SOME NEW BOOKS.

Lady Gregory and Others.

LADY GREGORY now appears for the first time in an American dress, in two volumes of *Irish Folk History Plays*, (Putnams). The first series consists of the tragedies "Grania," "Kincora" and "Dervorgilla," and the second of the tragic comedies "The Canavans," "The White Cockade" and "The Deliverer." In contrast with these is the book of northern dramas, "The Drone and Other Plays," by Rutherford Mayne, brought out by Maunsel of Dublin.

There have been for some years a number of groups which have had to do with the distinctively Irish drama. The most important is the Irish National Society of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, the players of which made a successful if at times stormy visit to this country lately. There are the society of Ulster Players, who have done serious artistic work; the Theatre of Ireland, the Independent Theatre, which has now done so well for various reasons. Finally, the Gaelic League, in spite of its preoccupation with other matters, has made a number of attempts to present plays, most of which were more or less propagandist.

It was hoped when the Abbey Theatre was established that it would stimulate dramatic enterprise all over the country. But while it had the effect of causing increased interest in this form of expression, its only real rival has been the Ulster Literary Theatre, which has brought forward Mr. Mayne and others, whose work has distinction and directness of treatment.

The Irish Literary Theatre was established in 1899. It was not until it had been evolved into the Irish National Theatre Society in 1903 that Lady Gregory appeared as one of its playwrights, when her "Twenty-five" was given, the same year that saw "In the Shadow of the Glen" by J. M. Synge. It is said of her that she first discovered her great literary talents when she had occasion to compile a memoir of her late husband. Her farce "The Workhouse Ward," which is her best, was evolved in a curious way. She composed a scenario for Dr. Douglas Hyde, who helped with the dialogue. Then she tried to rearrange the piece for three players, and found it necessary to make entirely new dialogue. The result is a little comedy in which there is not a superfluous word. "I sometimes think," she says, "the two scolding paupers are a symbol of ourselves in Ireland—it is better to be quarrelling than to be lonesome. The Rajputs, that great fighting race, when they were told they had been brought under the Pax Britannica and must give up war, gave themselves to opium in its place, but Connacht has not yet planted its poppy garden."

Lady Gregory became associated with the Abbey Theatre through her friendship with Dr. Hyde, Edward Martyn and the rest, to whom she was hostess at her fine old place in the West, of which Mr. John Quinn has given a striking account, in the course of which he says: "I wish I could picture something of the charm that hangs around Coole, of its tangled woods, its stately trees, the lake, the winding paths, the two beautiful old gardens and the view of the distant Burren hills. There seemed to be magic in the air, enchantment in the woods and the beauty of the place, and the best talk and stories I ever found anywhere. * * * She seemed to me to have a strong sense of property, and took great pride in and had done her share in keeping up the fabled 'Seven Woods of Coole,' planting every year trees for the coming generation. And I remembered that Arthur Young in his 'A Tour in Ireland' had referred to a visit that he made over a hundred years before to the Coole of that period, and had found the Gregory of that time walling and 'improving his land with great spirit,' and planting the trees which are now among the glories of the place."

In that delicate and reticent book, "Hail and Farewell," George Moore gives a delightful account of his visit to Coole, the visit which resulted in his writing the play "Diarmuid and Grania," in collaboration with W. B. Yeats. Yeats had suggested that Moore should compose it in France and then have Lady Gregory translate it. He goes on:

"And that night I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door, causing me to start up in bed.

"'What is up? Who is it? Yeats?'

"'I am sorry to disturb you, but an idea has just occurred to me.'

"And sitting on the edge of my bed he explained that the casual suggestion that I proposed to write the play in French rather than in his vocabulary was a better idea than he had thought at the time.

"'How is that, Yeats?' I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"'Well, you see, through the Irish language we can get a peasant Grania.'

"'But Grania is a king's daughter. I don't see what you mean, Yeats; and my French——'

"'Lady Gregory will translate your text into English. Taidgh O'Donoghue will translate the English text into Irish, and Lady Gregory will translate the Irish text back into English.

"'And then you'll put style upon it? And it was for that you awoke me?'

"'But don't you think a peasant Grania——'

"'No, Yeats, I don't, but I'll sleep on it and to-morrow morning I may think differently. It is some satisfaction, however, to hear that you can stand my English style at four removes.' And as I turned over in the hope of escaping from further literary discussion I heard the thin, hollow laugh which Yeats uses on such occasions to disguise his disapproval of a joke if it tells ever so little against himself."

Lady Gregory has been a stimulating force in the Irish theatre. She advised and gave encouragement in the early, difficult days. She has been active in the direction of it since. Her farces are among the best things in its répertoire. In her new plays she has shown high tragic power. Although Yeats tried to persuade her never to attempt a play on the subject of "Grania" it is there that she has been most successful.

The talk between the old king and the girl who thinks she is about to marry him has many touches characteristic of Lady Gregory's work. The case of the spoken words is striking when the dramatic intensity is considered. *Grania* is talking of having seen *Diarmuid*.

