RALPH AND REMINGTON SOLD

GOOD JOKE ON WELL KNOWN WRITER AND FAMOUS ARTIST.

Sent to Describe a Moose Hunt for Magazine, the Canadian Pacific People Quietly Supplied the Moose—Remarkable Skill in Reading Moose Signs!

The death of Frederic Remington, I think, makes it permissible to tell in print what has always seemed to me one of the best stories from real life that I have heard, writes J. B. Barrett in the *Bellman*. It was told me by Sir William Van Horne a dozen years ago, and is best retold in his own words, with apologies for what inaccuracies may have crept into my recollection in the interval. Thus, then, it was that he told it me:

I was sitting in my office one day when two cards were brought in bearing the names of Julian Ralph and Frederic Remington. I knew the names and told my secretary to show the gentlemen in. They came and presented a letter from *Harper's Magazine*, from which it appeared that they had been sent, the one to write and the other to illustrate a Canadian moose hunt. The editor of *Harper's Magazine* asked me to show them any courtesies which would assist them in their object.

Now I hadn't a notion whether there was a single blessed moose along the whole line of the Canadian Pacific, but I wasn't going to say so to two men from New York. So——

"I understand, gentlemen," I said, "that you have come here to shoot moose." They said that was the case.

"Well, now," I continued, "I suppose that I can take it for granted that you are gentlemen and have a proper sporting instinct. If I turn you loose you are not going to go slaughtering our moose and filling the woods with blood?"

No, no, no; they wouldn't think of such a thing.

"You don't propose to decimate our herds of these noble animals?"

Why, certainly not.

"I presume that one good bull moose apiece would satisfy you?" And their eyes glistened as they said that indeed it would. "On that understanding," I said, "I'll give you a letter to our agent at Mattawa."

The reason why I chose him was because if there was a moose to be found in Canada Pat Murphy was the man to find it when told to. If there wasn't a moose in the country I knew he could take a joke. So I wrote:

DEAR MURPHY: This will introduce to you Frederic Remington, the well known artist, and Julian Ralph, the equally well known writer, who have come in the interest of *Harper's Magazine* to describe and illustrate a moose hunt. They have promised not to kill too many of the noble animals, but to be content with getting one good bull moose apiece. I trust to you to see that they get them. Yours, &c.,

Now it was up to Murphy.

I had forgotten all about the matter in the press of business when, a couple of weeks or so later, the same two cards were brought to me again and once more I met Mr. Ralph and Mr. Remington. They were delighted. Had they got their mooses, or meese, or whatever it is? Of course they had. They had had a simply glorious time, and couldn't say enough in thanks to me or in praise of Murphy. In due course the article appeared in *Harper's*. One of them sent me a copy, and a rattling good article it was, pictures and all. But what puzzled me was how it had all happened. Murphy told me some time later.

When they arrived with my letter he didn't know whether there was a moose within 500 miles. He hadn't heard of one for ten years, but he wasn't going to give it away to any New Yorkers any more than I was. Besides, I had said that he was to see that these men got their moose, and he proposed to do it.

He made excuse that his best hunters happened to be away for a few days and it would be necessary to wait till they came back. Then he sent out runners. He sent them to every point of the compass to start the Indians beating the woods toward Mattawa. I don't know how many Indians and others he got to work, but they beat for all that was in them. From somewhere up in the Arctic regions, from east and west, the entire population of the country came converging toward Mattawa, with a distinct understanding all along the line that any man who let a moose through would be shot out of hand.

It took six days, but they got 'em. By the evening of the sixth day men came in and told Murphy that they had five moose, two bulls and three cows, safely cornered ten miles off in the woods. So Murphy announced that his hunters had come back and would be ready to go out next day.

They went. The skill those men showed in reading the moose signs impressed Ralph and Remington as simply marvellous. Within a few hours they were on the track of a herd of five, and early next morning one of the ambitions of the lives of both was realized, for each had shot with his own rifle a good Canadian bull moose.

