SOME NEW BOOKS.

Reconstruction at First Hand.

The latter half of *The Diary of Gideon Welles* (Houghton Mifflin Company) is in sharp contrast to the former. Johnson's Administration was a great come down from Lincoln's. Not wholly nor mainly through Johnson's faults or even failings. The public temper had undergone a decline. At the beginning of the war patriotism had for the time suppressed selfishness in all but the meanest of Americans. At the close of the war selfishness had resumed its sway over all but the noblest of Americans. It recalls what Macaulay says of the time after the close of the civil war in England, when there "had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendency and burning for revenge." So close was the analogy that during the period when the "States lately in rebellion" were excluded from representation in the national legislature one New York newspaper plausibly headed its daily reports of the proceedings of that body "The Rump Congress."

Johnson began very badly, and began before he succeeded to the Presidency. It was at the second inauguration of Lincoln and as Vice-President-elect that he made a wild harangue for which there was only one plausible explanation, an explanation that was promptly and universally accepted. The New York *World* the next day compared the orator to Caligula's horse, of which he made a Consul. Afterward, when that journal was zealously supporting President Johnson in his conflict with the radicals of Congress, Thad Stevens, the chief of them, had the article read at the clerk's desk as part of his remarks, pretending to disclaim all sympathy with it: "We look with indignation upon these slanders uttered against the President of our choice." Welles tells the story of the inauguration, and of the shock which was inflicted by Johnson's first appearance as Vice-President.

It was not long before Johnson began to do what could be done to retrieve the effect of his bad beginning. It took some magnanimity for him to do this, or even to attempt it. For he had been a "poor white" by birth and early disadvantages, and it was plausibly supposed that his ruling passion, like that of Tillman long afterward, was resentment of the airs of superiority assumed by the "aristocracy" of his neighborhood and State. No doubt that assumption rankled. In the vinous verity of that unfortunate speech at the inauguration he had exclaimed and repeated that he was "an American plebeian." Yet when the responsibility fell upon him he had the perception to recognize that it was the established leaders of the Southern people who must lead in the restoration of the Union minus slavery and the courage to act upon that recognition. The leaders of Congress did not desire restoration but reconstruction. The whole difference was that between those two words.

It was not long before the difference between the President and Congress became an open rupture. All through the recess the radical wing of the Republican party had been advancing their political positions. "Universal Amnesty: Impartial Suffrage" was Greeley's demand in the *Tribune*. Sumner was the leader of this agitation ad interim, and of course the abolitionists had been agitating, but not even then did the original abolitionists succeed in having much effect upon practical politics. "Wendell Phillips," wrote Welles in the autumn of 1865, "is a useless member of society, and deservedly without influence." At the same time he wrote: "The great zeal of Sumner and the abolitionists in behalf of the negro voting has no responsive sympathy with me. I do not want him at my table, nor do I care to have him in the jury box, or in the legislative hall, or on the bench." As early as August he had written: "There is an apparent determination among those who are ingrained abolitionists to compel the Government to impose terms on the rebel States that are wholly unwarranted." The next year we find him noting that two negroes had been elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts "because they were black," and adding that if they had been white they never would have been thought of for the places. A negro lawyer had already been presented by Sumner to practise in the Supreme Court, "and extra demonstrations of that kind have been made by him and Chief Justice Chase." In October "Seward has been holding forth at Auburn in a studied and long prepared speech intended for the special glory and laudation of himself and Stanton." Stanton is "absolutely divine." This was the speech with which John Van Buren, by long odds the most entertaining of the New York stump speakers on either side, had his fun for the remainder of the State campaign in which he was running for Attorney-General, although, as he explained, it would not be an intoxicating honor to crawl into the same hole he had crawled out of twenty-five years before. The speech, like all Seward's speeches, appeared at full length in Raymond's faithful *Times*, and Prince John declared that it was not a speech at all. "Recent events in the Governor's family, to which it would be improper for me more particularly to refer" (Mrs. Seward had lately died), "would have made a public display of this kind indecent. The Governor makes this report himself. No reporter ever did. He inserts where he pleases 'vociferous applause' and 'tremendous cheers.'" Seward was always Van Buren's black beast, but it was not denied that the allocution in question had never been really delivered.

