

BOOKS AND AUTHORS REVIEWS AND COMMENT

LITERARY CRITICISM
AND BOOK NEWS

Emerson's Journals: The Completion of a Notable Undertaking—A Life of Robert Fulton—American Diplomacy.

EMERSON
JOURNALS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, with Annotations. Edited by Edward Emerson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

These concluding volumes of "Emerson's Journals" are in some respects the most valuable of all. That is partly because of the era in which they were written and partly because of the revelation which they afford of the man himself at the summit and in the decline of his life. The decade which they span had no superior in all American history in interest to the patriot or to the scholar. It was big with big deeds in peace and war, which transformed radically the whole character of the American nation. It was marked with intellectual activity and literary productivity not surpassed by any other period. Its appeal to every sense and sentiment of man was overwhelming. And there were few who responded to the appeal more spontaneously than the philosopher of Concord.

Those who have erroneously imagined the idealist and transcendentalist as a man apart from common interests will here learn their mistake. If, following his own advice, he hitched his wagon to a star the wheels still rolled upon the earth. We find him discussing Porphyry, Confucius, Aristotle and St. Augustine; but at the same time there is also plenty about Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, John Brown and Charles Sumner. "Before the war," he writes in the fall of 1864, "our patriotism was a firework, a salute, a serenade for holidays and summer evenings, but the reality was a cotton thread and complaisance. Now the deaths of thousands and the determination of millions of men and women show it real." There has been no keener revelation of the very heart of things than in those sentences.

Nothing is more characteristic of the man, or more perennially surprising to those who know him best, or more delightful to those who love him most, than the infinite variety of his observation and interest. Think of the poet of "Brahma"—the mystic "If the Red Slayer thinks he slays"—making an address before the county agricultural society at its annual cattle show; and on "The Man with the Hoe." Again, he quotes the opinions of Ellery Channing "on frogs and farmers"—"farming, he thinks, is an attempt to outwit God with a hoe"—and brackets them with a passage from the "Sakuntala." Among the innumerable anecdotes of interesting persons with which the books abound is one gem of our old friend, Count Adam Gurovski, some time of "The Tribune" staff and some time of the Department of State at Washington. Gurovski asked, "Where is this bog? I wish to earn some money; I wish to dig peat." "Oh, no, indeed, sir, you cannot do this kind of degrading work." "I cannot be degraded. I am Gurovski."

It would be difficult to find a more scathingly vigorous arraignment than he gives us of the "Saturday Review," Gladstone-Palmerston hostility to the United States, in the Civil War:

Every one forgot his history, his poetry, his religion, and looked only at his shop till, no Milton, no Bacon, no Berkeley, no Montesquieu, no Adam Smith was there to hail a new dawn of hope and culture for men, to see the opportunity for riddance of human nature, to cry over to us: "Up, and God with you! Strike for the universe of men!" No; but, on the other hand, every poet, every scholar, every great man, as well as the rich, thought only of his own pocketbook, and, to our astonishment, cried: "Slavery forever!"

We shall prosper, we shall destroy slavery, but by no help of theirs. They assailed us with mean cavils, they sneered at our manners, at our failures, at our shifts, at the poverty of our treasury, at our struggles, legal and municipal, and irregularities in the presence of moral dangers. They cherished our enemies, they exulted at the factions which crippled us at home; whenever the allies of the rebels obstructed the great will and action of the government, they danced for joy. They ought to have remembered that great actions have mean beginnings; poor matters point to rich ends.

In the final volume the change in the physical and mental disposition of the man is progressively marked. To the end there is much of the old Emerson, with his elevation of thought, but the more and more he becomes introspective or dwells upon the abstract, or upon memories of the past. His powers of contemporary perception and action are failing. There are more references to the past than to the present. But upon the principles which know no time his hold is as strong as ever. The last quoted entry is the "conclusion of the whole matter."