Within a few miles of the line of the railway, to strike off at random into the woods and pick up moose as if they were tame chickens—what a paradise for hunters!

So far Sir William Van Horne. I never had the opportunity to talk to Remington about the story, but I told it in detail to Ralph in London one day soon after his return from South Africa. It was the first inkling that he had had of the facts. He tried at first to poohpooh it; said that there really was necessity for the delay at Mattawa and so forth, but he spoke without conviction, and all the while it was plain that he knew the story was true.

NEW WORDS FOR ENGLAND.

She Acknowledges the Receipt of Some Terse Expressions From Us.

From the Queen.

New words make an amusing study. The Boer war gave us "trek," "mafick" and "commandeer," and the coronation brought "coronate." Motors and airships are responsible for fresh expressions. The former found us to "mote," "motorist," "garage" and "chauffeur," and the latter supplied us with "aviators," "airships" and "aviation." And we are familiar with the useful terms "wires," "phones" and "taxis."

Our American friends have made us a present of some terse phraseology. When they want us to be punctual they tell us to be "on time," and when they want us to be quick they ask us to "hustle." They have taught us the word "bud" and "waist" for a blouse, and "multi" for millionaire.

These are portable terms, but we are burdened by their ponderous words "specialization" and "electrification." Then, for good or ill, a certain set of words have come into constant use in modern journalism. Of these are the overworn terms "weird," "quaint," "cheery," "trend," "outlook," and "notable"; and when writing of social matters, "feature," "function" and "entertainment." The English language may be richer than of yore, but it has picked up many new colloquialisms.

The Vexatious Question of Literary Credits.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It would seem "Literary Hack" showed more feeling than sense in that most peculiar business called literary authorship, as the case may be.

Students of human nature finds editors one of the most delightful or amusing; but they are human, and if they do, what have poor writers to expect of ordinary people?

I had the pleasure of appearing in the March number of a well known New York magazine, and later in a certain New York newspaper in less than a week published it, merely mentioning from what paper it was quoted. The editor paid no more attention to me than if I didn't exist.

Was I provoked? No, indeed; I considered it a joke. A. B. M.

PERTH AMBOY, April 15.

"HANNELE."

Hauptmann's Play Has Been Revived After Sixteen Years.

The presentation in New York again of "Hannele," by Gerhardt Hauptmann, after a period of sixteen years revives an interest in this author, who was comparatively unknown in America before the year 1894. Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer's version of this dream play "Hannele" was put on the stage with Hauptmann's approval and in his presence. The performance was marked by great excitement and hostility on account of its supposed "blasphemous" character. The blasphemy issue was disposed of once and for all some years later when Cardinal Gibbons not only authorized a reading of "Hannele" for the benefit of a Catholic fund but offered to attend the function.

Mr. Meltzer's translation was the first English version made and his poetical English rendering of "The Sunken Bell," the play which followed it, is in every public library.

Hauptmann was born in Silesia and lives still in Germany, where he ranks high among the writers of poetical dramas.

JANE ADDAMS, UGLY DUCKLING.

At Least She Thought She Was One When She Was a Little Girl.

The idea that Jane Addams of Hull House, honored by probably millions of her fellow creatures, should ever have wished to spare others the mortification of seeming to be related to her may seem like a fantastic joke. But she herself tells the story.

"My great pride in my father," she says in the *American Magazine*, "manifested itself in curious ways. On several Sundays, doubtless occurring in two or three different years, the 'Union' Sunday School of the village was visited by strangers, some of those 'strange people' who live outside a child's realm, yet constantly thrill it by their close approach.

"My father taught the large Bible class in the left hand corner of the church next to the pulpit, and, to my eyes, at least, was a most imposing figure in his Sunday frock coat, his fine head rising high above all the others.