During the recess Johnson had made appointments in the South and many of his appointees were men who could not take the test oath already enacted by Congress, such being often the only men he could find competent to administer the offices. Sumner afterward told Welles that thereby the President had reestablished "odious, flagrant rebellion." When Congress reassembled in December, 1866, the storm that had been gathering during the recess promptly broke. Sumner in the Senate and Thad Stevens in the House were the ostensible leaders of the opposition, though Welles insists that Grimes of Iowa, a name now generally forgotten, was the real leader, Sumner being too visionary to have much influence upon the practical politics or the practical politicians of the Senate. "Sumner is honest but imperious and impracticable," an opinion which the holder of it had occasion to retract as to the honesty by reason of a speech which Sumner sent him the next year. There was no question about the leadership of the House. Thad Stevens, aptly described at the time as a "political Bohemian," was a born Jacobin, one of the few men in Congress who knew what they wanted and pursued it in a strong willed manner, and hence had no trouble in gaining an ascendency over a Congress which recalls Clarendon's description of the Long Parliament, "The half hearted and half witted people, which made much the major part of both houses." In fact Congress has never comprised a cheaper lot of statesmen than those who composed it during Johnson's Administration. It is also to be borne in mind that the arbitrary conduct which had been practised with or without justification during the civil war, and of which the extreme expression was Seward's boast about the "little bell" by touching which he could lock up anybody, had had its effect in weakening the general respect for lawful and orderly procedure.

The first movement made in Congress was revolutionary. It was a joint resolution, introduced in the House by Stevens, for the appointment of a joint committee of fifteen to which should be referred the whole subject of the admission of representatives from the States lately in rebellion and the whole question of the relations of the Southern States to the general government. Welles declares it unconstitutional, as abrogating or abdicating the constitutional right of each house to be the sole judge of the qualifications of its own members. The form of the resolution excluded the President, as it was meant to do, from any share in the matter. This course still further stiffened the stubbornness, which was the most characteristic quality of Johnson, in so much that he was said at the time to be the most conspicuous exemplification of the anatomical theory that a man's skull is only the upper joint of his backbone. This was the prevailing opinion, no doubt. But Welles qualifies it: "He hesitates. This is his great infirmity. The President has firmness, but is greatly wanting in prompt decision. He is unwilling to take a step, but when it is once taken he does not recede."

Plainly such a difference as existed between the President and Congress was an "irrepressible conflict." Having been ignored by Congress and shut out of its councils, Johnson took his revenge by vetoing every partisan bill sent to him, including the civil rights bill, and his vetoes were promptly overridden by Congress. On Washington's Birthday, 1866, Congress not being in session, the Capitol was given over to memorial services glorifying Henry Winter Davis, who with Ben Wade had led the radical opposition to Lincoln and denounced every measure of conciliation. This was in effect an attack on the President, in particular for his recent veto of the freedmen's bureau bill. Johnson's counter move was to make a speech at the White House to a sympathetic crowd, accusing Congress of starting a new rebellion, and naming the legislators most objectionable to him. The speech Welles found "earnest, honest and strong," though he objected to any speech at all. Naturally the division out of doors penetrated the Cabinet. During the summer the unmemorable Speed, Dennison and Harlan resigned and their places were taken by the equally unmemorable Stanbery, Randall and Browning, equally unmemorable politically, though Stanbery was an excellent lawyer. Of Lincoln's Cabinet there remained only Seward, Stanton and Welles, of whom Welles was the only thoroughgoing sympathizer with the President's policy, though he was usually supported by McCulloch, who had succeeded Chase. Seward, according to Welles, was altogether for Seward, and Stanton was, on the same authority, currying favor with Congress while concealing his sentiments from his colleagues. Welles tells rather amusingly of his attempt to smoke Stanton out. It was while preparations were making for the "Peace Convention" of citizens in sympathy with Johnson, in August, 1866:

> Stanton said application had been made to him for bunting for the building at Philadelphia where the convention was to meet, but he had none for them, and said, with a sneer, he would turn them over to the navy. I told him that my bunting had always been promptly shown, and it would be well were he now to let us have a sight of his.
>
> Stanton, who has skulked, was taken aback, colored, and remarked he had no bunting for them.
>
> "Oh," said I, "show your flag."
>
> "You mean the convention," said he. "I am against it."
>
> "I am sorry to hear but glad to know your opinion," said I.

If Stanton was against the convention, the convention was equally against Stanton, and the President presently began to receive remonstrances from the conservatives, upon whom he must rely for support, against the retention of Seward or Stanton, but especially of Stanton. According to Welles, and both probabilities and evidence favor his view, Stanton was intriguing continually with Congress against the Administration. Yet it was not until August, 1867, more than a year after the Peace Convention, that the President, who had for months been expressing distrust of him, was wrought up to the point of requesting his resignation. It was just after Congress, by the reconstruction acts and the tenure of office law, had attempted to usurp Executive functions, and Stanton refused to go. Then ensued one of the most troublesome incidents of the Administration. Grant was appointed Secretary of War ad interim, with the understanding, according to the President and the diarist the distinct agreement, that he would give the President timely notice if he should vacate the place and would give it back into the President's hands. In fact, on receiving a copy of the resolution of the Senate setting forth that the President's assigned reasons for the "suspension" of Stanton were insufficient, he had vacated the office and given the keys to the Adjutant-General. Taxed by the President in the presence of the Cabinet with his failure to keep his agreement, he seems to have had little to say. "His manner, never very commanding, was almost abject, and he left the room with less respect, I apprehend, from those present than ever before." Indeed, it is noticeable how, as Lincoln grows in the estimation of the diarist as acquaintance proceeds, Grant correspondingly shrinks, as may be seen from the following diminuendo. He "has no political principles," is "a political ignoramus," is "prejudiced, aspiring, reticent, cunning and stolidly obstinate in his ignorance," is "greedy for office and power."