One man sees a sparkle or shimmer of truth, and reports it, and his saying becomes a legend or golden proverb for all ages. And other men see and try to say as much, but no man wholly and well. We see what we make. We can only what we make. All our perceptions, all our desires, are preoccupied. Perception has a destiny.

charm, which may be read consecutively or be dipped into occasionally at perfect random or, we may add, thanks to a copious analytical index, be used as works of special reference. As a complement to the works of Emerson they are indispensable.

ROBERT FULTON

The Man—The Artist—The Inventor.

ROBERT FULTON: ENGINEER AND ARTIST. His Life and Works. By H. Dickinson. M. L. Tech. E. Assistant Keeper, the Science Museum, South Kensington. With Numerous Plates and Several Illustrations in the Text. New York: The John Lane Company.

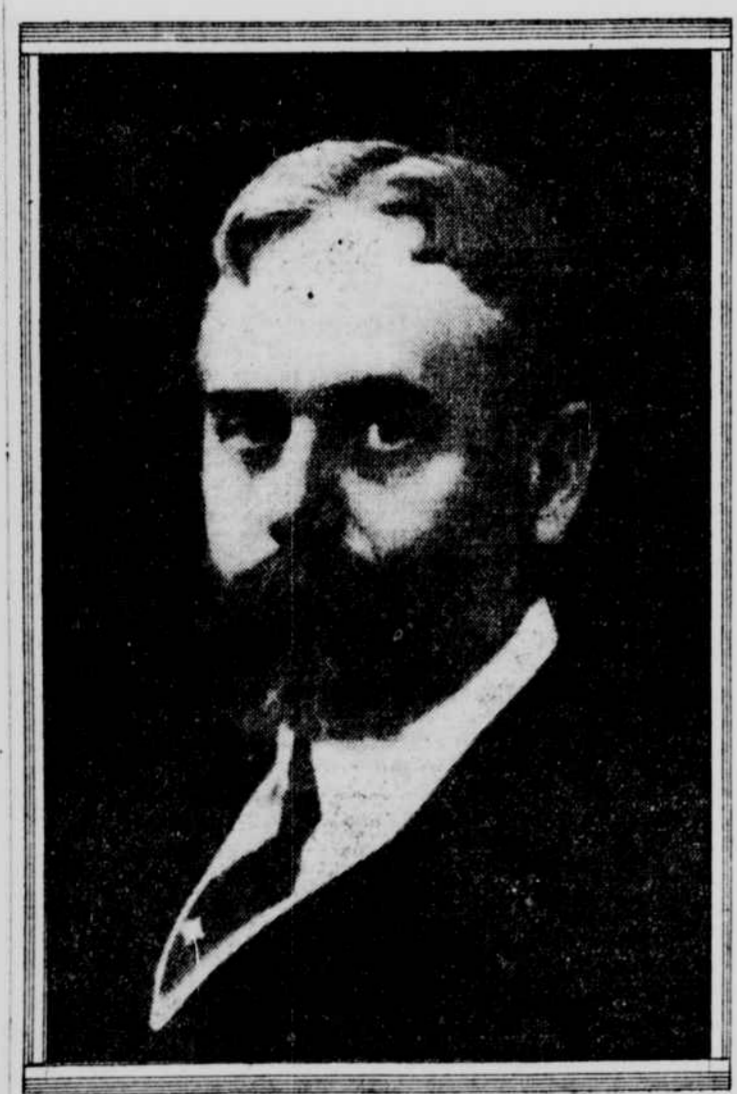
It is now nearly a hundred years since Cadwallader Colden published his "Life of Robert Fulton," with some expressions which we cannot help regarding as fulsome, and since "The Quarterly Review," in the next number after that containing its historic onslaught upon "Endymion" which "killed John Keats," reviewed the same, with some expressions which we cannot help regarding as savage. Those two publications justify the declaration of the present author in his preface, that American biographers have credited Fulton with greater achievements than the facts warrant, while English writers have too often dismissed him contemptuously as a charlatan. They also justify the presentation, even at this late day, of a painstaking, impartial and authoritative history of the great man and his great deeds.

