some fostering star" had at length evoked qualities that made him an ideal priest to modern men. Watson's singular adaptability was due not to any calculating versatility, but to the elements that met in him: an evangelical unction which felt the holding charm of Catholic mysticism, an intellectual charity which made it impossible for him to use mauling methods in dealing with doubt. "He understood them all," says his biographer, "the mystic, the Catholic, the Evangelical, the revivalist, the moralist, the skeptic, and for each as the time came round he had a living message."

The Sefton Park congregation grew steadily under its inspiring leader. Among regular attendants were Sir Edward Russell, the journalist, and Sir Oliver Lodge. It was a matter of pride with the pastor that several men of the church had been members of the Liverpool City Council, and that six of them had during his pastorate been elevated to the mayoralty. While the great, liberal, devoted and effective church which he built up year by year was the outward monument of his successful ministry, there were abundant individual instances of the way in which Watson proved himself a shepherd set for the care of souls. Speaking of the public ministry, Dr. Nicoll recalls the fact that Matthew Arnold had attended Sefton Park Church on the morning of the day he died:

> He was deeply impressed by the sermon on the Cross of Christ, and remarked that he had rarely been so affected by any preacher as by Dr. Watson. One of the hymns sung was
> "When I survey the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of Glory died."
> Arnold when he came home repeated the lines, and said that the hymn was the finest in the English language. "Yes," he went on, "the Cross remaineth, and in the straits of the soul makes its ancient appeal."

"The love of letters" had made its mark on the suburban minister in such wise that his utterances were protected from misplaced strain and from the encroachment of commonplace, yet he had no hankering after authorship. When Dr. Robertson Nicoll first proposed his writing for "The Exposition" Watson could not see his way to doing so. Later on he wrote a series of articles on the leading ideas of Jesus, and they were published in a volume entitled "The Mind of the Master." It took much prodding on the part of Dr. Nicoll, this time as editor of "The British Weekly," to get the hard working pastor to try his hand at short stories reflecting Scots life and character as he had seen it in Logiealmond. The rest is history, and in 1895, as the author-parson complained, "Ian Maclaren" was better known than John Watson. From that time forth he was subsidized by his reputation, and wrote at the rate of two books a year. In the chapter devoted to "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" Dr. Nicoll allows the reminiscent editor to give place to the literary judge, and he acknowledges that Ian Maclaren's idylls did not wholly escape the dangers of sentimentalism. A disproportionate space was given to deathbeds, and he thinks the author deliberately and cruelly harrowed the feelings by an accumulation of pathetic incidents and words. The lighter side was not ignored, however, and it is much to be able to see and to portray the perennial nobleness and heroism of the homeliest human nature, so that Dr. Nicoll ventures to think that when all abatement is made there is much in Ian Maclaren's contribution which may perhaps endure. This is a fairly cautious judgment, but we are not sure that in explaining the popularity of the idylls Dr. Nicoll has attached due importance to the fact that the stories reached largely a religious constituency that was not averse to the humanized theology which was never quite separable from the laughter and tears of the author's characters. The last word has not been said of the worth of Watson's contributions as a theological middleman, of the high usefulness of books like "The Mind of the Master" and "Doctrines of Grace" by which he was able to help many confused minds in finding the foundations of their faith.

During the later years of his life Watson was almost morbidly diligent. He carried his honors sensibly and always rose to the new occasions, whether serving the Presbyterian Church of England as its moderator or raising the funds for establishing Westminster College at Cambridge, or going on tour in America, the best welcomed lecturer since Dickens. Great opportunities for blundering were offered him, but humor was the good genius of his life. In conversation he was at his very best, and, though some of his favorite stories are reproduced, one must occasionally imagine accompaniments not reducible to type. The foibles of his countrymen did not escape him. There was, for example, the Scotsman's sombre delight in funerals:

> "Peter," says one mourner to his neighbor at the tail of a walking funeral, "div ye see Jamie Thompson walking in the front, side by side wi' the chief mourner, and him no drop o' blood to the corpse?"
> "Fine I see him, a forward upsettin' ambeetious body, he would be inside the hearse if he could"—the most awful and therefore the most enviable position for a sober minded Scot.

A favorite tale of his was one that illustrated economy raised to the ecclesiastical degree. A minister in the parish next to that of Dr. Norman McLeod was sent for to see a workingman who was dangerously ill. After he had visited him in his bedroom he came into the kitchen to have some conversation with the man's wife. The minister asked if she and her husband attended his church:

> "Na, na," with a fine flavor of contempt both for the kirk and the minister, "we gang to Norman's."
> "Well, that's all right, you couldn't go to a better. But why did you send for me?"
> "Losh, bless ye, div ye think that we wud risk Norman wi' typhus fever?"

The reluctance with which John Watson first turned toward the work of the Church was a poor prophecy of what was to be, for as his career is studied one must believe with the biographer that the absorbing interest in his life was the religious interest. Under that banner he was a leal soldier, and when the reader looks on the portrait that stands out from these pages and recalls the endearing traits that made Watson so rich in friendships he understands the poignant regret of a multitude of men on the day "Ian Maclaren" was carried to his grave and Scots soldiers played the pibroch "Lochaber No More."

"AN AMERICAN LANGUAGE."

Jeers from a Derisive Englishman.

From The London Globe.

There are a number of hotheads in the United States who are anxious to have a language of their own, as they rightly say that they are the only great nation which has no special tongue. But neither have the citizens of the United States of America a name for themselves, for they are not the only Americans; nor a name for their country, for the United States of America is only a fraction of America, and, moreover, the Brazilians dispute their right to the exclusive use of the words, United States. But, whether they like it or not, the fact remains that whatever may be their origin, English, Dutch, German, Polish, Italian, Spanish or Lithuanian, they do speak English, with slight modifications, and that their best writers frame their thoughts in English of as great a purity as our own writers in England. To call the language American would be doubly false, for the language existed five hundred years before the colonies broke away from the mother country, and moreover, if there is an American language it is that which is, or was, spoken by the tribes known as the American Indians. But even if the citizens of the U. S. A. took up Volapuk or Esperanto, or some other manufactured language, they would have to learn English as well, and so the majority of them will no doubt be content with the originality of belonging to a great mixed European nation, living outside Europe, without a name for itself or its country, and speaking the tongue which belongs to another land.

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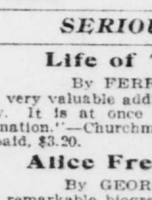

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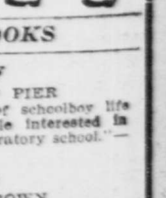

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