The correspondence ensuing upon the last interview of Grant and Johnson is "highly discreditable to Grant's integrity, honor, ability and truth." "Prevarication and downright falsehood, with deception and treachery toward his chief, mark the conduct of U. S. Grant." It is no wonder after this that it does not appear that any one of the five Cabinet officers whose corroboration of what passed at the last interview the President had secured ever after exchanged a word with Grant, excepting Seward, who met him in New York after his nomination for the Presidency. Neither is it wonderful that Grant should have refused to ride with or speak to Johnson on the occasion of Grant's inauguration, nor yet that Johnson, informed of that refusal, should have absented himself from the inauguration and, with his Cabinet, have finished his term at the White House in spite of the desperate efforts of Seward and of Evarts, who had come into the Cabinet after the impeachment as Attorney-General, vice Stanbery, to induce him to join the inaugural procession.

Impeachment had been talked about almost from the beginning. Sumner had sent Welles a newspaper containing a memorial in favor of it almost at the beginning of the session of December, 1865. Not long after an irresponsible Congressman named Ashley had introduced a resolution to that effect. The President's efforts to mitigate the Congressional "government by Major-General," so curiously like that of the Long Parliament in fact as well as in name, had sharpened the zeal of the revolutionists. But it was very likely this dismissal of Stanton that at last precipitated it. The story is well worth reading over again in these pages. The lengths to which party spirit will carry men were almost appallingly illustrated when it appeared that in so very clear a case only seven Senators of the majority party could be induced to break with their party and prevent the necessary two-thirds vote for conviction. To the same effect is the disclosure by Senator Ira Harris of New York of "a prominent radical Senator," unnamed by Harris but suspected by Welles to be Frelinghuysen, "a prominent radical Senator, a religious, conscientious man, who said to him that there was nothing against the President which could be called a crime or misdemeanor, but the President was a troublesome man, was an impediment, and he thought the majority would be justified in availing themselves of a technical advantage in getting rid of him." It is plain, all the same, that Johnson did not play his cards well. Shortly after his term began it became evident that he could look for no support from the Republicans. While he was alienating them he was holding the Democrats aloof, mainly by retaining Seward and Stanton, and gaining so little Democratic support that it was a surprise to Welles that he stood second to Pendleton on the first ballot in the national convention that finally nominated Seymour. But as plain as the showing of his political ineptitude is the showing of his sincerely patriotic intentions and of his real public service in following out the conciliatory and reuniting policy of which Lincoln lived long enough to make a beginning.

There were, of course, many other things to think about in Johnson's Cabinet than reconstruction. There was the Mexican question, of which we get one of the comic aspects in the horror of the French Minister at Washington, the Marquis de Montholon, at the appointment as Minister to Mexico of John A. Logan, who, Welles is forced to admit, does not seem to him "a very refined or cultured diplomat." Seward was secretive about the affairs of his own department, but, for anything that appears here, the withdrawal of the French was simply due to the perception at Paris that with even the partial reunion of "these States" the French position in Mexico had become untenable. There were Seward's land grabbing project, of which the only tangible result was the acquisition of Alaska but which included in Seward's aspirations the Danish West Indies, Samana Bay and even the Isthmus of Panama. Here is a statement of his which has a strangely modern and familiar air: "The Isthmus of Panama, he thinks, may be obtained. The revolutionists have possession of the government in that State. He therefore proposes we shall resist them and at the same time refuse to recognize the President, whom he calls a usurper. He disclosed his purpose inadvertently by saying there was a strong party there desirous of annexation to the United States."

On the other hand here is a strangely old fashioned utterance. Welles disapproved of Johnson's speech at the White House on Washington's Birthday of 1866, or rather not of the speech but of his making any speech. He deprecated as intra dig. the oratory of the "swinging round the circle" of the following summer, though he himself was in the swing. And the next year, when Johnson took advantage of a visit to Boston ostensibly to lay the cornerstone of a Masonic temple to make a political appeal to the people of Massachusetts Welles remarked: "It would be better were he and all Presidents to avoid addressing miscellaneous public assemblages."

The world does move.

What Is Poetry?