For Fulton was great. It may be that his friend Colden erred in the suggestion that no greater benefactor of the human race had ever lived. Yet the invention of the steamboat alone would give him an assured rank among great benefactors, while if we add thereto his high artistic talent, his enlightened advocacy of canal systems such as some countries more enterprising than his own have most profitably adopted, and his pioneering invention of screw as well as paddle propellers, of torpedoes and of submarine boats, we must give him a place very close to the foremost in that sort of activity; and we must welcome a book which discloses more fully than ever before his title to such recognition.

It is a sufficiently familiar fact that Fulton was an artist in his early years.

A MULTIPLE CAREER:
SIR GILBERT PARKER

Dramatist in Australia—Novelist of Canada and the Empire at Large—Member of the British Parliament—Champion of the Colonies.



Sir Gilbert Parker.

At fifty-three Sir Gilbert Parker can look back with self-congratulation upon an exceptional career. Born in Canada, he began it in Australia as a newspaper man and dramatist, then sprang into prominence with his first and more he becomes introspective or dwells upon the abstract, or upon memories of the past. His powers of contemporary perception and action are failing. There are more references to the past than to the present. But upon the principles which know no time his hold is as strong as ever. The last quoted entry is the "conclusion of the whole matter."



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS (ENGRAVING FROM FULTON'S PAINTING)

But few realize how achievements were his abilities and his achievements in that direction, or will fail to be agreeably astonished at the exhibition of some of his paintings which is made in this volume through reproduction. We may safely conclude that if he had not won fame as an inventor he might have attained eminent and enduring distinction as a portrait painter. Just now, too, when some of the foremost naval authorities of the world are suggesting that the high seas in a tiny submarine boat is the future of the world, it is interesting to be reminded that more than a century ago Fulton invented practical torpedoes with which he could blow ships to splinters, and that he constructed a submarine boat in which he and other persons could remain and did remain under water for an hour or two at a time, and in which he made

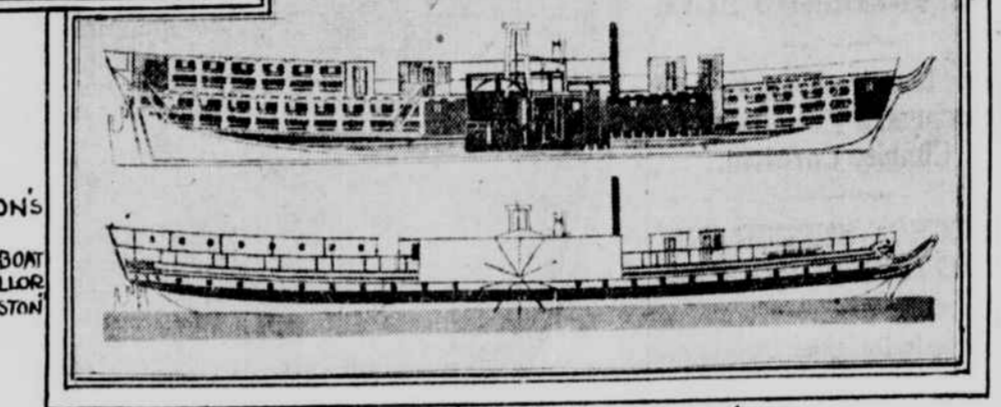
extended cruises under water. His use of "wings" on this vessel, for steering it, and for causing it to ascend or descend, was a remarkable anticipation of devices now employed in submarines and also on airships. The fact that in the summer of 1800 he made a voyage of seventy miles along the coast and across the ocean in a tiny submarine boat is a wonderful tribute to his courage and to his presence as an inventor.

