SOME NEW BOOKS.

Recollections of France From 1780 to 1830.

A volume of reminiscences which differs materially from almost every predecessor because it is written neither by a man of letters nor by a scientist, nor by a soldier, nor by a revolutionist, nor by a member of the noblesse, but by a representative of that financiering class which through its leading members, the farmers-general, played so important a part in the eighteenth century, is the book entitled *Recollections of the Baron de Frenilly* (Putnams). The title page, which runs "Recollections of the Baron de Frenilly, Peer of France (1768-1828)," conveys a wrong impression. The numerals do not indicate the length of the writer's life or the age of his peerage, for while he was born in 1768 he did not die until 1848, and far from being a peer of France under the *ancien régime* he was one of the seventy-six mushroom nobles, being created in 1827. Before the Revolution he had not the slightest pretension to belong to the nobility—the *noblesse de la robe*, and much less the *noblesse de l'épée*—though his mother was the niece of M. de Saint-Waast, administrator of crown-lands, a rich man of whom she was to be the heiress. Our author's father also held a lucrative administrative position, being receiver-general for the appanage of the Count of Artois—namely, Poitou and Angoumois.

Frenilly was born in Paris in November, 1768, in the Rue Saint Pierre, near the Place des Victoires and the Palais Royal. He explains that at that time with the exception of the higher nobility, which inhabited the Faubourg Saint Germain, and the magistrature, which was retrenching in the Marais quarter, that part of Paris society which was at the head of the money market had gathered together in the neighborhood of the Palais Royal and the Tuileries. He says truthfully enough that this part of society since the extravagance of Louis XIV. had ruined by his example the nobility, and since the Regent had thrown the public funds into the hands of the farmers of the revenue, and since large hereditary fortunes had melted at the same time with noble birth, had acquired a sort of State position. Philosophy completed the levelling process, and it was not easy to find in the State during the last ten years of the *ancien régime* many positions superior to those of a farmer-general or of a member of the Academy, though the old restrictions as to *petites entrées* and *grandes entrées* at Versailles remained, as well as those concerning commissions in the army and navy.

As it happened Frenilly during the Revolution and again during the Restoration was an irreconcilable reactionist, or as he sees fit to call himself an ingrained aristocrat, whereas a great noble like the Duke de la Rochefoucauld was ready on the opening of the States-General to renounce all his titles and privileges, while a quarter of a century later another great noble, the Duc de Richelieu, prevailed upon Louis XVIII. to keep faith with the French people by adhering scrupulously to the so-called "charter." He was, in a word, more *royaliste* than the *Roi*. He insisted upon going to Ghent during the Hundred Days, but he did not commend himself thereby to his sovereign. Louis XVIII. was well aware of his views. He ironically called him M. de Frénésie and spoke not a single word to him when on July 1, 1819, he signed the marriage contract of Claire de Frenilly and Camille de Pimodan. Frenilly made no secret of his dislike to Louis XVIII. On seeing this stout, sickly and fatigued man enter Paris in 1814—lolling in his calèche and insensible to the people's joy—he experienced a painful impression, which soon turned to astonishment and sorrow. "What," he exclaims, "Louis XVIII. neither makes nor unmakes anything. He neither resuscitates the provinces and the parliaments nor reestablishes the masterships and the corporations. Four companies of musketeers is all that he accepts of the old régime. What, after the Hundred Days he employs Talleyrand and Fouché! He entrusts the Ministry to the Duc de Richelieu, who has neither hatred nor love for the royal family; to Decazes, who becomes at one and the same time the child, friend and master of his King."

In the last part of his memoirs, which virtually stop in 1827, Frenilly never ceases to deplore the liberalism of Louis XVIII. and to declare in a tone of sorrow and anger that the King was assisting the Jacobins to destroy the monarchy. In a word, Frenilly writes throughout like a violent partisan. For that very reason his book affords an interesting variation. While still a youth he regards Voltaire, whom he had been taken to see, as a "deadly" man who merited only scorn and aversion. He execrates Lafayette, whom the Comte de Choiseul called "Gilles César," "gilles," of course, meaning "clown." Frenilly calls him "the most infatuated and pedantic and giddy headed person who brought from America the principles of Penn and Franklin, the silly hero whom France to her shame twice raised toward the throne." He condemns La Bédoyère as a criminal; Fabvier as a rogue, Manuel as a little monster and Casimir-Périer as a lunatic. He considers Fiévée to be an insolent fop, whose opinion was to be found in any one's purse. He styles Gen. Foy, who under the Restoration was thought greatly to honor the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies by his character and eloquence, a solemn clown and a scoundrel, with the face of an assistant barber. He has only a feeling of disgust for Benjamin Constant, whose physiognomy, like his soul and his speeches, seemed to him to be "saturated with cruelty, impudence, hatred and envy." As for the Orleans family, they inspired him with a feeling of horror. "Why," he asked, "were they allowed to sojourn in France after the Restoration? Why were they not left in their viper's nest at Twickenham?" He insinuates that Louis Philippe did the same work as Philippe Egalité paid the murderer of the Duc de Berri.

