

who had colonized themselves at Lava Lake is very pathetic and remarkable. She bore up when shortly afterward she learned that Andy had married Laura. She never told; her sister never knew.

In the chapter entitled "The Discovery" we find Thyra living with her baby in a neighboring town. She had a small garden in front of her house, and on the gate she had fastened a board with the words "Blending" written on it in neat letters. One day Rosie May happened along and saw mother and child. Thyra would tell nothing that was not the truth. "It is my baby, my son," she said gravely to Rosie May. "No, I am not married; but this is my son." Laura came, overflocking with charitable love and tender consolations. Of course Andy did not come. Laura never could understand why Andy seemed to shun Thyra; she had never thought of him as having too human and hard a heart.

There is a remarkable chapter relating an interview between Thyra and her son after he had graduated from the university and when he had come to suggest himself as a "wise young man" and there is another describing a meeting of Thyra and the surprising girl her son wanted to marry. The story has much that is remarkable. It is exceedingly well imagined and interesting, and in many places it will compel the reader's admiration.

Henry James Again.

The volumes of the dignified and attractive "New York" edition of "The Novels and Tales of Henry James" (Charles Scribner's Sons) are following each other in quick succession now, and the completion of the edition is at hand. Volumes XVII. and XVIII., like those recently noticed, contain what many regard as the best of Mr. James's work, the short stories; the first, called "The Altar of the Dead," holds ten; the other, "Daisy Miller," another ten. The introductions are a little longer than most that the author has provided, and are also unusually full of anecdote, with less of introspection, or rather of the wilful tangling himself up in the subtleties of his shades of meaning, than Mr. James has indulged in of late. The precious indications of what he may have possibly intended to mean are by no means lacking nevertheless.

How much more illuminating than all his intricate verbiage is Mr. James's anecdote explaining how he came to write "The Altar of the Dead" of a percentage occasionally met in other years at one of the friendliest, the most liberal of "entertaining houses," and then lost to sight till after a long interval. The end of all mortal things had, during this period, and in the fulness of time, overtaken our delightful hosts and the scene of their long hospitality, a scene of constant welcome to my personage, as I have called him, to the police-magistrate then seated, by reason of his office, well in the eye of London, but as conspicuous for his private urbanity as for his high magisterial and penal mask. He too has now passed away, but what could exactly better attest the power of prized survival in personal signs than any even yet felt chill as I saw the old penal glare rekindled in him by the form of my aid to his memory. We used sometimes to meet, in the old days, at dear So-and-So's, you may recall. "The So-and-So's" said the awful gentleman, who appeared to recognize the name across the table, only to be checked by the illusion. Why, they're dead, sir—last these many years. Indeed they are, sir, alas! I could but reply with spirit, and it's precisely why I like to speak of them!—He never marries plus que celli, that because they're dead I shouldn't! is what I came within an ace of adding; or rather might have come hadn't I felt my indecency too utterly put in its place.

In explaining the ideas that led to his writing "The Private Life" Mr. James draws a picture of Robert Browning as he saw him, so plain that he frankly mentions his name soon after. "A highly distinguished man, instantly to be encountered, whose fortitude and whose peculiarity it was to bear out personally as little as possible (at least to my wondering sense) the high denunciations, the rich implications and rare associations of the genius to which he owed his position and his renown." "I have never ceased to ask myself in this particular loud, sound normal, hearty presence, all so assertive and so whole, all bristling with prompt responses and expected opinions and usual views, radiating all a broad daylight equality of emphasis and impartiality of address (for most relations)—I never ceased, I say, to ask myself what judgment, on such premises, the rich proud genius one addressed could ever have contrived, what domestic commerce the subtlety that was its prime ornament and the world's wonder have enjoyed, under what shelter the obscurity that was its luckless drawback and the world's despair have flourished." "Light had at last to break under pressure of the whimsical theory of two distinct and alternative presences, the assertion of either of which on any occasion directly involved the entire extinction of the other. This explained to the imagination the mystery; the delightful inconceivable celebrity was made, constructed in two quite distinct and "water-tight" compartments." And Mr. James paints other pictures which may also be identified.

The twenty stories in the two volumes are the cream of Mr. James's work. It is gratifying to note his present appreciation of "Daisy Miller," "the ultimately most prosperous child of my invention." He tells an amusing story of sending it to a Philadelphia editor who "had lately appeared to appreciate my contributions. That gentleman, however (an historian of some repute), promptly returned me my manusc. and with an absence of comment that struck me at the time as rather grim as given the circumstances, and giving indeed some explanation; till a friend to whom I appealed for light, gave me the thing to read, declared it could only have passed with the Philadelphia critic for 'an outrage on American girlhood.'"

only the true intelligent attention, were piously persisted in." The introductions to all of Mr. James's volumes have been uniformly interesting; these two are unusually lucid and entertaining.