An illuminating book, and suggestive even where it is not illuminating, will be found by the readers for whom it is meant, *Essentials of Poetry*, by Professor WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON of Harvard (Houghton Mifflin Company). There is no definition of poetry extant which commends itself to lovers and students of the thing. Professor Neilson prudently abstains from attempting another. Carlyle, while professing similarly to abstain, yet suggested "Musical Thought" to denote that in real poetry the intellectual or emotional content determines the metrical form. That is not the worst definition, if we must have a definition. Professor Neilson declares that "a final definition is not to be expected now or at any future time" and that for the reason that "poetry is not simple but a compound of various elements, and the relative importance of these elements, even the leadership among them, differs from age to age with the changes of taste and prevailing temperament." Reason, imagination and "the sense of fact" are all concerned in the production of all poetry, but the proportion of them varies. When the reason predominates we have classicism; when the imagination, romanticism; when the sense of fact, realism. But this does not exclude inagination and the sense of fact from classical poetry, nor reason and the sense of fact from romantic poetry, nor reason and imagination from realistic poetry. Neither in a period nor in a poet characterized by the predominance of any one of the three elements can the other two be altogether absent if the result is worth the name of poetry at all.

The development of this thesis in detail and the illustration of it by examples constitute the gist of the book. These processes require on the part of him who undertakes them a keen poetical sensibility in the first place and a wide poetical reading in the second. These requirements the author fully meets. Without the first indeed it would have been quite in vain for him to undertake such an inquiry, though it has been known that such an inquiry has been undertaken by writers who labored under that capital disadvantage. The classical instance of inappreciation is that of the rationalist who maintained that "Paradise Lost" "proved nothing," which it assuredly did not to him. Fitz James Stephen said very well that "the essence of poetry is that it is an appeal to the reader's good faith and power of perception." "We are all poets when we read a poem well." That is the fact that makes an attempt to prove poetical propositions by a plus b as unavailing as a plus b poetry. Writing about poetry, like writing poetry, for the insensitive is like lecturing on optics in a blind asylum or on music in the sign language of the deaf mutes. For truly the lack of poetical sensibility is like the privation of a sense, with the aggravation that the unfortunate in the case of poetry is by no means necessarily aware of his privation.

Readers who are unaware of any deficiency of this kind in themselves will follow Professor Neilson's investigations with interest and enjoyment. It is of English poetry naturally that our author is mainly speaking and always thinking, taking only incidental illustrations from other literatures, ancient or modern. The ancient literatures are of course the repositories of the classical models and the origins of the classical tradition. What we mean by the classical spirit, the classical form in a modern work, is a reminiscence or a reminder of the antique conception, the antique workmanship. It is true that we also speak of any work which has come to be established and standard as a "classic." There is an ambiguity here which Professor Neilson would remove by employing "antique" instead of classic when one refers to "the classics." The difference between classic in his sense and romantic he illustrates by the citation from another art of the Parthenon on the one hand and the Cathedral of Chartres on the other: "The one expresses a temperament fundamentally rational, refusing to attempt the impossible, setting before it a clearly defined aim, and by virtue of an admirable power of fitting means to ends, achieving that aim. The other expresses a temperament fundamentally imaginative, enamored of mystery, ever striving to grasp the infinite and by virtue of the intensity of its vision drawing others to share its aspirations but failing of perfect expression. The one satisfies with a sense of repose, the other stirs an insatiable yearning. The one is classical, the other romantic."

Individual temperaments frequently escape from prevailing tendencies and show the predominance of that element in poetry which in the work of their period is subordinate. Thus Blake was a contemporary of Dr. Johnson, as, for that matter, as everybody knows, was Macpherson, whose "Ossian" may be taken as a specimen of the pseudo-romantic, as we are agreed that the accepted poetical productions of the time were specimens of the pseudo-classic. Thomson, commonly accepted as a precursor of romanticism, was, according to Professor Neilson, who seems here on more precarious ground than he commonly occupies, a realist in a classical period, at least in "The Seasons," and a description is adduced which doubtless shows observation in greater activity than any other faculty. But one recurs, as to Thomson, to the old fashioned and discredited criticism of Johnson as coming nearer to the root of the matter. "Thomson had a true poetical genius, the power of viewing everything in a poetical light. His fault is such a cloud of words sometimes that the sense can hardly peep through." Crabbe, on the other hand, was a thoroughgoing realist, as appears from Professor Neilson's citation as well as from his own avowed determination to

> paint the Cot
> As Truth will paint it and as Bards will not.

As for Cowper, also commonly spoken of as an anachronistic romanticist, Professor Neilson notes in him a happy combination of all three of his "essentials": "Observation of nature in which a loving sense of the fact is illumined by imaginative insight and regulated by a feeling for traditional form not too oppressive." All the same, and as he does not note, the first lines of his illustrative passage are so Wordsworthian that they would be ascribed to Wordsworth without hesitation by a reader who did not happen to remember that they were Cowper's:

> Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
> Exhilarate the spirit and restore
> The tone of languid nature.

