LITERATURE

The Japanese Empire.

There have been a great many books written on Japan, from various points of view, and it is not an exaggeration to say that most of them, so far as real accuracy and comprehension of the subject go, are rubbish. The foreigners who are really fitted to discuss this picturesque and unique land can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, and some of those who could enlighten the outer world on the subject decline to do so. In view of the growing interest in Oriental affairs, therefore, Stafford Ransome's book on "Japan in Transition" should be generally read in this country.

Mr. Ransome is an Englishman, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and has been a correspondent of the "Morning Post," of London, and of "The Engineer." Into his letters to these journals he put much valuable material, which, with additions and details, makes up a somewhat bulky volume on the present condition of Japan. In all of this work may be observed a carefulness, a quickness of comprehension of the peculiar features of Japanese life, and a sympathetic appreciation of the best in the Japanese character, which, unfortunately, is not to be found in the work of the average writer on Japan or any other foreign country. It is well to understand that patriotism does not necessarily mean the abuse of every other country except one's own, and the depreciation of all standards differing from those which one has been taught to respect. The world—that is to say, the European world—is just waking up to the fact that it does not fully comprehend the East, and this is a hopeful sign. Among the evidences that a fuller comprehension of Oriental life and character may be found in the English and American public of the future may be counted Mr. Ransome's bird's-eye view of Japan.

This author modestly states in his introduction that he cannot claim that his book is a result of a sojourn of many years in the country, since he was only there during the critical period of 1896 and 1897. But as his observations agree in the main with those of Lafcadio Hearn, who has practically identified himself with Japanese life for several years, and is one of the few English-speaking authors who have written of that country entirely without prejudice, social, religious, or political, it may be assumed that Mr. Ransome's work is correct. It bears, even to one not familiar with the country, the marks of careful and unprejudiced observation and untiring industry.

The particularly original and refreshing thing about this book, in fact, is its absence of prejudice. Mr. Ransome actually undertakes to get the Japanese point of view on business, moral, and social subjects, and seems to think that the Japanese has as good a right to his own standards in these things as the European has to his, and that, possibly, the European type of morality, though different from that of the Japanese, may not be essentially superior to it. This is so novel a point of view as to be almost unique, especially as the author gives no reason to suppose that he himself is in any way disposed to fall in love with Japan, after the manner of Hearn. He simply faces the situation in a frank, honest way, and argues that the Japanese is a man, and so is the Englishman, and that it is not necessary to go into any spread-eagle business about the "essential superiority" of one type over the other.

Heretofore there have been two kinds of writers on Japanese subjects. One was dominated by the missionary sentiment, and laid great stress on the degradation of the Oriental, his need of civilizing and Christianizing influences, and, if the missionary happened to have unusual imagination, the charm and beauty of many aspects of the heathen life, and of the Japanese character when rescued from the evil influence of a wrong religion. The other was the politico-commercial writer, who sometimes imparted his ideas to a novelist. This writer emphasized the fickleness and childishness of the Japanese, and called them a race of children, and very naughty and deceitful children at that; people without morality, without respect for women, without honor or integrity. Sometimes he became facetious, and made fun of the superstitions of the people—Edward Greey did that for the edification of American youth.

Mr. Ransome's point of view is entirely different from either of these. He neither preaches nor sneers; he discusses the subject straightforwardly and courteously, as becomes a civilized man dealing with another civilization. E. H. House's "Yone Santo" was an impassioned appeal in behalf of the Japanese woman; Hearn's books are marvelous psychological color-photographs; Mr. Ransome gives a solid basis of statistics and arguments supporting both these imaginative and sympathetic writers, and he does it in a way that cannot fail to be convincing.

The first chapter in the book deals squarely with the popular misconceptions of Japan. The author explains that many of these have arisen from the fact that the average foreigner sees only life in the treaty ports, which are not representative Japanese localities at all; that in these places he comes in contact with the worst type of Japanese, and that even the better classes treat him in the way which they think a foreigner ought to be treated. He says:

> In order to understand the position let us try and imagine that there is established in England a treaty port, say at Wapping Old Stairs, or other convenient locality for shipping; and that in pursuit of their business a highly respectable class of Japanese tradesmen have established themselves there; that they have built their own houses, live their own lives, wear their own clothes, are under their own jurisdiction, and do not bother to learn our language (for the treaty-port foreigner in Japan, with very rare exceptions, never troubles to learn Japanese). Let us further assume that this imaginary Japanese community in England are in the habit of publishing daily newspapers, violently denouncing everything that is British, simply because the methods of the English dock laborers, cabmen, interpreters, and runners, who hang around their settlement for the purpose of getting what they can out of the residents, are not particularly scrupulous or high-minded. We should say at once that the criticism was unfair, and that the Japanese at Wapping were not in a position to form an accurate estimate of England and the English; that they were basing their opinions of the former on a place which, by reason of its being outside British jurisdiction, was really not England at all; and, of the latter, on people who could not be looked upon as representative specimens of English people generally. We should add that a very few respectable Englishmen, if they could afford to do otherwise, would care to live in Wapping under treaty-port conditions.