We have spoken of the impartiality of Mr. Dickinson's book. It is not only that it speaks what should be the final word in more than one controversy in a calm and dispassionate tone, with no attempt to conceal or to belittle the inventions and the essays of others, especially of Fitch, Miller and Symington. But of Gary, in 1843, and Patton, in 1797, it is sufficient to say that even Newcomen's primitive and cumbersome atmospheric engine was not invented until 1710. As for Hulls, whom "The Quarterly" in the article on the invention of the steamboat, Mr. Dickinson quietly reminds us that the only engine of which he had knowledge was Newcomen's, which was no cumbersome and ponderous that one powerful enough to propel a vessel would have been too big or too heavy for the vessel to carry. Fulton's familiarity with Symington's interesting invention is indisputable, but it seems equally certain that he copied nothing from it. Neither does it seem possible to convict him of plagiarizing from Fitch or Rumsey, though we may undoubtedly say what is not at all to his discredit, that the work of all these and other inventors served to animate him with renewed, persistent and finally triumphant determination to succeed where they had failed. For the determining fact is after all this, that not one of those men made his invention a permanent and practical success; while Fulton did so make it. Whether Fulton would have made his invention had they not labored before him may remain a subject of academic dispute. Whether any of their works, without the genius of Fulton, would have been developed into a success comparable with his is immeasurably more easy to answer in the negative.

In one respect this volume is of unique utility and value. That is in its presentation of the text of much of Fulton's correspondence, patent specifications, original drawings, descriptions and what not. Much of this material is now published for the first time, including the intensely interesting documents concerning his relations with Lord Stanhope. Much new light is thus thrown upon Fulton's character, motives and achievements and upon the attitude of his contemporaries, in England and France, toward him. It gives us in some important respects a new conception of the man, which we are glad to have. For while it discloses him as a "man of like passions," with some of the frailties of common humanity, it also confirms and enhances his title, on the whole, to our admiration and gratitude.

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS
George Washington—Monroe—Bolivar—the Drago Doctrine.

AMERICAN POLICY. The Western Hemisphere in its Relation to the Eastern. By Frederick Upham Adams. New York: The John Lane Company.



FULTON'S LAST STEAMBOAT "CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM H.W. DICKINSON'S "ROBERT FULTON" JOHN LANE CO.

American policy are considered by the author, the fourth of which, in his view, really a corollary of the third. Two are North American and two are South American. The first, in time and also in importance, is the Washington Proclamation, embodied in the familiar passages of the Farewell Address, the exhortation to shun foreign influences and entangling alliances and to develop and cherish an American system and other things which Washington quite distinctly had in mind. In discussing this Major Bigelow does not make the too common mistake of trying to be more royal than the king. He does not read into the Address things which Washington never dreamed, nor put upon it strained constructions, nor regard it as an inflexible and immutable fetter. We might wish that he had given us more or two to the origin of that Address, or of that part of it showing how clearly it was a mere crystallization of principles and utterances which Washington himself, Hamilton, Jefferson, Randolph and others had from time to time put forth. But without that his analysis of the meaning of the Proclamation and its application to affairs of the present day is notably judicious and valuable. If nine-tenths of those who prate so glibly of what Washington said would mark, read and in-

CURRENT TALK ABOUT
BOOKS AND AUTHORS

How the Sun Rises Out of the Pacific Ocean—Chester-ton Again—The Punctilio of Naval Salutes.

Geographical Surprises.
The impression still lingers that the Panama Canal is away to the west of As. Because it is "on the Pacific Coast" as a matter of fact, it is almost due south of New York; that is to say, only two hundred miles to the westward. There are more curious things to learn about the position of the canal, and Frederick Upham Adams points out in "The Conquest of the Tropics," Colon, the Caribbean or east port of the waterway, for instance, is west of Panama, on the Pacific. Stranger still, it is positively uncanny," says Mr. Adams, "to look out of a window of the Tivoli Hotel, in Panama City, and watch the sun rise squarely out of the Pacific Ocean. Of course, an accurate map justifies the claim in selecting the Pacific for rising rather than setting purposes, but it never seemed right nor proper to me. Oceans should stay where they belong, and the Pacific has no business to twist itself to the east of Panama."