It is a singular fact that devoted as he was to the *ancien régime* he believed in the durability of the empire. The work of the King of Rome appeared to him to consolidate the new dynasty. When anxiously counting the cannon shots on March 20, 1811, the twenty-second shot almost knocked him down, for it proved that a son had been born to Napoleon. That cannon shot, he feared, had killed the Bourbon race. In spite of all the glories which the empire conferred on Frenchmen and in spite of the prosperity which France at times enjoyed during the imperial epoch Frenilly never had a waking hour during which he did not desire the overthrow of Napoleon and would not gladly have seen it accomplished by the invasion of French soil. It was, he believed, the duty of every one who loved France to wish that, cost what it might, she should shake off the yoke of the Corsican, this "foreign upstart," and be handed back to her legitimate sovereigns, in whose honor he composed an epic poem in two cantos entitled "Fin de la Poème de la Révolution."

What he has to say about his being created a peer in 1827 (with seventy-five others) is worth reading, for it reveals an exact knowledge of the time. He knew right well that much as he loved the *ancien régime* it was gone, never to return, and all that could be done was to find the best substitute for it. "Rights, ranks, fortunes," he said; "things that people had so declined in France since the days of Charlemagne that in the nineteenth century I was admirably suited for the peerage."

He went on to say that however unimportant the peerage had become it was still of social and material value. "People were in the habit of saying that the heirship of a peerage was equivalent to a dowry of a million; and my son would soon be 24 years of age. I myself was 59 and had the gout, and as the possessor of property to the value of two millions, in addition to a name, I began to think that the time had come for dignified leisure rather than for the continuation of hard work." So after reflection he went to see Villèle, the head of the Cabinet, explained the situation and asked that if the King created any new peers he might be included among them. The reply was simple: "If he makes any you will be included." It was not particularly pleasant, however, for Frenilly to find his name inserted in a derisory list of seventy-six. He could bear anything, however, from Charles X., who was a King after his own heart, possessed, as he believed, of the soul and style of a Henry IV. Frenilly was loyal to him to the last. On the outbreak of the Revolution of 1830 he followed his King into exile, selling a country place to which he was much attached, and travelled in Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and finally settled first in Vienna and afterward in Grätz, in the neighborhood of the Duchesse de Berri and the royal family, which he continued to see until the end of his days. It was while in exile that he wrote his recollections, not continuously but intermittently, in order to kill time and because as he puts it he preferred to talk nonsense rather than to vegetate. Written in this way by fits and starts a long time after the event, his souvenirs contain a few errors and inexactitudes, but they are full of vivacity and interest. He died in Grätz on August 1, 1848.

M. W. H.

Henry James Complete.

The admirable "New York" edition of the *Novels and Tales of Henry James*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, progresses rapidly and will soon be completed. It presents in dignified and attractive shape thoroughly fit for preservation the work of an author who has made his mark in the literature of the nineteenth century, English as well as American, whatever may be thought of his idiosyncrasies. The writing of Henry James has left its imprint on his generation, and in these volumes of tales his merits stand out more clearly, perhaps, than in the longer novels. Whatever his own judgment may be it seems likely at present that Mr. James's place in literature will be maintained chiefly by his shorter stories. Of the volumes now before us XV. contains "The Lesson of the Master," "The Death of the Lion," "The Next Time," "The Figure in the Carpet" and "The Coxon Fund," while Volume XVI. includes "The Author of Beltraffio," "The Middle Years," "Greville Fane," "Broken Wings," "The Tree of Knowledge," "The Abasement of the Northmores," "The Great Good Place," "Four Meetings," "Paste," "Europe" and "Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie." With two exceptions these stories were written between 1891 and 1900, the period assuredly of the maturity of Mr. James's talent, and all appeal vividly to his admirers.

A strong charm of this collected edition has been the confessions or explanations which Mr. James has made in the introductions to each volume. In these he has talked about himself in a delightfully unconventional manner and has chosen to use the language that suited himself, regardless of the limitations of his readers. He has explained the exact shade of meaning with an intricacy of construction and a preciosity of language that indicate an almost boyish exuberance of spirits and a mischievous delight in the perplexity he is creating for the ordinary man. The contrast is marked between the intricacies of his style in the prefaces and the delicate workmanship in English and in psychology of the stories they introduce.

