Literary News and Criticism

The Memoirs of a Doctor in Paris a Century Ago.

Paris, June 17.

"Souvenirs d'Un Médecin de Paris," just published by Plon-Nourrit, is one of the best books of its kind that have appeared in Paris for a long time. One finds here a rich and varied collection of personal observations, anecdotes, sketches and silhouettes, giving clear, frank and impartial insight into the life and society of Paris from the reign of Napoléon I to Napoléon III, traversing the two Restorations, the July Monarchy and the Republic of 1848. The first chapter begins with a picturesque description of Périgord during the Revolution, and the last ends during the brilliant days of the Second Empire, in 1863. The author, Poumiès de la Siboutie, was born at a village in Périgord in 1789. He recollects being looked after by an old family servant, who, as a drummer boy, twelve years old, had been present at the battle of Fontenoy, in 1745.

Poumiès came to Paris in 1810, entered the Medical School and soon received his degree of doctor. As a physician he had considerable success, and many of the most interesting men and women of Paris were his patients. He lived in a fine house in the Rue des Marais Saint-Germain, now Rue Visconti, which had been occupied by Racine, Adrienne Lecouvreur and Hippolyte Clairon. He purchased it outright in 1837. M. de Lacalprade, an eminent lawyer and friend of De Sèze and De Malesherbes, the advocates who defended Louis XVI, was one of Dr. Poumiès's patients. Lacalprade told him that De Sèze charged Louis XVI 25,000 francs as fee for his defence. The King made no reply, but afterward, when talking with Malesherbes, he said: "It is very dear, especially for a pleading that displeased me in many ways. Where does Dr. Sèze expect I can find 25,000 francs?" "At my house, sire. M. de Sèze is not rich. Thinking that he would be obliged to quit France, he appealed to your majesty." "Ah! that is all right!" ("A la bonne heure!"), sadly answered the King. Malesherbes afterward handed De Sèze the 25,000 francs in the King's behalf. The bill was subsequently presented to Louis XVIII, who repaid the sum.

Monsignor Jacoupy, Bishop of Agen, was another patient and friend of Dr. Poumiès. Jacoupy, before the Revolution, had been a curate at the village of Ribérac. In 1801 he returned to Paris from exile without friends or money. He heard that one of Bonaparte's generals was also named Jacoupy. The curate, with a sort of desperate hope, sought out this general and asked him to help him. The curate was promptly received by the general, who was a jolly, good natured, rollicking *sabreur*. "Speak out; what can I do for you?" he said. "My only claim upon your generosity is that I happen to have the same name as yours." "Well, that is something. What do you want?" "I want to get put back again as curate of Ribérac. Can you help me?" "You are not ambitious. Call again to-morrow." The curate came next day and the general said: "Why in the world don't you ask for something better than the curacy of a small village? Why don't you ask outright for a bishopric?" "Why, I am merely a modest vicar. I have no right to think of becoming a bishop, especially as I am not qualified for such an exalted post." "Nonsense!" answered the general; "the duties are not difficult. I have applied already for the bishopric of Agen for you. You will have it. The First Consul has promised it." The two men of the same name, but who were in no way related to each other, became close friends. Jacoupy, the poor curate, was created Bishop of Agen. He filled the place for forty years, and the people of the country held him in the highest esteem.

Dr. Poumiès came across Zamor, the famous negro who had been Mme. du Barry's page, and who had been petted by the entire court of Louis XV. Zamor earned his living in 1811 by giving writing lessons and by playing the violin at dances and soirées at private houses. Dr. Poumiès found him bright, amusing and ready to chat and gossip about the lively doings at court and in the society of Mme. du Barry.

The Widow Simon, the terrible termagant to whose brutal care the Dauphin had been intrusted after the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, was admitted to the Hospital for Incurables when Dr. Poumiès was house physician there. "I attended her on several occasions and saw her often," wrote the physician. "She was in a frightful condition, owing to poverty, suffering and many diseases. She died in the hospital in 1840. All the other inmates of the hospital shunned her as if she were a pestilence. They reproached her with cruelty to the Dauphin, and, above all, for having taught the young prince the worst forms of debauchery, and for having made him hate his mother." Dr. Poumiès relates that Dr. Pelletan, who drew up the report on the death of the Dauphin, was head surgeon at the Hotel Dieu when Poumiès was a subordinate there. He thus supplies fresh evidence to prove that the Dauphin really died during his imprisonment when in charge of the Widow Simon. Pelletan and his colleague, Desault, were ordered by the Convention to examine the body of the Dauphin after death. Both Pelletan and Desault had often seen the young prince at Versailles. The report established the fact that the Dauphin died of a scrofulous affection, due to bad treatment, filthy food and unwholesome lodgings. "Pelletan," wrote Dr. Poumiès, "showed me in 1813 a lock of the poor youth's hair that he had cut off with a pair of scissors during his examination of the body. This souvenir was given by him to the Duchesse d'Angoulême (the Dauphin's sister) during the Restoration." This effectually disposes of the legend of the Dauphin's escape and survival, about which so much has been heard.

