

LITERARY NEWS and CRITICISM

A Lurid Drama Out of Russian History.

PAUL THE FIRST OF RUSSIA, THE SON OF CATHERINE THE GREAT. By K. Walszewski. With a portrait. Imperial 8vo, pp. v. 46. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

The science of perspective, the laws of proportion, so indispensable to the historian, sometimes receive almost of necessity curious violation at his hands. Here is M. Walszewski writing nearly five hundred pages about a czar who reigned over Russia for only four years and in that brief period demonstrated nothing save his worthlessness. Paul I would seem to deserve hardly more than a footnote to himself, or at best a chapter. Yet there is really some excuse for this voluminous narrative and analysis. Paul is at least entitled to justice, and the truth about him is hard to come at, for the reason that all the facts of his career peculiarly require to be weighed with a sympathetic understanding of his nature. History states with bluntness that he was mad. Quite so, remarks M. Walszewski, but he is at pains to distinguish in the matter of this madness.

In its strange sources we find Paul's special interest for the modern biographer and a good reason for reading so bulky a book as the one before us. Dispensing with a cloud of details and going straight to the point, this unhappy monarch is to be regarded as nothing more nor less than the victim of a conflict of ideas, a man made sick by untoward conditions in the life about him and by his inability to reconcile both liberal and pedantic convictions. Thus considered he appears the pathetic rather than the responsible hero of one of the most outrageous dramas in Russian history. When Catherine the Great usurped the throne she planted the deadliest seeds, the seed of jealousy, in the mind of her son. He was in no wise the creature to lament his father's fate on grounds of pure filial sentiment, but at an uncannily early age he developed a vivid sense of what he construed as a wicked encroachment upon his rights. As a matter of fact, he took the wrong cue. M. Walszewski does not believe that if Peter III had lived Paul would have succeeded him. But in explaining his career we have to reckon with the role he actually adopted, confronting his mother "not merely as an avenger but as a rival." He made a muddle of his life because he started wrong.

Somewhere in his cosmos there were the makings of a reformer, but to bring them effectively into play he needed to develop a disinterested concern for the welfare of his country. Instead of that he was forever mixing with his dreams of a transmogrified Russia the petty resentments of a son for whom every move made by his mother was intrinsically undesirable just because she made it. It might be a good move, but he could not see this. All he knew was that she stood in his way. Tacitless enough in her treatment of him—though for a time she seems to have thought of giving him some scope in the government—she drove him back upon himself, upon long brooding thoughts of what he would do when his time came. Meanwhile the air was full of unrest, revolution was lifting its head in France, and Paul was unconsciously beginning to share in the general uneasiness. When at last his hour struck and Catherine was no longer there to frustrate he was in the mood to turn the world upside down. It is at this point that he excites sympathy as well as repulsion. At another time and in different surroundings the soul of the man might have manifested itself in wise and generous deeds. But education, training and all the feverish corrupt circumstances of Russian court life were against him, and in his brain, whether diseased or not, the one thing lacking was a clear, steadfast habit of thinking. He is pitiable in his feeble doubts. "To reflect, to analyze or to combine was not for him. His impressions invariably translated themselves into impulses, and in order to think he had to act as some have to speak." Laceratedly nervous from his very childhood, he never learned self-control, and the would-be reformer grew into the worst kind of despot.

Catherine knew only too well why she hated to leave him the throne. "You are a savage beast," she once said, "if you do not understand that with cannon you can do nothing against ideas!" She must have foreseen the inflexibility of the method which he was destined to adopt, the method of a narrow-minded man, utterly impatient of argument or delay and blind to reason. "The Emperor speaks to no one about himself or about his affairs," wrote a member of his entourage. "He orders and insists on being obeyed without comment." M. Walszewski multiplies instances, but we may be content with one, nominally humorous in its way but at bottom tragic:

The final syllable (kij) of the word *Praporechichki* (corsets) was in a certain report carried over from one page to another. The Emperor took it for a proper name, and, moved by a caprice, he gave orders that Ensign Kij should be promoted to him at once. There was consternation everywhere; the officers were turned upside down in search of the *Amazonskiy Kij*. A subaltern of the name of something like it, was found in one of the regiments quartered on the Don. He was sent for; but Paul had to be told that Kij had been carried off suddenly by a stroke. "That is a pity," observed the Czar; "he was a good soldier."