Gray was predominantly a classicist and his "Elegy" a "sound piece of classical art." We may remark that the thesis is easier to be made out from the "Elegy" than it would be from the "Odes." To cite a "classical" passage from Shakespeare would seem to be a desperate attempt. But the critic, maintaining that Shakespeare was in his earliest work a realist and in his latest a romanticist, goes so far as to adduce a passage from "Troilus and Cressida," of which he remarks, with plausibility, that reason prevails over "fact and fancy," but omits to remark that the passage is not notably Shakespearian and that if Shakespeare had written only such he would not now be read. He cites a passage from Landor's "Iphigenia" to prove what indeed needed no proving, that Landor was no classicist in a romantic age. But Landor's general poetic ineffectuality is such that it does not much matter what he was.

Matthew Arnold's "Introduction" to Ward's "English Poets," published in 1880, lays down the law as to the criteria of excellence in poetry in a manner which has been accepted as authoritative for the thirty intervening years. Professor Neilson has no hesitation in declaring these criteria defective. He protests against the citation of single lines and phrases as doing especial injustice to poems of which the, or a, main merit is the design, that is to say, to "classical" poems. Truly it is an injustice. As Dryden has it of tragedies, those of the ancients "were better plotted; ours are better written." Excellence in "plotting" is one of the excellences which cannot be shown by samples or tested by touchstones. Professor Neilson traverses Arnold's decisions in the cases of Gray, of Chaucer, of Burns. He even belittles the importance of Arnold's "high seriousness." "This, it seems, is the final criterion of a great poet. One might suggest it as a more fit criterion for a great divine." But this sally is followed by a "highly serious" remark. "The element for which Arnold was groping * * * was not seriousness but intensity."

The chapter on "Sentimentalism in Poetry" is very good, would be worth while were it only for the definition. "Sentimentalism is the cultivation of emotion for the sake of the thrill, of the subjective experience. It is distinguished from sentiment, which is spontaneous and innocuous, because the latter comes unsought, and is the result of the normal reaction of a sensitive temperament to a situation." The most egregious sentimentalist in English literature, Sterne, did not write verse. But we find Wordsworth at his worst and Burns at his worst charged with this vice, and Byron is the leader of the versifying sentimentalists. "That man never wrote from his heart," says Thackeray, and Professor Neilson quite makes out his case against him. On the other hand, the chapter on "Humor in Poetry" does not seem to have been worth writing. Doubtless the sense of humor plays its part in the production of poetry, but only as pins are said to have saved the lives of countless persons, "by not swallowing them." It is operative in what it has induced the poet to leave out, not in what it has induced him to put in. Wordsworth would doubtless have been better off as a poet for a much larger share of the sense which would have blunted the satire on him of

> And sometimes, like an old half witted sheep
> That bleats articulate monotony.

But it is so generally safe to say that humor and poetry have nothing to do with one another that the pains Professor Neilson has taken to find partial exceptions look like labor lost. Poets have been humorists, even professional humorists, Tom Hood, for instance, and have expressed their humor as well as their poetry in the form of verse. But they have vindicated their sense of humor by keeping their humor out of their poetry, and their poetical sensibility by keeping their poetry out of their humor. But this is the only chapter in the book that can be skipped without loss. All the rest can be read if not with complete concurrence, yet with pleasure and with profit.

The Pleasant Adventures of a Diplomat's Wife.

A charming and entertaining book is *Intimacies of Court and Society* (Dodd, Mead and Company), which the anonymous author, the widow of an American diplomat, calls "an unconventional narrative of unofficial days." The recollections cover a period of twenty years. Most of them tell of things observed during visits in court circles when the narrator was no longer officially connected with the corps which the European members whisper is now known as the "American Ambassador and the rest of us"; when she was, as she says, "free to pick and choose with whom she would pass her time, as no diplomat's wife can always do." She saw the celebration of the ninetieth birthday of Leo XIII., the coronation of the present Czar of Russia and, of the most recent pageants of official life, the opening of King George's first Parliament. She writes vividly and delightfully of the haughty society of the Faubourg St. Germain and the brilliant intellects at the head of the French republic; of fascinating and dissolute St. Petersburg and of prosperous and virtuous Germany with its great ruler; of the cosmopolitan court of Edward VII., the grand monarque of modern times, and of the "black" and "white" courts at Rome.