Grania—Did they not tell you his name?

Grania—I was shy to ask them, and I never saw him again. But my thoughts went with him for a good while, and sometimes he came through my dreams. Is that now what you would call love?

Finn—Indeed, I think it is little at all you know of it.

Grania—I heard often in the stories of people that were in pain and under locks through love. But I think they are but foolishness. There was one of a lover was made go through a fire for his sweetheart's sake, and came out shivering. And one that climbed to his darling's window by one golden thread of her hair.

Finn—There are many such tales and there are more in the making, for it is likely the tearing and vexing of love will be known so long as men are hot blooded and women have a coaxing way.

Grania—I asked the old people what love was and they gave me no good news of it at all. Three sharp blasts of the wind they said it was, a white blast of delight and a gray blast of discontent and a third blast of jealousy that is red.

Finn—That red blast is the wickedest of the three.

Grania—I would never think jealousy to be so bad a smart.

Finn—It is a bad thing for whoever knows it. If love is to lie down on a bed of stinging nettles, jealousy is to waken upon a wasp's nest.

Grania—But the old people say more again about love. They say there is no good thing to be gained without hardship and pain, such as a child to be born or a long day's battle won. And I think it might be a pleasing thing to have a lover that would go through fire for your sake.

Finn—I know enough of the heat of love in my time, and I am ever glad to have done with it now, and to be safe from its torments and its whip and its scourge.

Grania—It being so bad a thing, why, I wonder, do so many go under its sway? That should be a good master that has so many servants and is so well obeyed.

Finn—We do not take it up of ourselves, but it sweeps us away before it, and asks no leave. When that blast comes upon us we are but feathers whirled before it with the dust.

Grania—It is a good thing surely that I will never know an unhappy, unquiet love, but only love for you that will be by my side forever. [A loud peal of laughter is heard outside.] What is that laughter? There is in it some mocking sound.

Such dialogue as this does not fall in with the theory of W. B. Yeats that tragic drama must be carved out of speech as a statue is out of stone. "Tragic art, passionate art, the drowner of dykes, the confounder of understanding, moves us by setting us to reverie, by alluring us almost to the intensity of trance. The persons upon the stage, let us say, greaten till they are humanity itself. We feel our minds expand convulsively or spread out slowly like some moon brightened, image crowded sea. That which is before our eyes perpetually vanishes and returns again in the midst of the excitement it creates, and the more enthralling it is the more do we forget it." That may explain the sort of speech that Mr. Yeats carves out of words. But Lady Gregory, like John Synge, carves her plays out of the talk of living people, and the emotions of even her heroic personages are highly human.

It has been suggested that, for various reasons the plays of Mr. Yeats will remain plays for an Irish theatre and never plays for all English speaking theatres in spite of that dramatist's kinship with Maeterlinck. But surely that cannot be said of Synge or Lady Gregory. There is something universal in "The Workhouse Ward." The comedy of this passage, for instance, would appeal as much to a Scot as to a native of Mayo, perhaps more so, for the latter might regard the talk as but a faithful suggestion of what he had heard himself:

Mike McInerney—What signifies Crannah and the mills of Duras? Look at all my own generations that are buried at the Seven Churches. And how many generations of the Miskells are buried in it? Answer me that!

Michael Miskell—I tell you but for the wheat that was to be sowed there would be more side cars and more common cars at my father's funeral (God rest his soul) than at any funeral ever left your own door. And as to my mother, she was a Cuffe from Claregalway, and it's she had the purer blood!

Mike McInerney—And what do you say to the banshee? Isn't she apt to have knowledge of the ancient race? Was ever she heard to screech or to cry for the Miskells? Or for the Cuffes from Claregalway? She was not, but for the six families, the Hyneses, the Foxes, the Faheys, the Dooleys, the McInerneys. It is of the nature of the McInerneys she is I am thinking, crying them the same as a king's children.

Michael Miskell—It is a pity the banshee not to be crying for yourself at this minute, and giving you a warning to quit your lies and your chat and your arguing and your contrary ways; for there is no one, under the rising sun could stand you. I tell you you are not behaving as in the presence of the Lord!

Mike McInerney—Is it wishful for my death you are? Let it come and meet me now and welcome so long as it will part me from yourself. And I say, and I would kiss the book on it, I to have one request only to be granted, and I leaving it in my will, it is what I would request, nine furrows of the field, nine ridges of the hills, nine waves of the ocean to be put between your grave and my own grave the time we will be laid in the ground!

Michael Miskell—Amen to that! Nine ridges, is it? No, but let the whole ridge of the world separate us till the Day of Judgment! I would not be laid near you at the Seven Churches, I to get Ireland without a divide!