Thus he swayed the fortunes of a multitudinous people. Haughty, self-conceited, congenitally unable to realize that he had any limitations at all, he proposed to be another Louis XIV or Frederick, holding the entire body of Russian affairs in the hollow of his hand and determining their movement with an autocratic resolution knowing

no doubt. "The intellectual history of Paul's four year reign," says M. Walszewski, "is hardly worth recording." His survey of other aspects of the subject is equally depressing. This czar patriarch, always seeking to reorganize his government, was always overdoing the mechanism at the cost of the national vitality which really clamored for enlightened care. We need not examine, one by one, the chapters which treat of his military, political and other divergences. They lead only too swiftly and naturally to the March night on which the conspirators swarmed into his bedroom, beat him to the ground and finally strangled him with his own sash.

The dreadful scene, which, we may add, is handled with dramatic skill by M. Walszewski, is one of those, not infrequent in history, which touch the reader in a dual sense. He loathes the crime, yet cannot deny to it something of the weight of retribution. Russia could not much longer have endured Paul I. But was it wholly his fault? Was not his madness partly promoted by the hurrying of a storm of good intentions through a tormented brain? It is with compassionate thoughts that we relinquish M. Walszewski's book.

MALAYA AND PAPUA

Chapters of Colonization and Administration.

THE MALAY PENINSULA. A Record of British Progress in the Middle West. By Arnold Wright and Thomas H. Reid. With a map and 31 illustrations. 8vo, pp. 296. Charles Scribner's Sons.

PAPUA; OR, BRITISH NEW GUINEA. By J. H. P. Murray, Lieutenant Governor and Chief Judicial Officer of Papua. With an introduction by Sir William Macgregor, G. C. M. G., C. B., D. Sc., LL. D., and 38 illustrations. 8vo, pp. 288. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The two volumes before us are not records of travel and observation, but rather handbooks of practical information concerning the British dependencies they deal with, together with histories of their acquisition, early fortunes and development. The book on Papua, indeed, is the work of one of its chief administrative officers, and is introduced, furthermore, by the man who was prominently connected with the annexation of British New Guinea, at the instigation of New Queensland, for the purpose, as was declared at the time, of "securing a territory fit to receive the overflow of population of a filled-up Australia." The control of the colony was transferred by the Crown to the Australian Commonwealth in 1906, since which time it has made rapid progress in trade.

What, from the colonial point of view, may be called the pre-history of the Malay peninsula is short and scant. The country has no ancient ruins, like those of Java; its population has but few records of its own past, and these legendary rather than reliable, wherefore the authors conclude that there was very little past to chronicle. All this changed radically when Portuguese and Dutchman and Englishman began to exploit the Far East, and to establish themselves there. In its historical chapters the book of Messrs. Wright and Reid is a chapter taken from the story of the English East India Company, in which many familiar names of empire builders rear, and to which some new ones are added, that of Captain Francis Light, for instance, the founder of Penang, which, we learn from these pages, is, as an Oriental city, rather a disappointment to the tourist, because it is so thoroughly modern in appearance. Light, indeed, receives tardy justice here—his due share of the glory that hitherto has been given to Raffles alone in the story of the conquest of the peninsula.

Direct British control extends as yet only over the minor part of Malaya. There are four native states in its northern portion, which acknowledge British suzerainty, while in the south Johore still keeps its condition of semi-independence. The northern territories, of vast expanse, are of small importance commercially or politically; in fact, they are as yet mostly terra incognita to the white man. The



A PAPAUN VILLAGE. (From a photograph in "Papua or British New Guinea.")

greater part of the book is given over to matters of administration, systems of communication, mineral and agricultural products, commerce and shipping. There is a chapter on the people, their customs, manners and occupations, while, finally, on the subject of the peacefully penetrating and always successful Chinaman, a topic of steadily growing interest to the colonial powers in the Far East, the authors declare:

One great thing in his favor is the strongly entrenched monetary position of his countrymen in the Straits. The wealth of the Chinese community there is enormous. They have a finger in every promising new pie; they are the chief private mine owners, the principal property owners in the towns, the leading tradesmen, the most prosperous adventurers in private plundering—shortly, wherever there is money to be made,

you may be sure that the Chinaman is not far away. His tenacity is great, and this, allied with his industry and his superior physique, will probably leave him the victor in any economic or racial struggle which he may be compelled by fate to embark upon.