"I imagined that the strangers were led with admiration for this dignified person, and I prayed with all my heart that the ugly, pigeontoed little girl, whose crooked back obliged her to walk with her head held very much upon one side, would never be pointed out to these visitors as the daughter of this fine man.

"In order to lessen the possibility of a connection being made, on these particular Sundays I did not walk beside my father, although this walk was the great event of the week, but attached myself firmly to the side of my Uncle James Addams, in the hope that I would be mistaken for his child, or at least that I would not remain so conspicuously unattached that troublesome questions might identify an Ugly Duckling with her imposing parent.

"I simply could not endure the thought that 'strange people' should know that my handsome father owned this homely little girl. But even in my chivalric desire to protect him from his fate, I was not quite easy in the sacrifice of my uncle, although I quieted my scruples with the reflection that the contrast was less marked, and that, anyway, his own little girl was not so very pretty.

"Happily, however, this spectre was laid before it had time to grow into a morbid familiar, by a very trifling incident. One day I met my father coming out of his bank on the main street of the neighboring city, which seemed to me a veritable whirlpool of society and commerce. With a playful touch of exaggeration, he lifted his high and shining silk hat and made me an imposing bow.

"This distinguished public recognition, this totally unnecessary identification, among a mass of 'strange people' who couldn't possibly know unless he himself made the sign, suddenly filled me with a sense of the absurdity of the entire feeling. It may not even then have seemed as absurd as it really was, but at least it seemed enough so to collapse, or to pass into the limbo of forgotten spectres."

THE THEFT OF IDEAS.

Only the Poor in Mind Need Fear the Activities of the Plagiarist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The most unfortunate part of "Literary Hack's" letter is the signature. A literary hack is not supposed to be capable of producing new ideas. He receives an order to write a screed on, say, "Bricks," goes to the Astor Library, collects his facts, and then blends them into a sequence in a monotonous cart horse style. His manuscript can be sent to the press room without being looked at. On the work of an author with a distinctive style, however, no editor would take chances.

The charge of plagiarism nearly always falls to the lot of successful authors—authors who have the talent to borrow and improve. They can copy the coat of another man, improve on it, and sell not the man's coat but the coat of their own improvement. The fool public that reads the magazines and wants quantity supports the hack writer, who makes three times as much as the author with distinctive style. The former is a mechanic, the latter a skilled workman, and yet, paradoxically, the public prefers the mechanic.

The Patent Office proves nothing. Some time ago I was asked by the editor of a comic journal to provide him with a hundred jokes that had appeared fifty years ago. I did so. After perusing them and without doubting my honesty in the least he asked me to show him the source of the pleasantries, and when he was convinced that the humor of a former century was strikingly similar to our own he was flabbergasted. I have little doubt the same would apply to patents.

Literary coincidences are very rare. They are as a rule the result of absentmindedness. I know a celebrated author who wrote a story and then suddenly awoke to the knowledge that he had seen the same plot elsewhere. He discovered later that he himself had written a similar story years before, and had forgotten all about it. The absentminded lord who rode in a chariot to London, talking to himself the whole way, and ended up by asking himself to dinner as one of the best fellows he had ever met, has his duplicate in many authors.

The successsful man doesn't trouble himself about plagiarists. He knows that if his work is the best it will succeed in the long run, and permanently succeed, though the plagiarists may enjoy somewhat of his glory. It is only the hack writer who haps on what he thinks is a new idea that makes a fuss over his stilted work.

A play and a book are in two different categories. The construction is absolutely dissimilar, and when the book succeeds in nine cases out of ten the play fails. AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, April 15.

