

with the ceaseless "waste" that man had permitted to go on for ages—yet there was no more reverent worshipper of beauty in nature and of nature's god than he. Kelvin was also consulted as an expert in such matters as the early development of American electric railways, and when he died one of his largest interests appears to have been that in a celebrated make of American photographic apparatus. Reference is made in the biography to the little green notebooks that he carried about, and no American who had the pleasure to encounter him will forget the promptness—the often embarrassing readiness—with which one of those little books was flashed on his interlocutor while he plied ceaseless questions of a most searching nature and jotted it all down laboriously. It was also not the least pleasant part of these trips to America that he had as his devoted companion the distinguished and accomplished wife out of whose presence it seemed impossible for him to be really happy and contented.

THE NEW MEREDITH

A Note on the Memorial Edition of the Novels.

SANDRA BELLONI. Originally Emilia in England. By George Meredith. (Memorial edition.) In two volumes. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. vi, 298; vi, 312. Charles Scribner's Sons.

RHODA FLEMING. A Story. By George Meredith. (Memorial edition.) Illustrated. 8vo, pp. vii, 499. Charles Scribner's Sons.

EVAN HARRINGTON. A Novel. By George Meredith. (Memorial edition.) Illustrated. 8vo, pp. vii, 572. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The new and beautiful "Memorial" edition of the writings of George Meredith comes on at a fair rate of speed. Four more volumes in it have reached us and others will soon follow, so that lovers of the novelist will not have long to wait before the entire set is ready for them. It is good to have these books in such attractive form, so well printed and with precisely the right illustrations. The photographs of scenes associated with Meredith's work turn the mind toward his personality in a subtly suggestive way, and no one can read the novels without thinking of the man behind them. In glancing at the two compositions with which this new edition was opened, "The Shaving of Shagpat" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," we noted, apropos of the contrast between them, the importance to Meredith of an intensely human motive, engaging his deepest sympathies. He lacked it in "Shagpat" and therefore failed to achieve anything like the effect of power which belongs to "Richard Feverel," a book brimming over with genuine emotion. We hear much of the brain stuff in Meredith's novels. It is as they are enriched by the stuff that comes also from the heart that their hold on the imagination grows stronger and firmer.

One thinks of this in turning over again the pages of the three tales which the new edition now brings before us. As a maker of comedy Meredith let himself go in "Sandra Belloni," and even frankly descended into farce. In the same moment in which we welcome her as a foil to the ineffable ladies of Brookfield we find ourselves wishing that Mrs. Chump were not quite such a figure of fun. The truth is that there are times when she is not funny at all, but becomes a little wearisome, if not positively a bore. But the broad movement of the romance is not disturbed by this unduly grotesque type. It goes steadily to the appointed end, for it is impelled by a passionate sincerity. So likewise the heroine triumphs over the welter of sentiment in which she swims. Emilia is a poignant creature, wavering sometimes between reality and unreality, but in the long run making an irresistible appeal. Above all this book has charm, a charm traceable to Meredith's temperament, his habit of mind, his satirical zest. We can imagine how it must have stirred some at least of his contemporaries when it first appeared, making them feel that a new, thoroughly self-sustaining genius had arisen. It is not by any means a perfect work of art, but everywhere it is rich in individuality, stamped with the quality of a man who, if not born to be a poet, at all events had in him something of the poetic fire. In its quivering sensitiveness, its poignant fervors, "Sandra Belloni" is one of the most intensely personal of all of Meredith's books.

The stories by which it is bracketed in the chronology of his work, "Evan Harrington" and "Rhoda Fleming," share some of its traits, but in essentials they illustrate his more permanently characteristic mood in the presence of the human drama. In these books there is not the same pressure of an exotic atmosphere to dispute his interest in coming to close quarters with British life and character. Despite the insularity of the Miss Poles and their household we are perpetually aware in Emilia's story of something golden in the air, something romantic, something which vaguely alters the perspective of the scene. Evan Harrington's struggle to demonstrate that a tailor's son could be a gentleman and her sister savor throughout of the British soil. In both instances Meredith warms to his work with his fullest feeling for familiar truth. Though his tricky humor finds free play, as always, and imaginative sympathy carries him piercingly to the subtlest depths, it is emphatically of flesh and blood that his narratives are formed. The farcical motive in "Evan Harrington" leaves unharmed the nobility of the main issue in that book, and in "Rhoda Flem-

ing" the author's incurable whimsy is perfectly repressed, so that the grave business in hand may go forward in due dignity. We have spoken before of a crucial test applicable to a novel of Meredith's. Does the reader really care about its upshot? Decidedly he cares, where "Evan Harrington" and "Rhoda Fleming" are concerned.

OLD HERBALS

Sixteenth Century Aids for the Modern Craftsman.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S PLANT BOOK; OR, FIGURES OF PLANTS. Selected from the Herbals of the Sixteenth Century, and Exhibiting the Finest Examples of Plant Drawing Found in those Rare Works, Whether Executed in Woodcuts or in Copper Plate Engraving, Arranged for the Use of the Decorator with Supplementary Illustrations and Some Remarks on the Use of Plant Form in Design. By Richard G. Hatton, Hon. A. R. C. A. (London). 4to, pp. ix, 539. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Latter day developments in the applied arts have been strongly nourished on books prepared

Plants." London, 1597. These delightful webs of line might be transferred bodily to a wall covering of paper or other material, and the designer who was really deft in working out the scheme might rival William Morris in his productions.