The author saw the Empress Marie Louise on the terrace of the Tuileries shortly before the birth of the King of Rome. "Her skin was very white, with red freckles on the face; her hair was golden blond. She was a large, fine looking woman, with timid manners, and not by any means imposing in her appearance. She had a good face, but without much expression. . . . A woman of the people, near me, shouted: 'Have no fear, my *grosse mere*; everything will go on all right! I know something about it, for I have already had eight children.' The Empress blushed red as coral, and turned and bowed to the woman who had thus addressed her. The King of Rome was born a few days later, on March 20, 1811. The enthusiasm was tremendous as the crowds counted the twenty-second discharge of the cannon that announced that the child was a boy. Later, when the King of Rome began to walk, he used frequently to be seen on the Tuileries terrace, seated in a tiny barouche, drawn by two beautiful and peaceful sheep, white as snow." Describing, on June 14, 1856, the baptism of the Prince Imperial, Dr. Poumiès shows that he was impressed by the extraordinary magnificence, but notes that "the crowd showed considerable curiosity, but was without enthusiasm, and there were many instances of jeers and mockery."

The "Souvenirs d'Un Médecin de Paris" is well worth reading. It is edited by Dr. Poumiès's two daughters, Mesdames Branche and Dagoury, and contains many new anecdotes concerning Napoléon, Talleyrand, Louis XVIII, Charles X, Louis Philippe, Thiers, Châteaubriand, Rossini, Dr. Pinel, Dr. Dupuytren, Dr. Velpeau, Thénard and others. The chapters about student life in the early years of the nineteenth century are highly amusing and edifying. The descriptions of the various revolutions are admirable. The reminiscences are written in a bright, conversational style and have the ring of sincerity.

C. I. B.

European Visitors
will find the
European Columns
of the
New-York Tribune
a reliable guide to the best shops, hotels and resorts.
Consult These Columns Before Sailing
and much valuable time will be saved for sightseeing.

FICTION.

Some Clever Studies of Character by John Galsworthy.

A MOTLEY. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, pp. xi, 274. Charles Scribner's Sons.
DEAD LETTERS. By Maurice Baring. 12mo, pp. xiii, 243. The Houghton Mifflin Company.
THE DEVOURERS. By A. Vivanti Chartres. 12mo, pp. 328. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
THE PRUSUIT. By Frank Savile. Illustrations by Herman Pfeifer. 12mo, pp. 317. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
THE GARDEN AT 19. By Edgar Jepson. With four illustrations by H. R. Boehm. 12mo, pp. 299. The Wessels & Bissell Company.
ANNE OF TREBOUL. By Marie Louise Goetchius. 12mo, pp. 298. The Century Company.

Mr. Galsworthy's new book comes just in the nick of time, correcting the rather unfortunate impression developed by his recent publication. He had begun to suggest that his work, for all its cleverness, had got itself produced out of a formula. He had seemed to be a man of one idea, embittered by contemplation of the British philistine, and so bent on satirizing that type as to have forgotten that too much of a good thing may become a bore. In the present volume he is the same critic of humanity that we have known before, but the twenty-five or thirty short pieces here gathered together have been well chosen from the mass of the author's work in the last ten years—they illustrate, not his formula, but, we suspect, just the natural, spontaneous operation of his mind. Some of these studies are very short indeed, covering only two or three pages. Evidently they were not written with the rather nagging and somewhat "superior" purpose which has warped some of his writings, but with the artist's delight in setting forth the truth.

In one sketch after another Mr. Galsworthy analyzes character, or, perhaps we should say, vividly portrays it, leaving analysis to take care of itself. Here and there the reformatory vein crops out, as in "The Prisoner," and all through the book the author makes plain his compassionate feeling toward the poor and worse than poor. The hard case of forlorn humanity in the grip of fate is exhibited with positive power in such stories as "Compensation," "A Miller of Dee," "The Neighbors" and "A Woman." The gentler note, lightly or quizzically touched, sounds only at longer intervals. But alike with the tragic motive or in the sphere of comedy, Mr. Galsworthy maintains, on this occasion, a wholesomer and sweeter tone than we have hitherto observed in any of his books. The volume is neatly named. "A Motley" well expresses the varied, richly colored succession of poignantly human episodes that he unfolds. No doubt "The Man of Property" and "The Country House" cost him greater and more sustained effort than went to the making of these shreds and patches, but "A Motley" is nevertheless a more engaging souvenir of his talent.