In contrast with the picturesque speech of the personages of Synge and Lady Gregory the Ulster characters of Robinson, Boyle and Mayne seem rather pallid. In "Mixed Marriage" even St. John Ervine, a strong, fine dramatist, shows the same quality. It is the imagination and fire in the southern and western talk that gives it its fascination.

An Observing Chautauquan.

When DAVID B. PARKER, a country boy of 19, enlisted in the Seventy-second New York Volunteers at the beginning of the war, he could have had no idea that he would be withdrawn from the fighting line and made to serve his country in a peculiarly specialized field, as full of danger and adventure as the battle front. The accident of his having a good handwriting, which drew him into clerical work for his company commander, soon put him in charge of the mail service of his regiment, and his efficiency in handling that task quickly led to his being entrusted with the service for his division and corps, and before long for the whole army of the Potomac, under Hooker, Meade and Grant, till the war ended. He was then 23 years of age, but he had managed a difficult business that called, not only for personal daring, but for resource in expedients, boldness in dealing with departmental red tape, inventiveness and originality. His commanding officers, notably Grant, had absolute trust in him, even in vital matters, such as the movements of a campaign, where the mail service would have had to be suspended save for their confidence in him. He was brought in touch through it with many notable men and before he died wrote out some of his recollections, which appear in *A Chautauqua Boy in '61 and Afterward*, edited by Mr. Torrance Parker (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston), with an introduction by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard. It is a pity that no more attractive title was chosen, for the book is of general national interest, and local patriotism, loyal as Mr. Parker was to his county, has little place in it.

The duties imposed on Mr. Parker after the war ended were more difficult and important even than the management of the army mails. As special agent of the Post Office Department he took charge of the Richmond office and set to work to put the system in Virginia in order again. When President Grant was elected he was appointed United States Marshal for Virginia and held the office during the most troublesome portion of the reconstruction period. If the reader bears in mind how young Mr. Parker was in these years of strenuous activity, the record of adventurous experiences will seem even more startling than it is, and the level headed sense with which all difficulties were met the more astonishing. His next employment was at the head of the Post Office Secret Service, he stayed there for years, but was still only thirty-five years old when he left the Government employ to engage in private business.

He tells entertaining and exciting stories of experiences in the army, in enforcing the law in Virginia, especially among the mountain folk, and of running down criminals with the Post Office detectives. He was the playmate, school fellow and lifelong friend of Commander Cushing, who blew up the Albemarle, and tells many stories of him and his brothers. The importance of the book, however, lies in the anecdotes Mr. Parker tells of the famous men he met. Whether these relate things that he saw or heard himself, or whether they were told to him by others who had them at first hand, they all sound true and seem to define distinctly the man they describe. Many are new, others throw new light on certain events; generally, though they are well told, they are rather too long to quote.

Mr. Parker saw and spoke to President Lincoln several times. He happened to be the officer who first brought news from Grant after the fighting in the Wilderness and joins the crowd of witnesses to Lincoln's memory of men and faces, to his habit of telling stories when he was most worried. One incident at the beginning of the war seems new. "The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in the National Theatre in Washington. The play was a burlesque called Pocahontas in which Mrs. John Wood was the star. At that time the newspapers of the entire country, and we soldiers as well, were abusing the regimental sutlers. Mr. Lincoln sat in a box with two or three other gentlemen and was in plain view. He seemed to enjoy the burlesque very much, and at a time when Mrs. Wood quarrelled with John Smith and in abusing him, said: 'John Smith, you are a sutler!' Mr. Lincoln laughed immoderately, his chair fell over back and his feet came up in view, and the other gentlemen with him caught the chair and straightened it up."

There is little criticism of Generals, but Mr. Parker did not waste any love on McClellan; he notes Meade's coldness and remembers kindly his own first commanders, Sickles and Joe Hooker, as well as Grant. He makes no attempt to fight the war over again, but he tells with great feeling the story of an officer who, like himself, though of higher rank, was drawn from the sphere where he could distinguish himself to do necessary but obscure work, the Provost Marshal, Gen. Patrick. It is a fine portrait of a man who did his duty completely that he has drawn.

An anecdote of Grant shows how difficult it is to get at the truth in historical matters even from first hand testimony. Gen. Grant went to Richmond two or three years after the war and borrowed a saddle horse of Mr. Parker's to ride to Cold Harbor. "He was very much interested in visiting the battlefield and explaining to us where the troops were stationed until we came to a house where we halted, and he said, 'I had my headquarters in that house, and such a division of troops were over there,' as he would point, 'and others there,' and so on. A white haired gentleman had come out of the house and overheard this conversation. 'Gen. Grant,' said he, 'you didn't have your headquarters in my house. Your headquarters were a mile and a half from here.' And he reminded him of facts that proved his statement. 'I remember your coming to me,' replied Gen. Grant, 'and I have no doubt you are right.' Then, turning to us, he added, 'Gentlemen, we will go back to the city. Col. Comstock is going to make surveys of all these battlefields. I think I would get no pleasure from undertaking to locate the exact whereabouts of the troops now.'"