Sir George Trevelyan's Work.
Longmans, Green Company announce for autumn publication a second and final volume of Sir George O. Trevelyan's "George the Third and Charles Fox," which brings to a close the series of six volumes of which the first four are entitled "The History of the American Revolution." "They have been my main occupation ever since I left the House of Commons in the spring of 1897," the author says in his preface. "It is for me a labor of love, and I hope that the book, but it is a source of profound satisfaction that I have been enabled to conduct my narrative of the American Revolution, and of English parliamentary politics contemporary and connected with that great event, up to that exact moment in the history of the two countries which I have had in view as my goal ever since I first approached the subject."

An Early Afrikaner.
The recent discovery in South Africa of the diary of Adam Tas has revealed a manuscript of great historical value. Adam Tas was born in Amsterdam in 1681, and emigrated to the Cape in his thirtieth year. It will be remembered that great discontents arose in South Africa over the administration of Governor Willam Adriaan van der Stel, and Tas was largely identified with the opposition to his rule. This diary, covering the years 1705-06, deals frankly with the points of controversy, and has also a little interest and value as a picture of country life in South Africa at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The work has been translated into English and will soon be published.

About Naval Salutes.
The proper count for naval salutes a subject which has lately proved of international interest, is often, says Admiral A. T. Mahan, in his autobiography, "From Sail to Steam," a serious matter. "Gun for gun" is diplomatically as important as an eye for an eye. He tells an anecdote how once, when he was a young officer about to fire a national salute to a port, his captain provided himself with a number of beams which he put in his pocket, shifting a beam to the other pocket with each gun in order to keep count. "When I finished he called to me: 'You have only fired twenty guns.' 'No, sir,' I replied, 'twenty-one.' 'No,' he repeated, 'twenty'

ROBERT FULTON
from the
ORIGINAL
by PEALE

VIEWS AND REVIEWS
OF CURRENT FICTION

Oliver Onions's Searching Study of Our Pseudo-Intellectuals—Humor and Wisdom in a Delightful Tale of Texas Life—Stage Life.

LEADERSHIP.
GRAY YOUTH. The Story of a Very Modern Courtship and a Very Modern Marriage. By Oliver Onions. 12mo, pp. 324. The George H. Doran Company.

Much has happened since Judge Grant drew in "Unleavened Bread" a certain type of American woman of the closing years of the last century, whose truth was immediately so widely recognized that the book deservedly became one of the best sellers of its year of publication. Now comes one of the promising young Englishmen of the day with a portrait of this same type of woman as she has evolved during the period that has elapsed since the American author wrote. Mr. Onions presents to us a type that is not merely English, but international—the young woman who has read snatches of Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough," bits of Spencer, odds and ends of Galton, oddments of sociology—a jumble of everything without system or order, and who, on the strength of her confusion of hazy information, believes herself entitled to "leadership." She talks herself into a self-importance, from which she emerges with undiminished confidence in herself with the sounding statement, "It is a law." The sort of girl who, from the profundity of her inexperience, asserts that sex is a mere accident, and that "we can discuss anything in the proper spirit," but whose discussions gravitate inevitably and invariably to this very accidental sex. She is the feminist several times removed from an understanding of the movement's real significance. This is Mr. Onions's heroine, and she is drawn with an infinitude of little touches, with closest observation. The type is perfectly presented.

Of course, there is a young man to match her. There is always a young man to match her, and set about carrying their theories into practice. They dabble in maques and Maypoles and Morris dances on his estate; they start a weekly paper for the defence of the rights of the negroes of India; though married, they advocate free unions. They flounder right and left, they are floored, and to real leadership or influence neither makes, of course, the slightest approach. One of the results of her humbug is the extra of her future career. One of the results of her humbug is the extra of her future career. One of the results of her humbug is the extra of her future career.

