NEW BOOKS.

Napoleon Loved Her.

The story tellers have their earnest and important contentions in Poland as well as in other parts of the world. In "Napoleon's Love Story: a Historical Romance," by Wacław Gasiorowski, translated by the Count de Soissons (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the translator tells us in an introduction that "when the young school of Polish *literati*, led by Przybyszewski, attacked the writers of the school at the head of which stands Henryk Sienkiewicz, accusing them, among other things, of sterility, the author of 'Quo Vadis' refuted their accusations, and pointed to Wacław Gasiorowski as the worthy champion of that art of novel writing which secured a worldwide renown to Sienkiewicz." It is pleasant to think that in this conflict of imaginative minds though it must be that plenty of hard words were employed, no bones were broken. We are not told that the soul of anybody on either side was snuffed out by any article that was written; and certainly the author of this considerable work survived and preserved himself in good feather and showed himself guiltless of anything like sterility either of fancy or of words. He is plainly in excellent health and condition of productivity, and as he is only 30 we may look to him for an abundance of that fascinating form of fiction, "the historic romance, originated by Sir Walter Scott" and still immensely popular and very copiously supplied.

The love story of Napoleon, as it is related here, opens in the city of Warsaw on the last day of the year 1806. The emperor was expected after his victory on the banks of the Narew. The heroine of the story, Pani Walewska, entered town through the Wolska Gate in an old-fashioned carriage drawn by six fat bay horses. She was 18 and wonderfully beautiful. By her side sat Pan Walewski, her husband. He was 78 and beautiful no longer. There was to be a ball that night. We read how the aged Walewski was prepared for it. His French valet, the competent Baptiste, "began by administering refreshing salts to him and rubbing his stiff limbs," for the chamberlain (as his title was) was determined not to carry a cane to the ball." Full two hours had passed when the chamberlain, perfumed, powdered and painted, looked into a mirror and was obliged to say to himself that he looked wonderfully young. His waist, straightened by a corset, made him look much younger; a gray evening dress was becoming to him and the blue ribbon of the order was in beautiful contrast with his gold waistcoat, while the lace of his shirt covered discreetly the diamond buttons." He went to his wife's apartment, where "he put his arm round her waist and wanted to kiss her with his toothless mouth." She "shivered with aversion and leaned backward; her husband tottered and kept his equilibrium with an effort."

At the ball a good deal of rather crude and rude fun was made at the heroine's expense. Somebody brought up Walewski's grandson and introduced him to his grandmother. Polish society was not very subtle in its amusements and ways of humor in those days, according to this story.

Our heroine was the most scrupulous and modest of women, but she felt the glamor of Napoleon and she considered it no wrong to render him a rather extraordinary homage. When he came to Warsaw she went out to meet him, knelt on the step of his coach and said: "Sire, you are great! You are our savior!" He looked into her dark sapphire eyes, full of tears, and did not forget her. He was not thankless and rude, as Charles XII. of Sweden was when the beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck plumped down on her knees in the muddy road in a futile effort to intercept him. We believe that Charles simply said "Hussy!" to the lady as he spurred his horse past her. In the case of our heroine a captain and his guard followed her discretly into town and ascertained where she lived. Talleyrand called on her husband with compliments which caused that susceptible octogenarian to forget his gout. Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Court, called, following a bouquet of lilies of the valley for Pani Walenska from the Emperor. Among the flowers was a note which read: "Pour la belle Marie! On s'est fait répeter votre nom jusqu' à l'apprendre par cœur." Our heroine sent back the flowers, but Napoleon was not a man easily to be thwarted.

It is not, however, until the eleventh chapter and the 251st page, that we come to the second meeting of these two. In the interests of high politics, for the sake of Poland, Pani Walewski sought the Emperor in his study. It was close upon the midnight hour. Young Ornano, one of the many who vainly loved her, gave her warning. "Do you wish," he cried, "to meet the fate of Lacoite de Vandeg, or Charlotte Garrans?" In entire innocence she persisted. She was presently closeted with the Emperor. The account of the interview reminds us of what we have read, we think in the Rémusat memoirs of that great man's abstraction, brusqueness and rudeness in the presence of and toward ladies of whom he was fond. He read a lot of papers, never looking at her. He told her to sit down, when she had got tired of waiting and was going away. He commanded her to blow out the candles. He made tremendously urgent love to her, but we know that he did not always conquer, Napoleon, though he was and the introduction says explicitly of Pani Walewski, that she was "the embodiment of all the noble qualities of woman in general and of Polish ladies in particular." A very readable story.