The impressions are those of a sympathetic and adaptable woman who has been able to see the beauties and weaknesses of the aristocratic idea as well as those of the democracy of her own country and to view optimistically the give and take between the two. "There is no more absurd illusion in existence," she says, "than the idea that Americans were ever really welcomed into the inner circle of court life in any monarchial country, or that American women ever conquered there by beauty, charm or intellectual gifts alone. No, no, they had to bring money, more of it than their rivals could muster, and spend it more ingeniously, more amazingly, than their rivals dared. The obeisance of Old World lineage before the shrine of New World wealth is full of pathetic appeal to the sympathetic and psychological mind. But it is nevertheless true that the American victory has meant an enormous increase in the dignity and accepted importance of the United States. For it has been among nations who eons ago decreed that recognition at court should be the pinnacle of prestige. And even we Americans of lineage and the stiff pride of poverty who live in Europe as exiles because we feel that we might almost as well be dead as not to be rich in the United States, there has been wrung from us the tardy acceptance that American money, even in its most blatant, brazen vulgarity, and of course much of it is neither blatant nor vulgar, but that even when it is, it means the triumph of brawn and brains, of common sense notions and democracy's opportunities and that there are many things in the world worse than that, many things after all worse even than vulgarity."

Endowed with a pride so stiff that starvation cannot break it, the Faubourg St. Germain has naturally been one of the strongholds of aristocracy that have best resisted the invasion of democracy, whether native or foreign. The writer of these recollections tells of having borrowed Mme. Fallières's box at the opera for an evening and of the discomfort of her royalist friends, who, longing to view a new performance from the best box in the house, yet elected to remain at home rather than countenance, even indirectly, the republican government. She says that there are perhaps a dozen American women well established in the Faubourg but that the swarms of our expatriated social climbers, who have battered at its doors for years and who would willingly fill their houses with orchids to give a cup of tea to the most déclassée duchess, have made but little impression. The Duchesse la Rochefoucauld has the double distinction of being one of the young leaders of the révolté circle in the Faubourg and an American girl who made an international marriage in which the dot did not figure. Her husband is still a poor man for his position, as he was when he married Maggie Mitchell, the daughter of a United States Senator. There are now in the Faubourg few of those brilliant salons which are indissolubly linked with memories of its past. The Hotel d'Uzès, where the Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès formerly held court, is in the hands of the parvenu, and its accomplished mistress has resigned her social leadership. Occasionally she may still be seen driving a four-in-hand in the Bois, this chronicler says, an erect Amazonian figure, a grandmother who remains the most famous horsewoman in France. The Duchesse de Rohan, who is independent enough to be sympathetic with Americans and to have attempted the recognition of well known actresses in the Faubourg, presides over what is now the only salon there worthy of the name. In her reception rooms you will meet, the diplomat's widow tells us, representatives of every class in France that is worth knowing, except the governmental class. Even a duchess as courageous as this one does not dare to receive the officials of the republic. She does, however, dare to sing the praise of the American man. No Frenchwoman, she says, could dream of greater bliss than to be married to one of these sons of democracy who take their wives without a dot, let them go to Paris alone and buy them a gown a week from the dressmakers whom the members of the Faubourg patronize once a year.

The writer of the recollections tells of lunching with a Prince of the old régime, a patrician of 80, who as a diplomat had served the empire condescendingly but faithfully. She climbed five flights of stairs and traversed five uncarpeted halls to reach the corner of the dilapidated mansion where he and his Duchesse, dainty and vivacious still, were ending their days. There she saw the Prince's one remaining treasure, a collection of cameos, and lunched at a table covered with a Venetian lace cloth and set with Sevres dishes, of which there remained just enough to serve the four at table. "It was just before I left Paris that I saw them again," she writes, "in a crowded salon at a private view of pictures. No one seemed to notice them, a shabbily dressed old man, tenderly guiding an old lady on his arm, who wore an ancient sealskin cape which no American nillionaire's wife would have dared to offer to her maid. The elegantly dressed women and their immaculate escorts jostled unconcernedly against them to get in closer range of the pictures. But there was no picture on the walls comparable to the one they made. Tears ran into my eyes as I watched them. They were a remnant of that France, full of wrongs unsupportable but also of surpassing charm, gone now, never to return."

As the antithesis of the traditions of the Faubourg and an incarnation of all that it detests most bitterly she mentions M. Georges Clemenceau, the brilliant statesman. She describes him as a man in his early sixties, wasted and worn with disease, but with a half mocking smile and a joke always on his lips; a self-made man of the upper middle class who speaks English perfectly because he learned it in New York while earning $5 a week at translating. She was entertained by Clemenceau at his house in the Rue Franklin, where he showed her his collections of Oriental rugs and bric-à-brac and confided to her that his greatest ambition was for success in literature and not in politics.

