Literary News and Criticism

Marion Harland's Memories of Life in the Old South.

MARION HARLAND'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. The Story of a Long Life. 8vo, pp. 498. Harper & Bros.

The novelist known to two generations as "Marion Harland" has, in these pages, set forth the story of a beneficent and gentle life—a life which, while it has had its full share of the sorrows that are the common lot, has still been a happy one. To the general reader the experiences of her later years are of less interest than are those of her youth in the Old South before the Civil War. All intimate accounts of the manners, customs and beliefs of that region in the first half of the last century are precious to the student of social history. Those were the days when family life in Virginia was of the patriarchal sort, when, as our author says, "strong men whom acquaintances never accused of cant or suspected of sentimentality went to evening prayer meetings, and accounted it a delight to hear two sermons on Sunday; laid pulpit teaching to heart, practised self-examination, and wrote love letters to their own wives."

It was the time of funeral sermons—preached very often months after their subjects were laid in the grave. "I actually knew," says Mrs. Terhune, "of one funeral of a wife that was postponed by untoward circumstances until, when a sympathizing community was convoked to listen to the sermon, the ex-widower sat in the front seat as chief mourner with a second wife and her baby beside him. And the wife wore a black gown with a black ribbon on her bonnet, out of respect to her predecessor!" To the slave a funeral sermon preached for a relative was an exquisite consolation tasted to the full when the drive to the church was taken in the master's carriage. Those were the days when the mistress of the house visited every part of her establishment daily before she sat down to the fine sewing in which she carefully instructed her young daughters. Conventions were strict, yet there was much simplicity. Witness the glimpse of Chief Justice Marshall walking home from the old Richmond market with a brace of ducks over one arm and a string of "chitterlings" swinging from the other.

Slavery was not a thing about which intelligent Virginians in the 30's had many illusions. Many of them esteemed it "a great sin," to remedy which they were helpless. Mrs. Terhune remembers that her Puritan father, after consultation with his wife, resolved to free their slaves and send them to Liberia at his own expense. "The scheme failed through the obstinate refusal of the slaves to leave master, home and country for freedom in a strange land. They clung to my mother's knees and prayed her, with wild weeping, not to let them go. They had blood relatives and dear friends here; their children had intermarried with men and women in different parts of the country; their grandfathers and great-grandfathers had felt them no legacy of memories that would draw them toward the far-off country, which was but the echo of an empty name to their descendants." "There is something in what they say," said the master to his wife. "I cannot see that anything is left for us to do except to keep on as we are, and wait for further indications of the Divine will." The possibility of insurrection was a haunting menace. In a chapter on this subject Mrs. Terhune says:

> I am often asked why, if our family servants were really and warmly attached to us, we should have let the "bugbear" poison our pleasures and haunt our midnight visions. To the present hour I am conscious of a peculiar stricture of the heart that stops my breath for a second, at the sudden blast of a hunter's horn in the country. Before I was eight years old I had heard the tale of Gabriel's projected insurrection and of the bloodier outbreak of murderous fury led by Nat Turner, the petted favorite of a trusting master—heard that the signal of attack in both cases was to be a "trumpet blown long and loud." Again and again, on my visits to country plantations, I have been thrown into a paroxysm of terror, when awakened from sleep in the dead of night by the sound of the horns carried by coon hunters in their rounds of the woods nearest us. I could not have been over ten when, on a visit to "Lethe," a homestead occupied for a while by Uncle Carus, I was rambling in the garden soon after sunrise, picking roses, and let them fall from nerveless fingers at the ringing blast of a "trumpet blown long and loud" from the brow of a neighboring hill. As it pealed louder and longer, until the blue welkin above me repeated the sound, I fled as fast as my freezing feet would carry me, to the deepest recesses of the graveyard at the foot of the garden and hid in a tangle of wild raspberries bushes higher than my head. There I lay, wet with the dews of the past night and my face and hands scratched to bleeding, until the winding horn grew faint and fainter, and the bay of a pack of hounds told me what a fool panic had made of me. We always thought of the graveyard as an asylum in the event of a rising. No negro would venture to enter it by day or night.

The brief stories of such risings rehearsed by Mrs. Terhune justified the terror of the child. If slavery was "a great sin," as a saintly Virginia matron sadly acknowledged, it was also a Fear.

Anecdotes of the picturesque figures of our early history were preserved by the little girl who heard them from her elders. There is a charming little story of Lafayette's visit to Richmond in 1824, when a small schoolgirl, not more than eight or ten years old, was appointed to recite a poem written for the occasion. "The midget went through the task bravely, but with filling eyes and trembling limbs. Her store of factitious courage exhaled with the last line reeled off from the red lips, and with a scared, piteous look into the benign face brought upon a level with hers by the table upon which she had been set, like an animated puppet, she cast herself upon the great man's decorated breast and wept sore. He kissed and cuddled and soothed her as he might pet his own grandchild, and not until she could return his smile and he had dried her tears upon his laced handkerchief did he transfer her to other arms."