What Mr. James is capable of in his introspective mood may be judged by his remarks on the invitation to contribute a story to "The Yellow Book" regardless of the limitations of space. "It was disclosed to me, wonderfully, that—so golden the air surrounding the enterprise—any projected contribution might conform, not only unchallenged but by this circumstance itself the more esteemed, to its true intelligible nature. For any idea I might wish to express I might have space, in other words, elegantly to express it—an offered license that, on the spot, opened up the millennium to the 'short story.' One had so often known this product to struggle, in one's hands, under the rude prescription of brevity at any cost, with the opposition so offered to its really becoming a story, that my friend's emphasized indifference to the arbitrary limit of length struck me, I remember, as the fruit of the finest artistic intelligence. We had been at one—that we already knew—on the truth that the forms of wrought things, in this order, *were*, all exquisitely and effectively, the things; so that, for the delight of mankind, form might compete with form and might correspond to fitness; might, that is, in the given case, have an inevitability, a marked felicity. Among forms, moreover, we had had, on the dimensional ground—for length and breadth—our ideal, the beautiful and blest *nouvelle*; the generous, the enlightened hour for which appeared thus at last to shine." The tale which was told thus wholly according to the author's ideas was "The Death of the Lion," the purport and the English of which are intelligible incomparably beyond Mr. James's comment.

In telling of the "Yellow Book" episode Mr. James deviates from the plan of his other introductions, which deal exclusively with himself, his ideas and his books, and speaks of two of the men who were concerned in the production of that periodical. Of Henry Harland he has this to say: "The project, modestly and a little vaguely but all communicatively set forth, amused me, charmed me, on the spot—or at least the touchingly convinced and inflamed projector did. It was the happy fortune of the late Henry Harland to charge everything he touched, whether in life or literature, with that influence—an effect by which he was always himself the first to profit. If he came to me, about *The Yellow Book*, amused, he pursued the enterprise under the same hilarious star; its difficulties no less than its felicities excited, in the event, his mirth; and he was never more amused (nor, I may certainly add, more amusing) than when, after no very prolonged career it encountered suddenly and all distressfully its term."

Here is Mr. James's impression of Aubrey Beardsley: "This young man, slender, pale, delicate, unmistakeably intelligent, somehow invested the whole proposition with a detached, a slightly ironic and melancholy grace. I had met him before, on a single occasion, and had seen an example or two of his so curious and so disconcerting talent—my appreciation of which seems to me, however, as I look back, to have stopped quite short. The young *recueil* was to have pictures, yes, and they were to be as often as possible from Beardsley's hand; but they were to wear this unprecedented distinction, and were to scatter it all about them, that they should have nothing to do with the text—which put the whole matter on an ideal basis." "They were, as illustrations, related surely to nothing else in the same pages—save once or twice, as I imperfectly recall, to some literary effort of Beardsley's own that matched them in perversity; and I might well be at peace as to any disposition on the part of the strange young artist ever to emulate *my* comparatively so incurious text."

Mr. James's prefaces, it will be seen, unlike the generality of prefaces, are well worth reading. They do not compare in interest, however, with the tales included in the two volumes, which comprise some of his best and most artistic work.

The Generations of Shakespearians.

In clear and vigorous style a very well chosen collection of literary opinions about the poet's works from the beginning to the present time is presented in the *Shakespeare and His Critics* of Prof. CHARLES F. JOHNSON (Houghton Mifflin Company). It should please a wide circle of readers, for there is of course something more than a technical critical interest in such an exhibition of successive appreciations of a masterpiece well known to ourselves. The masterpiece serves as a touchstone and common measure for a comparison of tastes between us and our ancestors, and since comparing tastes is one of the best means of getting acquainted, we have an opportunity of satisfying our backward curiosity not merely on the literary but on the human side.

After glancing rather too summarily perhaps over the contemporary and pre-Restoration tributes in one short chapter Prof. Johnson gives us Dryden, Rymer, Dennis and Gildon in the next; then the editors and textual critics—Pope, Theobald, Johnson, &c.—of the eighteenth century in two chapters; then comes a chapter on "the late eighteenth century essayists," which contains extracts well worth inserting from the "Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaffe" by Maurice Morgann, which was published in 1777, and is not so generally known as it ought to be. This brings us nearly half way through the book; the other half is given up to the nineteenth century. With the exception of a chapter on "Foreign Criticism of Skakespeare," which is not very adequate, the book is confined to English and American critics.

Prof. Johnson quotes with discrimination, but he is not only a compiler or historian; he plays the part of critic himself, and his book is a criticism of criticism. To each quotation he appends a judgment of his own, and in our opinion he does not deal impartially either with individual critics or with periods. He somewhere defines a "great critic" as "one who loves and is impelled to call the attention of others to what he loves." This describes very well his own attitude toward Shakespeare. In reading the book, unless attention is paid only to the quotations, one must bear in mind—as a matter of fact there is little risk of forgetting it—that Prof. Johnson admires Shakespeare so as hardly to stop "on this side idolatry." The most ardent tributes will not satisfy him if they are accompanied by the slightest reserve. In his "Conclusion" he disclaims being a "blind worshipper," but it is too late. Besides, up to the very last we find him trying surreptitiously to wipe off from his idol even the few spots which he apparently is willing to recognize there.