The story of these ancient herbals is the story of a phase in the growth of the human mind. When they first began to get themselves made they were anthologies of plant "virtues," reaching back into the medical lore of the Greeks and Romans, as well as into that of the East, but as time went on and botanical science came into its own the herbal ceased to be a kind of doctor's book and passed into the hands of the gardener. Its woodcuts were drawn, of course, for purposes of identification, but it was impossible for the craftsmen who engraved them to be, in every instance, merely bald. Mr. Hatton notes that the illustrations in the "Herbarum Vivæ Eicones" of Otto Brunfels, issued at Strasbourg in 1513, were made by Hans Weiditz, an engraver good enough for some of his work to have been ascribed to Hans Burgkmair and Albrecht Dürer. In other words, the blocks for these herbals were made

glad to see, too, that Mr. Hatton would discourage those designers who fancy that there is something talismanic about a floral motive and throw a plant form into a pattern with blithe carelessness as to its fitness. There is sound sense in this warning:

There should be no hurry to introduce actual plants, and certainly no hurry to include plants amongst more conventional forms. Indeed, as he grows in sensitiveness, the designer should try to get all he can out of mere geometrical form. The geometrical forms will then become endowed with subtleties which will give them that peculiar quality we call beauty. When this stage has been reached the designer should begin to strew plants and flowers over his work—not to twirl and twist some unfortunate cornflower or poppy into a triangle, or a circle, or a square, with squirming lines dear to the student and trade designer of the day, but letting floral forms and plant forms grow into his patterns if they wish to, and if he cannot keep them out.

Mr. Hatton pleads alike for graceful convention and for a wholesome naturalism, for the use of plant forms in the light of their intrinsic witchery and in that of architectural balance. The designer who keeps his counsels in mind and studies the illustrations in this book with understanding should go far. We hope that in this country he will not be slow to add "The Craftsman's Plant Book" to the tools of his trade.

LITERARY NOTES.

President Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, will bring out in the autumn his new book on mammals.

M. Paul Hervieu suggested at the recent meeting of the French Academy that when the letter S has been reached by the Academy it may have to include the name of Sardou as a new French word, which he defined as "the manner of obtaining a great effect with small means."

The spring publishing season in London is said to have been far from successful. One commentator declares that the real cause of this condition is that so few of the books issued are of any permanent value. There's something in that.

The third and last volume of General Kuropatkin's memoirs has just appeared in Russia. In this he attacks the Russian press for having, as he declares, contributed to the demoralization of the Russian troops during the war with Japan; and he advises that in future wars only events calculated to raise the morale of an army should be allowed to be mentioned in the newspapers.

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan is at work on the third volume of his Garibaldian history—that devoted to the conquest of Naples—and is at present traversing the path taken by Garibaldi between Reggio and Naples in August and September, 1860. Palermo and Genoa are at this moment celebrating the famous expedition of the captain and his Thousand in the spring of that year. The celebration will continue the greater part of this month, and all the surviving members of the Thousand will have a share in the festivities of this jubilee. The rock of Quarto, from which the expedition sailed, was recently declared a national monument.

Signor d'Annunzio has been staying quietly in Paris, studying the life of the dressmakers employed in the great fashion establishments for the purposes of his new book, "Amaranta." The heroine is a poor girl who leaves her Italian home to seek employment in Paris.

The publication of the complete edition of the works and correspondence of Galileo, undertaken by the Italian government in 1890, is at an end, the concluding volume having just been issued. It is the twentieth. It contains indexes to the whole set and an "Indice biografico" of Galileo's contemporaries. The edition is published at Florence, where Galileo died. Its full title is "Le Opere di Galileo Galilei: Edizione Nazionale sotto gli auspicii di Sua Magestà il Re d'Italia."

Miss Ellen Willmott, a well known English botanist, has made a lifelong study of the rose, and purposes to publish in "The Genus Rosa" a splendid crown folio volume on the results of that study. Mr. Alfred Parsons has made fifty-six drawings in black and white for the volume, which will also contain 120 colored plates. It will be brought out in twenty or twenty-four monthly parts. The edition will be strictly limited and not reprinted.