There were reminiscences of Washington still to be heard in the days of our author's childhood from surviving officers of the great man. Major Morton, of Prince Edward County ("Old Solid Column") was one of these veterans, and great was his wrath when a Fourth of July orator was quoted to him as saying that Washington was never seen to smile during the Revolutionary War.

"Not a word of truth in it, sir!" Thus Old Solid Column to the man who reported the speech to him. "I was with him at Valley Forge, sir, and nobody there tried harder to keep up the spirits of the men. I recollect, particularly, one bitter cold day, when a dozen or so of the officers were amusing themselves and trying to get warm by jumping up and down, leaping high up in the air and trying to clap their heels together twice before they struck the ground in coming down. General Greene was sure he could do it, but he was fleshy and never light on his feet, besides being naturally sober. He was a Quaker, you know, and was turned out of meeting for joining the army. Well, on this particular day, he took his turn with the others in jumping. And a poor hand he was at it! He couldn't clap his heels together once on the way down, let alone twice. By and by he made a tremendous effort and pitched over, head down and heels up—flat on the snow. General Washington was watching them from where he stood in his tent door, and when General Greene went down—how the general laughed!—He fairly held his sides!

"'Ah, Greene!' he called out, 'you were always a lubberly fellow!'

"I am not saying he wasn't one of the gravest men I ever saw as a rule, but he often smiled, and he did laugh sometimes."

Another veteran was described to the author, by her mother, a kinswoman of the old gentleman, as deeply resenting the charge that the commander in chief had given way to profanity on the field of Monmouth:

"He did not swear!" the veteran would thunder when irreverent youngsters detailed the slander in his hearing—and with malice prepense. "I was close behind him—and I can tell you, sir, we rode *fast*—when what should we meet, running away, licketty-split from the field of battle, with the British almost on their heels, but Gen'ral Lee and his men!

"Then with that, says Gen'ral Washington, speaking out loud and sharp—says he 'Gen'ral Lee! in God's name, sir, what is the meaning of this ill-timed prudence?'

"Now, you see, Gen'ral Lee, he was mighty high spirited always, and all of us could hear what was going on. So he speaks up as haughty as the Gen'ral had done, and says he:

"'I know of no one who has more of that most damnable virtue than your excellency!'

"So you see, young man, it was Gen'ral Lee that swore and not Gen'ral Washington! Don't you ever let me hear that lie again!"

A NEW ARTIST

Mr. Montague Glass and the Cloak and Suit People.

POTASH & PERLMUTTER. Their Co-partnership Ventures and Adventures. By Montague Glass. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 419. Philadelphia: The Henry Altemus Company.

THE WAY UP. By M. P. Willcocks. 12mo, pp. 403. The John Lane Company.

OUT OF THE NIGHT. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 12mo, pp. 290. The George H. Doran Company.

Whoever discovered Mr. Montague Glass should go out and buy a large red feather and stick it in his hat. Perhaps it is, as we would like to believe, Mr. Glass himself who should flaunt this badge. Whatever he may have owed to editorial discernment and encouragement, we cannot conceive of him in the mind's eye as the teller of stories who "fills an order," supplying just the type of popular fiction most in vogue. "Potash & Perlmutter" is a book all his own, one of those pieces of work fresh, original and sound as a new apple, which turn up only about once in so often and give to the jaded reviewer a really welcome sensation. How has Mr. Glass managed it? We have called him a new artist. Besides that, he is a writer of feeling, with a kind of sympathy that takes him swiftly and naturally to the root of the matter.

"Potash & Perlmutter" is interesting, to begin with, for its omissions. It is all about the cloak and suit trade among people in New York whose race and religion may be inferred from the title of the book, but it is not another collection of "ghetto" stories, it is not all splashed over with "local color," the author is not forever pulling out the pathetic stop, and, best of all, he does not for a moment strike either that note of half-defiant self-assertion which might be expected of the Jew or the one of patronizing superiority which sometimes marks the Gentile. Mr. Glass is, we repeat, an artist, and one proof of it lies in the success with which he has kept himself out of his stories. There is plenty of satire here, but it crops out, so to say, in action. Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter give themselves away off their own bats, and to smile at their foibles, trickeries and mishaps is to smile at life itself. There is Mr. Glass's great achievement. His people are genuine to the core, and have a vitality which wins the reader and holds him, though in an environment and amid transactions which ordinarily you would regard as too sordidly commonplace to make the material for good fiction. There is a lesson here for the novelist who thinks that the strength of his realism is to be measured by the ugly truthfulness of his theme. It all depends, of course, upon the way in which the thing is done.