WHETHER you have seen the current New Theatre attraction or not, you must be interested in this stirring human document, the most significant book ever published about the great master:

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FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Jean Moréas, who died recently in a sanitarium near Paris, though he was nearly forgotten outside of the Latin Quarter had a certain reputation as a poet and was an important factor in the disintegration of the French language and French literary traditions. He was a Greek by birth and his real name was Papadiamantopoulos; he asserted that his father had fought with Byron at Missolonghi. He went to Paris to study law, obtained a smattering of Old French and when he began to write verse introduced into it words and phrases from the vocabulary of the early language. Strangely enough, the beautiful early literature which for two generations has aroused the admiration and the study of foreigners, which has brought out admirable work from a small circle of French scholars and has made its way into all the histories of literature has never taken a strong hold on the French themselves. Even the revived verse forms which Catulle Mendès fought for in his "Parnassian" days, the "ballade," "roundeau," "vilanelle" and so forth, found a more friendly soil in England and America than in France. Jean Moréas was admired for his eccentricities and self-assurance, and these were imitated by his French followers, symbolists, impressionists or whatever else they called themselves. His most noted poem, "Le Pélerin Passioné" came out at the time when Stephane Mallarmé had his vogue and Paul Verlaine was trying to be obscure. With them he was regarded as an apostle of poetry by a generation of young authors, with no respect for their language, who were determined to attract attention at all costs by the eccentricity of their writings. Moréas at that time defined his talent modestly with the statement: "I am a Baudelaire, with more color." His followers soon outdid his peculiarities; he returned to simpler forms of expression, but dropped out of sight except in the Latin Quarter, where like Verlaine he pontificated as a great poet in the cafés frequented by students.

Denmark has a woman historiographer royal. Her name is Rosa Bruhn; she is a journalist and novel writer and received her appointment from King Frederik VIII. two years ago, when she reported his visit to Iceland. She is responsible for twenty-two novels, and her newspaper work includes following up Nansen on his journey through Scandinavia, after his last Arctic expedition, and a trip to Siam when Prince Valdemar of Denmark visited that country.

An astronomer noted by his special study of the minor planets, M. Auguste Charlois of the observatory at Nice, has been assassinated by a relative. He was called to the door of his dwelling at night and shot down in the street; he had shortly before won a lawsuit against his brother-in-law, who has been arrested on account of strong evidence against him. For twenty years past M. Charlois turned in regularly a report of new asteroids discovered by him, and since the use of photographic methods to detect these minor planets was introduced his discoveries increased to ten or a dozen a year.

The chief distinction of Canon Harry Drew, who died recently at Hawarden, was his being Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law and the father of the statesman's favorite granddaughter, Dorothy Drew. He was warden of St. Deiniol's Hostel and Library, Mr. Gladstone's foundation, which contains his library and accommodation for the students who work in it. At his death Mr. Drew was rector of Hawarden and canon of St. Asaph's. His daughter Dorothy will accompany her uncle Herbert, the new Viscount Gladstone of Lanark and Governor-General of South Africa, as her health is very delicate.

That masculine woman and foe to Napoleon, Madame de Staël, will soon be commemorated by a statue in Paris, erected by feminists and women authors. The place chosen is back of the Madeleine, where the Rue de l'Arcade runs into the Boulevard Malesherbes. The sculptor is a woman, Mme. de Charnoy. The figure is seated, and round the head is the familiar turban. On the pedestal are inscribed the names of Mme. de Staël's books, "Corinne," "Delphine" and "De l'Allemagne."

A London literary club, the Poetry Recital Society, celebrated Swinburne's birthday by a dinner to the descendants of poets, the term being made elastic enough to include any collateral relatives. The Earl of Crewe, son of Richard Monckton Milnes, was asked to preside. Among those who accepted invitations were the Duke of Norfolk, representing Henry Howard, Sir J. C. E. Shelley, Lady Lindsay, Lord Coleridge and Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, Lord Edmund Talbot, representing the Earl of Surrey, Miss Charlton, a relative of Swinburne and a descendant also of Chaucer, the Rev. C. W. Wordsworth, Mr. C. Tennyson, the Earl of Lytton and persons who showed relationship to Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Edmund Waller, Suckling, Dryden, Wycherley, Isaac Watts, Pope, Collins, Burns, Southey, Byron, Charles Wolfe, Macaulay, Rossetti, Mrs. Hemans and Lady Dufferin.