The narrator's reminiscences of the Quirinal and the Vatican go back to the reign of King Umberto and his dignified consort and to the days of Leo XIII., whose temperament and desire for domination made him the ruler of both Church and society. She gives a charming picture of the gentle, beautiful woman who now shares the throne of Italy and of the simple, kindly man who succeeded Leo. She describes the remarkable gathering in honor of the ninetieth birthday of Leo XIII., when princes and church dignitaries from all quarters of the earth assembled at Rome. She passed the Swiss guards lined up at the entrance to the Vatican, wearing the costume designed by Michelangelo, and worked her way through the crowd in the Sala Ducale, one of the antechambers to the Sistine Chapel set apart for favored spectators. She saw the Ambassadors pass through on their way to the Pope and at last heard the shouts that heralded the approach of the pontiff. "I had a rapid vision of faces," she says, "most of them old, most of them keen and strong, of robes of ermine, of black velvet or flaming scarlet, cries of 'Vive le Pape!' of cheers in a multitude of different tongues. And then the Pope appeared, the Cardinals walking before the sacred chair, which was carried high above the crowd, immense peacocks borne upon either side, and the pontiff himself in robes of dazzling white, the head shaking beneath its triple golden crown, the mouth loosely open, and the long, slender hand trembling with extreme old age as it was extended in blessing. The demonstrations of the people moved him profoundly; he rose to his feet, his thin form shaking, and stood with arms outstretched as if to clasp them all to his wasted bosom. The eager crowd vainly sought to kneel, but could not, so great was the stress. He fell back exhausted upon his chair and slowly disappeared from view."

No part of this unconventional narrative is more fascinating than the account of the reckless, luxurious society which surrounds the court at St. Petersburg. Curiously enough, in the land of despotism, whose sovereigns are the most exclusive and inaccessible in Europe, we find the society surrounding them the most democratic. There is no law of primogeniture in Russia and consequently the country has an overabundance of princes and princesses. Titles that carry no land holdings with them are common and the prosperous merchants are becoming the landed proprietors. There is no middle class. The peasantry includes every one outside of the pale of nobility, but the court regulations, which give precedence to official position over birth, help to make smooth the social path of the talented men from the peasant class who rise to high governmental offices, bringing their wives with them. As a case in point the chronicler mentions Mme. Witte, a Jewess of humble birth but of such extraordinary attainments that before her marriage she was credited with knowing more Cabinet secrets than any other woman in Russia. Owing to certain circumstances which did not recommend her to the Czarina, who has inherited many of the tendencies of her famous grandmother, Mme. Witte's recognition was only brought about under pressure, when M. de Witte was at the height of his political power. Once landed, however, she was able to establish herself so firmly that her daughter is now the wife of a member of the old aristocracy.

This observer points out several surface similarities of character in the Russian and the American. She says the Russian welcomes you to with the same frankness and prodigal hospitality which we are supposed to exhibit as a nation. In St. Petersburg an invitation to dine received at the beginning of the social season often means that you will be expected on the evening of that day of every week during the winter. Calling is not a formal matter of depositing bits of pasteboard in the hands of flunkeys. If the person on whom you desire to call is not at home some member of his or her family will receive you. The footman removes your wraps, and following him through several salons you arrive at the last room, where the family is assembled. There tea will be served to you, whether it is 2 o'clock in the afternoon or 12 o'clock at night. The Russians rival Dr. Johnson in the consumption of tea. Ten or fifteen cups at a sitting is not beyond their capacity. They will discuss their family affairs before you with true Yankee friendliness, and the familiar form of address used in Russia, where no one is "prince" or "princess," but "Marie the daughter of William" and "Michael the son of John," is an additional help in making the stranger feel at home.

Fundamentally this student of Russian character has found the impulsive, passionate, sensuous Russian woman as widely separated as the poles from her level headed American sister, whom she rivals or surpasses in intellectual brilliance. Paradoxically the two women suggested to us as the best embodiments of the fascination, versatility and intellect of the women of Russian aristocracy are foreigners by birth; the first the Dowager Empress, mother of the present Czar, born Princess Dagmar of Denmark, and the second the German woman who is now the Grand Duchess Vladimir. The character of the Dowager Empress presents a striking example of the duality typical of Russian femininity. Outwardly a charming, graceful woman of the world, devoted to pleasure, who still dances the Polish mazurka with captivating grace, those acquainted with the court know that back of this butterfly exterior are enthroned a strong will and a mind keen enough to cope with the cleverest politicians. When the Grand Duke Vladimir brought his bride to court the Dowager Czarina gained a relative of her own calibre, equally fascinating and equally clever, but a woman whose strength is less completely shrouded in feminine softness. "A regal, luxurious figure," she is described with a "strong face, calculating yet careless, showing a nature swept by the hot fires of the South, yet as cold as the North, one of the most remarkable women of her day, portraying a combination of contradictions best described as most Russian."