Take, for example, the manner in which Potash, having dissolved the partnership between himself and Pincus Vesell, is led to form a new firm with Perlmutter. He is waiting in Wasserbauer's Café and Restaurant for a piece of roast beef and a baked potato, and, to beguile the time, picks up a dill pickle. "He grasped it firmly between his thumb and finger and neatly bisected it with his teeth. Simultaneously the pickle squirted and about a quarter of a pint of the acid juice struck Morris Perlmutter in the right eye." Of course this is hopelessly vulgar, and so is the remark made by Morris on Abe's excuse: "S'all right. I seen what you was doing and I should have ordered an umbrella instead of a glass of water already." Could anything be further removed from the decorum and generally fastidious tone of our modern, super-refined fiction? We grant the reader the most portentous shake of the head in which he cares to indulge, and merely recommend him to trace the influence of that unmannerly dill pickle for himself, to listen to the negotiations which end in a partnership and to follow Abe and "Mawruss" through the business experiences described in this book. If he does not chortle and if he does not develop a positive liking for "Potash & Perlmutter" we shall be very sorry for him.

Never were there two more engaging types. Mr. Glass makes free play with their tendency to sharp practice, their readiness to "stick" a competitor, their fairly hysterical pursuit of the dollar. But with a perfect sense of proportion he brings out the credulity which goes with their shrewdness, the childlike manner in which they overreach themselves, the good natured resignation with which they face the fact that they themselves have been "stuck," and the homely kindliness which somehow runs through most, if not all, of their proceedings. In other words, Abe and Morris are entirely human creatures, no better and no worse than thousands of their fellows, and if at one moment they behave like sharks at another they behave like men of heart. Above all, they are of an amazing simplicity, and their conversation gains thereby an ineffable comicality. The humor is not very deep, which causes Morris, with bitter sarcasm, to say to Abe, "You are the dawg and I am the tail," and to provoke this weary retort: "You say I am the dawg, Mawruss, and you are the tail, but I guess you got it the wrong way round. I guess the tail is on the other foot." But it is in the picture that the partners make together, in the general drift of their talk, in the whole wonderful "bounce" of the farce that they are always carrying on, that the reader finds his account, getting out of such repartee as we have quoted a fun that loses much when detached from the context.

The fun is, indeed, everywhere—in the points of view of the different personages in the book, in their killing conduct, and even in their names. Let the reader turn in these pages to any incident involving the lawyer who is always called in to adjust a difference and is always adding to the joy of the lark by the consummate way in which he plays both ends against the middle. The reader will then see why it is that that lawyer could only be called "Mr. Henry D. Feldman." The truth is that this is a book of atmosphere, a book in which a class is portrayed nominally in swift, direct strokes, but actually in very subtle fashion. It is enjoyable from cover to cover. Decidedly Mr. Glass is a new artist, to be received with the most cordial appreciation.

Miss Willcocks's new novel is more interesting in some of its parts than it is as a whole, owing, perhaps, to the magnitude of its scope. "The Way Up" which she discusses, and which, on her own showing, is decidedly not the ultimate way out, is Fourierism, applied successfully, so far as the economic side of the system is concerned, by the hero of her story to an iron foundry, of which he gains control with his wife's fortune. But side by side with this material success of the venture Miss Willcocks places a prospect of social failure, collectively and for the individual—the prospect of the deadening uniformity of an organization that will cramp the "minds that crave the windy ways, the open roads, the winding bypaths of the actual." Co-operation, which was not original with Fourier, is practically all that has survived of his many theories. On those of the rest of them that run decidedly counter to Anglo-Saxon conceptions of morality Miss Willcocks sides resolutely against him in the persons of her hero and the woman who is heart and soul devoted to his work—and to him.

The wife is the individualist. Her husband marries her, an unformed and uninformed young girl, and applies her fortune to his purpose without even consulting her or subsequently enlightening her on the subject of his theories. In accordance with them he takes her, who loves beauty and the joy of living, to reside among his workpeople, under the ugly shadow of the factory, until her existence becomes a burden of gray monotony, increased by his utter neglect of her in the absorption of his mission. At last the moment comes when the plant can be handed over to the workpeople, and with it comes the break. The wife refuses, naturally enough, to give her fortune to them, leaves her husband and goes to London, where the years of repression result in the now all too familiar "temperamental" reaction.

Miss Willcocks ends with the happiness of the individual, and leaves the co-operative foundry to take care of itself. There is capital work in the story, which bears traces of serious thought on the problems of the hour, but, as a novel, it is inferior to the best of her earlier books. Art usually suffers when it is made the vehicle of economical and social speculations. The following observation may be worth quoting:

> Once, in earlier, harder ages, it was necessary to be a great man, a Pascal, a St. Francis, a Bossuet, a Voltaire, that one might clearly hear the murmur of human misery. To-day it is our highest triumph and our greatest cause of discomfort that it suffices to be only fairly intelligent and moderately sensitive in order to hear it very clearly indeed.

