

DEATH.

BY J. P. ATHAWES, AFTER MALHERBE

The poor man in his cottage, thatched with straw,
Is subject to its law;
The sentries watching by the Louvre's gate
Shield not our kings from fate.
Impatiently to murmur and complain
Is out of place and vain;
To will what God wills is the only quest
That leads us to His rest.

The New-York Tribune

SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1909.

There is a Brontë Society in London. It has the usual more or less distinguished membership and its objects are, of course, unimpeachable. But the address by Mr. Sidney Lee to which it listened the other day has moved Mr. Andrew Lang to playful indignation. In "The Morning Post" he says:

For the sake of argument and with a full consciousness of the dangers that I am incurring, I wish to play Devil's Advocate against our modern institutions which, in Mr. Sidney Lee's phrase, "endeavor to keep alive national interest in all that survives of . . . homes of genius." I would also plead that Charlotte Brontë worship may be overdone, that she was not really, as an author, worthy of the crown and palms of literary sainthood. It will also be my duty to congratulate other literary saints about whose homes, relics and private life no particular fuss is made by "institutions."

The gist of Mr. Lang's argument is that literary societies should not encourage gossip. When Charlotte Brontë drove home with Mr. Smith, her publisher, from that famous unsuccessful dinner at Thackeray's house, it appears that "she spoke acidly of the two little girls," her host's daughters. Now Mr. Lang is well aware of the fact that this was unsaintly, but, he adds, "if Miss Brontë was so unsaintly, why should her lapse from sanctitude be dragged out of the dustbin of memory into the light of day?" No one can say why, unless it be a member of a literary society.

Pierre Loti, in his recent book on Egypt, "La Mort de Philae," has been unburdening his soul on that familiar shape of dread, the chattering tourist who insults the majestic quietude of the historical monuments, defiles the soil with fragments of his luncheon, and altogether, by his unspeakable presence, destroys the philosophic calm of the elect. Being a good Frenchman, he has grave suspicions that the English are deplorably to blame in this matter. Whereupon, a British commentator good humoredly reminds him that not all the travellers in Egypt are from one country and that the tourist anyway has always had his foibles. "Herodotus probably went up the Nile, *mutatis mutandis*, much as we do now, and Greek and Roman tourists not only committed all the enormities of which M. Viaud complains, but carved their names on the monuments as well." Of course they did, and equally of course the naughty tourist, though you may count him in his thousands, has never been quite the monstrous plague that he is represented to be by those members of the tribe who like to pretend that they are something else. One may recognize the gulf separating a traveller like Pierre Loti, a man with streaks of poetry and genius in his nature, from the raucous "tripper," sympathizing with the grief of the one over the intrusions of the other, and still feel that there is a vast amount of cant on this subject in books of travel. Such books are often written by scampering tourists who have not the smallest claim to distinction of any kind, and, indeed, produce their scrappy volumes, duly illustrating them with uninteresting snapshots, for no reason save the gratification of their vanity. Yet you will find in these narratives solemnly patronizing remarks about other tourists encountered abroad. The unconscious impudence of it all is very amusing.

When publishers and authors try to explain why their books do not sell, their speculations, once carried outside the books themselves, range far and wide. The recent unsatisfactory season in London, for example, was accounted for in some curious ways. The habit of dining in restaurants and going to the music halls was among the novel "causes" cited. Mr. Sidney Low maintains in the London "Outlook" that the trouble lies in the indestructible form given to the modern book, irrespective of its contents. There are, to begin with, altogether too many books, so that, as Mr. Low remarks, the man who would endeavor to read a small fraction of the year's publications would have no time to eat or sleep. But suppose he at least made an effort? Where could he find room for all those stoutly bound volumes? For the cloth-bound book is not by any means easily to be put out of existence. Says Mr. Low:

You cannot tear it to pieces and throw it in the waste paper basket or dustbin, or dump it out of a railway carriage window, as you would a paper-covered French or German work. Even to leave it about casually on the chance that it will disappear is hopeless. It is far too respectable in its aspect for that; somebody is sure to pick it up and bring it back to you, possibly with the expectation of a reward, as being a valuable piece of property that you would not willingly lose.