In short, the argument of the author is that the Englishman in Japan knows about as much of the real Japanese as a foreigner might know about America if he came in contact only with small shopkeepers and hotel servants, or, for that matter, as the average white man can learn about the American negro whom he meets only as a servant. It has taken the world some time to discover that the only way to understand a people thoroughly is to know the highest as well as the lowest types.

One of Mr. Ransome's explanations, which may not be very flattering to the self-love of other English travelers, is that some of the "lotus-eaters" who have gone into raptures over the country as a children's paradise have really furnished considerable amusement to their Japanese entertainers. He says:

> To such a man Japan is peopled with dear little giggling dolls, living in dear little miniature houses made of "cardboard." He eats fairy food out of miniature dishes; hangs the graceful costume of the country on him as if the kimono were a towel and he a clothershorse; he strains the sinews of his legs in squatting on the floor, and tells us that he fears his head would knock a hole in the fragile ceiling if he were to stand upright; and so it would, if he were eight or nine feet high, and his head were not softer than the woodwork. He laughs in innocent glee at it all, as he lets the rice fall from his chop-sticks onto the spotless tatami, for he is in such a delightful little shallow-minded, light-hearted, immoral paradise. He hugs himself in the belief that he is living among laughing children again, and he has no thought for the morrow; for he has not grasped the fact that his companions are bored with it all, but that etiquette and business exigencies oblige them to appear amused at his eccentricities; he does not understand that, if their laugh is genuine, they are laughing at him, rather than with him, and that it is he in reality who is the child. Meanwhile his treaty-port guide is no doubt making terms with the landlady of the "cardboard" house as to the extent to which it will be safe to run up the bill, and as to how much commission is to be reserved out of that amount for himself.

This will be a new view to some of the superior people who have read with amusement books by Japanese travelers. But Mr. Ransome has his measurements. He says that the Japanese of Tokyo has more floor area per man than the Londoner in his native city, and that so far from Japanese railroads being built on a toy scale, their railway gauge is three inches wider than half the railways in India.

Then the author goes on to treat very practically of traveling and accommodation in Japan, of the education, industries, moral standards, politics, and international relations of the country, as well as of many other matters. There is a vast amount of useful information in the book, and the foreigner is thoroughly instructed as to what he may and may not expect to find when he visits Japan.

One of the curious customs of the country, which has probably caused more or less surprise and disgust, is the difference between the hotels in "European" and those in Japanese style. It is explained that many Japanese inns have a "foreign" set of apartments, which is frequently dirty and in wretched condition, while the Japanese side of the house is exquisitely neat. An innkeeper "up country" gave as an explanation of this state of things that the foreigner was dirty by nature, and wore his boots in the house, therefore could not expect to have his rooms kept clean. When a foreigner arrives he is usually urged to take a room in the European part of the house, because, in the first place, it is supposed that that is what he wants, and, in the second place, it is expected that he will walk about in his boots, demand a chair the legs of which will dig holes in the matting, insist on soaping himself in the general bath, and want all sorts of things which are not usually provided. In short, the Japanese innkeeper probably regards the foreigner somewhat as a dainty American housewife might regard an ambitious monkey who wanted to come in the house to live.

A great deal has been said about the Japanese custom of bathing in public, and Mr. Ransome has something to say on that point. His account of Japanese hotel customs given in this connection will hardly be reassuring to the timid foreigner, but one must admit that the situation, while decidedly quaint from a Caucasian standpoint, has nothing morally wrong in it.

One of the most curious charges against the Japanese is that they are ungrateful to the foreigner who has taught them modern methods of living. This complaint comes rather oddly from a nation which thieved the Hebrew Bible, and then persecuted the Hebrew; which appropriated Italian art, and then looked calmly at the downfall of Italy; which has taken what it wanted from every race and nation on the face of the earth, and treated them as it chose afterward; but the people who make the remark have generally little sense of humor. The plain truth of the matter is that foreigners who came to Japan came because they wanted to make money; they have made it, and incidentally they have taught the Japanese what the latter wanted to know; and now the pupils wish to conduct their own affairs. One reason for this is stated in a quotation from one of the speeches of Count Okuma:

> Comparing Europeans and Japanese, I do not think that the Europeans then (thirty years ago) in Japan were a particularly high class of persons; nor do I think that those here now are a particularly high class. On the whole, I think they would not have been reckoned higher than middle-class in Europe. Among diplomatic officials there may have been men of high standing, but the general run of merchants were of the middle and lower classes. Middle and lower classes though they did belong to, however, when we compare them with the Japanese of the time how very great was the difference in the degree of their civilization! The foreigners living in Yokohama, Nagasaki, and so forth, seemed to know everything. * * * I was a student at the time, and I remember that on one occasion, thinking that a certain foreigner was a wonderful scholar, I went to ask him a question, but when I look back now I recognize that he was not equal even to a Japanese middle-school graduate.