The Lieutenant Governor of Papua begins by declaring that he is not an ethnologist, geologist or botanist, and that he has nothing to say on the subject of Papuan missions, because he is not sufficiently well acquainted with their work, but that what he has seen of it as a civilizing, beneficial influence among the natives has led him to hold them in high esteem. This, he observes dryly, "at the risk of appearing eccentric," for the white community in Papua has a far different opinion. His words, though few, will have weight. Besides the administrative and economic chapters, there are here studies of the natives that have charm and novelty just because they are not from the pen of a trained ethnological student. The people of the interior are as yet but little known; some are cannibals, and some are not, and those that are appear to regard human flesh merely as an article of diet, without attaching to its consumption tribal or religious significance. There is a touch



PAUL I, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

(From a portrait attributed to his wife in "Paul the First of Russia.")

of common human nature in the way in which the islanders of Kiriwina respect a taboo—two of them, in fact—and yet have their own gastronomic ways.

In one part of the island the pig is eaten, but the wallaby is not, while in the other part the reverse is the case. A native of the forbidden wallaby section once earnestly remonstrated with me for not killing one of these animals when I had the opportunity. I said: "What would be the use of killing it? You could not eat it." "No," he said, "I could not eat it, but I could exchange it with the other people for a pig." He told me that if he ate the wallaby his bones would fall out.

Exploration of the interior of New Guinea is extra-hazardous, as is well known. It is also extra-strenuous. The difficulties of transport are great, owing to the roughness of the country, no pack animals can be taken along and supplies must be carried on men's backs. The population is scant, and native supplies are, therefore, not to be relied upon. What is more, though here, no doubt, the experts will dissent, "the reward has not been commensurate with the toil expended; the paucity of the inhabitants makes travel less interesting; the natives that one does meet are more or less at the same stage of civilization, so that in any given district, when you have seen one village you have practically seen them all, the scenery, it is true, is magnificent, but then you very rarely see it, as you are tramping most of the time through a gloomy forest or thick undergrowth."

SAIL AND STEAM

Life at Sea Half a Century Ago.

MY LIFE AT SEA. Being a Yarn loosely spun for the Purpose of holding to-

gether certain Reminiscences of the Transition Period from Sail to Steam in the British Mercantile Marine, 1823-1884. By Commander W. Cairns Crutchley, R. D., R. N. R., F. R. G. S., a Younger Brother of Trinity House, late Secretary of the Navy League. With a preface by Earl Brassey, G. C. B., R. N., and twelve illustrations. 8vo, pp. 228. Brentano's.

This is as good a yarn as an oldtime sailor can spin, or those who are not entirely ignorant of the ways of the sea can listen to. Commander Crutchley made his first voyage—to Australia—as an apprentice on a sailing ship. At the end of the second trip he deserted, went up country, had "a good time" in a sheep camp, but returned to Adelaide to ship before the mast. Thereafter he followed the sea, under canvas and "in steam," rapidly rising in rank. There is an oldtime flavor

about this story of the days when the officers of a vessel from "home" were made much of by the colonists in the ports of Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony, when life was more leisurely, and the absence of steam and the cable lent many enchantments to life at the ends of the earth.