In his "Landmarks in Russian Literature," published a month or so ago, Mr. Maurice Baring disclosed uncommon ability. He knew his subject, interpreted its spirit with complete sympathy and altogether presented the spectacle of a writer at ease with his task. In "Dead Letters" one scarcely recognizes the same man of judgment and adroitness, and least of all does one identify here the lover of literature, the sensitive artist. Mr. Baring has had the not very original idea of reviving old, unhappy, far off things and battles of long ago in the form of imaginary correspondence, and has tried to freshen a worn convention by giving to his epistles an essentially modern turn. He causes Clytemnestra, writing to Ægisthus about Helen's departure from Troy in the company of Paris, to close her letter in this fashion: "Electra has got whooping cough, but she is going on as well as can be expected. I have no patience with Helen. She always was utterly thoughtless." Helen, in her turn, winds up a brief note saying: "Please have some patterns for me to choose from. I hope to be back in a month." Clytemnestra, again writing to Ægisthus, terminates this particular sheaf of letters in the following manner:

> I am sending this by runner. Come back directly. I expect Agamemnon any moment. The bonfires are already visible. Please bring a good strong net and a sharp axe with you. I will explain when you arrive. I have quite decided that half measures are out of the question.

We dare say that Mr. Baring thought this very witty when he wrote it, and, met casually in the columns of the London "Morning Post," for which all these letters were written, his ingenious fooling had a trace of fun about it. But this kind of newspaper joke is short lived, and in a book it somehow fails to win more than a good natured smile. There is sprightliness, of a sort, in the volume and there is a certain quite plausible picturesqueness. The letters about Messelina and Nero are tolerable, and Mr. Baring does well enough with Cleopatra, Ovid and Marcus Aurelius. The Arthurian skit, on the other hand, is merely deplorable in the uncouth violence that it does to poetic figures, and on his Shakespearian excursions the author gets quite out of hand. He must wreak his foolishness on "Lear," on "Macbeth" and on "Hamlet," of all masterpieces in the world, and suggests nothing so much as the thick hand of stodginess laid with crass impertinence upon images of beauty. Decidedly, Mr. Baring would do well to stick to his Russians, writing the literary history that is within his scope, and prudently avoiding what he is pleased to regard as exercises in imaginative humor.

Mrs. Chartres has written a novel of exceptional interest. Considered merely as a story, it has much color and incessant movement to recommend it. From England to Italy it progresses, with an interlude at Davos, then to Monte Carlo, to New York, to Prague, and finally all over Europe in the wake of a child of genius. But it starts by the side of a cradle, and returns to it in the end. "The baby opened its eyes and said, 'I am hungry.'" That is the *leit motif* of the book—the feeble cry whose compelling strength makes one gifted woman lay aside her pen for the sake of her child, and which makes that child, in her turn, forsake music at the call of the helpless, exacting, imperious little life born of her own. It is the struggle between genius and motherhood in woman that Mrs. Chartres has taken for her subject, and according to her, the genius is sacrificed, killed instinctively, without hesitation, at the call of the immemorial voice of the race. Neither nature nor genius will accept a divided allegiance. It is an interesting theory, likely to be much discussed, the more so as it is strikingly timely and something new in current fiction. The case of Mrs. Browning comes to mind, of course, but it shines out in its loneliness as an exception. The book is decidedly and uncommonly well worth reading.

In the matter of adventure we might as well have good measure, and that Mr. Frank Savile certainly gives us in "The Pursuit." Something happens on each and every page; the villain has "a run for his money" and so has the reader. A child, the heir of untold American millions, is the quarry. Its villanous father seeks to kidnap it, and finds his opportunity in Tangier, whither his son, who is delicate, has been sent for his health, on board a yacht and surrounded by defenders, among them being a charming young woman. Enter an officer of the British army, in garrison at Gibraltar. He is drawn into the centre of the vortex of adventure and danger and plotting and villany, on whose outer wave a commander of the French navy also appears; and as minor participants there are Arabs and the scum of the Mediterranean seaports. Mention must also be made of a master scoundrel, who plays a game of his own within this game. Finally nature herself takes a hand at Messina, where the earthquake settles the matter for good and all. This general outline of the plot must suffice; it purposely leaves the details of crowded incident for the reader to discover.

Some time ago Mr. Edgar Jepson liberated an attractive vein of humor in his stories of "The Admirable Tinker" and "Lady Noggs, Peeress." Now, in "The Garden at 19" he seeks to make our flesh creep. He is almost but not quite successful. We are fairly keen upon finding out what ultimately is to happen to the parcel of enthusiasts who seek to raise the great god Pan from his grave, organizing their proceedings in the back garden of a modern London house. But Mr. Jepson is not particularly skilful in the creation of atmosphere, where the fantasticality of his motive makes atmosphere of peculiar importance. There is a flagrant unreality about his tale. A master hand alone, to be sure, could have made this book even partly credible, but that is no great excuse for Mr. Jepson. Ordinary "larks" are more in his line.