North Carolina.

No more gratifying testimony to the awakening of the new South has been offered than the great output in recent years of valuable and interesting historical books. Traditional reticence has been overcome in the publication of family memoirs of the older period and of important reminiscences for later days, while the formal historian has been busily at work. In the mass of historical production, however, the new "History of North Carolina," by Mr. Samuel A. Ashe (Charles L. Van Noppen, Greensboro, N. C.), of which the first volume is before us, stands apart. In scientific method, in impartiality of judgment and in sobriety of language it is fully up to all modern requirements and also holds its own with any product of the older North.

The first volume ends with the close of all controversy regarding the first settlement by presenting the documents at the case with a brief but adequate commentary. All legends are stripped from the lost colony of Croatan and only the known facts are offered. From the real settlement on the author continues to present the ascertained facts without bias, with the citation of authorities on the margin. A signal example of his fairness will be found in the account of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, which, however unsatisfactory to extremists on either side, sums up the case as sane observers must see it. The references throughout are to original authorities. It will be interesting to observe the application of Mr. Ashe's method in the second volume, which will deal with more immediately controversial matters.

The "History of North Carolina" reflects honor on the State whose glorious story it tells, on the author and through him on Southern scholarship.

Our Dutch Forebears.

Antiquarian enthusiasm makes "The Story of New Netherland," by the Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis (Houghton Mifflin Company), an extremely entertaining book. The author is provoked, naturally enough, perhaps unduly, at the fun that has been poked at the Dutch founders of New York and the humorous tone taken regarding them since Irving created Rip van Winkle and evolved the Knickerbocker history. He has been delving in the archives in Holland and at home and wishes to set things straight.

It is a rather hopeless task to overthrow a classic that is read, and perhaps the average reader does perceive under Irving's fun the real achievement of his sturdy Dutchmen. They certainly are alive as few of the heroes of formal history are. Dr. Griffis sets numberless little matters right, geographical names, events, characters, but he does it with a light touch and holds his reader's interest easily. He deals with the whole colony, Albany, Schenectady, the Van Rensselaer domain as well as with Manhattan and its vicinages, for the period of the Dutch dominion and the English occupation. What follows is summarized very briefly.

A bright, lively book that presents a great deal of learning in an unostentatious manner and that should be read by every one that cares at all for New York and its past.

The Monk of Evesham.

Perhaps the renewed taste for medieval mysticism shown in the Anglican interest in Saint Francis of Assisi and the Franciscan literature or in the vulgarization of the works of Saint Catherine of Siena and other beatified women may account for the popular version of "The Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey," which Mr. Valerian Paget has written (The John McBride Company, New York). The vision of Purgatory and Paradise described in it antedates Dante's journey by more than a century, and the poetry and quaintness of conceit will attract the readers for whom it is now made available. Mr. Paget provides a satisfactory introduction.

Greek Architecture.

For once the historical method has been abandoned in a book dealing with classical art and the pragmatic arrangement of Prof. Allen Marquand's "Greek Architecture" (Macmillan) certainly makes the subject clearer and has the attraction of novelty. Of course history and chronology cannot be left out in any account of Greek architecture, but Prof. Marquand does not allow them to take the first place in his readers' minds.

He begins by describing the building materials employed by the Greeks and their methods of construction. He then descends on architectural forms and on proportions. He devotes much space to decoration, explains the principles of composition and style and ends with an account of the various types of monu-

ments of Greek architecture. He uses many excellent pictures to illustrate his points and his vocabulary of technical terms seems to be unusually precise. The advantage of the method used by Prof. Marquand is that he makes his ideas and theories perfectly clear. Each statement made helps to prove a point. Much that is dealt with is inevitably the occasion for the difference of opinion to which archaeology is peculiarly subject, but of course a handbook is no place for recording such polemics, and criticism of Prof. Marquand's views must be left to experts. He has written an interesting manual in a remarkably sensible manner and succeeds in making the essential facts of Greek architecture easily comprehensible to his readers.

Pleasant Confidences From Park Street.