It is when he begins to talk about discipline aboard and the ways of sail-ermen that the author is at his best, however. Authority was maintained with a strong hand—if necessary, with weapons as well as fists. Crews had a habit of finding out at the start how far they could go, the first indication of a strenuous trip being usually an attempt to come aft at 5 o'clock in the morning. The officer of the watch would immediately growl an order, and, if challenged, go into action. "Curious ways sailors have!" Commander Crutchley exclaims, but they certainly furnish entertaining reading. "Don't blow on the coffee," a steward told the cook on one occasion, whereupon the cook poured the coffee over him, hit him with the pan, and got ready for all comers with a carving knife. It seems so far away, this life with

much!" Well, there are successes and successes, and some are worth while and some are not. McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" remains a useful work—Lord Acton, whom Gladstone pronounced the best educated man in England, declared that he brought up his family on the book—but the Irishman's novels are now little read. It must, indeed, have been hard to draw upon the imagination in the midst of the weariness and sadness of which so many of these letters are eloquent.

Mrs. Campbell-Praed has edited this volume carefully—rather too carefully, perhaps, for she has included many passages of no importance.

FICTION.

New Novels by Albert Edwards and Others.

THE TOILERS.

COMRADE YETTA. By Albert Edwards. 12mo, pp. 48. The Macmillan Company. In this book, as in "A Man's World," Mr. Edwards draws upon his personal experience among the toilers of New York with a directness that makes it read most of the way like the labor news given in the press during the last few years. Told thus consecutively, that news gains in the strength of the impression it makes, which is, after all, the author's only and overshadowing purpose. We have learned so much of how the other half lives, in the learning we have been made so acutely aware of our own share of the responsibility for it all, that the shocks of the first awakening can never be repeated, nor need they be. Still, a book like this serves to remind us, most of all in Mr. Edwards's case, of the intricacy of the whole problem, of its ramifications from one socio-economic layer into the one above, and vice versa. In "Comrade Yetta" it is chiefly the problem of scab versus union labor, while beyond that the closest of human relationships is dealt with.

Yetta is a child of the New York Ghetto who early starts to earn her own living "by buttonholes," and then in a waistcoat sweatshop—"vests" being young and strong, she becomes a "speeder" until pains in the back warn her. She drifts into a settlement, escapes by a narrow margin the white slaver, takes part in a strike, with its incidents of assault and arrest, is taken up by a yellow journal, graduates from that to a socialist daily and becomes "Comrade Yetta" in the sense of the "brotherhood," but also in the narrower sense of love, for a man of her own class and ideas and aspirations, after a protracted tender passage with a man in a higher walk of life, a "parlor socialist." The author again traces the part politics plays in the lives of the poor. It is now an old-told story, but it is needful to keep on telling it.

DRAB LIVES.

THE COMBINED MAZE. By May Sinclair. 12mo, pp. 284. Harper & Bros.

This is a capable, unblinking piece of realism, the story of the failure in life, through an ill assorted, unnecessary marriage, of a young cockney. The son of a chemist who is a secret drunkard, and himself a clerk in a furniture shop, this boy has kept himself clean through his love of athletics, his ambition to be fit, not flabby. The polytechnic gymnasium of his district, his bicycle and the river on Sundays have been the making of him, but intellectually he is undeveloped. The development of this "nice," honest, well set up young man through the advantages offered him by the "gym" is excellently described. There is here a note of exaltation over the good such institutions do. Then the boy makes his mistake. In love with a girl he will not marry on account of his poverty, he is seized upon by another young woman, who easily gains her desire, which is not marriage at all. But he, feeling that this has become the only honorable course, insists, and then begins the struggle with narrow means, with growing debts, with a wife discontented with her lot, most of all with the burden of children. She leaves him, offering to let him have a divorce without opposition. But divorce comes high in England, he must pay off his debts first of all, and when at last liberty and happiness are in sight, the wife returns from the drags of life to plead for pity. It is all well done, but this, too, has been told time and again, as long ago as in Dickens's "Hard Times."

Apparently without effort to produce literature, and probably on account of the very simplicity of his "yarn" Commander Crutchley has got the atmosphere of the times and the life into his pages. He refers with reminiscent pride to fast voyages under his command, both under sail and "in steam"—he was notably successful in combining the driving power of both—he describes storms, deals with examinations for certificates, and the scandalous overloading to which Pilsnol put an end, but these are details which the landlubber can easily grasp, and not too much space is given to them. In the literature of the sea this expert judge gives first place to Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" and "Clark Russell's 'Shipwreck of the Chancellor.'"

