# BOOKS AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

## LITERARY CRITICISM AND BOOK NEWS

### Mary Queen of Scots and the Prince Imperial —Mr. A. C. Benson's Sojourn in Joyous Gard—Royal Cortissoz's Book of Essays.

**HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY.**

THE TRAGEDY OF MARY STUART. By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. viii, 295. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, 1856-1879. From the French of Augustin Filon. Illustrated. Royal 8vo, pp. xi, 242. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Many battles have been fought in many tomes over the memory of Mary Queen of Scots, whose last knight militant of the pen was Andrew Lang. The fascination she exerted over her contemporaries, among them many of her enemies, or at least many of her enemies' agents, has survived to this day. With all her sins upon her, she still remains a queen of romance. Meanwhile Mr. Shelley has judged, and not mistakenly, that the time has come for a summing up of her career and of the events it shaped during the fifteen months that elapsed between the murder of Darnley and her flight to England. The course of her earlier years, from her birth to the death of the Dauphin, her first husband, is briefly treated in an epilogue; her captivity and death in England, of which is made the aureole of her martyrdom, are as briefly dealt with in an epilogue. Thus, Mr. Shelley believes, is the proper historical proportion established between the three periods of Mary Stuart's life.

He is not a partisan; he acknowledges the glamour of her personality, the appeal to sympathy of her fate, but he does not surrender to their sway. The mass of controversial literature through which he has worked his way in preparation for this book is not dealt with in his pages. It is the historical facts as now established which he seeks to give in their sequence and relative importance, and, on the whole, he has succeeded in what he set out to do. At the same time, this is far from a chronicle of dry facts. Mary's portrait is well done, and much is made of the picturesque contrast between her merry court, which took its tone from her intense joy of living before crime and tragedy clouded its sunshine, and its dour, Puritanical Scotch environment. The thickening atmosphere of intrigues, antagonisms, treachery, mystery and murder; the apprehensions, observations and conclusions of the foreign agents and representatives in Scotland; the uncompromising Covenanter courage for conscience's sake, facing and denouncing Mary in her power, all this is well reflected in the pages of the book, and gives it a vivid, popular interest. In fact, Mr. Shelley has carried out his purpose admirably. The illustrations, from old paintings and prints, include several portraits of Mary at different periods of her life, and a reproduction of a section of an old map graphically picturing the murder of Darnley.

M. Augustin Filon became the tutor of the Prince Imperial when the boy was eleven years old. His book is not a set biography, but it serves all biographical purposes in the case of a personage who was cut off at the beginning of life, before he had had time to set about the career planned for him by his mother and the leaders of the Bonapartist party. Historically he is only negatively important; what interest attaches to him is that of tragedy. M. Filon's reminiscences are a tribute of deep affection and loyalty, but, of necessity, a chronicle of small beer in their early part. Try as he may to disguise the fact, it is evident that the heir to the imperial throne of France was not a "bright" child. Here M. Filon corroborates the more outspoken Dr. Berthez, whose memoirs of his term of service as the Prince's physician were published only a few weeks ago. The boy was backward; he did not distinguish himself at King's College, in exile, nor, still later, at Woolwich. He passed his examinations just like so many other princes, because he was a prince.

Nor can there be question of a character study in the case of a young man who died before his character had had time to form itself. The Prince Imperial had amiable traits, and traits that were the reverse, just like all other youths at the beginning of the real formative period of life. He seems to have kept his own counsel closely—no bad quality in a pretender, and one inherited from his crafty, secretive father in the long days of his own pretendership. As for the Prince's home environment in England, M. Filon tells us but little of that. There is evident reticence, also, in the narrative given here of Bonapartist plottings in France and the connections therewith of the Empress and her son. What is of most interest is the narrative of the Prince's death, in which M. Filon chronicles with bitter satisfaction the subsequent career of Lieutenant Carey, who undoubtedly lost his head and fled in panic without even thinking of making sure of the safety of the august volunteer. Whether the Prince Imperial went to South Africa to seek military glory on his own initiative, or whether he was sent there for the good of his cause, is a matter of doubt. M. Filon states the former, and even informs us that the Empress knew nothing of her son's plan until after it had been completed. Eugène-Louis-Jean-Joseph-Napoléon, Prince Imperial of France, certainly died a soldier's honorable death.