When Horace Greeley went to Richmond to give bail for Jefferson Davis Mr. Parker was asked to see that he did not come to harm. His report is that of an eye witness: "I was standing near him when he signed Mr. Davis's bail bond. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt sent a lawyer with power of attorney to sign his name to the bond, and a noted abolitionist, Gerrit Smith, and Mr. Greeley, with Mr. Welch of Philadelphia, signed the bond in person. I think some Virginians also affixed their signatures. The audience in the court room pressed forward and crowded around close to the table when the bond was signed. After signing Mr. Greeley stepped back, and as he did so said to me in a low tone, 'I expect to be abused for this, but it is for the country's good.' His voice had a way of dropping from shrill falsetto to very loud, deep tones, and the words 'country's good' were spoken so loud that the reporters who were present from all parts of the country caught them. Then we crowded back to the entrance of the room to leave and take a drive. As we pushed our way out Mr. Greeley inadvertently went near Mr. Davis, who sat in one of the high seats devoted to the jurors. I was behind Mr. Greeley and could see Mr. Davis plainly. When he saw Mr. Greeley passing so near him he arose and started to put out his hand, quite likely to speak to Mr. Greeley and thank him for signing his bond. For the first time Mr. Greeley saw his proximity to Mr. Davis and turned away abruptly. A shade passed over Mr. Davis's face and he resumed his seat. When we reached the head of the stairs Mr. Greeley said to me, 'I am not hobnobbing with Jeff Davis if I have signed his bond'; and I thought it was quite evident that Mr. Greeley was very sensitive to criticism and was afraid that the correspondents would catch whatever was said between him and Mr. Davis and that it might prove embarrassing."

An amusing story is told of Reverdy Johnson on the authority of Judge Bond of the United States Circuit Court. Mr. Johnson was employed to defend the Ku Klux cases, but his wife would not allow him to do so until Judge Bond promised her that he would look after the old gentleman. "At Columbia, S. C., where the trials took place, they had adjoining rooms, and Judge Bond, who had a fine sense of humor, opened the door between so that callers could be heard and sat silently with some friends who were in his room. Judge Bond heard himself roundly abused and Mr. Johnson, who knew that he was listening, joined in the abuse. A fact came out in the course of the evening's talk that I think was never printed. Mr. Johnson said that when he entered the court testimony was being taken, and he thought the Government witness, who was a detective named Beach, was not being thoroughly cross-examined. He took the witness in hand and said:

"'You say that you worked your way into this lodge?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Where was the meeting held?'

"'In a cotton gin house with outside guards.'

"'How did you work your way in?'

"'I knew the passwords and signs.'

"'What were they doing when you entered the lodge?'

"'Raising my fee, sir.'

"'How do you know they were?'

"'I heard the communication from the Grand Cyclops, Wade Hampton, read, in which he explained the necessity of raising the amount necessary to hire Reverdy Johnson and other Northern counsel. I contributed $15, and I presume you have the money in your pocket.'

"Johnson said that he appealed to the court, but Judge Bond twisted his mustache and said, 'The witness may go on.' Mr. Johnson also said that when the testimony showed the real brutality of the Ku Klux he withdrew and washed his hands of the whole proceeding but said he would take the cases to the United States Supreme Court and test the constitutionality of the law because he thought conscientiously that the law exceeded the powers of Congress. Judge Bond joked him and said:

"'Johnson, did you get your fee?'

"'Yes,' said Johnson. 'They agreed to pay me $2,500 in advance, and that I got. Stansbury told me he went down on trust, and he had never got any fee since.'"

The stories Mr. Parker tells of Daniel Webster drinking brandy till he could hardly stand up when he delivered his great speech at Richmond, and of William Wirt's and Edgar Allan Poe's habits of intoxication are, of course, only hearsay. His statement as to Andrew Johnson's condition just before President Lincoln was assassinated is unfortunately as direct evidence as can be given. "I saw Mr. Johnson riding in a carriage in Richmond just before his inauguration as Vice-President. My brother, as captain of the guard, had charge of the mail steamer running from Washington to Richmond, and told me that he gave up his stateroom to Vice-President Johnson and Col. Browning, who accompanied him. Col. Browning came to my brother after the steamer had been out several hours, and said that they had made a mistake and had not brought along enough whiskey, and asked him if he thought he could get any on board. My brother said that he had a case under the lower berth in their room which had been presented to him, and which he had never opened because he did not drink, and that they were welcome to it. When the boat arrived in Richmond, Mr. Johnson was unable to walk without assistance. The next day no one called upon him, and he stayed in his room stewed with liquor, and had his meals brought there. He returned to Washington on the boat with my brother and drank all the way back. I could readily believe Senator Stewart's story that when, soon after this, they found him and had him sworn in as President, he was grossly intoxicated."