Prof. A. C. Bradley, a very loyal worshipper, has in our author's opinion produced "the most notable piece of criticism since the day of Coleridge, Lamb and Hazlitt." His respect for Prof. Bradley causes him to reproduce with a magnanimous air the few gentle censures of this devotee. "Shakespeare's faults, well analyzed and summed up by Prof. Bradley, are frankly admitted. Prof. Bradley regards as inartistic construction the introduction into tragedy of matter which does not forward the development of the action or accentuate the presentation of the characters, as for example the long speech of the player in 'Hamlet' and the hero's discourse on the art of acting." This is not very harsh, but it proves after all to be too much for our author to admit; he hastens to ward off the attack in this way: "It must be remembered that an effective stage presentation compels concentrated attention, which must be relieved after a few moments," and so on. He recovers himself and goes on: "Prof. Bradley thinks, too, that the impossibility of constructing a consistent time scheme in some of the plays, and the occasional use of diction which if not 'bombastic' [that insinuation our author indignantly repels more than once] is nevertheless more rhetorical than dramatic, are the faults of a great but negligent artist, i. e., of one who did not finish all his work with the conscientious care of a Tennyson or Milton. The soliloquies too are in some cases too evidently addressed to the audience, thus putting the player in an inartistic relation to them and taking them out of the character for a moment." Even this cannot be allowed to stand without some sort of excuse: "The force of these points is mitigated by the reflection that Shakespeare may have been pressed to finish a play when not in the mood." When dealing with any commentator the least shade less loyal than Prof. Bradley, he is by no means so conciliatory. This through thick and thin devotion gives life to his treatise, but it spoils it, we think, as a critical study of the development of opinion. It makes him unfair, as we have said, both to periods and to individuals.

Let us glance for instance at his account of Dr. Samuel Johnson's estimate of Shakespeare. "Dr. Johnson," he says, "was not a poet, and it is only through the poet in us that we can appreciate Shakespeare." Dr. Johnson, however, wrote "The Vanity of Human Wishes," which both Scott and Byron rated very high as a poem. Moreover, he paid some glowing tributes to Shakespeare, though he also made some reserves. "He hated romanticism," continues our author—and we cannot help recalling "Rasselas," which seems a fairly romantic production, "or any tendency to give an air of mystery or a tone of enthusiasm or passion to a literary representation of life. Under these circumstances it may be wondered that he could see anything good in Shakespeare at all, and it may be his recognition is a very high tribute to the universality of the poet. [Our author really speaks as if Dr. Johnson were a Hottentot.] But Shakespeare by this time had become an English institution. Dr. Johnson had repeatedly seen Garrick in his great tragedies. He had not the slightest idea of their significance [strange surely in a daily intimate of Garrick!] but they were English and respectable. He could even tolerate the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' for the fairies, though 'wild and fantastical,' were also an established English institution. He says, in one of the oddest sentences ever penned: 'Wild and fantastical as the play is, all the parts of it in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in Shakespeare's time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar and Spenser's poem had made them great.' 'Fairies were much in fashion' is an extraordinary statement; in fact, the entire passage is utterly incomprehensible."

For ourselves we do not quite comprehend the modern Johnson here. Why call this extract "one of the oddest sentences ever penned"? The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is surely "wild and fantastical," and it seems a reasonable if not an enthusiastic estimate of the play that "all the parts of it in their various modes are well written and give the kind of pleasure which their author designed." As to "fairies being in fashion in Shakespeare's time"—so they were in the general mind compared with their vogue in the latter half of the eighteenth century; nor is there anything very far fetched in the surmise that passages of Spenser's poems had given the elvish world a certain literary dignity.

This way of treating a critic is rather common in Prof. Johnson's book when he is dealing with the pre-Coleridgean period, for it is only with Coleridge that in his view adequate criticism begins. His general thesis is that Shakespearian criticism has been gradually improving up to the present time, and he underrates the earlier stages, we think, in order to make the progress more evident. For instance, he describes the critics before the Restoration as in something like the attitude of Mr. G. B. Shaw—whom our author by the bye severely leaves out from his history, though he includes several contemporary professors scarcely so well known or influential: "They show no appreciation of the true greatness of the poet; they did not feel much more than the harmony of certain passages." He limits their appreciation to what may be conveyed by such terms as "mellifluous," "honey flowing," "silver tongued," "enchanted quill," "sugared dainties," &c. This, if true, would put them pretty close to Mr. G. B. Shaw, if we may venture to supply our author's omission by a quotation:

"Shakespeare is a commonplace librettist working on stolen plots, but a great musician. Paraphrase Goethe, Wagner or Ibsen in the style of a blue book and you will find original observation, subtle thought, wide comprehension, far reaching knowledge and serious psychological study. Paraphrase Shakespeare's best and maturest work in the same way and you will get nothing more than the platitudes of proverbial philosophy with an occasional curiosity in the shape of some modern idea not followed up. Not until the magic of the Shakespearian music is added by replacing the paraphrase with the original lines does the enchantment begin to assert itself. Then you are in another world at once. Plenty of quite second rate writers are abler thinkers and wits than Shakespeare, though they cannot weave his magic into their plots."