The seven Zulus who had a direct share in the Prince's death all said the same thing, and did homage to their victim. "How did this young man look," they were asked, "when he fell? Was he like an ox that is knocked on the head?" And they replied: "No, he was like a lion." "And why do you say that he was like a lion?" "Because the lion is the most valiant beast known to us."

A book of many reticences; indeed, a memoir of the Prince Imperial, the pretender, rather than of the man at the threshold of life. M. Filon publishes some letters from the prince to the Empress Eugénie, who, indeed, gave him access to her papers, and thus in a sense has set the stamp of approval upon his book. There are numerous portraits and other illustrations.

MARIE STUART (FROM A RARE PRINT IN "THE TRAGEDY OF MARY STUART")

(FROM THE PRINCE IMPERIAL)

## A GAY AND TRAGIC DIARY

### The Life of a Rebel Girl During the Civil War.

A CONFEDERATE GIRL'S DIARY. By Sarah Morgan Dawson. With an introduction by Warrington Dawson. And with illustrations. 8vo, pp. xix, 441. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

A very, very fine thing is this diary of a young Confederate girl's life during the Civil War. It is a charming piece of pure literature, a valuable historical document, and a deeply touching, dramatic and tragic story. The style is enchanting. The young Louisiana lady began her diary in March, 1862: "Here I am, at your service, Mme. Idleness, waiting for any suggestion it may please you to put in my weary brain, as a means to pass this dull, cloudy Sunday afternoon." The gayest of chit-chat follows concerning her delicious self, her family and friends in Baton Rouge, before we come to the black cloud of war. And, indeed, the delightful feminine vivacity and high spirit of the youthful writer do not desert her even through danger, suffering and privation. Later on, of "a tremendous shell whizzing past" she is able to say: "Of course, there was a slight stir among the unsophisticated; though we, who had passed through bombardments, sieges and alarms of all kinds, coolly remarked, 'a shell,' and kept quiet." And her flings at the hated Northerners are full of wit, as where she says of "the momentous shelling of Baton Rouge" that "the valiant Farragut killed one whole woman, wounded three, struck some twenty horses several times apiece, and indirectly caused the death of two little children who were drowned in their flight." Sarah Morgan Dawson was a gallant rebel, "body and soul," and gloried in it. But "politics" could not come between her and the one of her brothers whose stand was with the Union. When people were insolent enough to her to say, "Your brother is as good a Yankee as any," her blood boiled as she made the answer, "Let him be President Lincoln if he will, and I would love him the same."

But with all her enthusiastic Southern spirit this fair commentator maintained a fairness and a balance of judgment splendid at such a period and striking in one so young. She will not agree with many of her friends in saying that the Federal officers are "liars, thieves, murderers, scoundrels, the scum of the earth, etc."

Such epithets are unworthy of ladies, I say, and do harm rather than advance our cause. Let them be what they will, it shall not make me less the lady; I say it is unworthy of anything except low newspaper war, such abuse, and I will not join in it. . . . Let us have liberty of speech and action in our land, I say, but not gross abuse and calumny. Shall I acknowledge that the people we so recently called our brothers are unworthy of consideration, and are liars, cowards, dogs? Not I! *If* they conquer us I acknowledge them as a superior race; I will not say that we were conquered by cowards, for where would that place us? It will take a brave people to gain us, and that the Northerners undoubtedly are. I would scorn to have an inferior foe; I fight only my equals. These women may acknowledge that *cowards* have won battles in which their brothers were engaged, but I, I will ever say *mine* fought against brave men, and won the day. Which is most honorable?

And she expresses deep appreciation of the kindness of Union officers to her and her sisters in their singular situation in Baton Rouge, with three of their brothers off fighting the Union army. General Williams, who offered to place a Federal sentinel before her family's house to guard them against plunderers, she says must "be a dear old gentleman; he is so good," though his guard was refused.