As a foil to these two and against a background of barbaric luxury stands the gentle, beautiful Czarina, the granddaughter of Queen Victoria, with her pathetic attempts to introduce the puritan ideals of her distinguished grandparent among the ladies of her husband's court and her rigid adherence to petty economics in a society of mad extravagance. Misunderstood, disliked and tyrannized over by her capable mother-in-law, the gentle, sensitive Czarina seems the most tragic figure in this dazzling pageant which treads a smouldering volcano. There is but one hint of the volcano in the present narrative. "At the Hotel d'Europe one afternoon," the writer says, "when I was calling on some friends, an inoffensive old lady from Boston, with two débutante nieces, my attention was caught by a curious apparition in the wall near the ceiling; a small piece about two inches square silently vanished and a human eye took its place. Meeting my frightened, startled gaze, it was gone in a flash and the wall remained intact."

From St. Petersburg we are taken to Berlin, the court of domestic life, where an invitation to "come for hymns" is considered an opportunity for social diversion, and where every one has his or her fixed place and remains in it, complacent and contented. She tells of the audience of the late Cecil Rhodes with the Kaiser, which was remarkable in that the visitor was allowed to do most of the talking and also because Rhodes walked into the audience chamber in his everyday clothes, with a slouch hat under his arm, and sat down, when he felt like it, before the Emperor did. "Why am I not popular in England," Wilhelm asked him. "What can I do to make myself popular?" "Suppose you just try doing nothing," answered Rhodes. An ominous frown gathered on the imperial countenance; then it lifted and the Kaiser, breaking into a laugh, slapped his visitor on the back.

The last chapter of the recollections tells of the writer's visit to her homeland, a visit which was attended with some pleasures and many disappointments. She found Washington more beautiful and more imposing than of old. "Any foreigner who sees it now," she says, "would be impressed with the nobility and dignity of its architecture, and the treasures in art which its public buildings and private mansions hold in their interior decorations." But she concurs in the familiar indictments against American society. "Although an American to the innermost fibre of my being," she concludes, "I did not seem to be able to feel at home there when I went back. My friends who were in what they called society seemed frantically trying to make the debit and credit pages tally in their social ledgers. * * * They would ask me in for what they called a 'quiet cup of tea,' and I would find a hundred women whose gowns looked fresh from the Rue de la Paix, taking a cup of tea perhaps at the end of an elaborate course of salads, ices and bonbons, where God's sunshine was shut out and the electric light turned on and where the presence of a man created a sensation. * * * I said good-by with disillusion and a good deal of relief. And we both eagerly hailed the prospect of living again in Europe, where there still remain some millionaires who are nobodies." We do not know whether she is right or wrong, but at any rate we thank her for a very enjoyable book.

AS TO SHORT STORY CONTESTS.

Prize Competitions Criticised on Economic and Ethical Grounds.

A writer in the *Bookman* takes up the cudgels in defence of would-be authors who are tempted by such offers as the following:

First prize	$1,000
Second prize	500
Third prize	250
And six other prizes of $100 each	600
Total	$2,350

"This is incentive enough," writes A. M. Chase, "to set thousands of pens to scribbling, thousands of brains to working overtime, thousands of tongues to licking postage stamps.

"Let us adopt ten thousand, which is not excessive, as the number of manuscripts that will be received by your favorite magazine in its prize story contest. Then the total cost of postage stamps, at 24 cents per, will amount to $2,400, which is $50 more than the combined value of the prizes.

"The cost of typewriting alone will be $15,000, more than six times the value of the prizes. And the grand aggregate cost of producing these ten thousand stories, according to a moderate computation, will be $10,617,900.

"In these days of conservation of timber, conservation of water power, of babies and hosts of other things, one miserable magazine makes nine people happy and disappoints 9,991; and it offers less than twenty-five hundred dollars for something that has cost more than ten million!

"The prize contest method of securing stories seems to be open to criticism both for economical and ethical reasons. Such high hopes are roused in so many thousands of hearts, and such a meagre pittance of happiness is doled out. A few hundred dollars are given in exchange for love, labor, excitement, sacrifice, expectation, which, if they could be reduced to a monetary basis, would amount to many times the value of the prizes.

"When you read in your favorite magazine the editor's self-complacent account of the bestowal of the prizes, do not be unduly impressed by the delight and success of the winners. There are only nine of them anyway, and of this number it is a fair wager that seven are seasoned old hands, used to writing stories, and selling them too for a good price so that the taking of a prize more or less is to them only a matter of moderate self-congratulation. Forget them, and remember the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-one defeated and disappointed ones."

Coeds Take to Sports.

Lawrence correspondence Kansas City Star.

The interest shown by the coeds at the State university over athletic sports has been so great this year that they have organized an athletic association. The eligibility for membership of these teams will be as strict as that for membership on the men's teams. The girls' athletic association will control all contests.

The girls will play all of the games played by the men with the exception of football. The two most popular sports in which the girls will hold contests are the indoor games of basketball and indoor baseball. Swimming is becoming popular with the girls, and several of them learn to swim each week. The other athletic events will be in track work, handball, volley ball and soccer.