With Mrs. Allen Around the World.

The wife of Josiah Allen maintains, without any inpairment that we have been able to discover, her habit of fluent and sprightly narrative, and we do not doubt that Marietta Holley's chronicle, "Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife" (G. W. Dillingham Company), will be welcomed by plenty of readers who are not disposed to greet their entertainers in a spirit overquerulous and too exacting. We find here, to begin with, that Thomas Jefferson has been down with "inflamatory rumatiz," and that his wife Maggie at the same time has been a sufferer from "nervious prostration." Passing from this, with a feeling of sympathy for both, we find that Mrs. Allen came from Jonesville to New York, and from this city proceeded westward around the globe. She saw and has described much, and the book is not deficient in comment and reflections and passages of family history. We learn that in China she met the Empress and said to her: "Empress Si Ann, I set out from Jonesville with an important message for you, and I've bore it over the ocean on a tower and now I lay it at your feet." We shall not tell what the message was, feeling that so considerable a revelation of an author's copyrighted confidence would not be quite right.

In the Roman Forum Mrs. Allen tells us that she met a church dignitary clad in red, driving in an open carriage, and that approaching him she said: "Good mornin', Mr. Pope; I am glad to see you lookin' so well." She also records that a young woman of her party, a canvasser for an important American publication, drew a copy from her satchel and said: "Mr. Pope, I have a book were I would like to call your attention to, 'The Twin Crimes of America: Intemperance and Greed,'" The attack was successful, the narrative declares; the victim bought the book. But we repeat that we must be cautious about the extent of our revelations. We also reiterate our belief that Mrs. Allen will be welcomed by readers not too exacting.

Some Poetry and Much Verse.

The Rev. Charles R. Dinkins, who not long ago was a negro "boy preacher," turns to verse in the leisure of maturer years. "Lyrics of Love, Sacred and Secular" (The State Company, Columbia, S. C.) makes quite a portly volume. The author has the rhythmical sentiment of his race, and for occasional slips in grammar in the religious poems, the greater part of the collection can plead the example and license of earlier hymnographers. In the secular poems he inclines at times to humor. We quote the first lines of an apostrophe to New Orleans:

New Orleans! O New Orleans!
I cannot love you, dear;
You have too many "skeeters"
To hollow in my ear.

I like your business manners,
Your "gumbo" is all right;
But your a la mosquitoes
Will make a fellow fight.

For some undisclosed cause, Mr. Dinkins's opinion of the fair sex is not wholly favorable. From a long diatribe on the theme that woman is crooked we excerpt these lines:

Meek as Moses, mean as Judas,
Kiss with lip and curse with eye,
Frank as Paul, and sly as Brutus,
Speaks the truth, and acts—O my!

A volume of poems in negro dialect, illustrated with photographs from life of negroes, by Anne Virginia Culbertson, is called "Banjo Talks" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis). Verse and sentiments seem to be fully up to the standards of this form of poetry; the dialect is perhaps a trifle complicated. As, for instance:

Yas, "Skeesicks," dat's my puppy's name,
De sma'tes' li'l dog, suh.
Heap better dan dem gre't big ones,
He ain' no bump-on-log, suh!
I 'oon swap Skeesicks fer no dog,
No p'inter, houn' ner setter.
'Kase w'y? He's *mine*, I knows his p'ints,
In co'se I *knows* he's better.

Poetical anthologies on special subjects are not usually very entertaining. It is surprising, therefore, to find how much good and stirring poetry has been written in English about the horse from "Saddle and Song" (J. B. Lippincott Company). The great horses of romance and history will be found here, and the famous rides, Mazeppa and Young Lochinvar, Bret Harte's Chiquita, Bavieca of the Cid, the ride from Ghent to Aix, and so on down to Adam Gordon Lindsay's horserace. There are pleasing illustrations.