The second part of Victorien Sardou's library has been sold at auction at the Hôtel Drouot. The sale lasted a fortnight and brought in nearly 100,000 francs.

A biography of the seventh Earl of Elgin is being prepared. He was British envoy at Vienna, Brussels, Berlin and Constantinople from 1790 to 1803, and is noted for stripping the Parthenon at Athens of the "Elgin Marbles" which are now in the British Museum. The part relating to these will be written by the Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the Museum, Mr. A. H. Smith.

At the age of 81 William Michael Rossetti is about to publish a study of "Dante and the Convito."

Among the more interesting books announced as in preparation by the English publishers is a life of Robert Herrick by Professor F. W. Moorman (John Lane, the Bodley Head), described as the first formal life of the poet; also a life of Harrison Ainsworth (John Lane), in whom there seems to be a revived interest of late. A new volume of short stories by A. T. Quiller-Couch is promised by Smith and Elder. The "Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria," by Elphinstone Dayrell, which the Longmans will publish, should be very interesting; Andrew Lang writes the introduction. An unusual and attractive subject will be dealt with by Dr. P. W. Joyce, the Celtic scholar and historian, in "English as We Speak It in Ireland" (Longmans). Mr. H. G. Wells has unearthed a literary curiosity in George Meek, who for twenty years has pushed a bath chair at Eastbourne; he has written an autobiography which the Constables will publish. Gradually Leonid Andreiyew's works are getting translated into English. Some more of his pieces will be published by Francis Griffiths under the title "Judas Iscariot, together with Eleazar and Ben Tobit." The translator is the Rev. W. H. Lowe.

WOMEN WHO DISAGREE.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow and Gertrude Atherton Differ Decidedly.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow disagrees diametrically with Gertrude Atherton in the latter's criticism of the American novel as lacking background and of the American man as lacking in psychological quality. "Our national genius," Mrs. Woodrow says, "was at first given to the task of conquering nature, then to the organization of great industries and finally into forming these into immense and intricate combinations. The national genius has been typified in our great financiers and they have risen to the stature of the continent. And to find these people who have accomplished the marvels which have taken place in America in an incredibly short time 'without psychology' is to fail to appreciate them or the magnitude of the situation." Mrs. Woodrow has made one of these great financiers the hero of her new novel, "The Beauty."

AMERICAN RECORDS ON SALE.

Valuable Early Manuscripts and Pamphlets to Be Auctioned Off in London.

From the London Times.

Two practically unknown collections of documents (for the most part unpublished) and pamphlets relating to America will be offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on April 25. These collections are the property of Lord Polwarth and of R. W. Blathwayt of Dyrham Park.

A portion of Lord Polwarth's library was sold at Sotheby's in February of last year and was remarkable for the many rare American pamphlets which it contained, one of only twelve leaves realizing £245. It is not clear how these early Americana came into the possession of the present owner's family, seeing that none of Lord Polwarth's ancestors had any official connection with America when it was an English colony. These documents, however, have apparently been in the family for over two centuries and may have been acquired by the Earl of Marchmont, who held many high offices during the reigns of William III., Anne and George I., all of which he is said to have "discharged with sufficiency, candor and fidelity."