This is of course a ridiculous approximation, and we do not know why our author suspects of the pre-Restoration critics that "they did not feel more than the harmony of certain passages," when we have such tributes from them as:

> When thy socks were on,
> Leave thee alone for the comparison
> Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
> Sent forth or since did from their ashes come.
> * * * * * *
> Nature herself was proud of his designs
> And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines.

An underlying postulate of our author's is that "the study of the characters is the most important part of Shakespearian criticism," and we suspect that this explains a good deal of his attitude toward earlier students. They did not write essays about the characters, like Mrs. Jameson's; it was not the fashion, and anyway they might have thought the characters were best left to produce their own impression, as they usually do in life. But this does not show that they did not appreciate them, and express appreciation. What else does Ben Jonson mean with his

> Nature herself was pleased with his designs,
> And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines,

or Pope with his "The characters are so much nature herself that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her"? Our author several times makes assertions like this: "The charm of Shakespeare's women was not noticed by any one till the latter half of the eighteenth century. This is surprising and shows the great value of [modern] Shakespearian criticism." It would be surprising indeed if it were true, but leaving aside many expressions of opinion to the contrary, how is it to be supposed that the plays were so constantly popular on the stage if no one felt the attractiveness of these prominent characters? Our author seems too much inclined to mistake voluminous, detailed comment for real appreciation.

The ground theme of his work is this: "The history of Shakespearian criticism is an epitome of the general mind of Christendom since the seventeenth century. There is to be seen in both the same progress from conservatism and reverence for authority to reliance on reasoned principles based on an examination of the thing itself, regardless of codified laws." Shakespearian criticism, as seen at present, should rather, we think, be accused of a regress away from independence toward conservatism and reverence for authority, compared with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The authority which then, according to our author, reigned supreme was Aristotelianism and the doctrine of the "unities." We think he makes a great deal too much of this in his account. There was very little said about the "unities" in connection with Shakespeare before the Restoration, and most of his contemporaries, not he alone, disregarded them entirely. At the beginning of the next period Dryden expressly excepted Shakespeare from their authority; for instance: "It is not enough that Aristotle said so, for Aristotle drew his models of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides, and if he had seen ours might have changed his mind." Later on, Dr. Johnson made mincemeat of the "unities."

Apart from this point, there was a great deal more independence and individuality in the earlier critics than we commonly find now. Of course the despotism of the "unities" has disappeared, if it ever really existed in any large measure, but there has grown up another sort of authority much more oppressive. Coleridge and his colleagues are reverenced to-day as Aristotle never really was by our ancestors. Within the last hundred years a dense literature has been growing up about Shakespeare exceeding in fanaticism that about any other writer. The centre of an object cult, he has become if not a god a superstition, and conservatism nowadays treats the smallest doubt as sacrilege. This ecclesiastical attitude is well illustrated by the incense swinging of our author.

A Modern Rienzi.

Joseph Cowen, grandson of a Northumbrian blacksmith, served his generation with true nobility of character. His father, the blacksmith's son, made a fortune out of bricks, coal and iron, and sat in Parliament for many years. On his death Joseph took his place on the Westminster benches, succeeding at once to the fortune and the parliamentary seat. He remained in Parliament for more than twenty years; yet he never became a party man. He owed his unusual freedom in the first place perhaps to his own strength of character, but secondarily to his inherited wealth and his strong local interest. He was always "returned" by his native district, where he owned among other things the chief newspaper—the *Newcastle Chronicle*—to which he was a frequent contributor. During his sessions at Westminster he nightly despatched to the north a column from "our own correspondent," and was responsible for not a few "editorials" during vacations. Thus in one way an another he had ample opportunities of expressing himself in public, and so far as we know he invariably made a virtuous use of them. In *Joseph Cowen's Speeches* (Andrew Reid & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Longmans, Green & Co.), we have a selection from the public utterances of this British member of Parliament which with one exception fall between the years 1876 and 1885. The book is edited by his daughter, a fact which at once elicits our sympathy and excites our apprehension.

There was a moment in the '70s when Joseph Cowen was spoken of as the probable leader of the Liberal party. He had several claims to the position. His hold upon the democratic north was undoubtedly firm and far reaching; his personal vigor was extraordinary, and he displayed in marked abundance the important parliamentary quality of a facile and fiery eloquence. Had he chosen to be a "good" party man, there is little doubt but that, sooner or later, he might have attained to the Premiership. But, like Lord Rosebery at a later date, though perhaps from less sophisticated motives, Joseph Cowen preferred to plough "a lone furrow." He refused, rightly or wrongly, to "give up to party" what he held, wrongly or rightly, to be "meant for mankind."