In short, the Japanese has outgrown his teacher so far as the application of Western methods to his own country is concerned, and is disposed to rely henceforth on the knowledge imparted by his own countrymen who go abroad.

One of the particularly interesting chapters on the life of the country is that devoted to the Japanese theatre, and Mr. Ransome describes a piece which he saw, based on Jules Verne's "A Tour Around the World in Eighty Days," introduced by Kawakami, who represents the "new school" of acting in Japan. Curiously enough, women and men do not act in the same companies, but men take the women's parts at the principal theatres, and there are theatres at which women alone are the actors.

More interesting and rather startling information is to be found in the chapter on the prospects of Christianity in Japan. A leading Japanese journal recently stated that when Christianity first came to Japan it was warmly welcomed; in after years it was bitterly opposed; and at the present day, it is treated with indifference. This, the author thinks, sums up the situation. The reasons which he gives are as follows: The Dutch began to preach Christianity in Japan, and made some real converts; then the Spaniards and French arrived with Roman Catholicism; and there was bitter hostility between the representatives of the two religions. The Japanese concluded that they would have no more Christianity and no more foreigners. Then, after the lapse of many years, the foreigner was once more admitted, and the missionary came in his wake. Of the influence of the latter in Japan Mr. Ransome remarks:

> At first his task seemed easy. He erected schools, which readily filled with pupils, who were eager to learn everything that the foreigner was willing to teach them. So it looked on the face of it as if Christianity were making progress; for this rush for knowledge, and especially for a knowledge of the English language, was mistaken for a rush for Christianity.
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> Now, the average Japanese has a highly developed desire to avoid hurting people's feelings; and, as an effect of this, when he went to a mission school to learn English without paying for it, he raised no objection to being called a Christian for the time being. He fell in with this practice from very much the same motive as that which prompts even a freethinker to take off his hat when he enters a sacred edifice. It was the right thing to do, and he did it. But when the pupil left school he left his Christianity, with his school-books, behind him, as a matter of course.
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> Again, a Japanese is essentially a man who can adapt himself to circumstances, as anyone who has seen him out of his country must admit. And it is in the carrying out of this strongly developed instinct that, when a young Japanese goes to Europe, he, by a species of evolution, becomes a Christian from the moment he leaves his country until he returns home. The Japanese professor or other experienced adviser will say to the young man starting on his travels: "You had better buy a Bible and go to church while you are away; it may make things easier for you, and it cannot do any harm."
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> The equivalent of the above advice would be found in an Englishman who had traveled saying to one who was about to do so: "When you go to Japan you had better take out a passport. You may or may not have occasion to use it, but it is just as well to have one by you."

Mr. Ransome's opinion is that there is probably not one bona fide Japanese Christian to a hundred thousand of the population. The large number of converts in missionary statistics is due principally to misunderstanding. It would seem entirely unnecessary to a Japanese to oppose a foreigner who expressed strong religious feelings in talking to him, and there has until lately been no objection to the rite of baptism among the lower classes. Now that general education is making it clear to the ignorant that this rite carries with it some obligation to change their religious methods, there is a growing distaste among even the poorer Japanese to call themselves Christians.

Mr. Ransome's book will probably stir up much the same sort of hornet's nest that "Yone Santo" did ten years ago, when it comes to be read by the missionary societies. He practically corroborates the assertion of Dr. House, author of the above novel, that most of the methods of the Protestant missionaries are unwise and that they do not understand the Japanese character or how to do their work. One of the things which militates most strongly against Protestant missions in Japan is the continual squabbling among the missionaries themselves. Mr. Ransome says, among other things:

> The conviction that the interests of Christianity are being misused by the missionaries is so strong that many of the leading Protestant foreigners maintain that the Roman Catholics are the only body of workers who are effecting any real progress in the conversion of the Japanese. The reason for this is very plain. All the missionaries sent out by the Roman Church are thoroughly educated men; they also form a band between whose members there is no sign of dissension. They work in their own way, conscientiously, systematically, and without ostentation; living the lives of the people on extremely inadequate pay, and the example afforded by the lives of the priests and the sisters is accomplishing results in those parts of Japan, usually rather remote ones, and always in extremely poor districts, where they carry on their work.

Then he goes on to explain that the Protestant missionaries are as a rule well paid; that they sometimes carry on mercantile enterprises—in other words, speculate thriftily with their savings—that they have their own society and their own houses, and a considerable amount of influence in the land, so that their lot cannot be regarded as a hard one.

After describing some of the social and industrial features of the country, the author goes on to discuss international relations and the possible future of Japan. Some political writers have regarded the increase of Japan's navy as an indication that the nation was, as the paragraphers express it, "spoiling for a fight," but Mr. Ransome's idea is rather that this is her only practicable means of defence should she be attacked by Russia or any other nation. He says that while the coast defences of the country are adequate, he is not in a position to say much about them, for while the Japanese Government proved very obliging in allowing him to see what he wanted to see, there were other things which it was thought best that he should not see, and he was asked not to write in a detailed manner on the subject.