The Polwarth documents deal chiefly with matters concerning plantations and trades and vary from "reasons" for laying an additional duty of a penny a pound upon all tobacco imported from Virginia to an "account" of illegal trading in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, with methods for the prevention thereof, a document written, like many others in this collection, by Edward Randolph, "Surveyor-General" of Customs. By the same official there is a "discourse" (a document of three pages folio) of how to render the plantations "more beneficial and advantageous to this kingdom," there being great numbers "of Ffirr, Pine and Ciprus Trees growing in the Colony," "fitt for mast yards and bowsprits of ye largest dimensions." Another document is an autograph letter from Thomas Cullen, dated August 14, 1689, concerning the troubles in New England in connection with Sir E. Andros's government—"the inhabitants of Boston in New England have seized their Governor, Sir Edmond Andros, a papist, for that he did designe to have brought the Indians in upon them and to have burnt that Town." These documents, with about forty others all dealing with about the same period, i. e., the latter part of the seventeenth century, are bound in a folio volume with a large number of printed pamphlets and papers, all of considerable rarity, dealing with America and the West Indies, and published 1689-95.

A portfolio of 160 leaves consists of copies of official papers relating to Spanish and French depredations in American and the West Indies, 1729-56.

From a purely English point of view the most interesting "lot" in the collection is the series of London News Letters comprising official news of daily occurrences, dated from Whitehall and London, 1665-85, addressed to William Scott of Harden, Berwick, and other Scotch lairds. This "rich storehouse of contemporary history" consists of several hundred letters on upward of 3,000 leaves by various contemporary hands and is bound in nine volumes. The collection is entirely unpublished.

The second portion of the sale consists of the Blathwayt correspondence, 1683-1710, the property of R. W. Blathwayt of Dyrham Park, Gloucester, whose father, it may be remembered, sold his beautiful Hobbema at Christie's in April, 1910, for the record price of 9,400 guineas. The Blathwayt correspondence consists chiefly of letters addressed to W. Blathwayt, Secretary of State and Commissioner for Trade and Plantations, relative to the American Colonies during the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The appearance of this correspondence opens up the frequently discussed question as to the legal right of descendants to official documents. As more than two centuries have passed since these letters were removed from official archives it may be taken that a "time limit" has long since expired. It is nevertheless a matter of regret that these documents are not now in the Record Office, or British Museum, seeing that they are all of very high historic and social importance in the history of Great Britain over the seas. Fourteen lots deal with Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the first of these consists of seventy-four letters from E. Randolph, Surveyor of Customs for New England, 1682-90. These letters have been printed in Vol. VI. of the Prince Society's Publications and so they are accessible to students. They appear, however, to be the only documents in this collection that have been published. Perhaps the most important lot is the correspondence (sixty-three letters) between Sir E. Andros, Governor of New York, 1674-81, of New England, 1685-89, and of Virginia, 1692-98, and Blathwayt. These letters form a valuable contribution to the history of the American Colonies: in one important letter he gives an account of his journey to Hartford in October, 1687, and the famous seizure of the charter there; and in another he gives an account of his seizure in the Council Chamber at Boston, to which reference is made above.

Seven "lots" of documents deal with Pennsylvania, at the head of which is the original draft of the famous grant made on March 4, 1681, on twenty-two large folios, and indorsed "Draught of a Grant to Wm. Penn. This grant is not to passe without such restrictions as my Lords shall think fit. Recd. ye 24 Feb., 1680-1." There are also two letters from William Penn, one dated from New York, September 21, 1682, soon after his arrival in America, and the other from Philadelphia, July, 1683, on the condition and prospects of the province of Pennsylvania. There are four series of letters from as many Governors of New York: from Col. T. Dongan there are twenty-seven letters; from H. Stoughton, who was Governor 1780-81, there are eight, and from his successors, Col. B. Fletcher and Lord Bellomont, there are respectively thirty-three and fourteen letters, all dealing with the difficulties of administration, the encroachments of the French, the Indians and so forth. Documents relating to Rhode Island, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Virginia and Maryland are also included in the collection.

Apart from these documents one lot consists of thirteen manuscripts and thirty-five printed maps, for the most part of great cartographical and historical importance, illustrating chiefly the development of, discovery, exploration of and settlement in the British provinces during the period from about 1670 to 1690.