The "independent" in British politics is in a sad case, of course and necessarily, so far as the political hierarchy goes, and where Lord Rosebery with even better chances has failed, Joseph Cowen failed. He never attained to any commanding place in the "machine," but he did something better perhaps than that; he offered the public the example of a disinterested and finely inspired public career. He acquired the nickname of the "Northern Tribune," and deserved it. Wherever, not only in England but in any part of the world within his ken or reach, there was unjust oppression, there Cowen hurried to the rescue. In his youth he headed the British support of Garibaldi; securing by embedding them in his bricks a safe conduct for messages of vital importance to the Italian strugglers for freedom. Among others of his familiar friends were Kossuth and Louis Blanc. Cowen's record at home and abroad is a continuous tale of succor to the oppressed and to striving causes which history has since pronounced just. During our war of secession he was as active and eloquent a supporter of the Union as existed in Great Britain.

When Bradlaugh's election was opposed Cowen championed him. He was the friend of Davitt, and when England, horror struck by the Phœnix Park murders, was eagerly voting the coercive bill for the "prevention of crime in Ireland," Cowen, daring greatly, moved an amendment that "this house disapproves of restrictions being imposed on the free expression of opinion in Ireland." Out of a house of 391 he got 47 votes. He was a constant and early parliamentary supporter of woman's suffrage and among the first Britons to perceive that the Turkish reformers—the forerunners of the present triumphant "Young Turks"—stood for something real and possible and were not merely, as was then commonly supposed, the *dramatis personæ* of a farce. He believed, as he said, at a time when it was a quite extraordinary belief, that "outside of the sumptuous palaces on the Bosporus there is a nation." It goes without saying that he was as wrathful as Gladstone about the "Bulgarian atrocities."

With all this Cowen was a British imperialist of the deepest dye. This may seem a contradiction but scarcely was such. One of his frequent themes was that British must come before party interests, and he invariably acted upon it, to the consternation of "whips." If we were to set him down as a Rienzi mixed with a Chamberlain we should not, perhaps, be very far from the truth. Cowen's cosmopolitanism wherever tyranny appeared did not weaken his patriotism. The last words he ever wrote were in a letter to the soldiers of his native Northumberland departing for the South African war. In it he said: "Our soldiers are going to support a just cause. The issue has been mystified by carping critics and jealous partisans, but it is very simple. We are fighting to prevent men of British blood from being treated as helots on British territory, by a solid oligarchy which British arms saved from extinction and British generosity endowed with autonomy. We want racial equality. The Boers want racial ascendency. That is the difference. The action of our Government has been characterized throughout [a Government, however, which Cowen supported only in this instance] by great ability, by tact, unvarying courtesy and unexampled patience. It wanted peace, but peace with freedom. The Boers, however, refused the conditions and unsheathed the sword."

We are quoting here from the volume before us. Other facts which we have mentioned are reflected in it, but on the whole it must be acknowledged that this volume is made up of dead matter. Nothing is so certainly "written upon water" as political speeches. The publication of this collection does credit to the piety of a daughter, and we are grateful to her for reminding us thereby of a public career so indubitably "touched to fine issues," but we cannot discover in it any valuable contribution to history. If we study for instance Cowen's speeches on "Imperial Federation" they are quite out of date. In his advocacy of it he says this sort of thing: "But it is contended that if the colonies left us their trade would not. All experience is against this hypothesis. When the United States declared their independence they had a population of 2,000,000 [sic]. The total value of our exports then was £16,000,000. Out of these sixteen millions the 2,000,000 American colonists purchased £6,000,000 worth. The population of the United States now is 50,000,000 and they take goods to the value of $26,000,000 annually. In other words they took when British colonists £3 a head of the population, and they now take ten shillings." This line of argument is of course hopelessly wrongheaded. Cowen had not time to come up with the Chamberlain scheme of commercial reciprocity in the empire. He was not a philosopher, nor was he in the literary or readable sense an orator of particular distinction. Therefore we have no special reason for commending this volume either to the student of politics or to the student of style. None the less we are grateful to it for recalling to our minds a true man.

A Doctor Among the Afghans.

The title of Dr. T. L. PENNELL's book, *Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier* (J. B. Lippincott Company), beckons to a recital of adventure and peril, but it is the chronicle of the observations of a medical missionary stationed in northwestern India near the frontier of Afghanistan, who as healer and preacher always had a fairer welcome than other aliens, whether soldiers or civilians. There is a complimentary introduction by Field Marshal Earl Roberts, and the preface states that the proceeds of the book are to be devoted to the Lord Roberts Hospital at Thal on the border.