Mrs. Reynolds's story belongs to that class of English minor fiction which will never lack an audience, certainly not in England, because it appeals to the sound conservatism of the mass of English women, while yet satisfying their craving for dramatic surprises and situations in their placid, well ordered lives. Everybody in the story is "county"—even the adventuress was "county" at one time—and so is the girl from Vancouver, who stumbles fainting and drenched "Out of the Night" into that remote corner of rural England. Some of the situations of the modern "problem novel" are introduced—marriage, divorce and the rights of the Higher Morality—but only to be dealt with sternly, in the spirit of conservatism, that is still the spirit of the majority of us, and probably will remain so long after the present fashion in fiction has had its day. Mrs. Reynolds's book is quite "sound"; at the same time it is a readable story, with an ingeniously constructed plot and a large cast of characters whom we readily recognize and hail as old acquaintances, the right personages for just this kind of fiction.

FRANCOIS COPPEE

A Note on His Just Published Autobiography.

Paris, June 25.

François Coppée, whose marvellous faculty of clothing the most humble street corner subject-matter in sentimental realism, who had in him something of Charles Dickens, wrapped in the poetry of the later Parnassians, after writing the "Bonne Souffrance" in 1898, which marked his fervid religious evolution, abandoned literature for politics. This was his misfortune. By force of sentiment and association he became an active anti-Dreyfusard. His sincerity was undoubted. But the struggles, shocks and surprises that he underwent affected his health and led to his death. Coppée was the most popular of the Parnassians. His tall, commanding figure, his black locks and great brilliant eyes formed a rallying point for his beloved students of the Latin Quarter. In the charming little volume now published by Lemerre, "Souvenirs d'un Parisien," he is seen at his best. The book consists of "personal experiences," which trace his autobiography in faint but picturesque lines in "causeries," and in a delightful chapter of Parisian promenades and visits, beginning with "The Birds of Paris" and closing with "The Omnibus Conductor's Sou."

Mme. Lucie-Delarue-Mardrus, author of "L'Acharnée," strays from the insidious swamps of shallow æstheticism into the wholesome fields of humanitarian observation. She no longer describes gruesome types, warped intellects, and the flotsam and jetsam of the Parisian pavement, but deals adroitly with the everyday life of people such as one constantly meets—"like everybody else, *comme tout le monde*." A lawyer and his young provincial wife, with three little children, a rich and beautiful marchioness, envious of a brilliant and fashionable portrait painter, are the characters that play leading parts in a thrilling drama, "Comme Tout Le Monde" is the title of the latest, and so far the best, novel of this lady. She intends passing the summer with her husband, the translator of the "Arabian Nights," at their Norman country place near Honfleur, and is hard at work writing a play for a Paris theatre.

M. Marcel Boulenger, in his novel "*Le Pave du Roi*," just published by the Editions Pierre Lafitte, hunts in the preserves of Balzac. This pleasing tale, replete with historic episodes, deals with the reigns of Charles X and Louis Philippe, and into it there is woven a thread of romance. One of the chapters contains an authentic account of the mysterious death of the old Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, whose body was found one morning hanging by the neck from the window frame of his bed chamber.

C. I. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

The late George Meredith's unfinished comedy, "The Sentimentalist," is to be published, we are glad to note, in the August number of "Scribner's Magazine." The creator of Raffles, Mr. E. W. Hornung, will have a short story in the same number.

The French people are indefatigable in erecting monuments to their writers. The last to be thus honored is that author of a former time, the Comtesse de Ségur, whose delightful books for children have become classics. The monument has been placed in a corner of the Luxembourg Gardens, in Paris, and it was unveiled the other day in the presence of the Marquis de Ségur, who is not only a distinguished historian but the hero of his grandmother's book, "Petit Pierre." M. Jules Lemaître, who made an admirable speech on the occasion, referred to the fact that the Comtesse de Ségur was the daughter of that Count Rostopchine who gave the order for the burning of Moscow. "It moves one to think," observed M. Lemaître, "that the daughter of the man who starved our soldiers in 1812 was the charming entertainer of their grandchildren, and that in her stories she feasted them with the wit, the reason and the tenderness of the France of those days."

Other literary memorials recently unveiled in Paris were in the shape of medallion portraits of Charles and François Hugo, the sons, and of Auguste Vacquerie and Paul Meurice, the friends and executors, of Victor Hugo. These medallions were attached to the pedestal of the poet's monument in the Place Victor Hugo.

"The Historic Mohawk" is the title of a book by Mary A. Diefendorf, which is coming from the press of the Putnams. It deals with a region full of grim stories of Indian warfare and pioneer perils.