A first book, "Anne of Tréboul," is a very satisfactory piece of work, in part because the author, with evident appreciation of the range of her technical equipment, has not undertaken too much. She has not attempted too large a canvas for her setting—a Breton fishing village—and she has not ventured too deeply into the analysis of the soul of her heroine, the deformed girl, neglected by the young men, who has her wondrous, unexpected hour of love and happiness, then pays the price of another's passive perfidy with the nobility of character of the humble. The man is lured back by the girl who has flouted him. Anne will not bind him in a loveless marriage—she has her son and his. The tragedy of self-denial and sacrifice, which in the end demands even her son, is well presented; it makes appeal to the reader's sympathy. Mrs. Goetchius has made a good beginning. She seems to be a new author worth "cultivating" by her publisher.

MAP FEVER

Mr. William De Morgan on One of His Enthusiasms.

Every year there is published in London, at the offices of "The Sphere" and "The Tatler," a festival souvenir of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation. This souvenir, edited by Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, one of the best known of English printers, is called "Printers' Pie." It is always an amusing miscellany, and the number for 1910—the eighth in the series—well sustains the standard originally established through the generosity of London's popular authors and illustrators. Barry Pain, Robert Hichens, the Duke of Argyll, Sir Henry Lucy, W. Pett Ridge, Marie Corelli and William De Morgan are among the authors who this year contribute. Lawson Wood, George Belcher, Cecil Aldin, Will Owen and W. Heath Robinson, with eight or ten others, provide plenty of pictorial fun.

Mr. De Morgan's "Blunders and Penquakes" is an amusing little paper on the quaint blemishes which have crept into his books. In "Somehow Good" he causes one of his characters to inspect, at San Francisco, mining tools to be used in the Klondyke. In the same story he permitted himself the blundering phrase "at Ontario," but we are glad he made the slip, for in talking about it he gives us this characteristic fragment of autobiography:

> A memory of sixty-odd years ago makes me feel hurt at the supposition that I thought Ontario a mere town. Did you ever, when a child, have map fever? I mean the passion for poring over maps, gloating over the lakes and mountains, building imaginary towns to suit their names, catching imaginary fish in the rivers, and chasing incredible wild beasts in the forests—such forests—my word! It exists, this passion, and it rose to highest fever point with me, at ten or eleven years of age, in connection with an enthralling series of maps of America, under the stimulus of early experience of Fenimore Cooper and Catlin's North American Indians. Even now a glow of enthusiasm is nascent in my soul when I come across a musical Indian name; and then America ceases to be a huge congeries of millionaires and Tammany and Trusts and nigger lynching and minute print—a land where one takes one's telephone to bed with one and rings one's friends up every half-hour of the night—and becomes again the land Columbus found, good for youth's fetterless imagination to run riot in. And then I recall my favorite map of all those maps, the one with Ontario in the middle of it—such a roadless wild in the days of their first printing; still thick with tribes of aborigines, now long improved out of existence. And of all the fascinating maps this one was the most fascinating; so much so that it could almost hold its own against those of Greece and Asia Minor, the most intoxicating of all to the map maniac. But perhaps this is nonsense to you, and you don't know what map madness means.

Mr. De Morgan is aware of his own voluminosity. "I left my millionth word behind me some time ago," he says.

CLARENCE KING

A Brilliant Man Portrayed by an Old Friend.

More than thirty years ago, when Mr. Edgar Beecher Bronson was on the staff of The Tribune, John Hay, who was then writing editorials for its columns, introduced him to the late Clarence King. Not long afterward the latter employed him as his secretary, and a few years later the two were associated on a ranch in the West. Some memories of their friendship are recorded by Mr. Bronson in the July number of the "Century Magazine." They recall one of the most brilliant and lovable characters that have adorned American life.

Every reader of that beautiful book of his, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," and of his little masterpiece, "The Helmet of Mambrino," has wondered why he did not make many other contributions to literature. In answering the old question Mr. Bronson touches upon one of the secrets of King's charm, the amazing depth of his resources. "I believe," he says, "it was because of the very wealth of his endowments, the multiplicity of his talents and attainments; because of a mind so tireless and fertile that by the time it had sketched one brilliant literary picture another was clamoring for the recorded expression none ever got." Then, too, for all that he had the gift of literature, King was no mere literary man. Naturally, it was hard for him to put his pen to paper, in view of the traits which Mr. Bronson thus describes:

> With a learning so comprehensive and profound that he stood among the foremost savants of his generation, the hours dearest to him were those spent in absolute or semi-savagery, listening to the droning songs of squaws about old Winnemucca's lodge fire; idly dreaming about a Piute village, watching its primitive tasks and games; garlanded in a merry Kalakauan fête or breasting the breakers on a Hawaiian beach, himself as daring and swift in the water as the lithest or sturdiest islander of them all; vying with the best vaqueros of Visalia in bronco riding contests; wandering through the corridors of the San Luis Obispo Mission with a bent Franciscan, absorbed in tales of Junipero Serra's heroism and sacrifices, and mentally reconstructing the stirring scenes of the ecclesiastical conquest of California; trailing grizzlies into their Sierran lairs and there fighting and killing them; scaling untrod mountain peaks; listening to the croonings of a turbaned black grandmother, hungry for some hint of voodoo mysteries—such were the experiences he best loved.