The solution of the problem, therefore, in Mr. Low's opinion, is to fall back upon paper covers and low prices. Also, of course, these expedients should be adopted in the publication not of novels alone, but of many books which, if nominally of more serious interest, are nevertheless but of transient value.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

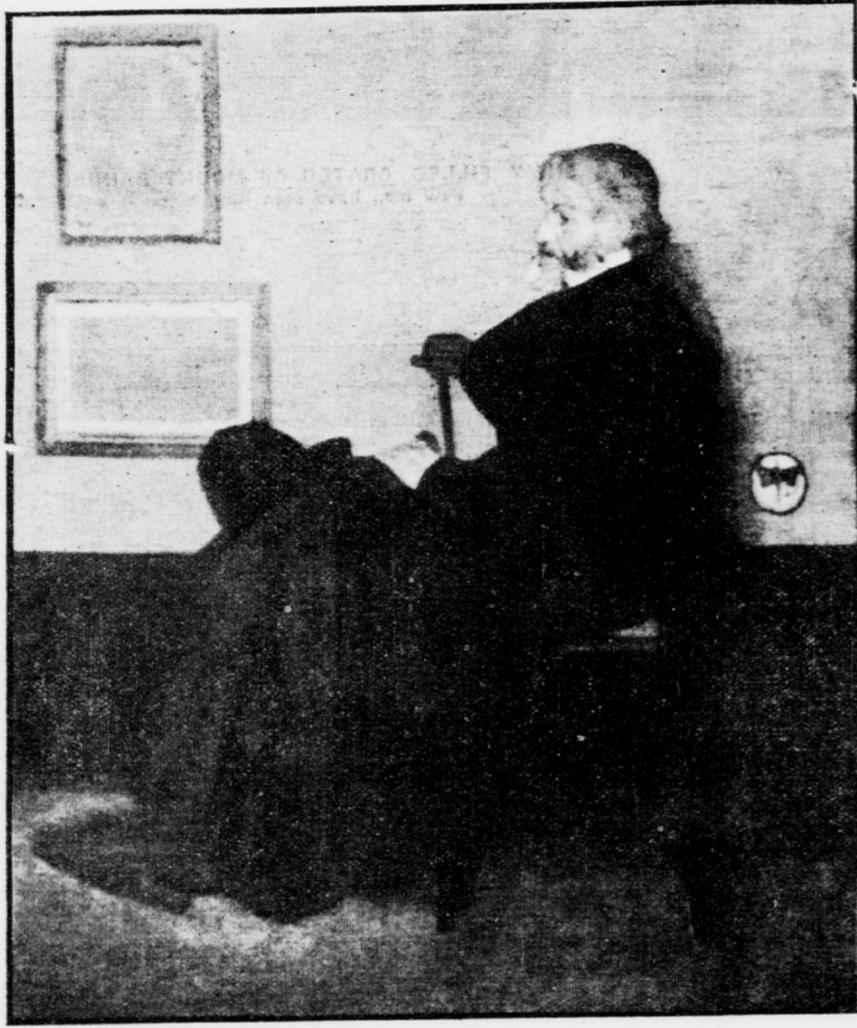
A Study of the Formative Years of His Career.

THE MAKING OF CARLYLE. By R. S. Craig. 8vo, pp. 314. John Lane Company.

This is a rather unconventional piece of biographical writing. Mr. Craig carries his story down only to the publication of "The French Revolution," but he is content to leave his hero at that period. All that he has to say relates to the formation of Carlyle's character and the establishment of the great man in the world of modern London. The lesson that he has to enforce, and this book is plainly the book of a moralist, is such as may be drawn from the spectacle presented by a man of genius during those years in which he is finding himself. This being the case, Mr. Craig might as easily have made his point in a volume half the size of the one before us, or even in an essay, but your worshippers of Carlyle are nothing if not long

older than myself, had been at school along with me, though never in my class. A very innocent, conceited, insignificant, but strict minded, orthodox creature, for whom, knowing him to be of no scholarship or strength of judgment, I had privately very small respect, though civilly following him about in things he knew better than I. As in the streets of Edinburgh, for example, on my first evening there! On my journey thither he had been wearisome, far from entertaining, mostly silent, having indeed nothing to say. He stalked on, generally some steps ahead, languidly whistling through his teeth some similitude of a wretched Irish tune which I knew too well as that of a still more wretched doggerel song called the "Belfast Shoemaker," most melancholy to poor me, given up to my bits of reflections in the silence of the moors and hills.