Although rather long, we quote Mr. Parker's story of Charles Sumner, with some abridgment, because it shows the peculiar character of his work. The anecdotes may be trivial and the style somewhat verbose, but Mr. Parker somehow gives the atmosphere and he gets under the surface of the men he speaks of, so that persons who have known them, or even who have studied their lives thoroughly, must recognize that it is a bit of the real man that is shown here. This is noticeable in the case of nearly all the public men Mr. Parker speaks of, Roscoe Conkling, Blaine, Garfield, Arthur and the rest. Of less well known men who were his intimates he has much more to say, but he seemed to see through public men. As to the story we quote, it has to do with the attempt to have George Gorham of California appointed Secretary of the Senate. Sumner had been informed by his opponents that Gorham was vulgar and had applied offensive epithets to Sumner; he had announced that he would not vote for him. The Congressmen from the Pacific coast decided that they would try to win him over, and the man who devised the scheme told the story to Mr. Parker. They counted on Sumner's friendship for Senator Nye of Nevada.

"A noted miner, named James Collins, who was a Republican, was in the city from Nevada, and the next evening Collins called at Mr. Sumner's elegant bachelor house next to the Arlington Hotel, and asked the colored butler for Senator Sumner. The butler replied:

'You kyant see him now, sah. You will have to make an appointment with him at the Senate. He is busy in his library and kyant see you unless you have made an appointment!'

'Oh, that's all right,' said Collins. 'He is a friend of mine,' and pushed by the astonished butler and into the library, the door of which was open.

"Senator Sumner arose, indignant, and said, 'To whom am I indebted for this intrusion?' but Collins, a handsome fellow, well dressed and wearing large diamonds, exclaimed:

'Ah, Mr. Sumner, you are just the man I thought you were! I have got your picture. I am from Nevada, Virginia City, and our Senator Nye got your picture for me, and I expect has pestered you considerable for your speeches, 'cause I have written him and written him to send every word that you ever uttered, until he told me that I better let up for a while. I have come East on business. I am a miner and interested in mines, and I came East to New York to dispose of a mine to an English syndicate, and have closed up the business and got my pay, but thought I would not go back without coming by Washington for a few days, and I asked Senator Nye to come up and introduce me, but he said that he couldn't come this evening, and I want to go away to-morrow, so I came by myself. We have a strong club of miners out in Virginia City and Gold Hill, called the Sumner Club. We read your speeches to them, and they wouldn't forgive me if I came back without having come to see you. We have got your picture, and we are going to have a portrait painted from it to have hung in our club rooms. Oh, you are the man for us, all right. We calculate some day to vote for you for President, and consider that that day is not very far distant. We are working to that end, and I can raise not only votes but a pretty sum to help when you do run. I wouldn't mind contributing, well, a pretty large amount, up in the thousands, I would give freely myself.'

"Mr. Sumner still stood erect. 'Well, sit down, Mr. Collins, sit down. I am quite interested.'

'Oh, I couldn't take a chair,' said Collins, 'I am so excited. I really never expected to see you face to face like this. I have had an idea that you are just about my height. Let's see; let's measure. Just about, just about. You are larger, but I believe I could throw you, but I would like to see you walk. I have read about your walk as you enter the Senate. I am sorry that I won't be able to see you there. Just walk off across the room once for me. Oh, that's the thing! That's fine! I want you to understand that we appreciate and admire all of you leading Republican ——!'

'Tut, tut, tut!' said Senator Sumner. 'What do you mean by those words?'

'Oh, forgive me. I had forgotten in my excitement that I was in the East instead of the West. Why, that's a term of endearment out there. We call people by that name freely and don't think anything of it. I know that out here it is unpardonable, but please overlook it. Well, I don't propose to stay here and worry you, and you have got your important duties as a statesman to perform. No doubt you are studying up the material for one of those great speeches.'

'Give me your name,' said Senator Sumner, 'and perhaps—and I will send you some volumes—public addresses. Did you say that you were going to have a large portrait painted?'

'Indeed, we are. I suppose I have got as good a photograph as there is. Senator Nye sent it to me. I think he got it from you.'

'I am not so sure about that,' said the Senator. 'I had some in my desk in the Senate, but I will see that you have a picture for your club. Don't be in a hurry.'

'Oh, I have to go. I have got quite a number of men to see, and I am going away to-morrow and I must leave.' They shook hands warmly, and Mr. Collins withdrew.

"The next day Senator Sumner told Nye he guessed that there was not any real substantial reason why he should vote against Mr. Gorham; that he had heard that he was a gentleman of literary attainments, and while he had some Western ways and used some expressions that were not proper, he probably would drop them in his intercourse with gentlemen in the East. Sumner voted for Gorham, and Gorham was elected and served as secretary of the Senate for many years."

