

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS.



"DE GOLDEN WATER, DE SINGIN' TREE AN' DE TALKIN' BIRD." Copyright by R. H. Russell.

It is seldom indeed that a reviewer of books has the chance to express cordial approval of any of the popular romances of adventure from every point of view. Sometimes they are good romances and poor literature; sometimes they are poor literature and lack in the other qualities which give a vogue to the adventure-story.

"To Have and to Hold," by Morey Johnston, more than meets all the requirements which can be made of such a book. It is a story of the Jamestown settlement; it contains from first to last no single dull page; it is crowded with picturesque incident and all the kinds of thrilling adventure that a lively imagination can devise; the characters live and move and possess themselves of our affection from the first, instead of being, as so often happens in the adventure-story, mere puppets about whom the tale is told.

What is the secret of the hold of the Bronte novels over the affections of a fickle public? How is it that the trade absorbs edition after edition of these books, which yet are so remote from the fiction demanded by the current taste?

The introductions to the volumes of the beautiful "Haworth Edition" which is now coming from the press of the Harpers, are written by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and in her discriminating preface to "Villette" she tells us that "the modern mind craves for knowledge and the modern novel reflects the craving; but the craving for feeling is at least as strong, and above all for that feeling which expresses the heart's defiance of the facts which crush it, which dives, as Renan says, into the innermost recesses of man, and brings up, or seems to bring up, the secrets of the infinite."

It is because Charlotte Bronte is a poet in the larger sense, the poet of exalted and transfused feeling, that Mrs. Ward ascribes to her the power to affect the world and live in its memory. But this is not all the truth. That Charlotte Bronte could not retain the place she holds were it not for her poetic vision, her sense of the strenuousness of love and life, is true of course. But her especial note, her individual sign, is to depict the union of sharp feeling with dogged endurance. It is not enough for her that her characters should love and die, and suffer in action. They also must suffer passively. They must bear, up to the limit of human endurance, her heroines are shaped by temperament in the self-same mould in which she and her sisters were cast, and we can read the tragedy of their ardent souls between the lines. It is the tragedy of all richly-endowed natures, the eternal conflict between that to which the heart and soul aspire and that which they know to be right, reasonable and for them, perhaps the acuteness of that conflict and the bitterness of the constant acceptance of the thing that is reasonable in place of the thing that is desired was never better expressed than in the passage which describes the emotions of the lonely Lucy Snow when in the hour of her greatest need she finds again the friends of her youth.

de court house. An' him hab a bag under him arm, an' de judge say: "What you rot?" An' de boy say: "Farch peas, sah!" "What you goin' to do wid it?" An' de boy say: "Plant it!" An' de judge say: "But parch peas won't grow!" An' de boy say: "An' poach eggs won't hatch!" "So de judge laugh. An' he nebbor make de man pay any'ing. An' de man was so fankful to de boy dat he took him home wid him, an' he grow up an' get all de man's money when him go away wid deat."

"Dis story prove dat 'No catche, no habee.'" ("Annancy Stories." By Pamela Colman Smith. R. H. Russell & Co. \$1.75. For sale by Lowman & Hanford.)

Mr. Lindsay Swift is the author of the most recent volume of this kind. He has arranged his material in a novel and interesting shape, discussing first the informal Transcendental Club out of whose meetings Brook Farm grew; then the farm itself, its buildings, grounds, industries, amusements and customs; the school and its scholars, including George William Curtis and Father Hecker. After this he takes up the members separately, furnishing a short character sketch of each; then the visitors, who were many and notable, and last the closing period of the experiment and the causes that led to its abandonment. His work is thoroughly and admirably done, although the book cannot be called inspiring. Perhaps it is not possible for any one in the closing years of this century to be conscious of the strong pressure of the times toward the materialistic view of the business of living, to write a warmly sympathetic account of this little caravan adventuring "across the untried desert which lies between mankind and every Utopia."

Mr. Gordon Craig's clever portraits of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in their different characters have given him a place at once among the new and rising English draughtsmen. He makes them so vivid with slight material that one can not escape the flavor of the peculiar individuality of his subject. He knows how to make a line express thought, and the result is that in these drawings the whole inner personality comes out from behind the color. The book in which they are published is one of the most attractive to be found upon the counters.

Miss Cholmondeley, the author of "Red Potage," is already being made to pay the penalty of greatness by having her name put in vain in vain by any omniscient doggerel bard. In the current number of the Book Buyer the following lyric is printed in connection with a comment on Miss Cholmondeley's work: "Attend to the tale of Miss Cholmondeley. Whose characters don't suffer dolemondeley. They live, lie, make love, Being more realistic than colmondeley."

The late R. D. Blackmore had a peculiar and decided aversion to having his picture taken. For years after he had risen to fame, the public was in absolute ignorance as to his personal appearance, and he had no difficulty in preserving his incognito even in London when at the height of his popularity. Finally The Publishers' Circular printed a little line-drawing of the great man, and the portrait made in vain by any so far as is known, the only portraits of the author of "Lorna Doone" and "Perly Cross" which have ever been printed.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's son, Mr. Arnold Ward, will probably choose a literary career. He is beginning it as a correspondent of the London Times.