He repudiates the idea that Japan ever had any serious designs on the Hawaiian Islands, or, indeed, that she has any definite purpose of colonization anywhere. In conclusion, he says that while the Japanese recognize the value of some foreign institutions, they consider that they on their part are conferring some obligation by admitting the foreigner to all parts of their empire on an equal footing with themselves. He expresses the hope that eventually the recent treaties between Great Britain and Japan will lead to a better mutual understanding, and, indeed, the purpose of his whole book is to promote such an understanding. His last word to the reader expresses the hope that in the modernizing of this Oriental empire all of the virtues of the old regime may not be lost. Altogether, this is the most comprehensive and scientific analysis of the Japanese people which has yet appeared. (New York: Harper & Bros. $3.00.)

Minor Fiction.

"Mr. Milo Bush and Other Worthies" by Hayden Carruth, is a collection of brief and pointed anecdotes—they are hardly more—told somewhat in the manner of Mark Twain. There are twenty in all, and they are nearly all amusing, though it must be confessed that one will do well to take them in homeopathic doses. If the book is read through at a sitting, as can easily be done, one becomes rather tired of the solemnly humorous exaggeration and uniform absurdity of the tales. But read one at a time, to the right audience, they should prove a source of infinite amusement.

Most of these tales appeared in Harper's Drawer, and they all bear the marks of New York authorship. There is the atmosphere of the elevated road and the daily paper, the electric light and the vaudeville stage, about even the stories dealing with the country. They might also be used by a "monologue artist" for the entertainment of a roof-garden audience, and this is not intended for anything but a compliment.

"Greeley's Handwriting" is one of the best. It is, as one might infer from the title, a story of the old "Tribune" office, and told at the expense of Greeley's well-known chirography. It begins with the statement that the writer has never known a tramp printer old enough to have worked under Greeley who had not done so, and it ends with a speech in the old-time editor's characteristic manner. It deals with an attempted practical joke on a printer named Larkway, who smoked a cob pipe with the corn still on it, the stem of which was made out a pig's tail. This printer was the only man in the office who could set the copy turned in by Mr. Greeley, and his delight in the fact led to the attempted joke, which was made with the assistance of two fowls, whose unique history is in part as follows:

> One day a worshiper in Herkimer county sacrificed on the Greeley altar two young roosters, alive. They were of a new strain, originated by the man, and he had named it the "Go-West" breed. Mr. Greeley was much interested in the new fowls, and gave the man a good notice in the agricultural department, and cooped them under his desk bestowing upon them an old straw hat for their brooding place, since they were not large enough to roost. * * * But they had not been in the office a fortnight before they developed a trick which brought them into disfavor. They learned to eat the paste. They would hop up on their owner's desk, and gorge themselves from the paste-pot as regularly as he went out, seldom leaving enough to stick a gumless postage stamp.
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> It was a favorite plan of Greeley's to clip an item from a loathed contemporary, paste it on the top of a sheet of copy paper, and then proceed to tear the unfortunate author of the paragraph limb from limb. Several times, when boiling with rage at something he had just clipped, he started to dab it on a piece of paper and found the paste-pot polished out like a lamp chimney, and saw those two roosters standing about in a calm attitude almost ready to burst. He endured it a week for the sake of the breed, but it happened once too often, and Greeley was the one who burst. He sent for the foreman, and said to him:
>
> "Do you see those two confounded young roosters? They've eaten up my paste. They're full of it. They're waiting for me to get some more. I want you to take 'em upstairs, and never let me see 'em again."
>
> The foreman tucked a rooster under either arm, and did as he was told.

How these too enterprising fowls wrote a Greeley editorial and how Larkway set it up is the story, and it is too good a story for anyone to lose or spoil by premature reading.

Another good specimen of Mr. Carruth's style is "The Long Suffering Scandinavian," a tale of a Swede who was the butt of all the practical jokers in town until he came to the conclusion that he would have a nice time with them in his own way. Being a large and muscular Swede, he succeeded. As for the other people, Mr. Milo Bush says of them:

> What become of the Judge and Joe? Young feller, what become of the man that went out to shake hands with the cyclone?

There are also sagas of one Goldstein, a Hebrew peddler who played a cruel joke on a whole community of long-suffering Scandinavians, and got out of their way before they discovered it; of a remarkable fog in New York Harbor; of an unfortunate town which was gradually and painfully wiped off the map, presumably because it had, and rejoiced in, the name of Blueblossom; of some remarkable debaters, and of a fighting-cock named General Jackson and a horse named the Colonel. There are as many colonels, judges, majors, and generals in this book as if it were a product of the Kentucky bluegrass region. Altogether, Mr. Carruth has gotten together an entertaining collection of stories, and it is rather a pity that the proofreading was not more carefully done. (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.00.)