There are many other good things in Mr. Parker's book perhaps more exciting than those that touch on politics; stories of moonshiners, of ferreting out frauds on the post office, of the fight over the patent for the post office stamping machines, of the experiences with Miss Van Lew, the Union spy, in the Richmond post office and the struggle to oust Mrs. Owen from the Randolph post office. The intimate details about the Cushing boys are very interesting; the deeds of some of Mr. Parker's friends are thoroughly romantic; the intimacy of Grover Cleveland with the old German restaurant keeper of Buffalo shows him in an unexpected light.

One portion of Mr. Parker's recollections will appeal especially to his Chautauqua friends, the story of his country life in his native county after he had withdrawn from Government service. He was not only proud of Chautauqua but he loved the soil, he was more enthusiastic over his horses, his farming, his home, the scenery around him than over the great men he had known. He painted several local characters with more care than he gave to Presidents or Generals. The last chapters are very pleasant reading; they make a peaceful ending to a book that is remarkable in many ways. Throughout, too, with no boasting whatever, the reader feels that he is listening to a man who does things.

Reminiscences, Political and Otherwise.

Writing reminiscences, as Laurence Hutton observed at the beginning of his own book of recollections, throws a man into his anecdotage. This idea, with its connotation, is shared, so it seems, by the Right Hon. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, whose newest book of personal observations, *One Look Back* (Doubleday, Page and Company), has just come out. One supposes that so many experiences must a man have had in order to put them into a book, and so many years must he have lived in order to encompass them, that it comes easy to assume the pose of age. At all events, Mr. Russell speaks from a pinnacle of years. "This is the degeneracy of old age," he sighs. And yet when the reader scans his first chapter the fact is discovered that Mr. Russell has barely turned 59. Age, however, is a matter which the writer of reminiscences has license to claim. It is one of the tools of his craft, and these are sacred under the law.

Mr. Russell has written other books of recollections. Yet in his new book he has found enough material which he has not previously touched upon to make a thoroughly readable narrative. There are many comments upon events, some of which he passes on at second hand, inasmuch as his memory does not go back far enough to allow the personal touch, and there are many men of the first prominence in English political life whom he speaks of. Some of them, to be sure, he did not know save as a young man passes a familiar word with men of an elder generation. Of such was Disraeli. But Gladstone Mr. Russell knew as a disciple. The figure of the great Liberal Prime Minister appears and reappears through Mr. Russell's narrative, and always with an intimacy induced by a long and affectionate relationship. Mr. Russell went to the House of Commons on the wave which carried Mr. Gladstone into his second premiership. He was elected again to Parliament in 1882 and served under Mr. Gladstone once more until the latter retired.

George William Erskine Russell's father was Lord Charles Russell, who was a younger son of the sixth Duke of Bedford. He was born into familiarity with English politics and English society, and this familiarity he developed in a more or less active public career of his own. Whatever may have been his natural bent—he says in more than one place that he was content with the simplicity of a gentleman's life—he was thrust into the activity of politics. His comments on this phase of his life are interesting, more interesting to the reader of history than his more discursive chapters on the manners of London thirty-five years ago.

For this reason the chapters of his book which deal with his years at Harrow and Oxford are not as noteworthy as the later chapters which deal with the great figures which came and went in the vital interplay of late Victorian politics. The boy was born into an evangelical family and his early years, especially those at Harrow and the university, were tinctured with the sombre strictness of a churchly bringing up. Speaking of his life at Oxford he says: "The first half was cheerful and irresponsible enough. A large part of the cheerfulness was connected with the church, and my earliest friendships (after those which I brought wit me from Harrow) were formed in the circle which frequented St. Barnabas. I am thankful to remember that my eyes were even then open to see the moral beauty and goodness all about me." Scarcely the idea, one thinks, of a cheerful and irresponsible four years at college as commonly understood. And yet young Russell did not lead a completely circumscribed life he tells us, and at all events he had a good time out of it.

The lad at school and the university student brought away with him some keen memories of the men who taught him and the men whom he played with. At Harrow was a master whom he cloaks for the sake of anonymity under the name of Bulwer-Lytton's fictitious family, the Sticktorights. The Rev. Samuel Sticktoright, so Mr. Russell's narrative goes, was an old fashioned master at Harrow, who always wore a neat white closely tied neckcloth. The boys regarded him as an implacable tyrant, and one of them to whom he showed the harshest severity was, as Mr. Russell describes him, "a pink faced youth with blue eyes called Randal Thomas Davidson"—the same who is now Archbishop of Canterbury. The Rev. Samuel Sticktoright had an ancient servant whom the boys nicknamed Boniface, and they all declared that Boniface and Sticky were brothers who tossed up to see which should be servant and which master. Sticky won, but Boniface kept him in subjection on penalty of telling how each came to be each. At Christmas time, 1876, after George Russell had gone up to Oxford and indeed was about to be graduated word came to Harrow that Sticky was dead. Dr. Butler, the headmaster, went to Sticky's quarters and there found this quaint statement from the dead teacher, which fulfilled the boys' story that there was something odd in the old master's life: "In case of my dying away from Harrow, this is to certify that on a certain day in a certain place I married Mary Smith, sometime a housemaid in my service, by whom I leave a family." All had lived at Brighton, but no prying lad had seen Sticky on a vacation Sunday out walking with his family.