Sense of rhythm marks the verse of Mr. Charles J. Bayne in "Perdita and Other Poems" (Cole Book Company, Atlanta, Ga.), but we have been more impressed by the dexterity with which at times he forces the rhyme to his purpose. Thus:

In the twilight room I left her with her lily,
But the vexing vision sought me in my dream.
God! which is it, when the night is wan and stilly—
Things are, or only seem?

And perhaps more strikingly:

I sighed for a desolate island
Where none might intrude on my dreams—
Where hours all alone I might while and
Alone pace the banks of its streams.

A little volume of graceful verse, sentimental, humorous, patriotic, and even some negro dialect, will be found in Mr. William Page Carter's "Echoes From the Glen" (The Grafton Press, New York). There is the true poetic ring in poems like "Pelham of Alabama" and "Grady of Georgia." An occasional Southern expression spoils nothing. For instance:

Oh, Georgia girl, with the storm-black eye,
Don't you mind, long ago, when the troops marched by
Down the quaint old town of Maryland,
The sorry little lad in Stonewall's band?

The preface of Mr. Almont Barnes's "Elysian Fields and Other Stuff" (Hamilton Adams, Washington), disarms criticism. The verse is very respectable, indeed; perhaps a trifle reminiscent here and there of other models. The faults and merits of Mr. Barnes's verse may, perhaps, be indicated in a single stanza:

Delicious coolness of the air!
Primeval solitude!
I here drink tipple springs prepare,
Streams smuggle through the wood.
I lie against the willing knees
Of this old friendly tree,
And dream to wordless lullabies
The breezes croon to me.

A famous poem, Theodore O'Hara's "The Bivouac of the Dead," is printed by Mr. George W. Ranck (The Grafton Press) with a memoir and portrait of the poet, an appreciation of the poem, and another of O'Hara's poems, "The Old Pioneer."

There was genuine poetic talent in Mrs. Anna Macmanus, who wrote under the name of Ethna Carbery, wholly apart from the patriotic feeling that inspired most of the verse. Her poems, "The Four Winds of Eirinn," are published in a slender little volume by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, with an introduction and notes by her husband, Seumas Macmanus.

Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's poems, "The Children of the Night" (Charles Scribner's Sons), had the unusual distinction of eliciting a literary criticism from the President of the United States. Some are fairly good, some are clever, some are pretty commonplace. There seems little to distinguish them from the verses of many other talented youths, just out of college, who might have a better chance if they had read less poetry before graduating.

A number of pieces of verse by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, mostly occasional and including many "impromptus," are collected in a small volume called "In the Heights" (The Century Company).

The Business Novel Again.

The business novel is acknowledged to be the characteristic type of present day fiction in America. Soldiers of Fortune have been routed by Captains of Industry in the ranks of heroes, chivalric daring is devoted to deeds of valor in the counting room. Tournaments are held in the law courts where honesty tilts with corruption for the prize of favor and wins in the books. Such a Dream of Fake Men and Fair Women is Mrs. Fremont Olden's story of "The Giants" (D. Appleton and Co.), which presents in romantic form the tale of the oil monopoly just now somewhat familiar by exploitation in the press.

The Goliah of the tale of tyranny is the great leader of the oil industry. The fearless David, the youth whose father has been ruined and killed by the agents of the oil trust. The story, although dealing with the ventures of the business proposition, is not without romantic imagination of the most audacious and vivid type, for the young hero who came out of the West and worked his way through college while his mother keeps a boarding house to maintain the family exchequer in a state of solvency ultimately becomes District Attorney, after a lively political campaign, summons his father's old enemy, the oil magnate, before the court and succeeds in wresting from him in spite of "advice of counsel" incriminating testimony which brings about his downfall.