Mr. Bronson refers, of course, to his solid achievements in science, his masterly work as a geologist, and, in a word, the knowledge and sagacity which made him one of the most practically useful men of his time—though, paradoxically, he lacked the fortune building instinct. But the best things in this paper relate to King's personality, his wit, his buoyant and effective carriage in his everyday—but never prosaic—life. Once, in a California mountain camp, an interlocutor of his made a motion as though to use his revolver to ill purpose. "King was entirely unarmed, but, standing at the moment with his right hand in his trousers pocket, at the first hostile move he stuck forward his thumb until it looked like the muzzle of a pistol, and then snapped a quill toothpick that fortunately happened to be in the same pocket, the sound of which was so much like the muffled click of a pistol lock that his adversary promptly bolted through the door."

His friend preserves some of his epigrams. Returning from a dinner at the house of a tasteless plutocrat, King remarked: "These people have bought the scenery of society, but the play isn't going on." On another occasion he said: "Civilization! Why, it's a nervous disease!" Once Mr. Bronson asked him why he had never married. "Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "Woman is too one-sided—like a tossed up penny—and I want both sides or none." Following this Mr. Bronson recalls King in berserker mood, pounding to insensibility a policeman who was needlessly clubbing a drunken sailor in a dark alley one morning; but the finest of these stories relates to the tired man of genius on his deathbed—tired, but with his spirit unbroken. "His doctor had remarked that perhaps the drug *heroin*, recently administered, had gone to his head. 'Very likely,' King whispered. 'Many a heroine has gone to a better head than mine is now.'" That was like Clarence King. He was as brave as he was brilliant. All those who knew him will be grateful to Mr. Bronson for his affectionately drawn portrait.

The late Francis Thompson was not by any means an inspired poet, but he has his devout partisans, and they doubtless will rejoice to hear that the collected edition of his verses, which Mr. Wilfrid Meynell is preparing, is to contain a large amount of hitherto unpublished material. It seems that he left a mass of manuscript from which the new items will be selected. The London "Nation" sagely remarks that the task of making a choice is not an easy one, but, we are told, "Mr. Meynell, who has done so much for Thompson's memory, can be safely trusted to see that his reputation does not suffer by the publication of crude and unfinished work." Quite so. There is also to be a small volume containing the prose essays which Thompson himself thought worthy of being reprinted. He contemplated such a publication and left a list of the writings he wished to be included in it.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

The biography of the late Goldwin Smith will be written by Mr. Arnold Haultain, who for the last eighteen years was his private secretary. Shortly before his death Professor Smith signed an agreement making him his sole literary executor, and put into his hands all of the necessary manuscripts. Among these, it appears, is a collection of reminiscences covering the whole of the author's lifetime and containing descriptions and anecdotes of many eminent men.

Miss Murfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, has not been heard from in current fiction for some little time. It is pleasant, therefore, to note that she is contributing to "The Century" another of her stories of the Tennessee Mountains. It is called "The Man in the Tree."

The Putnams are publishing in this country the novels recently submitted in a London competition. They have brought out the prize winner, "A Marriage Under the Terror," by Patricia Wentworth, and have just issued the story which gained the second place, "Vera of the Strong Heart," by Marion Mole.

There is to be a "Thackeray Dictionary," uniform with the compilation prepared some time ago in honor of Dickens. Mr. J. G. Mudge and Mr. M. E. Sears have put the new book together. A rare bit of Thackeray's writing, by the way, has lately fetched a good price in a London auction room. A copy of his "Flore et Zephyr, ballet Mythologique, par Theophile Wagstaff," sold for $185.

A new portrait of Mr. Henry James has lately been painted by an English artist, Mrs. Swynnerton. The news reminds us that the physiognomy of our distinguished countryman has been made fairly well known. There are drawings of him by Mr. Sargent and Mr. Rothenstein, and it is not long since M. Blanche painted his portrait. There are also, of course, several photographs.

The thirteenth and fourteenth volumes in the new "Memorial" edition of the writings of George Meredith make a special appeal to the reader of that novelist. They are devoted to "The Egoist." This book has worn about as well as any of Meredith's, and, by the same token, it has had particular good fortune. Far more promptly than some of its predecessors, it took the right readers captive, and these readers in some thirty-odd years it has never lacked. The late William Ernest Henley, hailing it with something like rapture on its first appearance, set down a good saying about the author. "Like Shakespeare," he remarked, "he is a man of genius who is a clever man as well; and he seems to prefer his cleverness to his genius." Every one knows how truly this criticism applies to "The Egoist," and every one knows, like Henley, how perfectly unharmed it leaves the essential brilliance and fascination of the book. One is sorely tempted on receiving this new edition, so beautifully printed by the Scribners, to abandon familiar tasks and to re-read every one of those beguiling pages. The plates include a good profile portrait from a photograph taken in Meredith's sixtieth year and a view of the Surrey cottage which he made his home during the last forty years of his life.