A single lot in the same day's sale is from the collection of Robert Day, J. P., F. S. A., consisting of several "indentures" between William Penn and others for the transfer of land in Pennsylvania. Penn was only granted Pennsylvania in 1682, in the September of which year he set sail for America. Yet the earliest of these indentures is dated August 24, 1682, and by it he conveyed to Samuel Rolle 5,000 acres in Pennsylvania. The second indenture is dated December 13, 1688, and by it 10,000 acres of land were conveyed to Joseph Pike for £200.

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BEETHOVEN'S LATER LIFE.

A Schoolmaster's Daughter Who Made Notes of the Musician's Acts.

The appearance of two new volumes of the "Life of Beethoven" recalls the interesting history of the writing of this volume. When Alexander Thayer died in 1897 three volumes only of the book had been published. Dr. Hermann Deiters, who translated Thayer's original manuscript, undertook to revise these volumes and to complete the work. He revised Vol. I. before his death and prepared the new volumes. These have been edited by Dr. Hugo Riemann, and many details have been added from recently published documents. Among the interesting contributions to the book are quotations from the diary kept by Fanny Giannatasio, the daughter of the principal of the school in which Beethoven placed his nephew in 1816. The great man was on very friendly terms with the family, and Fanny made notes day by day with no idea that they would ever appear in print.

The "Conversation Books" with the letters form the chief sources of information for Beethoven's later years. Schindler possessed not fewer than 400 of these, many of which he destroyed, considering them of little value.

AGAINST THE SUFFRAGE IDEA.

Woman Cannot Do More Than Man in Improving Conditions.

Suffrage and anti-suffrage are the questions of the hour in which women are most deeply interested at present both in literature and in society. Mrs. William Force Scott in an article entitled "Woman's Relation to Government," published in the current *North American Review*, presents the anti-suffrage side of the argument.

"We find no political reason for the woman's vote," she says. "On the contrary we find in the complementary relation of men and women a reason why they should not both be engaged in doing the same work. The work of the world for the benefit of humanity needs coordination of men and women, and women need the protection of men to make them efficient in their special function of motherhood. The irritating and combative nature of politics certainly would not tend to increase the efficiency of woman in her own proper work, and, as has been shown, she would not have the power to do more than man in improving political conditions."

The Rod Well Applied.

From the London Daily Chronicle.

John Wesley's mother believed in birching children at the earliest possible age. Each one of her family was compelled to celebrate his fifth birthday by learning the alphabet by heart. In order that this task might be accomplished Mrs. Wesley, after issuing strict orders that one no should disturb her, shut herself up for six hours with the child and drove the letters into his brain with the aid of a rod. Mme. Quinet, a French contemporary of Mrs. Wesley, was an equally firm believer in the virtues of corporal punishment but was not sufficiently strong to administer what she considered a satisfactory flogging. She therefore engaged a constable to call twice a week and flog her three children. If by chance they had not been naughty then the punishment was referred to the account of future transgressions.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Some Notes on a Carolean Poet.

From the London Times.

Suckling was an amateur and you see the weakness of the amateur in his ambitious works when he tries to be most professional. But still he was an amateur of great spirit who lived hard and died young and miserably. You might suppose from his poems that he cared for nothing but love, or what he was pleased to call love. But he had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years War and his letters show that he was more than a profligate or a trifler. His poems in fact are the diversions of a clever man who had no settled business in life, and they are interesting not only for the merits of the best of them but also as examples of the kind of poetry that a brilliant amateur wrote in the reign of Charles I.

Suckling is always the man of fashion who protests that he does not take love more seriously than anything else. He was a real anti-romantic not, like Donne or Bernard Shaw, one who only rails against a romance that seems to him obsolete. Again and again he tells us that love is all a delusion, that pursuit is everything and the enjoyment nothing; and he is most serious when he tells us this:

Women enjoy'd (whate'er before th' have been)
Are like romances read, or sights once seen;
Fruition's dull, and spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before.
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

This is very neatly put and it anticipates the whole spirit of the Restoration, that spirit which gradually made lyrical poetry impossible and set the best poets writing satire. Suckling has found love out, and he is the precursor of those comedians who had found life out and who seemed to exhaust the last energies of literature in saying so.