* * *

"Sundown Leflare," by Frederic Remington, is a book as realistic as Mr. Carruth's work is fanciful. There is but one serious fault to be found with it, and that is that the pages are not four times their present size. Mr. Remington's admirable drawings, which ought to be more interesting than the text, lose most of their fine quality through being reduced to a space two and a half by three and a half inches square. Those which originally appeared in "Harper's Magazine" covered a full page, and that was not too large for them, for one cannot put a band of Indians, a stretch of prairie, or an Arizona mountain range into a kodak photograph to advantage.

"Sundown Leflare" is a half-breed guide, mixed French and Indian, and his dialect appears to be faithfully reproduced. The work has not, of course, the thoroughness and depth which might come from a lifelong residence in the Indian country, for the evidence is that Mr. Remington spent a comparatively short time in the company of "Sundown," and found so much of interest in this typical plains character that he was constrained to make some use of him. A great part of the work is merely suggestive, but the suggestions are vivid enough to be very interesting.

This waif of the cattle country is a man who would be picturesque anywhere, and would have had a history, whether his lot had been cast in Afghanistan, in South Africa, or in Mexico; yet by character and tradition he belongs to the particular time and place in which his lot is cast. He is blood-brother to Peachey Carnehan and Mulvaney, to Mowgli and Jack Hamlin; he might have ridden with Jameson's raiders or shared the fate of the Outcasts of Poker Flat; he is not a savage or a civilized man, neither soldier, trader, hunter, gambler, nor criminal; he is an adventurer pure and simple. While he has traits in common with the black sheep of the world, he belongs to his own peculiar breed, evolved by contact of the Latin and the Red Indian. The story of his adventures, not always savory; his deeds, not always heroic; his light loves and queer superstitions, is not told with the skill of the professional litterateur, but it is fascinating because it is the story of a live man. Sundown Leflare is a new character in literature.

The only idealizing which Remington has done in dealing with this man is in a more or less careful censorship over the language of the tales, for, as he hints, some of Sundown's dialect is not intended for polite society. It is curious to see how, in spite of the very limited vocabulary of the half-breed, his history stands out as vividly and picturesquely as if written by a Parkman. Such is the rhetoric of the man who knows what he is talking about, and tells his story simply. The syntax will be rather difficult for those who do not like dialect, but those who do will have little trouble with it.

The most attractive of the sketches is probably "Sundown Leflare's Warm Spot," which tells how he stole Snow Owl's wife and fought for her. It is as uncivilized as a buffalo hide and as full of color as the Garden of the Gods. "Sundown's Higher Self" is perhaps the most artistic of the tales. Seldom has the secretiveness of an alien race in the presence of the white been so cleverly indicated. The artist is trying to coax the scout to tell him what his "medicine," his Indian charm, is. The response is a story of the way in which the "medicine" behaved in a certain rather desperate strait. Another attempt to get at the character of the "medicine"—another story. Finally, after a pull or two at the artist's canteen, Sundown appears to be softening, and the investigator says, persuasively:

> "I say, Sundown, I have always treated you well; I want you to tell me just what that medicine is like, over there in your teepee."
>
> "Ah, dat medicine! Well, she ees little bagful of de bird claw, de wolf tooth, t'ree arrowhead, on two bullet what 'ave gone troo my body."
>
> "Is that all?"
>
> "Ah, you white man!"

And one suspects that Mr. Remington was as far from the truth as ever.

Whether any white man, any civilized man, can really get at the inner thoughts and feelings of a wild man, may be doubted; but at any rate Mr. Remington has given us a true picture of Sundown Leflare, and one may guess at things which he does not tell. (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.)

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"Jesus Delany" is the decidedly striking title of a book by Joseph Gordon Donnelly. It seems to be intended to prove that a converted Mexican is a Mexican still, with all his original and aboriginal instincts in him. The pains which the author takes to drug this in is rather annoying at times.

The hero, Jesus Delany, is a Mexican boy brought up in a mission school and intended for an evangelist. He has been educated by the missionaries, at a Northern college, and is one of the oddest mixtures of religious enthusiasm and secular fight ever put into the pages of a work of fiction. The character of the missionary, who is called throughout "the Reverend Lamb," is a bitter satire on the missionary character, and there are two or three other satirical touches in dealing with the other "workers" of the mission station. The only person spared is Mrs. Lamb, who is represented as an attractive and noble woman (Query: Why is the good woman of a novel almost invariably beautiful and aristocratic in appearance?). The adventures of Jesus (pronounced Haysus, with accent on the last syllable), are of a varied and surprising nature. He fights a duel, conducts a revival, takes part in a bullfight (as matador), gets into a fight which results in his being sent to jail, falls in love with the daughter of the governor, and ends his career by being executed for the crime of murder. He is a picturesque character.