Very characteristic is this reminiscent scorn of poor Tom Smail. No doubt he was a feeble wight, but the fact is irrelevant. The interesting element in the situation thus sketched for us is Carlyle's own conceit. He had that from his family. The Carlyles were ever wont to think well of themselves, and the member of the clan destined to distinction was prompt in adopting the complacent tone of his forbears. Undoubtedly there went to "the making of Carlyle" qualities of temper and pride which were deep rooted in his ancestry. It is amusing, by the way, to observe the inability of the biographer who is once sealed of the tribe of Tammas to see the uncouth peasant in the latter



THOMAS CARLYLE.
(From the portrait by Whistler.)

winded. This biographer might assert that he is no hero worshipper. He speaks with candor on more than one of Carlyle's foibles. But we need not expect to find a writer erring on the side of impartiality when he is capable of saying that "There can be no question of the fact that Carlyle's intellect was far and away the greatest intellect of his age." Fortunately this overwrought sense of Carlyle's greatness does not prevent Mr. Craig from dealing in an interesting manner with parts at least of the particular period in his subject's life which he has set out to traverse.

At the outset he pays abundant attention to Carlyle's peasant origin. From it there undoubtedly flowed many of the traits which in later years were to render the author "gey ill to live wi'." The circumstances of his early life combined with his own temperament to make Carlyle rather hard in grain. As Mr. Craig points out, he was never a "boy" in the strict sense of the term, never a glad sojourner in "the land of 'pretend' or 'make-believe.'" Continuing, the biographer notes that the young Carlyle was always graver than his years, "with thoughts in him older and graver than the proper thoughts of a boy." It is an important point to keep in mind in surveying the life of this dour Scotchman. There was no room in his nature for romance, for that warm and generous expansion of the imagination which is developed in a healthy boyhood. Gifted with high intellectual powers and precociously battenning upon knowledge, he went forward with a kind of stern eagerness to take up a man's work. He has himself left us a significant note on the mood in which he travelled to Edinburgh for the completion of his education:

We had walked some twenty miles that day, the third day of our journey from Ecclefechan; my companion, one "Tom Smail," who had already been to college last year and was thought to be a safe guide and guardian to me. He was some years

for what he really was. Mr. Craig tells us of the meeting between Carlyle and Irving when both were young, and Irving, to make conversation, asked about domestic affairs in Annan. Carlyle, replying with noticeable curtness, provoked the observation that he seemed to know nothing. Whereupon he replied, "Sir, by what right do you try my knowledge in this way? Are you grand inquisitor, or have you authority to question people and cross-question at discretion? I have had no interest to inform myself about the births in Annan, and care not if the process of birth and generation there should cease and determine altogether!" Mr. Craig characterizes this as an "amazingly Swiftlike reply," and goes on to say: "Not Swift himself could have bettered the retort, and it prepares one for the information that every one who ever listened to Carlyle carried away almost invariably a profound admiration of his abilities and conversational talent." We wonder if some of the surly Scot's interlocutors did not withdraw from his society under the impression that he had exceedingly bad manners.

The hard work to which Carlyle was condemned in his formative period got on his nerves, but Mr. Craig is careful to point out that neither his burdens nor his privations were precisely tragical. Moreover, he had a good constitution, which carried him triumphantly through many a heavy task of breadwinning. "He could endure the slavery," says his biographer, "as well as any one living, and much better than the vast majority of men." The despondency into which he was apt to fall was due, we are told, to the immense seriousness with which he took the problems of life. It was due in great measure, likewise, to the seriousness with which he took himself. The self-willed peasant crops out again and again. One of the luckiest incidents in his career—and he was never without friends, who were glad to help him when they could—was his reception into the Buller family, as tutor to the two young sons of the house, a position yielding

him £200 a year and many opportunities to frequent with interesting people, to say nothing of constant courtesy from two high bred employers. But even Mr. Craig is constrained to observe how tenacious Carlyle was of what he conceived to be his individual importance. The biographer says:

The Bulls were left in no shadow of doubt as to the party obliged by the tutorship. They knew very well they must treat Carlyle socially as an equal, while Irving had more than hinted that mentally and morally Carlyle was enormously their superior. On their side they appreciated Carlyle, and were really very kind and hospitable to him. They were model employers, if Carlyle could have tolerated his being employed by anybody. For Carlyle, as we say, was a king and not dimly aware of it. Nevertheless he was exigent of his remotest rights and hard to deal with, for the world views these things differently. Carlyle was there to teach the world it was wrong.