It is such a book as a doctor evangelist might compose in the intervals of duties that left him very little leisure, more or less labored and disconnected but interesting from the nature of the subject and from experiences that tell their own story. The frontispiece is from a photograph of Dr. Pennell disguised, so he believed, as a mendicant pilgrim. He was sometimes recognized as anything but the character he attempted; and naturally enough, for no one would mistake him, beaming through his well polished spectacles and looking clean and fit, for a Christian sadhu, particularly as he bestrode a bicycle. Dr. Pennell confesses that a Mohammedan said to him and his companion, also mounted: "You call yourselves fakirs, ride bicycles, and beg your bread! Phew!" It was an innocent imposture, ventured for sociological reasons, and if an indifferent success one is glad that the doctor was in a friendly country and not risking his makeup among the surly Arabians of Hadramaut.

The author spent sixteen years near the Afghan frontier, which he has often crossed to proselyte and physic. He tells us that there are two words ever on an Afghan's tongue—*izzat* and *sharm*: "they denote the idea of honor viewed in its positive and negative aspects, but what that honor consists in even an Afghan would be puzzled to tell you." Sometimes he seeks vindication by foul and treacherous murder, and again he takes up a vendetta and kills from ambush. In all of which the Afghan is not essentially different from the mountaineer in a corner of Kentucky or Tennessee. Dr. Pennell never went armed, and for two reasons: an Afghan is so covetous of a magazine pistol or rifle that the possessor off his guard is in danger of losing the weapon with his life, and if you break bread with a native and cast yourself down to sleep in his house hospitality preserves you.

The Afghans are one of those numerous peoples descended from the lost tribes of Israel. Dr. Pennell says that at any rate they sacrifice goats and sprinkle doorposts. Moreover their cast of feature is strongly Jewish. As a medical man the author had his troubles among them. The native doctors sweat their patients and burn sores with lighted oil, but have no faith in the new fangled Western treatment. They also purge and oleed, and nothing else they understand. Slowly but surely converts were made at the Bannu dispensary, and they were grateful. As a missionary Dr. Pennell had to contend with the mullahs, who are insolently and stubbornly argumentative and awful browbeaters. The doctor often got the worst of it by verdict of the ragged crowd that hemmed in the theologians. However, he had his triumphs, as when he used to tell the story of how the sister of the heroic Conolly, the officer beheaded at Bukhara because he would not embrace the Moslem faith, revenged herself by founding a bed for the sick at the Bannu mission hospital. There the countrymen of Bahadur Khan are relieved of pain and nursed back to health.

Stories humorous and human lighten the gloom and gravity of Dr. Pennell's narrative. There is the story of the Hindu and Mohammedan who entered into partnership in a cow, the Mohammedan to have the first half of everything, whereupon the Hindu milked the cow for butter and cream, refused to divide and bade his partner feed and water the cow, as the "stipulated 'first half' included the animal's mouth and stomach and fell clearly to the lot of the Mohammedan." We quote the story of the British officer in the Kurram valley who interrogated an Afridi with regard to what was then considered an irrepressible conflict:

> "Now tell me," said the officer, "if there were to be war—which God forbid—between Russia and England what part would you and your people take? Whom would you side with?"
>
> "Do you wish me to tell you what would please you or to tell you the real truth?" was the naïve reply.
>
> "I adjure you to tell me what is the 'white word.'"
>
> "Then," said the old graybeard, "we would just sit up here on our mountain tops watching you both fight, until we saw one or the other utterly defeated. Then we would come down and loot the vanquished till the last mule! God is great! What a time that would be for us!"

With a mullah who regarded the Christian medicine man as a rival to put down Dr. Pennell had a comical encounter. Did the upstart know what became of the sun when it set every day? Pennell gave the circle the scientific explanation. "Rubbish!" exclaimed the mullah. "We all know that the fires of hell are under the earth and that the sun passes down every night and therefore comes up blazing hot in the morning." All the doctor's accounts of natural phenomena were ridiculed by the mullah, who, turning to his people with contempt in his tones, said: "It is evident that I shall have to teach him everything from the beginning."

The status and treatment of the Afghan women, the practices of ascetics and pious mendicants and the characteristics of the native warriors and ruffians on both sides of the frontier are described entertainingly. The author makes no pretence to deep insight or scholarly information. His method is sketchy and never analytical, but perhaps all the more pleasing for that. He is an advocate of the forward policy in India, and if he cannot claim many converts for the missionaries who are half doctor and half preacher he thinks that their work has a far reaching civilising influence. "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier" makes good reading, and the cause that prompted it is a worthy one.

Victor Hugo Complete.

The eight volumes from Little, Brown and Company complete the edition in twenty-two volumes of the "Handy Library" edition of the *Works of Victor Hugo*. Whereas in France VICTOR HUGO is looked upon as a great figure in politics, as a great poet and a dramatist, and these volumes contain the works on which that reputation is founded, abroad it is as a writer of romances that he is chiefly regarded, and it is as the author of "Les Misérables" and "Notre Dame de Paris" that he is judged.