The vision of plain-living and high thinking is one of the idealistic native to New England blood. In this day and age of the world nobody tries very hard to put the theory into practice except by denouncing the customs of those who live more elaborately than do ourselves, but nevertheless the notion lurks at the back of our consciousness that it would be a fine, high, dignified thing to live so absolutely in the world of the mind and soul that other worlds became as though they were not. Perhaps to this conviction is due the perennial acceptance accorded to books which tell the story of Brook Farm, that preconcerted effort to take the heaven of poverty by assault.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," and whose "Biography of a Grizzly" will soon be published by The Century Co., has written for The Century Magazine several articles on the national "Zoo" at Washington, the first one of which will appear in the March number, with illustrations by the author. Mr. Seton-Thompson, in this article, will make a powerful plea for the preservation of wild animals now threatened with extinction. He raises a question as to whether domestic animals have not been of more value to mankind than human inventions.

Here at the end of nineteenth hundred years They tell us woman is a creature "new" Methods she always like herself appears. This human opal of the changing hue. She is as limpid as the morning dew. Yet she oftentimes wiser than the seers. What man dare say he reads her through and through. Here at the end of nineteenth hundred years? The same as when men fought for her with spear Is she today who leads them to no end. Yet always she some closing epoch marks. She tell us woman is a creature new. She is made out of honey and of me; She is made out of laughter and of tears. Remember from what point of view. Methods she always like herself appears. She is a thing of many hopes and fears. Of many virtues, yet of vice, too. Touched with the flames of two opposing spheres. This human opal of the changing hue. An angel or a demon, false or true As man may fashion her. He who has ears Will harken and be wiled. Yet they are few. Here she the hundred years. Ella Whicker Wilson in New York Journal.

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In addition to the illustrations from Miss Pamela Colman Smith's "Annancy

Stories," our pictures include this week the reproduction of one of her most attractive, color-printed, black-and-white gives some idea of the dash and quaintness of Miss Smith's drawing, but none at all of the strength and vigor of her color, which is, indeed, her best point. Although barely 21, the originality and attractiveness of her work have already made her widely known as one of the best exponents of the theory that the final value of a work of art is its decorative value—that is, its ability to offer pleasure to the eye.

In view of the general revival of interest in the life and works of the Bronte sisters, which Mrs. Humphry Ward has been largely instrumental in arousing by her brilliant biographical introductions to the new Haworth Edition, now being published by the Harpers, these extracts from the registers of the school at Castleton, where the Bronte children were educated, are both timely and amusing. They are reprinted from the English Journal of Education: "Charlotte Bronte. Entered August 16, 1824. Writes indifferently. Ciphers a little, and works neatly. Knows nothing of grammar, geography, history or accomplishments. Altogether clever for her age, but knows nothing systematically (at 8 years old). Left school June 1st, 1825. Subsequent career.—Governess."

"Emily Bronte. Entered November 25, 1824, age 5 1/2. Reads very prettily, and works a little. Left June 1, 1825. Subsequent career.—Governess."

D. S. Alexander writes as follows in "The Bowdoin Quill": "An elderly lady still living in Bungalow once told me that the unpardonable sinner in Mr. Tom Reed's opinion was a liar. Her daughter ran away from his school one day to sleighride with a young man. When asked the cause of her absence, she frankly and respectfully told him, adding

"Out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul."

"In the fell clutch of circumstance, I have not winced nor cried aloud. Under the bludgeonings of chance, My head is bloody, but unbowed."

"AN' A BLACK PUSS COME IN AN' AXED FE SOME DINNER." From "Annancy Stories." Copyright by R. H. Russell.

that she liked the fellow. "Go again," said the teacher; truth shall be rewarded." A member of the Fifty-fourth congress who secured recognition for one purpose and used it for another never afterward got the floor with his consent. "Liars," he has often been heard to say, "are properly disposed of in the eighth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation."

The scene of Robert Herrick's new novel, "The Web of Life," is in Chicago at the time of the Pullman strike, the Debs riots and the following years of business depression. The Macmillan Company will publish it early this spring.

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minent American statesman, the late William H. Seward, and other articles of equal interest.

In the "Macmillan's Pocket American Classics" series the following volumes will appear this spring: "The Sketch Book," "The Alhambra," "Selections From Poe's Prose Tales," "Franklin's Autobiography," "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "The Deerslayer." This series is 18mo in size, a handy shape, and each volume is provided with notes, portraits and introductory aid for the studious reader.

"I mentioned last week," says W. L. Alden in his London letter to the New York Times, "that I had heard three apparently intelligent Englishmen maintain that Kipling had never written a line of poetry. Certain other men have recently been writing letters to a weekly paper, pointing out that Kipling knows next to nothing of India, and that he is extremely inaccurate in his descriptions of men and things in India. These letter writers are evidently in love with accuracy, but the instances of inaccuracy which they cite from Kipling's Indian stories are far from convincing. My own belief is that if they are right in detecting inaccuracies it is India which is inaccurate, and not Kipling. I find no difficulty in believing that India ought to be exactly what Kipling describes it, and if it is not so in all respects, I am sorry for India, and feel sure that it is India that is in fault."

G. P. Putnam's Sons regret to have occasion to announce to the reading public that the story recently published by them under the title of "Aboard the American Duchess," a story purporting to be the work of an American author who writes under the name of George L. Myers, is a plagiarism of a story published some years back by Mr. Headon Hill, of London, entitled "The Queen of

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