This is a very long story; in fact, it consists of two novels published in succession in England, but here brought together in one book. The tale, with its contrast of a very sensible, together too complicated to be outlined here. Suffice it to say that this is a remarkable performance, with, as a condition of its being so, a very large amount of determination on the part of the reader to go on to the end. He will find his reward, but, truth to tell, he will find his reward, but, truth to tell, he will find his reward.

AT FORTY-FIVE.
A LADY AND HER HUSBAND. By Mrs. Heyman. 12mo, pp. 379. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mrs. Heyman is forty-five. Her children have grown up; the youngest of them is about to be married. What shall she do with what remains of her life, with some of her best years now? Here is a conflict that is made worth the reader's while because the author does full justice to the attitude of both sides, although her sympathy is, of course, with the woman. Moreover, the story remains a story; it never develops into a tract, therefore it is readable.

A MUTINY FARCE.
OH, MR. BIGGODD! A Nautical Comedy. By Peter Blandell. 12mo, pp. 248. The John Lane Company.

Mr. Blandell has had a good idea, and on the whole, he has carried it through successfully. There is perhaps a little too much of the farce, and the fun of it is no doubt occasionally a little heavy, for American consumption at least, but, on the whole, one is well entertained. Mr. Blandell is the first engineer of a tramp steamer in Indian waters. There are the British colonel and his wife, and the master of the boat are forbidden by law to carry passengers, and when it comes to contraband of war, capture threatens to be added to possible fines. Mr. Biggodd and the master of the boat are ignorant of the conspiracy of the first mate and the second engineer to carry gunpowder labelled salt pork, and passengers whose purpose is to blow up the ship. There are the British colonel and his wife, and the master of the boat are forbidden by law to carry passengers, and when it comes to contraband of war, capture threatens to be added to possible fines. Mr. Biggodd and the master of the boat are ignorant of the conspiracy of the first mate and the second engineer to carry gunpowder labelled salt pork, and passengers whose purpose is to blow up the ship.

BEHIND THE SCENES.
WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW. By Leonard Merrick. 12mo, pp. 208. The George H. Doran Company.

We made Mr. Merrick's acquaintance in a rapid succession of American issues of his earlier books. If we failed to find in their pages the transcendent virtues ascribed to them by his English fellow authors, Sir James Matthew Barrie most enthusiastically among them, he proved at least to be a man of the world, an entertaining, clever story teller, whose worldly wisdom, if not profound or searching, can claim at least a wide acquaintance with the surface of life. Here he is again, and he is welcome once more, for "When Love Flies Out of the Window" is a sympathetic tale of English life that links the author and his desk to the stage and its footlights. Mr. Merrick does not bore us overmuch with the "artistic temper" of the author, who is a young girl, in the chorus because she must earn her living, and has a voice, and a young chap whose first novel has brought him considerable critical encouragement and an advance payment on royalties which he subsequently marries do not cover. These two marry; the girl's progress in her profession is rapid; his is long delayed. Hence unhappiness, for it irks a man to be financially dependent upon his wife. None knows better than Mr. Merrick the life of the artist's life, better than this author, or knows how to present it more vividly. A wholesome, attractive bit of realism touched with romance.

A DUSKY VILLAIN.
THE PALACE OF DARKENED WINDOWS. By Mary Hastings Bradley. 12mo, pp. 328. D. Appleton & Co.

The fascination of Oriental aristocrats for Western women has become a commonplace of fiction, and more than once a tragedy of real life. Mrs. Bradley tells us a story of an Egyptian prince, educated in England, whose Occidental polish and Oriental grace win for him

THE FASCINATION OF ORIENTAL ARISTOCRATS FOR WESTERN WOMEN HAS BECOME A COMMONPLACE OF FICTION, AND MORE THAN ONCE A TRAGEDY OF REAL LIFE. MRS. BRADLEY TELLS US A STORY OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCE, EDUCATED IN ENGLAND, WHOSE OCCIDENTAL POLISH AND ORIENTAL GRACE WIN FOR HIM

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