Apropos of the statue of Francois Coppée, which has just been unveiled near the Invalides, many anecdotes about the poet have been finding their way into print. One of them, which recalls his benevolence, describes him as the prey of interviewers, being too good-hearted ever to turn one away. Whenever an evidently young reporter called who seemed to be a beginner Coppée, an old journalist himself, would shake him warmly by the hand and say: "Tell me, my young friend, are you on salary or on space?" If he answered the former, the poet would talk to him for half a minute, and then dismiss him cheerily with, "And now I am busy," and a handshake. If, however, the young reporter replied "On space," Coppée would say at once: "Sit down there," showing him his own writing table, "and write," and he would dictate him a column interview.

Longmans, Green & Co. promise for the autumn another volume in "The Political History of England." In it the subject is carried from the accession of Edward VI to the death of Elizabeth. The author is Professor A. F. Pollard. The volumes in this series have been published out of their historical sequence, but with the appearance of this one the record is made continuous to 1901. The "Political History" as a whole traverses the annals of England from the earliest days down to the close of the Victorian reign.

The new poem by Schiller which has turned up in a manuscript book belonging to a collector in Prague, is an elegy on the sudden and premature death of a young Würtemberg officer, Antoine Willmaister. He was captain of the regiment of which Schiller was the surgeon.

A volume which we hope will appear in an American edition has been put forth under the title of "Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary E. Coleridge." The editor, Miss Edith Sichel, opens it with a short memoir of the author of "The King with Two Faces," and then collects a number of Miss Coleridge's stories and essays, with passages from her letters and diaries and a few unpublished poems. Miss Coleridge was a charming writer, and through all that she did one divined a still more charming personality. A book making her better known should surely be appreciated by many American readers.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is indefatigable, and especially is he unwearied in tackling subjects on which one is scarcely prepared to accept him as authoritative. His latest venture is a study of William Blake, which is to appear in the well known "Library of Art."

Referring to Mr. Roosevelt's Oxford address on "Biological Analogies in History," "The Pall Mall Gazette" notes that he was the nineteenth in the once broken succession of Romanes lecturers since the start by Mr. Gladstone, in 1892. Mr. Balfour was the lecturer last year, and before him came Canon Scott Holland, who succeeded the present Chancellor of the University, Lord Curzon. Then, working backward, the university was addressed by Mr. W. P. Ker, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. James Bryce. It was in 1901 that the hiatus occurred, when Lord Acton did not deliver his lecture. In 1900 Sir S. A. H. Murray discussed "The Evolution of English Lexicography," and the year previous to that Sir R. C. Jebb was the Romanes lecturer, with "Humanism in Education" as a theme. The fee paid for the lecture is £25, and the lecturer is appointed by the vice-chancellor of the university. Mr. Roosevelt's lecture, by the way, is published here in a neat pamphlet by the Oxford University Press.

"T. R. in Cartoons" is a paper covered sheaf, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of humorous drawings of Mr. Roosevelt by Mr. John T. McCutcheon. He is not precisely a brilliant draftsman, but he contrives to make his swift, blunt line say just what he means, and what he has to say is often irresistibly funny. Mr. McCutcheon satirizes his hero, too, with all the good humor in the world. There is a kind of gentle friendliness at the bottom of his droll "larks." Altogether this is a book of very good fooling.

Miss M. P. Willcocks left an excellent impression in her story of "The Wingless Victory," and accordingly American readers will be interested to see her new novel. In this, "The Way Up," she deals with the problem presented to a man—an ironmaster—whose duty to the state conflicts with his duty to his wife.

Mr. Alfred Austin was recently elected president of the Dante Society in succession to Sir Theodore Martin. He gave an address on "Byron in Italy," in the course of which he said that of all English poets Byron was the most cosmopolitan, recalling that Goethe—a supreme judge on that point—had declared that no poet could be accepted as a poet of the highest rank who had not that characteristic. Partly because of Byron's perverse and mischievous habit of depicting the less admirable side of his own character, the impression of a good many people concerning him, and especially of his life in Italy, was that he was exceptionally dissolute. It must be allowed that at the time he was in that country Italy and Venice especially presented abundant temptation to one of his temperament. Byron arrived in Italy under a sense of personal wrong, and this caused him—never very careful of his own reputation—to be more than usually reckless. As an emotional and intellectual poet he had left admirable and ample testimony to the character of the Italian race. In some of his Italian poetry there was a sublimity, a breadth, a depth and a height that could not be surpassed and had never since been equalled. It had been said that Byron was "not sufficiently intellectual," but, as was proper, he merged his intellect in his poetry—unlike some modern writers who had put intellect into verse and asked us to accept it as poetry.