This diary, so airily begun, was continued as a vent for the writer's feelings, as "I would not make an exhibition of myself by talking, as so many women did," until April, 1865. It is a spontaneous record of what Southern women did and thought at that time. Frequently it was written "while resting to recover breath in the midst of stampede," for the Morgan family were forced to flee their home. Once the author, "being unwilling for any Christian to see such a book," passed a piece of tape through the centre leaves and made her sister tie it under her hoops. In one instance, at least, it furnishes authentic contemporary evidence by a witness contradictory to the report of accepted history. Gradually, as disaster crowds upon disaster, the writer's gay spirit fails, though not her courage or the light of her almost childlike trust in God. The record ends with the deaths of the writer's three Confederate brothers and the crash of the Lost Cause. It is due to chance that this Diary was saved from destruction; and it has been prepared for the press, together with an introduction, by the son of the lady, now passed from this world, who was the brilliant rebel girl—who had but ten months at school, where, she said, she learned nothing but arithmetic—its author.

THE TOMB OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

## A SPIRITUAL CASTLE

### Essays That Point the Way to Cheerful Serenity.

JOYOUS GARD. By Arthur Christopher Benson, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. xii, 267. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

You recollect that Joyous Gard was the castle of Sir Launcelot in the "Morte d'Arthur," which he had won with his own hands, and into which he retired, in the intervals of war and business, for rest and merriment. "It was," says our graceful essayist, "full of victual, and all manner of mirth and disport." Now we find it considerably easier to picture Mr. Chesterton at home in a place full of victual and all manner of mirth and disport than we do the tranquil Cambridge stylist. Him we see much more clearly gazing from a college window, or reflecting beside still waters. However, he has called this book by the name of Joyous Gard, because he speaks in it of a stronghold of the mind to which he points the way for those who find the world of cares and business too much with them. The castle of which he speaks is the fortress of beauty and joy. One cannot walk into it by right, but must win it. There then one may go at times to frequent "courteous and gentle and knightly company," but should be careful not to linger there in sloth and idleness. At the call of help one should be ready to ride abroad and to bring back into common life "something of the grace and seemliness and courtesy of the place."

So the essayist discourses in his charming way of the spiritual castle where may be had seasons of rest and refreshment, and of how to provide it with all that is needed. He gives us the quiet current of his intimate thought. Ideas, poetry, art, morality, education, knowledge, growth, emotion, memory, retrospection, humor, visions, thought, sympathy, science, work, hope, experience, faith, progress, the sense and the principle of beauty, these subjects are the springs that feed his theme. And the burden of his cadenced prose is a studied quietness and a cheerful serenity of life. Nobody can write more graciously than Mr. Benson. And, very probably, no intelligent person would be disposed to dispute anything that he says. In other words, nobody so well as he can clothe platitudes and bromidicms of thought with the graces of literary expression. His discussion of humor is a grave, decorous and faultlessly dressed piece of writing.

## LOTI AGAIN

### A Pictured Edition of His "India."

INDIA. By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by George A. F. Inman, of Bowdon. Edited by Robert Harborough Sherard. A new edition pictured by A. Hugh Fisher, A. R. E. 8vo, pp. vii, 283. Duffield & Co.

Another new decorated edition, the other day, of that Persian classic ever with us in countless forms, the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, denoted the approach of the open season for what are called color books. The classics of every literature seem to find a wider life when furbished with brightly colored pictures. So, doubtless, will Pierre Loti's "India," though hardly a classic, at any rate a piece of literature, profit by appearing in a well printed volume, made inviting to many by reproductions from paintings and drawings not uninteresting in themselves. Though were the artist a much greater one than he is, he would be a very ambitious man did he think to keep step with the color of M. Loti's sensuous prose, that of a mind intoxicated with æsthetic emotion, and producing here an atmosphere so saturated with essences and the perfumes of exotic scenes as to be almost unbreathable. The ruined temples of the ancient gods festooned with jungle flowers; stone and marble kiosks, palaces, buildings with cupolas, which have been used for the cremation of dead princes; great trees in whose branches monkeys are seated; mountain chains of deep, purple contours; old gardens filled with roses and jasmines; sands that glitter with a rose and white splendor; lagoons curtained on all sides by forests of palm; dazzling skies traversed by flights of green parrots; throngs that glitter with all the colors of a flower bed; all these things float through these languorous pages as in an opium dream. But all the while M. Loti's pictures are not, like those which illustrate this volume, so much pictures of India as pictures of his own genius.