One wishes in scanning the pages of Russell's life at Oxford that he had put more at length his comments on the distinguished names he mentions—Ruskin, Jowett, Acland, Cradock, Alfred Milner, Cardinal Manning and others. Of Jowett he tells a story of how the master of Baliol administered a rebuke to a young man who talked too freely at his dining table. Russell and a lad of 16 dined one evening with the master, and after the ladies left the dining room a third student undertook to carry on by himself a full flavored conversation which was ill concealed vulgarity. Jowett stood it as long as he could, and then in that voice described by Lord Beaconsfield as "a sweet silky voice," he said, "Sir ——." "Yes, master." "Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing room?" Mr. Russell observes that never was a a rebuke more neatly administered.

Russell's health was such upon graduation that his doctors would not allow him to enter active life, so he went to the country and spent two or three years at ease. Occasionally he went up to London, especially in the season. He remarks that in those times he went to many entertainments and saw many men prominent in political life. He saw, too, many London women of distinction. There were dinners and luncheons and breakfasts of the sort that Gladstone had a predilection for and political "drums," where you had a supper and talked politics and met statesmen. At none of these places, he says, did he ever hear a discussion of two topics which nowadays engross so many parties at dinner—health and money. These were on the list of topics which one shunned. Talk simply did not touch them. "To-day," he laments," every one seems to be, if I may use the favorite colloquialism, 'on the make'; and the devotion with which people worship money pervades their whole conversation and colors their whole view of life. 'Scions of aristocracy,' to use the good old phrase of Pennialinus, will produce samples of tea and floor cloth from their pockets and sue quite winningly for custom. A speculative bottle of extraordinarily cheap peach brandy will arrive with the compliments of Lord Tom Noddy, who has just gone into the wine trade; and Lord Magnus Charters will tell you that if you are going to rearrange your electric light his firm has some really artistic fittings which he can let you have on especially easy terms."

George Russell was returned to Parliament with Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild in the representation of Aylesbury in the spring of 1880 by the election which sealed the retirement of Lord Beaconsfield and put Mr. Gladstone into power the second time. His father, Lord Charles Russell, had been Sergeant at Arms for many years, and many of the staff had served at some time or other in the Russell family. One of these men, a venerable official, came up to the young member, shook hands with him and made this address of welcome: "Well, sir, I'm glad indeed to see you here, and when I think that I helped to put both your grandfather and your grandmother into their coffins it makes me feel quite at home with you." An incident of quite another sort was the coming of John Bright to young Russell with advice on how to construct a speech. "You cannot over prepare the substance of a speech," he said. "The more completely you have mastered it, the better your speech will be. But it is very easy to overprepare your words. Arrange your subject according to its natural divisions, under three or four heads—not more. Supply each division with an 'island,' by which I mean a carefully prepared sentence to clinch and enforce it. You must trust yourself to swim from one island to another without artificial aids. Keep your best island—your most effective passage—for your peroration, and when once you have uttered it sit down at once. Let no power induce you to go on."

One evening in June, 1883, Russell got home from a dinner party and found a letter from Mr. Gladstone inviting him to become Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board. "Your name and the recollections it suggests," wrote Mr. Gladstone, "add much to the satisfaction which, independently of relationships, I should have felt in submitting to you this request." Mr. Russell calls attention to Mr. Gladstone's courteous use of the word "request," remarking that it was quite in his usual manner. A letter which Mr. Russell received while he was acting as secretary to the Local Government Board throws some light on the uses of labor agitators in those days and has an entirely familiar ring. It was from a deputation of leaders who came to him representing the unemployed, asking that construction of public works be undertaken at once in order to provide jobs for those who were out of work. The chairman of the committee was John Burns, now member of Parliament. "That this meeting of the unemployed," ran the letter, "having heard the answer given by the Local Government Board to their deputation, considers the refusal to start public works to be a sentence of death on thousands of those out of work, and the recommendation to bring pressure to bear on the local bodies to be a direct incitement to violence; further, it will hold Mr. G. W. E. Russell and the members of the Government, individually and collectively, guilty of the murders of those who may die in the next few weeks, and whose lives would have been saved had the suggestion of the deputation been acted upon."

Of Gladstone's oratory, Mr. Russell remarks that it was of such complete gravity that no matter what the occasion he could not lighten it or turn it from its usual course. He would speak after dinner with the same deep conviction that he used in a Parliamentary debate, and he would dedicate a hospital or a club as though he were pleading for the cessation of war. When Gladstone was called upon to lay the foundation stone of the new National Liberal Club he went at his speech seriously, and, as Mr. Russell points out, said precisely what he and other men interested in the new organization wanted him not to say. He proceeded to attack the other clubs of London as "temples of luxury and ease," whereas that was exactly the impression which Mr. Russell and his friends wished to create about the National Liberal Club—a place where Liberals, whether they were rich or not, could have in a certain way at least some of the luxury and ease of the great clubs on Pall Mall.