Three of the volumes before us contain the eloquent invectives "The History of a Crime" and "Napoleon the Little" that helped to make him the Grand Old Man of the Third Republic. Three others comprise his "Dramatic Works," from "Hernani," with its preface and the riots that marked the invasion of the romanticists, to Torquemada. The composers took his plots and popularized them, and it is amusing to note how the musical critics insist on praising or blaming this or that composer for what does not belong to him, but to Victor Hugo. "Hernani" and "Le Roi s'Amuse" were taken by Verdi for "Ernani" and "Rigoletto," "Lucrezia Borgia" was turned into music by Donizetti. "Ruy Blas" somehow or other has been left untouched for the Théâtre Français repertory.

The plays have been translated by various hands; the poems by a great many more, from Mr. Swinburne down. The two volumes can contain only a selection, but it is a fair one and presents Victor Hugo's verse as well as a translation can. It is a genius with a strong streak of humbug that it has to deal with; a poet who only too often sacrificed sense to sound. That shows in his plays and his novels as well as in his poetry. But it is only in the last that it is difficult to conceal the fact. The remedy there is omission, and that saves this collection.

ITALIAN NATIONAL THEATRE.

A New Project in Rome With a Small Subsidy.

The effort to establish a permanent theatre in Italy comes to the surface every few years with a persistency that leads to a hope of final accomplishment. No actor has ever been as courageous as Ermete Novelli, who ten years ago fitted up a playhouse in Rome at his own expense, organized a company made up largely of the actors who had played with him at different times and set out to establish a theatre which should represent to Italy in some degree the same traditions that the Théâtre Français does to France and the Hofburg to Austria.

After a short time he saw the alternative of financial ruin or abandonment of the enterprise. When the trivial Parisian farces were presented for the first time they drew some support from the people, but anything like an attempt to support the production of Italian classics was discouragingly absent. So Novelli, convinced that if with all his vogue and popularity with all classes of Italian theatregoers it was not possible to attract attention to the serious drama, nobody could do it. With this conviction he departed for a tour in South America to replenish his purse.

All the companies in Italy travel from one city to another in the support of some star. Eleonora Duse has her company. Novelli, Flavio Ando, Teresa Mariani, Lida Borelli, Tina di Lorenza—all these stars have their own troupes and travel not only from one of the Italian cities to another but to South America, Mexico, Russia, Spain, where Italian actors are particularly popular, and to the Balkan countries. Teresa Mariani, a tragedienne, is regarded as the most talented of the Italian actresses of the day excepting of course Eleonora Duse. Signora Mariani is a serious artist and in that respect different from the fascinating Borelli. The latter is not so much of a beauty, but in costume, in charm of manner and grace of movement she is acknowledged supreme in Italy.

Now it is the Teatro Argentina that has been selected as the site for a theatre with some national character. It will be municipal rather than national, however, as the city of Rome will alone grant the subsidy if a subsidy ever comes. Robert Bracco, the Neapolitan dramatist, was invited to become the director of the Argentina and after publishing widely his views as to what such a theatre required, he declined the post. The present director is an actor, Ettore Palladini, who was formerly in the company with Teresa Mariani.

Only $5,000 during a season of five months is given to the manager by the city, and the Municipal Council is frequently on the back of the unfortunate director as to the wisdom with which he dispenses this mighty sum. So far the difficulty in establishing the Argentina as a permanent theatre has been the inclination of all the managers to treat it just as they do the travelling companies in which they alone have had experience.

There is the same difficulty with the organization of the opera companies, which rests on the old *stagione* principle, as it is called. Such institutions as the state opera houses of Germany, with a regular repertoire of classic operas, permanent choral and orchestral forces and sufficient organization for the performance of a large number of works, do not exist in Italy. A company is engaged even in such great theatres as the San Carlo in Naples, in La Scala, in the Regio in Turin and the Argentina merely for the performance of a small number of works. The costumes are hired from the firms that make them and returned after the run of the opera, to be passed on the next year or perhaps later in the same season to some small theatre. If one work fails it often happens that the theatre has to be closed until another is prepared.

TENANT'S LOSS IN BURGLARY.

French Court Decides Owner of Property Is Liable.

From le Journal.

To Comtesse de La Poëze has just been granted 2,000 francs damages against the proprietor of her apartment as compensation for a burglary committed in her apartment during her absence after she had confided the key to the concierges with instructions that they should watch over the safety of her belongings.

On July 30, 1905, an apartment rented by Comtesse de La Poëze, 34 rue de Lille, was broken into during her absence and some valuable jewels were stolen. The burglars were soon afterward arrested, and it was found that one of them was the son of the concierges, into whose care the apartment had been given. When the burglary was committed the concierges were absent on a holiday and the key to the apartment had been entrusted to their son.

The court's judgment declared that the proprietor of the house is responsible for the acts of his concierge and that the Comtesse de La Poëze was acting in accordance with Parisian custom in putting her confidence in the concierges, who had been placed in a position of responsibility by the owner of the house.

Consequently the court admitted the Comtesse's claim in principle, but reduced it from 6,000 francs to 2,000 francs.