## "ART AND COMMONSENSE."

### Royal Cortissoz's Forthcoming Book of Essays.

"Art and Commonsense" is the title of a volume of studies by Royal Cortissoz, The Tribune's art editor, which the Messrs. Scribner are about to issue. The title of the book, which is also that of the opening paper, strikes the keynote of its contents. Mr. Cortissoz holds that art is not a mystery, to be understood only by the initiated, but, on the contrary, a companion of daily life, one of its greatest, most beneficial adornments, to be enjoyed by all. The great masters, old and modern, he insists, are, or at least should be, a common inheritance, not esoteric in any sense, but companions, easily approached, shielded behind no obstacles, ready to give the benefits of their inestimable intimacy.

The volume covers a wide range of subjects, from Renaissance decorators to modern American architecture, from Whistler and Sargent to post-impressionism, which to Mr. Cortissoz is the negation of the very spirit of art, which is beauty. The reputation of Auguste Rodin, and the achievements on which it is based, are dealt with elsewhere in a spirit of strictest impartiality; and, the publishers announce, the essay on "J. P. Morgan as an Art-Collector" is the most thorough and discriminating study of its subject yet written, dealing especially with the measure of enjoyment the great collector may have drawn from the universality of his artistic interests. "Some Leaders in American Architecture" is the first comparative appreciation of four leaders in this field.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

### Current Talk of Things Past and Present—The Sequel to "Hilda Lessways"—Names and Their Changes—A French Shepherd Novelist—Dickensiana.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has offered to his readers no positive information as to the date of publication of a sequel to his book "Hilda Lessways." "The fretful impatience of critics and public at the non-appearance of the third 'Clayhanger' novel is extremely flattering," he declares, "but no author with any regard for his reputation will allow himself to be hurried by such agreeable manifestations. The truth is that the delay in the publication of the third 'Clayhanger' novel (which cannot be called excessive, seeing that two years have not yet elapsed since 'Hilda Lessways' appeared) has been caused solely by the state of my health."

**About Names.**

"Codlin's the friend, not Short," is a saying from the "Old Curiosity Shop" which long ago passed into current talk as a convenient and useful phrase. How many people know that the name of "Codlin" can be traced back to "Cœur de Lion," the intervening stages being "Querdling" and "Querdelyon"? How many know that the name "Black" is derived from "Blanc," and therefore means white? A multitude of things piquant and fantastic will be found in the volume on the romance of names which Professor Ernest Weekley is bringing out in London.

**A Rustic Novelist.**

Antonin Dusserre is a French shepherd who has never stirred from his native meadows of Auvergne, and who has no education save that drawn from books purchased from cheap stalls on market days and read of an afternoon beside his sheep as they browsed. Yet all untrained as he is, he is said to have written a charming novel, an idyll of country life of a tender and impressive sort. An English translation of this story is coming from the press under the title of "Jean and Louise." The author of "Marie Claire," by the way, is said to have been the discoverer of this rustic genius.

**A Dickens Book.**

Of the few living men who worked in the literary field with Charles Dickens as their chief, Percy Fitzgerald remains most active and most loyal to the beloved memory. He has already published several books of Dickensiana, but has not yet released all his stores of anecdote and reminiscence. He is preparing to bring out a volume entitled "Memories of Charles Dickens," into which he has put many interesting recollections of Dickens as an editor, and of the clever men and women who contributed to "All the Year Round" and to "Household Words."

**The Villanelle—a Lesson.**

The little poets who would fain write with ease will find useful suggestions in the book of an English balladist, Mr. A. F. Shirreff. "If you'd write a villanelle," he sings,

If you'd write a Villanelle,
With a modicum of trouble
You could do it very well.

Lightsome fancies you must tell,
Bright and airy as a bubble,
If you'd write a Villanelle.