Gladstone's farewell to the House of Commons—and in the formal sense it was no farewell at all—came on March 1, 1886. On that day he stood up before the house an delivered an address with his usual vigor in protest against the irresponsible power of the "Nominated Chamber." He made no mention of leave-taking, but when he had concluded his speech started to leave the House. "In my mind's eye I see him now," says Mr. Russell, "upright as ever, and walking fast, with his despatch box dangling from his right hand, as he passed the Speaker's chair and quitted the scene of his life's work forever." When Gladstone had gone the members got up, shaken with emotion, and went out into the dusk of the late afternoon. And then Mr. Russell gives a letter written to him by Mr. Gladstone a few days later, in which the great Prime Minister remarks that his look into the future shows "a very mixed spectacle and a doubtful atmosphere." As to how he would bear himself under the new conditions which he was sure were coming he dared not guess. "Of one thing I am and always have been convinced," he goes on, "it is not by the State that man can be regenerated and the terrible woes of this darkened world be effectually dealt with. In some, nd some very important respects, I yearn for the impossible revival of the men and the ideas of my first twenty years, which immediately followed the first reform act. But I am stepping out upon a boundless plain."

THE LONE WOMAN IN EUROPE.

Blanche McManus Tells How She Came to Write Her Book of Travel.

When asked how she came to write "The American Woman Abroad" Blanche McManus replied:

"My husband, Francis Miltoun, was writing a series of books on the cathedrals and chateaux of France, and I was illustrating them for him. We travelled from place to place in a motor car, sometimes planning to stay six hours and instead lengthening our visit to six months; or if we found a locality where we had 'ntended to remain several months disappointing, getting away within a few days.

"Our aim was to keep away from the tourist highways and to become as well acquainted as possible with the natives in each place we visited. It is not easy to get acquainted with French people. There are always walls of reserve through which a foreigner rarely penetrates; it makes no difference how intimate your friendship may be with a French woman, you will learn very little of what goes on in her home. Nevertheless, she will be devoted and loyal.

"It occurred to me after we had lived in France for some time that I, too, might write a book; and, so, as we went about studying places and people, I began collecting data for it. I obtained a good deal of my knowledge of French family life while we were living at Toulon, on the French Riviera, where my husband is American Consul. We were the only Americans in this town."

In speaking of the lone woman traveller in Europe, Mrs. McManus cautions against joining parties, however agreeable they may appear, and assures her reader that when the crisis of the first loneliness and "landsickness," as she calls it, is over, the woman alone will be in a fairer way to enjoy herself than if she were tagged to a group of people.

Among other things she says that the unescorted woman need not hesitate to go alone to a hotel in Europe. The private hotel in England is good, exclusive, safe, for even the most timid of lonely women, but expensive. Lodgings may be made to suit the income of their occupant and give, she thinks, the advantages of a home with few of its shortcomings. The "paying guest" is a more intimate alternative. One is treated in fact like a guest except for the rendering of the weekly or monthly bill. In France also the "paying guest" has become an institution, by which one may become the inmate of an ancient chateau and receive lessons in the language from the chatelaine, with social advantages in addition to board and lodging.

This writer is emphatic in advising women, and especially young girls, against the pension. It does not, she claims, afford the protection of a home—it increases the dangers that a young girl is exposed to. The life is intimate, yet there is rarely means for ascertaining whether the members of the pension be desirable, and so acquaintances and friendships ofttimes result in compromising situations. Among other dangers she points out those of the fascinations of the pseudo-nobleman, or worse, the real nobleman.

The pension, she continues, is a breeding place of pernicious gossip; it is uneconomical, inconvenient. In the purely French pension the problem of food supply is worked out a little too mathematically to suit the prodigal American, and the international pension, has the disadvantage of keeping one in contact with one's compatriots.

A first class pension she finds costs from $2 to $2.50 a day. There are plenty of excellent small hotels where one can live for this sum or even less. Many of the purely tourist hotels make pension rates. The cheapest pension would be 7 francs a day. Against this the small country inn, not too far from town, where pension can often be obtained for 5 or 6 francs is superior. "And," she comments, "the very publicity of a hotel is safer than the promiscuous intimacy of the boarding house table."

Her opinion is that it is far better for the young girl to go into a French family than to attempt the life of any pension in Paris, however well recommended.

For the woman "old enough to take care of herself" she suggests the hotels meuble, for Paris, she comments, is peculiarly a city of small hotels where rooms may be had for 3 or 4 francs a day. Breakfast is served by the hotel and the other meal may be had at any of the restaurants the traveller may come across in her sight seeing. "Paris," she states, "is as safe for the average woman as a New England village. She can, in fact, do anything she wishes in Paris, if she behaves herself."