Three women figure in the romance—the faithful and energetic New England mother, the scarlet lady who clothes herself in rose colored transparencies and takes on De Remousi poses in shaded lights almost to the hero's undoing, and the "smart" girl reporter of the sensationally moral and highly colored metropolitan journal. To discover the actual character of which these figures are the types will be diverting and will deepen the interest of the long story for those who enjoy working out puzzles of that sort.

The book, while dealing largely with ponderous facts, has some lurid intervals while the scarlet lady and the immaculate hero forget all about business in the old way—as old as Eve—and a thrilling finale to an essentially practical story is arranged when the hero leaps upon the back of the runaway steed which bears the fair lady of his love and carries her away a helpless prisoner like the Sabine women of old, to set the wedding bells ringing for the first time in forty years in an ancient California mission—the bells that Charles IV., King of Spain, gave to the Franciscan fathers.

Sad Songs of Youth.

Blanche Shoemaker's little book of poems, published by Richard G. Badger, Boston, is entitled "The Song of Youth," and yet the note is sad in nearly all that is here. We quote:

We love no more; the fire of youth has died
Within our hearts; for long we strove to hide
The truth, until the truth untruth belied!

We love no more; and Life's significance
Has dwindled in the dawning of a glance;
Love can no longer our poor lives enhance.

We love no more! Vanished is youth's sweet sense
And age has lost its passionate recompense.
This is the end our destiny invents!

Most of the poems are concerned with love. Many of them record a more fortunate outcome than the event is here, and yet not one of them is jubilant in its sound or encouraging in its impression. They are somehow a little depressing, even when reporting happiness. Can love "enhance" our lives? We have looked a little doubtfully at that expression in the verses that we have quoted. Our opinion is that a song of youth ought to be full of unmistakable cheer. A rather serious and low pitched monotone should be avoided. This although we admit that love has a sad air in some of its tenderest and most worthy manifestations.

More Red Saunders Stories.

Though the hero through whom Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips first became known appears only in the background in "Mr. Scraggs" (The Grafton Press, New York), the conditions of life and the character of the adventures described in the stories are those that made "Red Saunders" popular. There is plenty of vigor, with a touch of coarseness it may be, plenty of animal spirits and fun, if it does become horseplay at times, and plenty of "go" in all seven stories.

They are all incidents in the career of the much married E. G. W. Scraggs, but apart from that are independent tales. In not endeavoring to weld them into a long romance, Mr. Phillips has shown wisdom. There is more art in spinning a good short yarn than in trying to fill out a volume.

A Tropical Tale Filled With Guesses.

"Loser's Luck," by Charles Tenny Jackson (Henry Holt & Co.) is a bewildering romance of the Princess of an imaginary kindgom in Central America, where toy revolutions succeed each other with such breathless rapidity that one never knows which side one is on or what it is all about anyway. There are comic opera frolics which finish in grand opera tragedies, vaudeville fantasies which crystalize into melodramatic and gory realities.

Señorita Dolores, about whom the whirling events of the story circle dizzily, is the last of a noble family which in the language of one of the settlers "has been raisin' hell and coffee on and off for a hundred years." Any one who wishes to get a line on the argument of the story cannot do better than to consider the further remarks of this philosopher of picturesque vocabulary, who explains: "Every time the rain stops somebody comes out o' the bresh with a bunch of chulos an' raises a row with the Gove'ment. Not that the Gove'ment gives a dang, but it makes business measely. The Gove'ment can't chase the revolution out o' the bresh; an' the revolution won't come unless it is chased or bought off, until it gets good an' ready, an' by that time everybody's gone broke. Then the chulos cut cane until the next revolution."

For the sake of adorning his tropical tale of these kaleidoscopic revolts with contrasting types the author has impressed into the service of the Señorita a good natured American with a love for good sport and a passion for risk, a professor of mining and metallurgy, a lieutenant of marines and a gang of San Francisco roughs banded together under the name of the "American Legion." The Señorita having taken possession of the American's yacht and stacked it with arms and ammunition, the merry dance begins.

As there is only one woman in the book, naturally all the men are in love with her.

The story is an impossible jumble of ideas about coffee raising and revolution, and as for "who is the king and who is the nine spot" and what are trumps—that is the game—to read the story and see if you can find out.