For the measured fall and swell,
Better if one rhyme be double,
You could do it very well.

Words once used as rhymes expel,
I have found it too much trouble;
If you'd write a Villanelle,
You could do it very well.

**Winthrop Letters.**

For the definitive edition of Governor Winthrop's "Journal," now in process of editing for the Massachusetts Historical Society by Mr. Worthington C. Ford, certain letters written by Winthrop are greatly desired. These letters, it is said, have been in England in the hands of the Carew family at a comparatively recent date, but have now disappeared. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, president of the historical society, and Mr. Ford are now in England searching for the missing epistles.

**Naming a Magazine.**

In a sketch in "The Bookman" of Mr. Walter H. Page, Mr. L. F. Marcosson tells his readers how Mr. Page's successful magazine was named. Mr. Kipling was present at the meeting whereat the character of the proposed periodical was discussed, and heard Mr. Page declare himself in favor of "a magazine that is live, virile, constructive—that will be the voice of the democracy."

Kipling, who had listened attentively, spoke up:

"What you really want is a magazine that deals with the work of the world."

In a flash Page leaped to his feet, pounded the table (for he is very demonstrative), and said:

"There it is—The World's Work. Kipling has given us our title." And thus the infant was christened.

## A FEAST OF GOOD FICTION

### Mr. Hewlett's "Bendish"—Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's "White Linen Nurse"—Pathos and Humor from London's Suburbia—Many Adventures.

**MR. HEWLETT AND BYRON.**

BENDISH. A Study in Prodigality. By Maurice Hewlett. 12mo, pp. vi, 311. Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book is not precisely a sequel to the author's "Mrs. Lancelot," but it is closely allied to the earlier novel. Some of the characters in the latter are reintroduced, and, what is even more to the point, we are concerned here with the same London society, in the same historic period. "Bendish," like its immediate predecessor, is a novel of manners, written to illustrate in romantic terms a world already made familiar to us through countless memoirs, a world of politics, fashion, letters, and polite though none the less genuine excitement. The George, Lord Bendish, of these pages is, in his way, the George, Lord Byron, of history, and, be it said, while his way is not really that of the poet, it is indubitably picturesque and amusing.

Mr. Hewlett is justly confident in his ability to tell a story. Many a novelist of to-day would shrink from the risks involved in presenting as hero a totally unsympathetic type. But the author of "Bendish" having, we gather, no illusions at all about the intrinsic caddishness of his central figure, trusts to his art to make that figure worth our while, and his audacity has its reward. The vain, selfish but clever young peer is never for a moment the genius that Byron was, nor the gallant spirit, and it seems incredible that Mr. Hewlett could have imagined that he has recaptured any of the essential traits of his model. On the other hand, if we take Bendish of Bendish simply for what he is, a creature in a novel, there is no denying the appeal of his foppish personality, his arrogant humors, his profoundly ill-starred adventures. These pretty nearly box the compass. He is by turns poet, demagogue, lover and dandy. When the tale begins he is writing verses in a country cottage and winning the heart of his landlady's niece. As it draws to a close he is engaging, successfully enough, in a duel with another poet, and is rising in Parliament to pay his compliments, hopelessly enough, to "the Duke." And he is still a very young man, about whom, by the way, it is plain that Mr. Hewlett has further things to tell us. Shall we be glad of his return upon the scene? We are not sure.

Bendish, as has just been said, is amusing rather than likable. Still, the amusement is something, and then, of course, Mr. Hewlett is capital, as always, in his evocation of the past. He makes effective play with the people of this vanished London of his, the London of the Reform Bill, of Holland House and its habitués, of high emotions kept always in tune with the urbanities of life. The plot, to be sure, gets a little out of hand, and embraces, for example, one romance, that of Bendish's legal factotum, about which either too much or too little is said. Yet when the real crisis comes it holds us almost breathless, and if Bendish has our scorn he has also our intense interest. The old hand triumphs. Mr. Hewlett knows his trade. He tells us a good story.

**A STRIKING STORY.**

THE WHITE LINEN NURSE. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. With illustrations by Herman Pfeifer. 16mo, pp. 276. The Century Company.