Mr. Bliss Perry's "Park Street Papers" (Houghton Mifflin Company), gathered in the tenth year of the author's service as editor of the Atlantic Monthly and dealing with a number of earlier Atlantic editors and contributors and matters, make very interesting and agreeable reading. The account of No. 4 Park street, the home of the magazine, is a delightful sketch, full of pleasant reminiscence. It is followed by a good deal that is well worth while and that we have found it a pleasure to read. There is a shrewd observation here, encouraging and cheerful philosophy, gentle humor that is at once kindly and inevitable of effect. The account of Thomas Bailey Aldrich is very fine indeed; it establishes for us a gratifying acquaintance, precisely such as we find it altogether agreeable to make. Mr. Aldrich could smoke his pipe with composure when an injured person (author of an unaccepted manuscript entitled "Shakespeare's Viola") wrote to him that he was "a vulgar, unblushing Rascal and an impudent, audacious Liar"; and his heart was so kind that he changed a line in one of his own poems in response to a suggestion from Mr. Edgar Fawcett.

The paper concerned with Francis H. Underwood, who was the projector of the Atlantic, is full of interest. Mr. Underwood kept a scrapbook, and we find here letters from many distinguished hands. There is a characteristic and emphatic one from Charles Reade, one of strong reproach and disapproval of Editor Lowell from Parke Godwin, one expressive of a sense of undesired injury from Dr. J. G. Holland, and one from Charles Eliot Norton recommending "Mr. George Eliot" as an excellent story teller. "Adam Bede" did not seem to Mr. Norton to show so much imagination as Miss Brontë's books, nor such fine feminine insight and tenderness of feeling as Mrs. Gaskell's, but he thought "Mr. George Eliot" worth having, though it would call for "a handsome offer to tempt him, for," wrote Mr. Norton, "his book is universally popular in England and he can make his own terms with the publishers." Mr. Norton also offered a precious trifle from Ruskin in praise of the magazine.

Georgous Even in His Historian.

Banda, a rich gentleman and a fat one, is represented in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's story of "The Georgous Borgia" (Harper & Brothers) as amusing himself by playing with a large and brightly colored ball in the moonlight in a ruinous and squalid quarter of Rome fast by the Tiber. He would throw the ball smartly upon the ground, and when it rebounded his companions, consisting of "wassailers and wantons," would strike at it with hands and feet to an accompaniment of "screams of mirth," and as it leaped this way and that would yield themselves to the engaging if not wholly unwholesome condition. It is in the story as "inextinguishable hilarity."

They were having a mighty good time when Michelotto, Caesar Borgia's head bravo, stepped from the shadow of an ancient wall and commanded them to go to bed. They did so. Scarce had the revel ceased, permitting the moonlight to descend without trepidation into the ancient and shabby spaces, when Caesar Borgia's brother, the Duke of Gandia, eldest son of the Borgia who was Pope Alexander VI., appeared upon the transfigured scene. He was busily engaged in plotting against his brother Caesar, who had cut him out with a lady. Presently Caesar Borgia himself issued from a narrow and precipitous and vermicular street, singing softly in a rather agreeable voice. The Duke of Gandia fatuously provoked a quarrel with his terrible brother. He struck Caesar fiercely upon the breast.

In two minutes he was a dead duke. We feel here that it is warrantable to give some notion of the burning quality of the hot horrors of the author's style. As reported, Caesar cried: "Damn you, ass!" After that: "Michelotto, watching from the corner, saw an ugly sight. The two men closed in a scuffle, each clawing each with one hand, each drawing his dagger with the other. There was a moment of wild, tramping rage, of swaying bodies, of choking breaths; then, before Michelotto could decide to interfere or hold aloof, Caesar stabbed Gandia once and twice, and Gandia fell heavily to the ground. Michelotto, as he now ran hotly forward, saw the Duke rise on one elbow, saw him glare up at Caesar, heard him gasp out some miserable words: 'Curse on you, Cain! May the girl help you to hell!' Caesar took a list of conspirators from the dead duke's bosom and ordered the body for the hanging into the Tiber. He sat there for a few minutes on the burning column of an ancient edifice, whereafter he proceeded to keep a tryst with the beautiful maiden, Lavinella, who was a daughter of the Orsini, though she did not know it.

Lavinella was not aware that her lover was the dreadful Caesar Borgia. She supposed him to be a poor student. When he "pelted her with kisses" in the isolated and walled garden where she was sequestered she submitted to the lively manifestation of an undisturbed mind. She was naturally interested when not long after the incident of the kissing her austere guardian, who visited her rarely and with whom she was certainly no more than very slightly acquainted, presented him and said: "I am your kinsman, Pandolfo Orsini, and you are Lavinella Orsini."