A copy of the seventh edition of Dr. J. M. Hoogvliet's "Elements of Dutch"—an introduction to the study of the Dutch language—was presented by the author to Mr. Roosevelt on the ex-President's visit to The Hague. Dr. Hoagvliet, who is a professor of Utrecht University, wrote these verses inside the cover:

> The times, indeed, are long gone by
> Of old "New Amsterdam,"
> But we may find still, if we try,
> Some Dutch in Uncle Sam.
> And to remind you this is true—
> I daresay 'tis not much—
> I beg to offer here to you
> My "Elements of Dutch."
> May Holland and your blessed States
> Continue to be friends,
> In spite of discord advocates,
> Until all hist'ry ends!

A collection of eleven original documents relating to the crime of Eugene Aram—a crime which Hood's thrilling ballad has made famous in literature—is to be sold at auction in London. It is stated that these documents have come down to their present owner direct from his ancestor, John Theakston, who was the coroner in the Aram murder case.

Those who have read with delight the late Sarah Orne Jewett's "Country of the Pointed Firs" will joyfully turn to the story in the current "Atlantic," in which the love romance of the shy old bachelor William Blackett finds its happy ending. This story, entitled "William's Wedding," was mislaid, we are told, and has only just been found. It has all the quaint tenderness and simplicity of its predecessors.

The British "Poetry Dinner" is to be held in London a fortnight hence, four hundred guests in romantic literary costumes being expected. Each eminent English poet of the past is to be represented by somebody "made up" to look like him, and each will be attended by a group of persons dressed to portray characters of his fancy. Byron, for example, who will be represented by a Mr. Julian Gede, will conduct a company including Manfred, Don Juan, the Maid of Athens, etc. A young lady who is to represent "Jepthah's Daughter" in the Tennyson group will perform a cymbal dance during the evening. In the Matthew Arnold group the Sorab of "Sorab and Rustem" is to be impersonated by Mr. Richard Sorabye, who is described as "an actual descendant of the original Sorab."

Fifteen volumes of the novels of Alexandre Dumas are to appear in the "New Century Library" of Thomas Nelson & Sons. The "Three Musketeers" will be published in August, and a novel will be brought out once a month thereafter until the publication is completed. Mr. Andrew Lang has prepared a general introduction for this edition.

"In the Midst of the Seas" is the title of the poem in Mr. William Watson's new volume, wherein is described his journey across the Atlantic. He writes admiringly of the "storm, the matchless artist, the lord of color and line," and dispraises New York, where people obey not a king, but "some huge, voracious, hundred headed thing armed with a million tentacles."

The late Princess Feodora of Schleswig-Holstein, the youngest sister of the German Empress, was the author of one novel and of various short stories, peasant life furnishing the material of these works. Her novel, "Durch den Nebel," tells the story of a fisherman of North Schleswig. The princess wrote under the pseudonyme of "F. Hugin."

In a paper on "Learning" in the July "Atlantic" Mr. J. J. Chapman remarks that "it is no secret that our standards of education are below those of Europe." He declares that "our art, our historical knowledge, our music and general conversation show a stiffness and lack of exuberance, a lack of vitality and of unconscious force—the faults of beginners in all walks of life." He adds:

> During the last twenty-five years much improvement has been made in those branches of cultivation which depend directly upon wealth. Since the Civil War there seems to have been a decline in the higher literature, accompanied by an advance in the plastic arts. And more recently still there has been a literary awakening, perhaps not of the most important kind, yet signifying a new era. If I may employ an obvious simile, I would liken America to a just-grown young man of good impulses, who has lacked early advantages. He feels that cultivation belongs to him, and yet he cannot catch it nor hold it. He feels the impulse of expression, and yet he can neither read nor write. He feels that he is fitted for general society, and yet he has no current ideas or conversation. And, of course—I say it with regret, but it is a part of the situation—of course, he is heady and proud of himself.

The life of the elaborate dandy who amused London in the earlier half of the last century would hardly seem to provide material for a stout volume, but Mr. Teignmouth Shore has managed to spin so much of a web in his forthcoming "D'Orsay; or, the Complete Dandy." The biography is put into the form of a novel.

Parody is a dangerous weapon in most hands—it too often stains and vulgarizes what is originally a thing of loveliness. "Appreciation," notes the London "Times," "in the sense of a just understanding, lies at the very root of the art of parody; and the more it is tempered by geniality the richer and deeper the parody will usually be. Even in its less gentle forms parody is false to the conditions of its own excellence if it becomes completely unsympathetic and seems to cast the light of ridicule upon the subject from a distant and critical height. The best parody betrays in the very closeness and spontaneity of its imitation an insight into the character of its model which necessarily implies a certain amount of sympathy. But sympathy can be combined with ridicule only in a mind to which humor is native."