While the realism of this book may be doubted, it certainly indicates that there is a field for romance writers in Mexico, and the field is hardly touched. It will probably arouse bitter resentment among some of the people satirized in it, but that does not, of course, matter at all. It may be suggested, however, that the book would be more artistic if it were more impartial and less bitter. (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.)

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"Pastor Naudie's Young Wife" is a romance of a French provincial town, and is the work of Edouard Rod, the eminent French critic who has lately visited this country. On reading the book, the verdict of the public will probably be that M. Rod cannot only criticise but create literature, for this story has all the delicate finish and subtlety which is associated with the best of the French romance-writers. It deals with the fortunes of an elderly Protestant clergyman who decides, partly for the sake of his children and partly from a certain yearning for happiness in a humdrum life, to marry a second time, and is led by the advice of friends into a marriage with a girl some fifteen or twenty years younger than himself, who is possessed of a considerable fortune. He is led to suppose, both by the girl herself and by her guardians, that she is of a devout and charitable turn of mind, eager to join in all his work and sympathize with all his aspirations, but with the fickleness characteristic of some very young girls she changes completely in a few months after her marriage, tires of everything connected with her husband's life, and devotes herself entirely to satisfying her own whims.

One of these is a somewhat serious flirtation with her cousin, which eventually separates her from her husband and causes him to go as a missionary to foreign lands. The tale is not a happy one, and none of the characters are particularly admirable, though the deceived and wronged husband is pathetic enough for even a French public. It may well be that much of the charm of the book is lost in the translation, which is not done with the sympathetic and delicate touch necessary in translating from French to English. There seems no reason why some of the names should have been translated and others left in the original French, and to change the Gallic "Jeanne" and "Henri" to commonplace English "Jane" and "Henry" while still speaking of "Monsieur" and "Madame," is quite unnecessary.

This is a slight matter, but it has something to do with the impression of clumsiness in translation which one receives in the reading. There is a great deal in a name, especially in the name of a heroine, and everyone knows that of half a dozen girls named Katherine one will surely be called Kitty, and another Kate, and another addressed uncompromisingly by the full name, while a fourth goes through life as Kathleen, and every one of these nicknames has its significance. A girl of the nature of Pastor Naudie's wife would never be called "Jane" and nothing else, up to the age of seventeen. The presswork of the book deserves especial commendation, and the cover is one of the most artistic and dainty among the many beautiful books of the season. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.)

LITERARY NOTES.

A volume entitled "Nelson's Friendships" has lately appeared in England, and is devoted to an attempt to rehabilitate Lady Hamilton, so far as concerns her relations with Lord Nelson.

Mark Twain is now in London arranging for an edition de luxe of his works in twenty-five volumes. He will come to America in September.

A timely book for summer travel is "Outward and Homeward Bound; A Journal and Notebook for Ocean Voyagers." It is from the press of Lentilhon & Co., New York, and gives information about the keeping of time on shipboard, the throwing of the log, the uses of the barometer, and other customs followed on a sea voyage. There are also blank pages for notes, etc.

Mr. Frank Norris, author of "McTeague," has left San Francisco for the San Joaquin Valley, where he will remain for some time to work upon a new novel for which he has made some elaborate plans.

One of the successful novels of June was undoubtedly Beatrice Harraden's "The Fowler." The third American edition is exhausted, upward of 8,000 copies having been sold. In England its success is even more remarkable, 10,000 copies having been exhausted soon after publication.

Laird & Lee will soon publish a novel by Opie Read and Frank Pixley, entitled "The Carpetbagger."

In their scientific series, D. Appleton & Co., will publish shortly, two works by Edward S. Holden entitled "The Sun and His Family, and Some Great Astronomers."

The title of George Gissing's new novel will be "The Crown of Life." It is said to be written in an optimistic vein, foreign to the usual style of the author.

Edward Arnold, London, will publish in October the new novel by Morley Roberts entitled "The Colossus." The story was suggested by the career of Cecil Rhodes.

A romance which is said to have two very athletic young men for heroes will be published next week by Longmans, Green & Co. The title of the novel is "Castle Czrargaz: Being a Plain Story of the Romantic Adventures of Two Brothers, Told by the Younger of Them." It is edited by Archibald Birt.

Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, author of "Rudyard Kipling and Racial Instinct," in the July "Century," is a close personal friend of Kipling, and designed the cottage, "Naulahka," at Brattleboro, Vt. He has written two philosophical works on aesthetics.

The following books by Col. T. W. Higginson, up to the present published by Longmans, Green & Co., will in the future be presented by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. There are twelve of them: "Atlantic Essays," "Common Sense About Women," "Army Life in a Black Regiment," "The New World and the New Book," "Travelers and Outlaws," "Malbone," "Oldport Days," "Outdoor Papers," "The Procession of the Flowers," "The Afternoon Landscape" (poems and translations), "The Monarch of Dreams," and "Wendell Phillips."