JUSTIN MCCARTHY

Familiar Letters of a Busy Man.

OUR BOOK OF MEMORIES. Letters of Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell-Praed. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 62. Small, Maynard & Co.

Justin McCarthy's laborious life as politician, journalist and novelist is effectively set forth in these letters written to his friend and collaborator in fiction, Mrs. Campbell-Praed. Many of them deal with the fight for Irish Home Rule, his share as a leader in the struggle and his relations with Parnell. Some of them describe his travels in this country and others his encounters with celebrities. Through a large part of them runs a tone of fatigue—natural enough, this, for he earned his modest living and his honorable place with incessant strain of brain and hand. It is to that fatigue, no doubt, that this big book owes its undeniable heaviness. If the wit and vivacity we always look for in an Irishman did actually belong to McCarthy they were weighed down by pressure of circumstance; there is hardly a suggestion of them in these pages.

Of McCarthy as an author there are some agreeable glimpses. He had apparently no vanity at all in connection with his work. "Is it a lucky or unlucky thing for you and me," he writes to his friend, "that we neither of us fall in love with our own books, but composedly look them in the face and find out all their defects and comment on them? I know so many authors who do really admire their own books and can't see any faults in them, and I suppose they are very happy thereby." He undertakes a "sensation story" and avows that it is deadly dull—wooden-lead—and that he detests it. He despondently speaks of a literary career as "that course which is strewn with the bones of so many failures, and in which success is, after all, not so

a stage fever that never gains an engagement, even when the ambition has been reduced to a chance to "walk on"; of the disillusion of a marriage without love, and of a brief trial of love without marriage, which is the greatest disillusion of all. "One Man's View" is that of the deserted husband, who, counting the world and his public career well lost, takes back the erring wife for that most primitive of all reasons, that he cannot live without her. In nothing is this story so timely as in its brie, but telling picture of the cruel defeat of the girl seeking her first theatrical engagement in the dramatic agencies of London, and at its stage doors.

LOVE AND PATRIOTISM.

THE FRONTIERS OF THE HEART. By Victor Marguerite. Translated from the French by Frederic Lees. 12mo, pp. 25. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Let us never speak of it, but always think of it," said Gambetta of "la Revanche," of the determination of the French to wipe out the humiliations of the Franco-German War and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. But the French novelists are of a different opinion. They speak out aloud, with it would appear, increasing insistence of late. René Bazin has dealt with the relations of French and Germans in the conquered provinces a generation after their annexation; Victor Marguerite deals in this book with the birth of hatred during the Terrible Year itself. He starts in 1867, with the great exhibition in Paris, and with the marriage of a French girl, the granddaughter of one of the first Napoleon's officers, to a German physician. She accompanies him to his native city, into the Germany that, notwithstanding Leipzig and Waterloo, still bears the scars of French invasion and havoc from Louis XIV to the period of Napoleonic supremacy. Love and environment Germanize her to some extent, but in September, 1870, she is on a visit to her parents in France, and thereafter watches with them the ravages of the war on the soil of her birth. Patriotism is reborn, love dies. The chasm thus opened cannot be closed by peace and reunion. Written undoubtedly with a patriotic purpose, the novel has for foreign readers chiefly a psychological interest.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

"Les Anges," M. Anatole France's new novel, is a satire on contemporary life, not unlike, we are told, his "Les Isles des Pingouins." He has himself described it as "the most impious novel" he has ever written.

A Book by Swinburne. It appears that not all the work of A. C. Swinburne has seen the light. He left in manuscript a book which is to be published soon. This book has nothing to do with poetry—it traverses the writings of Charles Dickens.

An American Novel. Mrs. G. Stratton Porter has written a new story of the rural West. "Laddie" is the title of her book, and next August is to see its publication by Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Art of Food. A "gastronomic guide to health and good living" is Mr. Henry T. Finck's description of his book, "Flavor in



JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

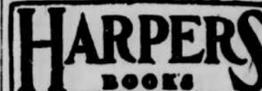
(From a portrait in "Our Book of Memories.")