Reflections on Modern Problems.

"The New Idolatry" is a volume of papers, some old and some new, written by Washington Gladden in protest against the commercialization of American ideals. The problems which furnish topics for discussion are those arising from the rapid accumulation of wealth in this country and the manner in which its use and distribution affect the character of the people and the institutions of religion, education and government. The author's ideas, ethical and religious, are characterized by no novel revelations of moral significance, no distinctive felicity of expression. His statements are sincere and thoughtful, simple and earnest in style, and are elaborated under headings which reveal his position on the great moral questions of the day—"Tainted Money," "Shall Ill-Gotten Gains be Sought for Christian Purposes?" "The Ethics of Luxurious Expenditure," &c. The book is published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Other Books.

Records rather than a continuous history will be found in "The Jews of South Carolina from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by Barnett A. Elzas, M. D., LL. D., Rabbi of the Beth Elohim Synagogue at Charleston (J. B. Lippincott Company). The handsome volume is a witness to the author's industry. The reader, however, will regret his extreme conscientiousness, for "the author only claims to tell the story in as far as it is revealed in the records." This leads him to omit the story of prominent South Carolina Jews for the period before they came into the State and that after they left it, which in some instances is the more interesting part of the story.

There seems to be some capriciousness in the selection of the subjects of the biographies, due apparently to the direction the author's studies took. The avoidance of any broad view of the subject seems intentional, the author being desirous above all to set right matters of minute detail. He provides a pretty complete register of South Carolina Jews who have attracted notice in any way, and his investigations in the files of the early newspapers have been extremely painstaking.

What the qualifications of Mr. O. Eltzbacher are for describing the present conditions of Germany we do not know. In his volume with the comprehensive title "Modern Germany. Her Political and Economic Problems, Her Policy, Her Ambitions and the Causes of Her Success" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) he has evidently an axe to grind. He is by no means the first writer to flaunt the German peril before British eyes, but nowhere have we seen the advantages of German protection in contrast to British free trade proclaimed so ingenuously. The volume is practically a pamphlet in behalf of the Chamberlain policy; the sweeping statements must be taken with caution and the omissions must be guarded against. The author's arguments are backed by a profusion of selected statistics.

For some reason the faculty of law of Boston University has felt it necessary to come before the public with a confession of faith. In the essays combined under the title "Centralization and the Law," edited by Dean Melville M. Bigelow (Little, Brown & Co.), the undecided position taken by the courts with regard to labor questions, monopolies and railroad matters is demonstrated. From this it is argued, as we understand, that the classical period of equality in American life is past, that the present condition of society is one of inequality and that the goal of legal and of all education is "administration," whatever that may mean. We are told in consequence that: "The conception of law which the Faculty of the Boston University Law School stands for is that the law is the expression, more or less deflected by opposition, of the dominant force in society" and further "that the notion of abstract, eternal principles as a governing power, with their author the external sovereign, must go." A pretty radical creed for a faculty in an evangelical university to proclaim. Dr. Bigelow is well known as the rewriter of well nigh the whole of the *corpa juris*. His chief assistant in this book is Mr. Brooks Adams, a master of paradoxical methods of exposition.

Miscellaneous papers by the Rev. Dr. Frederic Rowland Martin have been gathered into "The Companionship of Books and Other Papers" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Some are essays on rather out of the way subjects and will be read with interest. Many others are short, ephemeral contributions to periodicals, obituary notices or jottings of travel. There are isolated thoughts besides. We imagine there can be little left in Dr. Martin's pigeonholes.

Those who admire Mr. Bliss Carman and his verse will probably find pleasure also in "The Poetry of Life" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston), a series of prose essays in which he talks about his art under various accepted rubics: "The Defense of Poetry," "The Purpose of Poetry," "How to Judge Poetry." There are also essays on the estimation in which the poet is or should be held, and criticisms of other poets.