The Macmillan Company is bringing out a new library edition of the works of Walter Pater, to be completed in ten monthly volumes. Three of these have already appeared, the first being given to "The Renaissance," that sheaf of studies in art and poetry which, back in the '70's, gave their author a swift repute. "Marius the Epicurean" fills the second and third volumes. The tall and slender volumes in this new edition are beautifully printed.

Among all the periodicals published in London there is, of course, one which surpasses all the others in esoteric knowledge of things American, and that is "The Saturday Review." Readers here will accordingly receive as authoritative the following nugget of information which we have dug out of its pages: "Does Mr. Balfour know how Englishmen are spoken of by the rising generation of Americans in New York and Washington? Englishmen are called in conversation and frequently in the press 'dagoes,' a most insulting term used to designate the lowest class of Italian immigrant."

Giuseppe Balsamo, better known to fame as "Count Cagliostro," will have a volume all to himself among the publications of next autumn. The author of this biography is Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge. Though he does not precisely break new ground, his narrative will be the first in English to tell the great quack's story in all its length and breadth.

The memoirs of Princess Caroline Murat, mentioned in these columns not long ago, are to be published in this country by the Putnams. These reminiscences of the Second Empire are said to be thoroughly frank.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ART.

WRITINGS BY AND ABOUT JAMES ABBOTT M'NEILL WHISTLER. A Bibliography. By Don C. Seitz. 12mo, pp. 181. (Edinburgh: Otto Schulze & Co.) (New York: Imported by Ernest Dressel North.)

A guide to the more important writings and to the catalogues of the artist's paintings, etchings and lithographs, with lists of magazine and newspaper articles concerning him.

BIOGRAPHY.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. The Life of William Henry Baldwin, jr. By John Graham Brooks. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 341. (The Houghton Mifflin Company.)

A study of the qualities which enabled him to reach the presidency of the Long Island Railroad within eleven years of his graduation from Harvard College, and the work he accomplished in bettering the condition of negroes and in procuring tenement house reforms.

ASTIR. A Publisher's Life Story. By John Adams Thayer. 12mo, pp. xv, 302. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

The author started his career as publisher when he was thirteen years old. In this book he tells of his connection with "The Ladies' Home Journal," "Munsey's Magazine" and "The Delineator," and brings his story down to the purchase and development of "Everybody's" and his "divorce-with-alimony" from that periodical.

PRINCESS HELENE VON RACOWITZA. An Autobiography. Authorized translation from the German by Cecil Mar. Frontispiece. 8vo, pp. xiii, 420. (The Macmillan Company.)

A frank account of her "affaires de cœur" and views on various subjects. The book is full of impressions of prominent people in the social, artistic and literary worlds, among them being Paul Heyse, Hans Christian Andersen, Crown Prince Louis, later King Louis II; Meyerbeer, Lord Lytton, Empress Nicholas of Russia, Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie, Ferdinand Lassalle, Franz Liszt, etc. She describes her life in Berlin, Nice, St. Petersburg and America.

ESSAYS.

FOUR THIRTEENTH CENTURY LAW TRACTS. A Thesis Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of Yale University in Candidacy for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. By George E. Woodbine. 13mo, pp. 183. (New Haven: Yale University Press.)

These law tracts are entitled "Pet Asaver," "Judicium Essoniorum," "Modus Componendi Brevia" and "Exceptiones ad Cassandum Brevia." A point of interest in regard to the first three tracts is that, while the authorship of them is uncertain, they are all attributed to Ralph de Hengham, one of the foremost judges of the time of Edward I.

THE RECOVERY OF A LOST ROMAN TRAGEDY. A Study in Honor of Bernadotte Perrin, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor in Yale University. By Henry B. Wright. Frontispiece. 8vo, pp. 47. (New Haven: Yale University Press.)

The author strives to demonstrate that the structure of the Roman National Drama, so long sought after, is to be found in a hitherto undiscovered "Fabula Prætexta" which lies imbedded practically intact in a chapter of the first book of Livy.

FICTION.

WHEN LOVE CALLS MEN TO ARMS. An Autobiography of Love and Adventure. Truthfully Set Down by Rorie Maclean, Laird of Kilellan, in the Seventeenth Century, and Here Rewritten from the Original MS. into Clearer English. By Stephen Chalmers. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. 12mo, pp. 352. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

A romance of seventeenth century Scotland.

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER. The History of George and His Mary. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. 12mo, pp. 327.

The love story of commonplace folk.

LE BOUDOIR DE PROSERPINE. Par Edmond Jaloux. 12mo, pp. 334. (Paris: Dorbon-Aîné.)

A collection of short stories.

ELIZABETH DAVENAY. A Novel. By Claire De Pratz. 12mo, pp. 325. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

The story of a modern French woman.

JUVENILE.