Food," which will be brought out next month by the Century Company. Part of the book was written while the author was living with M. Paderewski, who is an expert gourmet as well as a famous pianist. Mr. Finck calls this country "un-gastronomic America," and he is not altogether unjust, so cruelly have cold storage preservatives and other unpleasant adjuncts of the larder destroyed the oldtime excellence of American food.

Glimpses of Trollope. Mr. Escott's promised book, "Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates and Originals," ought to be full of entertainment. It will contain, no doubt, much detail unwittingly left out of the novelist's "Autobiography." In these days, by the way, his insistence in that lively book on the wisdom making a daily task of writing without waiting for "inspiration" would no longer stir the commentator to wrath, for since Trollope penned those pages novelists have often adopted his theory and practice.

In a Workhouse Infirmary. The historian Lord Macaulay had a favorite niece, Selma Macaulay, whose sad end has just been noted in the

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.



Tackling Matrimony

By George Lee Burton

This story, written "to the men and girls who love each other more than ease and show and sham," shows in a happily convincing way that it requires bravery and endurance of a different sort than that of the football field to tackle matrimony on eighty dollars a month—plenty on the man's part; still more on the woman's.

The Combined Maze

By May Sinclair

Suppose someone could describe you just as you really are, the "you" with all its wonderful possibilities unknown even to yourself. The world would read your story eagerly, greedily—so marvelous is life—without asking what great deed you had performed.

Well, in just this intimate way has May Sinclair told the story of this man and these two women, their passionate hate and love, their joys and sorrows. She has told how they crossed, parted, and recrossed again in life, just as they did first in the gymnasium's maze.

New Leaf Mills

By W. D. Howells

This new novel, picturing the simple conditions of the Middle West, is a story of country life after the Mexican War, when huskings, barn raisings, quiltings, spelling matches, and candy pulls were the amusements of a homogeneous community. There is no need to dwell upon Mr. Howells's art; but it may be doubted whether in any of his books he has drawn a more sympathetic character than that of this unsuccessful idealist.

Harper's Household Handbook

A guide to easy ways of doing woman's work in kitchen, cellar and nursery. It tells how to keep a house clean; how to choose and care for food; how to take out spots and stains and what to do if a child is burned or poisoned—in short, answers a hundred questions.

Car Troubles

By Harold W. Slauson

Here are all the various troubles which can befall a motor car, classified alphabetically. In each case the remedy is pointed out. The little volume is just the size for the pocket.

HARPERS HARPERS HARPERS MAGAZINE BAZAR WEEKLY

HENRY VAN DYKE'S THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY A Book of Romance and Some Half Told Tales

RARE BOOKS & PRINTS IN EUROPE. "ALL-OUT-OF-PRINT-BOOKS" A WHITE ME: can get you any book ever published on any subject. The most expert book binder extant. When in England call and see my 500,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, John Bright st., Birmingham.

London journals. Old and poor and crippled by a fall, she has just died in a workhouse hospital. She married a clergyman and had long been a widow. More Shakespeare-Bacon.

Another member of Parliament has succeeded Mr. Greenwood in the discussion of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. This is Mr. J. M. Robertson, a practical man, who has engaged in a systematic study and refutation of the theory that the plays were written by a lawyer and a classical scholar. He calls his book "The Baconian Heresy: A Confutation."

A Literary Wife. The wife of Mr. J. G. Fraser, the eminent author of "The Golden Bough," has herself developed literary abilities—gifts which she has applied to the relief of distressed housewives. She is bringing out a book entitled "First Aid to the Servantless."

Interesting to Americans. Mr. Beckles Wilson is about to bring out a new book which is partly a contribution to American history. It is entitled "Nova Scotian Blockade Runners During the American Civil War."

Its author is now engaged in collecting in Nova Scotia materials relating to the early Arcadian and Gaelic communities.

Louis Becke Departs. Mr. George Louis Becke, chronicler of the South Seas, whose work is nearly as well known in this country as in