Dolf Wyllarde, the English writer, has hitherto been known to us only through long novels. The John Lane Company now presents a book of "Tropical Tales" from her pen, a collection of short stories about life in South Africa and in England.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ESSAYS.

ESSAYS IN FALLACY. By Andrew Macphail. 12mo, pp. vi, 359. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
Comprising four essays on "The American Woman," "The Psychology of the Suffragette," "The Fallacy in Education" and "The Fallacy in Theology."

FICTION.

OUT OF THE NIGHT. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 12mo, pp. vi, 390. (The George H. Doran Company.)
A novel of life, love and mystery in England.

DR. THORNE'S IDEA. By John Ames Mitchell. Illustrations by Balfour Ker. 12mo, pp. 244. (Life Publishing Company.)
Steve Wadsworth is the hero of the tale—a psychological study of a real boy and a real man.

THE WAY UP. By M. P. Willcocks. 12mo, pp. 403. (The John Lane Company.)
This novel deals with capital and labor, the claims of the individual against those of the state and the right of a woman to her own individuality. Michael Strode, an ironmaster, is the central figure in the plot.

VERA OF THE STRONG HEART. By Marion Mole. 12mo, pp. iv, 309. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
This is the story that was awarded second place in the Melrose novel competition recently held in London.

HISTORY.

THE CAMPAIGN OF TRAFALGAR. By Julian S. Corbett, LL. M., lecturer in history to the Royal Naval War College. With charts and diagrams. 8vo, pp. xvi, 473. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
A study not only of the battle of Trafalgar but also of the policy and operations which led to it. A special feature of the volume is the inclusion of many charts showing the movements and positions of the British fleet.

EUROPE SINCE 1815. By Charles Downer Hazen, professor of history in Smith College. With fourteen colored maps. 8vo, pp. xxiv, 820. (Henry Holt & Co.)
Presenting the history of Europe since the downfall of Napoleon and explaining the internal development of the various nations and their external relations in so far as these have been vitally formative. The author brings down, more or less together, the histories of Austria, Prussia, France and Italy. He then returns to his starting point, 1815, and traces the histories of England, Russia, Turkey and the lesser states separately.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW. With Forms and Diagram of Motions. By Nanette B. Paul, LL. B. 16mo, pp. vii, 295. (The Century Company.)
An explanatory treatise for use in schools and colleges and by members of any organization. There are chapters on Classes of Motions and Forms; Subsidiary, Incidental, Privileged and Miscellaneous Motions; Voting; Organization; Constitution and By-Laws, and the Nomination, Election and Duties of Officers.

T. R. IN CARTOONS. By John T. McCutcheon. 4to, no pagination. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)
Portraying Mr. Roosevelt in the roles of statesman, politician, reformer, exposer of shams, hunter, diplomat, orator, etc.

METODO PRACTICO PARA APRENDER A ESCRIBIR POR EL TACTO Y SIN NECESIDAD DE INSTRUCTOR. Por J. Martinez, E. M. With chart. 12mo, pp. 39. (The Underwood Typewriter Company.)

WHAT TO DO AT RECESS. By George Ellsworth Johnson, Superintendent of the Pittsburg Playground Association. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. vii, 33. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)
A handbook for teachers, with directions and suggestions for plays, games and folk-dances for the school playground.

HARDY PLANTS FOR COTTAGE GARDENS. By Helen R. Albee. Illustrated from photographs. 12mo, pp. vi, 309. (Henry Holt & Co.)
A personal record of the author's success in assembling, within a limited area, hardy shrubs, annuals and perennials. With a list giving manner of growth, height, time of blooming, exact color and special requirements of soil and moisture.

ROAD RIGHTS OF MOTORISTS. Containing the Rules of the Road and the Automobile Laws of all States. By Twyman O. Abbot. 12mo, pp. 437. (The Outing Publishing Company.)
Telling the motorist his rights and obligations on the highway, and the law and custom touching direction of travel, speed and responsibility for accidents in all the states except Arkansas, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Wyoming and the territories of Arizona and New Mexico.

THE MAKING OF A TRADE SCHOOL. By Mary Schenck Woolman, Director of Manhattan Trade School for Girls. 12mo, pp. iii, 101. (Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows.)
Descriptive of the Manhattan Trade School, its organization, equipment and support, with detailed accounts of department work.

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECHES. With an introduction by William Dean Howells. Frontispiece. 8vo, pp. v, 433. (Harper & Brothers.)
Containing some of his earliest humorous lectures and addresses, covering almost every subject from weather and women to politics and fishing. The speech he made at Oxford when he received the doctor's degree from that university is included, together with that delivered at the Aldrich memorial meeting and at the celebration at Delmonico's on his seventieth birthday.