THE GOSSAMER THREAD. Being the Chronicles of Velleda, Who Understood One About the "Different World." By Venita Seibert. Illustrated by W. T. Benda. 12mo, pp. 224. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

The heroine of this tale is a little German girl, Velleda Wallenstein, a dreamer of dreams and a believer in fairies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOCIAL AND MENTAL TRAITS OF THE NEGRO. Research into the Conditions of the Negro Race in Southern Towns. A Study in Race Traits, Tendencies and Prospects. By Howard W. Odum, Ph. D. 8vo, pp. 302. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Describing the conditions of negro life in Southern communities and analyzing the essential qualities of the race and its problems. This is Volume 37 in the series, entitled "Studies in History, Economics and Public Law," and edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia University.

DON'TS IN BRIDGE. The Latest Rules and Penalties Simplified and Condensed. Revised edition. By Bell Bowman Emery. 16mo, pp. 36. (The William R. Jenkins Company.)

ELEMENTS OF DUTCH. By Dr. J. M. Hoogvliet, lecturer at the Utrecht University. Seventh edition. (In which the simplified spelling system has been adopted.) Thoroughly revised and enlarged, with phonetical texts, reading pieces with translations, an anthology, a dictionary, etc. 8vo, pp. 335. (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.)

LA LOI DE L'AMOUR ET LA LOI DE LA VIOLENCE. Par Leon Tolstoy. Traduit d'après le manuscrit et publié en français avant l'original russe par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. Précédé d'une lettre de Tolstoy a propos de "La Barricade" de Paul Bourget. 12mo, pp. 266. (Paris: Dorbon-Aîné.)

Reflections by the famous Russian novelist and moralist combating such ideas as those embodied in the "Barricade" of M. Paul Bourget.

LA MAGIE ET LA SORCELLERIE EN FRANCE. Par Th. De Gauzons. 12mo, pp. xv, 426. (Paris: Dorbon-Aîné.)

The first instalment of a work, to be completed in four volumes, surveying the history of sorcerers in France, and offering much curious information on their processes and practices.

THE REAL ROOSEVELT. His Forceful and Fearless Utterances on Various Subjects. Selected and arranged by Alan Warner. With a foreword by Lyman Abbott. With portraits. 12mo, pp. xv, 202. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The compilation embodies Mr. Roosevelt's most characteristic utterances on such subjects as national life and character; life in the open, on the frontier and on the plains; capital and labor; motherhood and race suicide; the doctrine of the strenuous life, and heroes of peace and war.

POETRY.

SONGS OF LIFE. By George Reginald Margetson. 12mo, pp. 57. (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.)

A collection of short verse.

BONBONS. By F. P. Savinien. 8vo, pp. 64. (The Broadway Publishing Company.)

RELIGION.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION. From the Point of View of the Cell Theory. By Gustaf Bjorklund. Translated from the Swedish by J. E. Fries. 12mo, pp. xix, 202. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.)

A contribution to the philosophy of religion.

THE COMING RELIGION. By Charles F. Dole. 12mo, pp. 200. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

REPRINTS.

EREWHON; OR, OVER THE RANGE. By Samuel Butler. 12mo, pp. xviii, 323. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The first part of this work was published in New Zealand in 1863 under the title of "Darwin Among the Machines." It was rewritten, and other articles added to it, in 1870, and was finally published in London in 1872 under the above title.

EREWHON REVISITED TWENTY YEARS LATER. Both by the Original Discoverer of the Country and by His Son. By Samuel Butler. 12mo, pp. x, 337. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

SOCIOLOGY.

SOCIAL INSURANCE. A Programme of Social Reform. By Henry Rogers Seager, professor of political economy in Columbia University. 12mo, pp v, 175. (The Macmillan Company.)

Comprising the Kennedy Lectures for 1910, in the School of Philanthropy, conducted by the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York. Such topics are treated as "The Common Welfare"; "Unemployment: Causes and Remedies"; "Provision for Old Age," and "The Prevention of and Compensation for Accidents and Illness."

SPORT.

MINOR TACTICS OF THE CHALK STREAM AND KINDRED STUDIES. By G. E. M. Sukes. (Seaforth and Soforth.) Frontispiece. 8vo, pp. ix, 133. (London: Adam & Charles Black.) (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

A book for anglers, showing how the wet fly, fished upstream to individual trout, may justify its employment to supplement the dry fly, and may add to the weight of the creel without infringing the most right code of fair sport. The author sets forth many devices which he has found helpful in his twenty-five years' experience of chalk stream fishing.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE MOUNTAIN THAT WAS "GOD." Being a Little Book About the Great Peak Which the Indians Called Tacoma, But Which Is Officially Named Rainier. By John H. Williams. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 111. (Tacoma: Published by the author.)

Descriptive of the mountain and its heroic features from all points of view. A chapter on "The Flora of the Mountain Slopes" is contributed by Professor J. B. Flett. There are numerous color plates and other illustrations, together with two maps. Issued in a "library" and a paper covered edition.