Lavinella thrilled immediately with the wrongs of her family. "She understood now why he that was her dancing master had under pretext of teaching pantomime insisted on her practising strokes with the dagger and had lessened her in sword play." We found ourselves interested by this matter of the young girl's practising with sword and dagger under the tuition of the dancing master. Further along, when Lavinella had been introduced into Caesar Borgia's palace, we were thrilled by the last words of Simon, the aged conspirator who had brought her, as he was about to leave her to the performance of her dire task. Said Simon: "You must teach him to strip off his coat of mail. Swear you would never love a man so hated, that the touch of such sword shall chill you. At the worst you must be supple and pliant till time meets



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desire." After a pause: "Heaven grant that he be yielding about his steel tunic. With a significant gesture then: "You are sure of the downward stroke to the heart?" The maiden replied that she was as sure as Virginia was when he slew Virginia. But Lavinella did not slay Caesar Borgia. When she found out who he was the fire of family hate subsided in her, the sense of family duty perished and she was lost to the cause of the Orsini forever.

The story has plenty and much worse after that. It shows up Caesar Borgia thoroughly. It does not forget the poisoned rings and keys and flagons of the Borgias. It tells how Caesar poisoned himself and his father, the Pope, when he meant merely to poison a Cardinal. It relates how Banda, the fat gentleman who played with the large pied ball in the Roman moonlight, ran a timid weapon into Caesar from behind when the tyrant was engaged with several foes in front. It lets us know how Lavinella, at the last, though she had become a nun, cast herself upon the gorgeous Borgia's body, crying, "Caesar, my Caesar!" It is an animated, not to say a jumping, story, and it seems reasonable from the style to believe that Mr. McCarthy wrote it in a hurry.

Four Poets.

Mr. Robert V. Carr's "Cowboy Lyrics" (W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago) are hardly unusual enough to be surprising. They fail to rise saliently from the great mass of lyrics issuing all the time from the song factories of an intelligent and industrious people. At the same time there is an undoubted interest in the following lyric, included among those poems in the book that were sent out "On the Trail of Love" and individually entitled "Confidential."

When her arms drift round my neck,
As her head's again my breast,
Seems to me the whole creation
Sort of fatals or takes a rest.
When she camps upon my knee,
An her cheeks's again my face,
Hain't no round-up boss of glory,
But what's wishin' for my place.
Speakin' private, when she kisses,
With a little, catchy breath,
I've die an' hain't glad of it—
One sweet, temporary death.

Mr. William Herbert Carruth's "Each in His Own Tongue and Other Poems" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) contains verses that are serious, thoughtful, reverent, not without an impressive quality. Here are the first and last verses of the poem named in the title:

A fiemial and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a surferian,
And caves where the cave men dwell.
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the cloud,
Some call it "Confidential"
And others call it God.

The book has two poems, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Of the Silly Night," done into neat German—if we may use such an adjective in the circumstances. It is not every poet of English who would undertake the trick in the language of Kant and Winkelmann.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's poems, "Lyrics of Lowly Life," are published handsomely by Dodd, Mead and Company. The book has many illustrations and a graceful and interesting introduction by Mr. Howells.

A beautiful and very desirable book, "Toward the Uplands; Later Poems," by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin (Henry Frowde), contains a generous number of the lyrics of this remarkable sonneteer. We select, to indicate in some measure the melody that flows here, the sonnet entitled "The Quiet Hour."

The sycamores along the margin make
The brook a moving mirror of their green.
Here wade the cattle in the sunset sheen,
Dappled by shadowings of the leaves, that take
The sense with beauty, monarch and half awake,
The great bull area by his lordly men.
Noble he stands—the monarch of the scene,
As round him ring by ring, the ripples break.
The breeze has winged to dells beyond our view,
Nor moved the glides, nor hallow the seas;
And, shown against the glimpse of distant blue,
Rich glow the apples on the orchard boughs,
While tripping barefoot down the quiet lane,
The farmer's little daughter calls the cows.

Some New Fictions.

In taking up "Servitude," by Irene Orgood (Doubleday and Company, Boston), the reader will enter into a wholly new country. Wherever the picturesque Barbary pirates have appeared in fiction they have served merely as the means of bringing out British or American nautical gallantry. Here we are introduced into Algiers as it was before its power was reduced. All the miseries of slave life are described so as to arouse the reader's indignation, for the victims are neither blacks nor aliens, but chiefly English speaking people. There is plenty too about harem life and the behavior of women in Mohammedan lands. The Algerines are painted pretty black, but as the piratical brood has been done away

Continued on Twelfth Page.

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