In "Olympus and Fujiyama" (The Grannis Press, New York), Mr. Layton Crippen offers us a "study in transcendental history." He writes in the subtle, precious style of the Chicago aesthetic followers of the Chevalier Fuller. All is not well in this world, earthly affairs are transitory, but there is hope in the new order of things that will come from Japan.

Publishers' estimates of their publications usually must be taken with caution, but the declaration in "Whitaker's Almanack for 1906" (J. Whitaker & Sons, London), that "it is the best, the most complete the most useful," barely does the book justice. For thirty-eight years it has been the trusted aid of historical students, of writers, of every one who has to do with the thousand details of British life, and rarely has it failed. This year it has incurred the misfortune of all annual periodicals, in the changes that occurred in December too late for insertion. It is the same Whitaker compact, clear and accurate.

As good a book in its more limited scope is "Whitaker's Peerage for 1906" (J. Whitaker & Sons). The plan on which it is constructed introduces order into chaos. Every person of title can be found at once, while the short introductory essays on ties of nobility, decorations, the royal family and other matters put complicated matters clearly and tersely. It does away with the need for expensive "Peerages."

Books Received.

"Lord Randolph Churchill." 2 vols. Winston Spencer Churchill, M. P. (Macmillans.)

"The United States in the Twentieth Century." Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. (Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

"The Ideal Speaker for Young People." Matilda Blair. (McLoughlin Bros., New York.)

"The Nonpareil Reader and Speaker." (McLoughlin Bros.)

"The Awakening." C. Wickliffe Yulee. (The Neale Publishing Company, New York.)

"Essentials in Mediæval and Modern History." Samuel Bannister Harding. (American Book Company.)

"An Elementary Text Book of Theoretical Mechanics." George A. Merrill. (American Book Company.)

"Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin." Alexandre Dumas, edited by Theodore Henckels. (American Book Company.)

"A Primer of Essentials in Grammar and Rhetoric." Marietta Knight. (American Book Company.)

"Waste Not, Want Not Stories." Clifton Johnson. (American Book Company.)

"Thirty More Famous Stories Retold." James Baldwin. (American Book Company.)

"Fishing and Hunting." Sarah M. Mott and Maude Barrows Dutton. (American Book Company.)

"Robinson Crusoe for Children." James Baldwin. (American Book Company.)

"In Field and Pasture." Maude Barrows Dutton. (American Book Company.)

"Elements of German Grammar." Thomas H. Jappe. (American Book Company.)

"Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar." Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie. (American Book Company.)

"Flores de España." C. Fontaine. (American Book Company.)

"Twenty-first Annual Report of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, 1904." (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

"William T. Sherman." Edward Robins. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)

"Whittaker's Churchman's Almanac, 1906." (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

"A Church Calendar, 1906." (Thomas Whittaker.)

"Elementary Latin Writing." Clara B. Jordan. (American Book Company.)

"The Holy Christ Child." The Rev. Archibald Campbell Knowles. (Thomas Whittaker.)

"Blindly Instructed in God's Holy Word." The Right Rev. Charles Minnigerode Beckwith, D. D. (Thomas Whittaker.)

"The Bible for the Sick." Henry King Hannah. (Thomas Whittaker.)

"Songs of Mother and Child." Edited by Lida Brown McMurry and Agnes Cook Gale. (Silver, Burdett & Company.)

"The Castlecourt Diamond Case." Geraldine Bonner. (Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

"Experimental Electrochemistry." N. Monroe Hopkins, Ph. D. (D. Van Nostrand Company.)

"The Ranch on the Oxhide." Henry Inman. (Macmillans.)

"The Wheel of Life." Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Barbara Winslow, Rebel." Elizabeth Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, May 20, 1775, and Lives of Its Signers." George W. Graham, M. D. (The Neale Publishing Company.)

"Her American Daughter." Annie T. Colcock. (The Neale Publishing Company.)

"The Country House." Charles Edward Hooper. (Doubleday, Page & Company.)

Change in Metropolitan Concert.

There has been a change in the programme announced for the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday night, when Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" is to be sung for the first time this season. Edyth Walker and not Louise Homer will sing the contralto part in the quartet, which is to include Mme. Jornelli and Mm. Dippel and Plancon.

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