FROM IRISH CASTLES TO FRENCH CHATEAUX. By Norma Bright Carson. Illustrated from photographs by the author and others. 12mo, pp xi, 241. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

An account of a trip through Ireland, Scotland, England and France, and of visits paid to ancient cathedrals, historic castles and the homes of famous men in those countries.

THE RUSSIAN ROAD TO CHINA. By Lindon Bates, jr. With illustrations from photographs. 8vo, pp. ix, 391. (The Houghton Mifflin Company.)

The volume opens with an historical sketch of the building of the road across Northern Asia to the Chinese borderland. Chapters follow narrating the author's experiences and adventures from the time he boarded the Siberian Express until he reached the Chinese city of Urga Maimachen. The latter portion of the book is devoted to "Russia in Evolution," "The Story of the Hordes," and "China."

HOUSEBOATING ON A COLONIAL WATERWAY. By Frank and Cortelle Hutchins. Illustrated with many photographs by the authors. 12mo, pp. xii, 299. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)

The story of a summer spent aboard the houseboat Gadabout and a cruise down the James River.

A LABRADOR SPRING. By Charles W. Townsend, M. D. With illustrations from photographs. 12mo, pp. xi, 262. (Boston: Dana Estes & Co.)

A description of a cruise along the Southern Labrador coast and the life of the Acadian fishermen, fur traders and Montagnais Indians. There are chapters on Labrador birds, trees and rivers, and numerous photographs illustrate these subjects.

ARMY AND NAVY NOTES

[From The Tribune Bureau.]

Washington, July 1.

ELEVEN OFFICERS RETIRE.—Eleven captains and commanders in the navy have applied voluntarily for retirement, and their applications have been granted. They are Captain James H. Sears, naval attaché at Tokio and Peking; Captain Richard T. Mulligan, commanding the North Dakota; Captain Francis H. Sherman, captain of the Norfolk navy yard; Captain Valentine L. Nelson, commanding the Colorado; Captain Frank M. Bostwick, captain of the Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard; Commander William P. White, under instruction at the Naval War College; Commander Thomas F. Carter, inspector of engine material at Pittsburg; Commander Frederic C. Bowers, inspector of boilers at Bayonne, N. J.; Commander Albert A. Ackerman, inspector of material at the Washington Navy Yard; Commander George Slocum, under treatment at the Mare Island hospital, and Commander Oscar W. Koester, engineer officer at the Mare Island Navy Yard. Three other officers will be retired compulsorily, but their names are not yet known.

EXPERIMENT WITH COAL.—In the hope of increasing the efficiency of its coal supply, the Navy Department will soon begin experiments at New London, Conn., to determine whether coal can be preserved better under water than on land. If the experiments show that the coal does not lose as much of its efficiency under water as it does when piled in the open air, radical changes will be made in its storage at the various coaling stations of the United States. Beds for coal under water would probably be constructed at many of the American coaling stations.

ORDERS ISSUED.—The following orders have been issued:

ARMY.

Colonel ROBERT K. EVANS, 28th Infantry, to Camp Perry as executive officer national matches for 1910.

Major DWIGHT E. HOLLEY, 15th Infantry, from general hospital, San Francisco, to proper station.

Major CHARLES C. JAMIESON, ordnance department, to home preparatory to retirement from active service.

Following officers to Camp Perry at proper time for duty indicated in connection with national matches for 1910: Major THOMAS W. GRIFFITHS, 28th Infantry, assistant executive officer; Major WILLIAM A. PHILLIPS, ordnance department, ordnance officer; Captain HENRY G. LEARNARD, general staff, disbursing officer; Captain PRESTON BROWN, 17th Infantry, statistical officer; Captain WILLIAM L. LUHN, 10th Cavalry, adjutant; First Lieutenant THOMAS J. ROGERS, 28th Infantry, assistant to adjutant; First Lieutenant BENJAMIN F. MILLER, 27th Infantry, quartermaster.

Captain MATTHEW E. HANNA, 3d Cavalry, to duty pertaining to an officers' camp of instruction of organized militia of New York, July 2 to 7.

First Lieutenant DUNCAN ELLIOTT, 8th Cavalry, from mounted service school, Fort Riley, to his regiment.

First Lieutenant CHARLES G. METTLER, ordnance department, from Walter Reed General Hospital, District of Columbia, to proper station.

First Lieutenant EDWARD C. RIGISTER, medical reserve corps, from Fort Du Pont to Fort H. G. Wright.

Second Lieutenant FREDERICK W. BOSCHEN, 16th Infantry, designated special disbursing agent, pay department, for Fort Egbert, Alaska, vice First Lieutenant PERRIN L. SMITH, 16th Infantry, to proper station.

Second Lieutenant HORNSBY EVANS, 19th Infantry, aide-de-camp, to duty at national matches for 1910, Camp