THE FUTURE OF TRADES-UNIONISM AND CAPITALISM IN A DEMOCRACY. By Charles W. Eliot, LL. D., President Emeritus of Harvard University. 12mo, pp. v, 128. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Dr. Eliot's views on the industrial question of the day, as expressed in the Larwill lectures for 1909.

WAGE-EARNING WOMEN. By Annie Marion MacLean, Ph. D. Introduction by Grace H. Dodge. 12mo, pp. xv, 202. (The Macmillan Company.)
The results of a study of women wage earners in the principal cities of the United States, the chief industries in which they are employed, their wages and needs.

POETRY.

POEMS. By Dorothy Landers Beall. 12mo, pp. 132. (Mitchell Kennerley.) A collection of short verse.

POLITICAL SCIENCE.

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS. By Charles A. Beard, Associate Professor of Politics in Columbia University. 8vo, pp. viii, 772. (The Macmillan Company.)
Designed for college students and for citizens wishing a general survey of our political life. The opening chapters are devoted to historical foundations; others follow on the general features, powers and responsibilities of the federal and state governments. Under the heading of "The Federal Government" such subjects are treated as "The Powers of the President," "Congress at Work," "Foreign Affairs," "National Defence" and "The Regulation of Commerce."

RELIGIOUS.

CHRISTOLOGIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By William Sanday, D. D., LL. D., Litt. D., Lady Margaret Professor and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. 8vo, pp. vii, 244. (Oxford University Press, American Branch.)
Consisting of eight lectures exposing the leading principles of ancient and modern Christologies. The last chapter in the book embodies a sermon on "The Guiding Principle of Symbolism."

STUDENTS AND THE PRESENT MISSIONARY CRISIS. Addresses delivered before the Sixth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Rochester, December 29, 1909, to January 2, 1910. 8vo, pp. xi, 614. (Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.)
Arranged as a reference volume, with index and appendices, giving lists of volunteers who have sailed, contributions by students and the statistics of the convention.

REPRINTS.

THE EGOIST. A Comedy in Narrative. By George Meredith. In two volumes. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. vi, 294; vi, 32. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
Being volumes XIII and XIV in the new Memorial Edition of the works of the novelist.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Alexander Johnston, LL. D., Late professor in Princeton University. Revised and enlarged by William M. Sloane, Ph. D., L. H. D., professor of history in Columbia University. Continued by Winthrop More Daniels, M. A., professor in Princeton University. 12mo, pp. xiv, 448. (Henry Holt & Co.)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE ANTIETAM AND ITS BRIDGES. The Annals of an Historic Stream. By Helen Ashe Hays. With seventeen photogravures from photographs by John C. Arts. 8vo, pp. v, 178. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Opening with an account of the well known river, the valley through which it flows, the early settlers on its banks and its historic association, this book then describes the bridges at Old Sharpsburg, Keedysville, Delemere, Roxbury, Funkstown, Hagerstown, the two bridges at Leitersburg and Burnside's Bridge. Many anecdotes of Indian chiefs, gallant Southern gentlemen and lovely ladies figure in these pages.

THE VALLEY OF AOSTA. A Descriptive and Historical Sketch of an Alpine Valley Noteworthy in Story and in Monument. By Felice Ferrero. With thirty-nine illustrations and maps. 8vo, pp. xvi, 336. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
The first part of the book deals with the valley as it is now; the second, with the valley of the Roman era, and the third with the valley as it was in the Middle Ages. Archæological and historical matter concerning the old Roman ruins and mediæval castles is given in some detail.

POMPEII. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Described by W. M. Mackenzie. 8vo, pp. xii, 173. (The Macmillan Company.)
A reconstruction of the life of the old town, its decoration and art, theatres and amphitheatres and temples and tombs. Illustrated with twenty color plates and four photographic reproductions.

ROOSEVELT TUSKEGEE TRUSTEE.

The trustees of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama held a meeting yesterday in the rooms of the General Education Board, and among other things added to the board as trustees Theodore Roosevelt, Frank Trumbull, chairman of the board of directors of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, and Charles E. Mason, of Boston.

The motion to elect Mr. Roosevelt a trustee was made by W. W. Campbell, of Alabama, vice president of the board. Mr. Roosevelt has already signified his willingness to accept membership on the board.

ROAD SHOWS MEN IMPROVEMENTS

To acquaint employes with its improvements in and around New York City, the Pennsylvania Railroad is running special trains from various parts of its system to New York. Yesterday a party composed of division operators and others, in charge of J. C. Johnson, superintendent of telegraph, went through the station and Hudson tunnels, and after luncheon at the Gregorian Hotel made an inspection of the East River tunnels and Sunnyside yard.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS. BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

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