The publication in "The Century Magazine" of this new novel by the popular author of "Molly Make-Believe" has attracted, we understand, unusually wide and favorable attention. It is, indeed, a rather striking story. In it are blended matineesque sentiment, clever humor, vivid and uncommonly dextrous realism, considerable originality and decided psychological power—together with some straining of probability. This last point, however, need not be rudely pressed. All's well that's done well. The leonine Senior Surgeon was an unusual man, in whom we quite believe, and if, when thrown from a speeding automobile, and having been run over afterward by its two tons' weight, he, lying with a sprained back, makes a businesslike proposal of marriage to practically a stranger which extends to the length of a chapter, perhaps that is but further evidence of his remarkable granite character. The opening scenes of the story whisk the reader into the wings, to employ the theatrical term, of the curious business of being a trained nurse. The young ladies of this profession are, apparently, behind their professional Madonna-like expressions, really very human beings.

Miss Rae Malgregor, of the doll face, went into the calling, she confesses to her room mates, because of the "cute uniforms." She could have married "that typhoid case" a dozen times if she had but crooked her little finger. However, she didn't. And we find her having a "brain-storm" of rebellion against her noble expression, the clockwork discipline of the hospital and the atmosphere of Hushed Places generally in April. How this predicament threw her into contact with the huge and distinguished Senior Surgeon, crusty, choleric and sardonic, and how she undertook "general heartwork" for him and his naughty, crippled little daughter; how she married in June a "June drunk," and what she made of him, his home and little girl—the development of the characters of these three in a difficult and piquant situation is the rest of this strange and exceedingly interesting story, which rings, in general, very true.

**SUBURBAN SELECTNESS.**

A "YOUNG LADY." A Study in Selectness. By Horace W. C. Newte. 12mo, pp. viii, 293. The John Lane Company.

Persons who relish the foibles of human character will find a delight in this "study in selectness." It is a modern shabby-genteel story, a caustic and humorous picture of London's suburban snobbery. The art is that of the modern camera fiend, so to say, at work in the field of fiction, and the author has reproduced with almost photographic faithfulness the middle-class life of "the superlatively happy 'residents' in the many 'select' Woodbridges which encircle London." Some of his characters will dwell for many a day in the reader's memory. Their characteristic sayings are the sort of thing which one makes into catchwords among friends who have also read the book. Juliet, the second daughter of Mr. Potter of Woodbridge, an Essex suburb, is a young "lady typist" in the City. We find her an absurd little slave of "class" pride and her family's ambition to "dress the window." She endures much grotesque domestic discipline and is under the necessity of contributing to the family exchequer, so that eventually it may be said "we live in our own house, you know." Her purpose in life is to make a "select" marriage. "Marriages and funerals," as her ridiculous mother says, "show one's 'class' like nothing else." So Julia welcomes with triumph the advances of a young man whom her brother Orlando characterizes as a regular "k'nut." But Julia is a very bright and attractive sort, with a quick and open mind, and, coming under influences detached from "selectness," she kicks over the traces of vulgarity, graduates from being a "young lady" into becoming a business woman, and finds herself at last. Her friend and associate in the office, Miss Tiddiemann, who reconciled herself to her position by reflecting that life is "our cross"; Miss Tiddiemann's family, and her fiancé; the "boss" of the office, old Mr. Edis, who, as Miss Tiddiemann said, was "fast" and "wanting in grace"; Orlando's sweetheart, the "Soul's Awakening"; young Stoat, the office boy, and ever so many others, touch both the reader's sympathy and risibility.

**A DUEL WITH PAINT.**

THE MAN WHO SAW WRONG. By Jacob Fisher. Frontispiece by George Gibbs. 12mo, pp. 335. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

The art of painting, hitherto regarded generally as a comparatively peaceful affair, here usurps the ancient office of crime as the theme of lurid melodrama. The villain of this tale, one of the most devilishly evil, cold, treacherous, crawly and malignant beings we have ever had the happiness to encounter in the pages of hair raising literature, is an artist. The hero also is an artist, but he is as noble as the villain is vile.

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