It was an uphill job. Carlyle's sufferings on the way to maturity and success as a writer, as we have already noted, were never desperate, but neither did he tread a path strewn with roses. Mr. Craig well describes the slow process of growth, the earliest bits of hack work, the more considerable excursions into the magazines, the translation of "Wilhelm Meister" and the opening of relations with Goethe, and finally, after divers moves and much dubiety, the writing and publication of the book which was to make him famous. Side by side with his portrait Mr. Craig draws one of Mrs. Carlyle, and here he is only irritating. In stolid, humorless fashion he paws over the relations of these two before and after their marriage, being at great pains to demonstrate that the wife was a lesser figure than the husband, her very mundane traits sadly contrasting with his stupendous nobility. It is all very wearisome, impertinent, and of no earthly consequence, this minute analysis, which has of late been revived with such gusto, of what Carlyle and his wife may have meant to one another. The subject has become a bore. The story of Carlyle's development as an author never loses its interest, and in his contribution to this Mr. Craig is undeniably effective. He indubitably shows us the man behind the literary personage, a human character moulding its fate.

OBSERVATION.

Its Usefulness in Time of War.

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood in The Saturday Review.

A few years ago two British officers went for a month's shooting trip in the northwest of Canada, and arranged to meet two friends at the end of a fortnight. On the fourteenth day the party struck a trail going in the same direction as their own, and one remarked to the tracker, "We must be overtaking our friends." The guide asked, "Have they a baggage pony?" "No, only horses." "Then the trail is not that of your friends, for in front of us there are three horses and a pony which is blind of its near eye." At sunset, when the officers overtook the party and noticed that their guide had been correct, they asked, "How did you know that the pony was blind of its near eye?" He replied, "Because as it closed in on the horses it often made a false step."

A countryman may learn much from observing the habits of animals and birds. The following are two remarkable instances from history of the military value of such knowledge, accompanied with the practice of making sound deductions; the former instance from negative conditions, the latter from positive signs. On June 8, 1857, Mr. G. Ricketts, C. B., learnt at Lodiana, from his assistant, Mr. Thornton, that from the Philur Fort he had seen the Jalandha brigade of munitiers, then marching toward Delhi, received as guests in the Philur cantonment by the 3d Bengal Infantry, a detachment of which regiment held the Lodiana Fort, which is eight miles distant from Philur and on the south bank of the Satlaj. The river in 1857 ran in one main, broad, unfordable channel, with many subsidiary streams. Mr. Thornton in recrossing the floating bridge had cut away the northern end of the boats, thus severing the communication with the south bank. The deputy commissioner, having ordered a force of irregulars to follow him, rode to the bridge head and crossed over the main channel in a ferryboat. There was still a mile of sand and water, jungle and shallow streams between him and the northern bank of the river, a few hundred yards from which the Philur Fort stood. The boatmen now refused to follow the deputy commissioner, who was wading with his trousers off, because two hours earlier they had seen several munitiers who had marched down, hoping to cross by the bridge, disappear into the high jungle when they realized that the bridge had been cut. Mr. Ricketts, while looking at the bank, observed a large black and white kingfisher, a shy bird, poise over the jungle and swoop down into a pool just outside it. Then, seeing several more, he said, "Come on, there is no one there." "How can you tell?" "Just look at those kingfishers; they never settle near men"; and the boatmen, quite satisfied, followed him to the fort.

The positive instance occurred in 1866. The Archduke Joseph, a distant relative of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, belonged to a branch of the Hapsburgs which had been settled in Hungary for more than a century. He was the great protector of the local gypsies—whence his name "The Gypsy Archduke"—and had popularized the Tzigane music by arranging many of their tunes in scores for orchestras.

During the night, July 2-3, before the battle of Sadowa, a division commanded by the archduke, retreating before the Prussian army, had bivouacked near a town in Bohemia facing north. At midnight the archduke, when resting in a peasant's cottage, was awakened by the arrival of a gypsy, who insisted on seeing him personally, having come to report the advance of the enemy. The archduke, who spoke Rumanian fluently, asked, "How do you know?" Our outposts have not reported any movement. "That, your highness, is because the enemy is still some way off." "Then how do you know?" The gypsy, pointing to the dark sky, lighted by the moon, observed, "You see those birds flying over the woods from north to south?" "Yes, what of them?" "Those birds do not fly by night unless disturbed, and the direction of their flight indicates that the enemy is coming this way." The archduke put his division under arms and reinforced the outposts, which in two hours' time were heavily attacked.