No doubt to the society of the Restoration he seemed the first poet who wrote like a man of the world and told the truth about the passions. They cared nothing about the wit of his master, Donne, for that was wit in earnest. Suckling took it and used it for his proper purpose, which was to prepare the way for a little plain speaking. In the most famous of his songs, "Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?" he makes the same use of the Elizabethan manner. It comes in "Aglaura," which is an attempt at an Elizabethan tragedy; and one cannot but wish that he had given the play the same turn as the lyric. He might have done something amusing if he had chosen to make fun of the Elizabethan drama. But "Aglaura" is not amusing, and the famous song is the only occasion in it where Suckling speaks like himself:

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

Yet Suckling must have had a great power of enjoying himself, and he writes his best when he forgets to be a wit and a cynic and a man of the world and expresses his enjoyment in language of an almost rustic simplicity. In the "Ballad Upon a Wedding" he is the Skelton of his age, making poetry out of doggerel, turning away from all outworn literary artifice to write verses as if they had never been written before. Perhaps in his heart he was not a man of fashion at all but a child of nature. He talks like one in the "Ballad Upon a Wedding"; and so rare is this "easy natural" way of talking in verse that it has no fellow in the language. To quote from it is to do it injustice, for one verse tumbles over another, as if the writer were so eager he could scarcely draw breath between them; and in a single verse this air of eagerness, which is the charm of the whole, is lost. There are three lines of one verse that every one knows and that Herrick, for once wanting in tact, imitated and spoiled; yet they are less beautiful than the three lines that follow, so we will quote the whole verse to show Suckling at his best:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

It is a pity that he could not end even his masterpiece without a wink and leer.

British School Days as They Were.

From the London Daily Chronicle.

Coleridge's record of the meals at Christ's Hospital in his school days gives a detailed picture of what was once thought good enough for growing boys: "Our diet was very scanty. Every morning a bit of dry bread, and some bad small beer. Every evening a larger piece of bread and cheese or butter, whichever we liked. For dinner—on Sunday, boiled beef and broth; Monday, bread and butter, and milk and water; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, bread and butter, and rice milk; Thursday, boiled beef and broth; Friday, boiled mutton and broth; Saturday, bread and butter and pease porridge. Our food was portioned, and excepting on Wednesdays I never had a bellyful. Our appetites were damped, never satisfied, and we had no vegetables."

The hardships of life at Eton in the old days were aggravated by bullying which, in the words of one of the victims, sometimes amounted to "a reign of terrorism." Provost Okes of King's College, Cambridge, contributed the following story:

"In July, 1826, contemplating matrimony, I went to the University Life Insurance Society for a policy. I went before the board—some sixteen men. 'You are a fellow of King's, I see, Mr. Okes, from your papers.' 'Yes, sir.' 'I infer, then, necessarily that you were at Eton and in college?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How long were you in college?' 'Eight years.' 'Where did you sleep?' 'In Long Chamber, sir.' 'All that time?' 'Yes, sir.' 'We needn't ask Mr. Okes any more questions.' And they did not." It meant, as the Provost said, "If you passed eight years in Long Chamber and are alive at 29, you are a fairly safe life."

Charlemagne's Poem.

From the London Globe.

Cardinal Rampolla, in answer to a letter of inquiry as to the Charlemagne manuscript which was recently discovered by him in the Vatican, as announced in this column, says: "There can be no doubt as to its genuineness. It is well known also that he had often expressed himself in poetry, and a good example of his composition and style is the epitaph on Pope Stephen. The discovered document is an elegy on the death of his son, written in Latin, and when found was in two pieces, the joining of which was a laborious task."

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