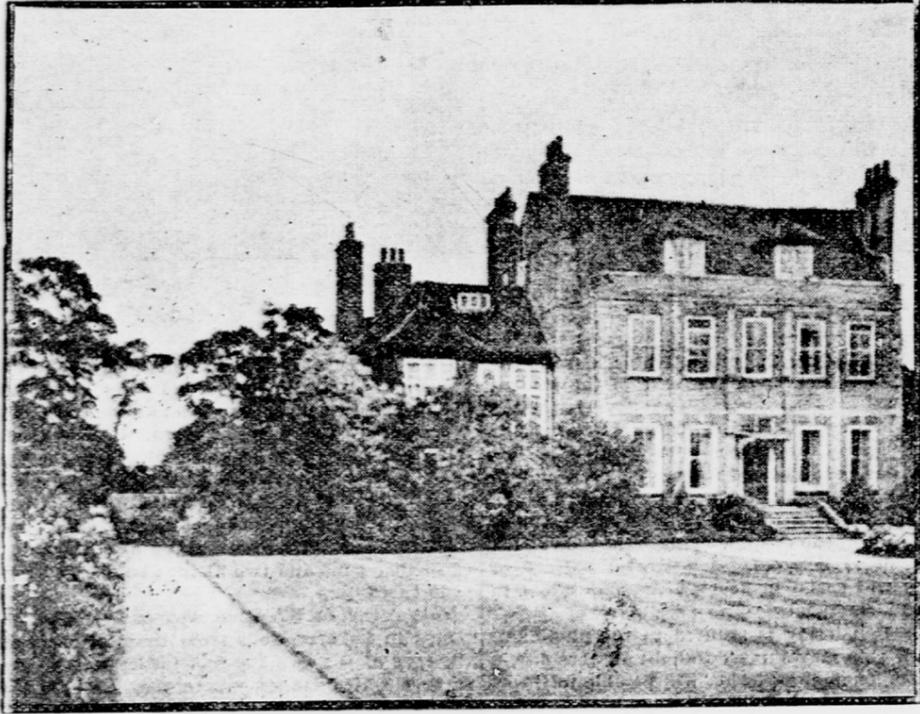
In one of the newly published letters of John Lothrop Motley there is a story concerning the Queen Consort of Saxony of his time, who was a very tall woman. A British dame who could not have been renowned for tact was presented to her majesty, and the royal lady "remarked by way of something to say that the Queen of England was very short. To this the Englishwoman eagerly rejoined, 'Oh, yes, your majesty, but it is far better to be a short Queen on a big throne than a tall Queen on a small throne!'"

Mr. Hudson Maxim, the inventor, has been writing a book which he calls "The Science of Poetry, and the Philosophy of Language." It is stated that he has reduced to a scientific calculation the reasons for the spell worked by poetry upon mankind. He differentiates poetry and verse, holding that the former is a phenomenon of thought and the latter a phenomenon of sound. His book promises to be curious at least.

There are to be eight or nine volumes of the "Dictionnaire des Ventes d'Art Faîtes en France et à l'Etranger Pendant les XVIIIe et XIXe Siècles," which Dr. Mircur is preparing. The first and second volumes have just appeared.

That unconventional book, "The Martyrdom of Man," by Winwood Reade, nephew of the novelist Charles Reade, has lately gone into an eighteenth edition. It was of its author that his uncle once said that he was "hair to considerable estates and gifted with genius; but he did not live long enough to inherit the one or to mature the other." Winwood Reade wrote many books of fiction and travel, but only the volume mentioned above has survived.

The recently discovered Goethe MS., the draft of "Wilhelm Meister," has been acquired for the Goethe and Schiller archives at Weimar. Various publishers and libraries offered large sums for it, but the owner sold it for a smaller amount, preferring that it should rest with the other Goethe manuscripts.



LYFLEET MANOR HOUSE, THE QUEEN ANNE'S FARM OF "RHODA FLEMING."
(From the Memorial Edition of George Meredith. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

for the special benefit of the designer. We recall many efforts made to aid the latter in his dealings with wall papers and the like, and we are aware that much attention has been paid to the conventionalizing of plant forms. Some clever work has been done in this regard, but we do not know of a book quite so well calculated as is this one of Mr. Hatton's to absorb the artist and lure his fancy into a thousand lovely paths. The compiler of the volume before us has got his fascinating material together, too, by the very simple process of overhauling those

by gifted men and have artistic qualities. In placing specimens of what they did at the disposal of the twentieth century craftsman, Mr. Hatton supplies the latter with a veritable scrapbook, and the bulk of his volume is devoid of commentary, only the briefest descriptive notes, with color indications, being affixed to the designs. But in his brief introductory chapters the author contrives to say some interesting things on his subject which the student may well ponder.

In the use of plants as elements in design the



THE GARDENER.
(From a woodcut in an old herbal.)

sixteenth century "herbals" which had a purely utilitarian purpose, but strayed, all unconsciously, into the domain of beauty. Reproducing a great quantity of their illustrations, he has provided the designer with invaluable decorative motives. Dip at random into this work and you come upon little masterpieces of pattern, such as the Cynara Cardunculus from the book of Jacques D'Alechamps of Lyons, or the Ribes Jossularia out of good Master John Gerarde's "Herball, or General Historie of

artist will profit by some knowledge of geometry, but, as is here pointed out, the important thing is to secure architectural stability in a pattern not by rule of thumb, but by the harmonizing of geometrical laws with a free sense of beauty. "No rules can take the place of judgment," we are rightly reminded, and if stress is laid upon mastery of conventional design even greater emphasis is placed upon that "positive love of the plant which the artist should add to his grasp of rhythm." We are