Among the Thackeray autographs recently sold in London was a note to his publisher, Edward Chapman, dated Kensington, July 18, 1848, in which he says: "I think of making my move at the beginning of next week and passing some time at Spa or Aix-la-Chapelle, but, as usual, want some money before I go. If you could give me the £50 in advance now of the 'Kickleburys Abroad' you would very much oblige me. I want it now to pay a debt not of mine, and for which I have the funds at the bankers, but these funds cannot be touched until certain formalities are complied with, which will require a few weeks' time—and I should like if possible to settle this business today of all days in the year. * * * The fact is it is a claim against my old stepfather—the only one against the old gentleman—and this is my birthday and I should like to clear it off and be able to write to my mother to that effect; but this is private."

The private library, for which J. Pierpont Morgan has just paid $150,000, contains the finest first folio Shakespeare extant.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton will publish through Little, Brown & Co., a new collection of her verse. It will consist for the most part of her contributions to the American and English periodicals during the past few years.

Kazmar & Co., of Chicago, announce that there will be published immediately here and in England an entirely new book by F. P. Dunne, entitled "What Dooley Says." It was originally intended to give this volume a much longer title, but out of deference to trade convenience the short one was decided upon.

Katherine M. Abbott has just published a delightful little pamphlet about places of interest "down East," under the title of "Trolley Trips; the Historic New England Coast, Long Island Shore, Narragansett Bay, Connecticut Valley, Buzzard's Bay, and Massachusetts." It also contains full information about routes, and is a companion to her "South Shore Trolley Trips."

Among the story-tellers who are to contribute to the "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia is Bret Harte, who is now engaged upon a series of four short stories dealing with Californian life in the days of the great gold fever. "A Treasure of the Redwoods," the first of these characteristic tales, appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post" of July 8. The series is along the lines upon which Mr. Harte made his first brilliant successes.

Mr. Frank S. Bullen finds literature remunerative. "The Cruise of the Cachalot" and "Idylls of the Sea," published by D. Appleton & Co., have both proved so successful that he has resigned his appointment in the meteorological office, and will devote himself in the future entirely to literature.

Allen, author of a novel displaying considerable talent entitled "Wheat in the Ear," has written a book entitled "The Untold Half," which will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons the latter part of the month. "The Untold Half" is a New Zealand story and an able but seemingly extravagant critic has pronounced it to be the best story that has appeared since "The Scarlet Letter."

Mr. Reginald Heber Howe, jr., has written a work entitled "On the Birds' Highway," which will be published at once by Small, Maynard & Co. The book will contain some sixty illustrations in half-tone from photographs by the author, and a colored frontispiece in heliotype after a painting by Mr. Agassiz Fuerts. Mr. Howe's essays comprise studies of the birds along the eastern coast, from Maine to Maryland.

It is reported that several of the New York publishing houses will in the future follow the example of an English house and describe their books in advertisements and catalogues by their length, width and weight instead of by the old forms—8vo., 12mo., etc.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Desire of Nations.

No, not as in that elder day
Comes now the King upon the human way.
He comes with power; his white, unfearing face
Shines through the Social Passion of the race.
He comes to frame the freedom of the Law,
To touch these men of Earth
With a feeling of life's oneness and its worth,
A feeling of its mystery and awe.

A feeling of its mystery and awe,
And when he comes into the world gone wrong
He will rebuild her beauty with a song.
To every heart he will its own dream be;
One moon has many phantoms in the sea.
Out of the North the Norns will cry to men:
"Balder the Beautiful has come again!"
The flutes of Greece will whisper from the dead:
"Apollo has unveiled his sun-bright head!"
The stones of Thebes and Memphis will find voice:
"Osiris, come; O, tribes of time, rejoice!"
And Social Architects who build the State,
Serving the Dream at citadel and gate,
Will hail him coming through the labor hum,
And glad, quick cries will go from man to man:
"Lo, he has come, our Christ, the Artisan—
The King who loved the lilies, he has come!"

He will arrive, our Counselor and Chief,
And with bleak faces lighted up will come
The earth-worn mothers from their martyrdom,
To tell him of their grief,
And glad tidings caroling from field and town
Will go to meet him with the labor crown,
The new-born weaven of the heading wheat,
And men will sit down at his sacred feet,
And he will say—the King—
"Come, let us live the poetry we sing!"
And these, his burning words, will break the bar—
Words that will grow to be,
On continent or sea,
The rallying cry of man.

He comes to make the long injustice right—
Comes to push back the shadow of the night,
The grey Tradition full of flint and flaw—
Comes to wipe out the insults to the soul,
The insults of the Few against the Whole—
The insults we make righteous with a law.

Yea, he will bear the Safety of the State,
For in his still and rhythmic steps will be
The power and music of Alcyone,
Who holds the swift heavens in their starry fate.
Yea, he will lay on souls the power of Peace,
And send on Kingdoms torn the sense of home—
More than the fire of Joy that burned on Greece,
More than the light of Law that rose on Rome.
—Edwin Markham.

Hush!

O hush thee, Earth! Fold thy weary palms!
The sunset glory faileth in the west;
The purple splendor leaves the mountain crest;
Gray twilight comes as one who bereth alms,
Darkness and silence and delicious calms.
Take thou the gift, O Earth! on Night's soft breast
Lay thy tired head and sink to dreamless rest,
Lulled by the music of her evening psalms.
Cool darkness, silence, and the holy stars,
Long shadows when the pale moon soars on high,
One far, lone night bird singing from the hill,
And utter rest from day's discordant jars; soul of mine! when the long night draws nigh
Will such deep peace thine inmost being fill?
—Julia C. R. Dorr, in Scribner's Magazine.

To My Lady.

The light of stainless dawn is in your eyes,
And I have looked in them and learned to pray
That in their glory I may find the way
That leads into the earthly paradise;
For you have bound me, freed me, made me wise
To read the promise of a perfect day
In your sweet face, fair as some morn in May
When earth grows young again 'neath cloudless skies.

And as through rifted clouds a man may read
The pledge of peace revealed in stormless blue,
So doth my heart, with every thought of you,
Have glimpses of a life completely freed
From all that is unrestful and untrue,
Spanned by the heaven of a lover's creed.
—Percy Gallard, in Chamber's Journal.

The Volunteer's Lament.

We are getting tired of soldiering in these sultry Philippines,
And rather sick of hard-tack, boiled rice, and pork and beans;
But we've stood it with true Yankee grit, as is the only proper way,
And we never thought of kicking till they swiped our travel pay.

You sent us here on transports that went tumbling like a log,
And the grub on which you fed us, sir, would almost kill a hog;
But we lived on hope and sea breeze, not a word had we to say,
But we've got a kick a-coming since you swiped our travel pay.

We left our farms and ranches and our business in the towns,
We crossed the trackless ocean and whipped the Spanish dons,
Forced the gates of old Manila, where the Spaniards long held sway;
And now must lose that pittance, a private's travel pay.

We have slept in muddy trenches, charged the bamboo, thick and thin;
Crossed rice fields, bogs, and marshes, tramped through mud that reached our chin;
Now our sky is dark and clouded, of hope there's not a ray;
'Tis a case of total eclipse since you swiped our travel pay.

We have trounced the Filipinos; yes, we have fought them day and night;
Never questioned for a moment if the cause was wrong or right;
Many a brave, true-hearted comrade, that has fallen by the way,
Is a greater loss to someone than our paltry travel pay.

Well, some time we may get a chance to even up the debt,
For some of us are living now, and will live still longer yet;
But some cold November morning some candidate will say:
"Oh, that they'd never meddled with a soldier's travel pay."
—Kiowa, Battery L, in a Manila Paper.

The Marshes in June.

Levels of rosy snow
The unbroken dome of sky
Bends over, with its clouds afloat,
So many a fleecy, pearly boat—
The lapwing's cry
And the deep-toned, slow
Roar o' the unseen sea
Lie still, lie still,
And let the world go by.

The honey bees and the humble bees,
The great, old, brindled, furry bees,
With the golden zone,
And the organ drone,
They come and they go,
About and about the thrift-blooms,
The drifts of rosy snow.

The soft wind stirs the levels
Of the rosy, shimmering sea—
Brushing the small, dry flower heads
With a long drawn hiss and rustle,
As if Earth sighed for gladness
That she and they may be!

The soft wind from the windward,
Above her leaning low—
You may hear him sob for very joy
As he sinks upon her bosom—
'Mid the drifts of rosy snow!
—London Speaker.

Up Hillside Way.

Up hillside way a morn of May
Wears sheen of white and pomp of green,
And robins tilt on fence and spray,
And friendly cathirds flute and preen.

Up hillside way the brooks are brown,
And little ripples catch the light;
Beneath the uproar of the town
I hear the brooks from morn till night.

They chant a tender undersong,
Amid the furious strife of trade;
My heart goes back where I belong,
Where once, a heedless child, I played.

No golden gains up hillside way,
No stocks her margins Nature there
Keeps open house both night and day
And spreads her board with ample fare.

I knew the taste of manna when
I used to stroll up hillside way;
Each summer was like heaven then,
From springing grass to new-mown hay.

Today the ledger holds me fast
A captive dragging ball and chain;
But sweet from out a happy past
The old home woos my soul again.
—The Independent.

A Farewell.

Good-by; nay, do not grieve that it is over—
The perfect hour;
That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,
Flits from the flower.

Grieve not; it is the law. Love will be flying—
Yea, love and all.
Glad was the living, blessed be the dying!
Let the leaves fall.
—Harriet Monroe, in The Century.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Which are the five oldest colleges in the United States? E. L.

William and Mary, founded in 1617; Harvard University, 1636; Yale University, 1700; University of Pennsylvania, 1740; Princeton University, 1746.

When did the steamship Great Eastern first arrive in New York harbor? ANXIOUS.

On June 28,