Literary News and Criticism

Miss Johnston's Story of Jackson's Brigade.

THE LONG ROLL. By Mary Johnston. With illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. 12mo. pp. 683. (The Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Miss Johnston long ago made an honorable place for herself in a field of fiction that always has been and still is cultivated most successfully by members of the fighting sex. Her new book is not an historical romance; one doubts even if it can justly be called an historical novel. Rather is it a panorama of war, of actual happenings in the field and in camp, through which has been threaded an invention of love, rivalry, jealousy and betrayal that makes it fiction, and that, cropping up at well judged intervals, keeps it fiction to the end.

Still, the hero of this fiction is not the hero of the book. That place belongs to Stonewall Jackson, whom Miss Johnston shows to us at the beginning of the war, an unsympathetic, an unpromising leader to his command:

> An awkward, inarticulate and peculiar man, with strange notions about his health and other matters, there was about him no breath of grace, romance or pomp of war. He was ungenial, ungainly, with large hands and feet, with poor eyesight and a stiff address. . . . His discipline was of the sternest, his censure a thing to make the boldest officer blanch. A blunder, a slight negligence, and disobedience of orders—down came reprimand, suspension, arrest, with an iron certitude, a relentlessness quite like nature's. Apparently he was without imagination. He had but little sense of humor, and no understanding of a joke. He drank water and sucked lemons for dyspepsia, and fancied that the use of pepper had caused a weakness in his left leg. He rode a raw-boned nag named Little Sorrel, he carried his sabre in the oddest fashion, and said "oblike" instead of "oblique." He found his greatest pleasure in going to the Presbyterian church twice on Sundays and to prayer meetings through the week.

If the Botetourt resolutions, recited in all their length by their framer, open the book, it is only to fix from the first its Virginian locale and atmosphere, and to introduce its imaginary characters, the plot being firmly outlined at the very first. But the real chronicle begins none the less with Jackson, and ends with his tragic death—his exploits, his growth in stature and fame during two years of arduous fighting being followed step by step from Harper's Ferry to Chancellorsville.

The book bears on every page the evidence of a stupendous amount of preparatory reading and research, ranging from official documents, dispatches and orders, histories, biographies and memoirs to stray pages buried in the publications of historical societies. The author never omits to note the double point of view, the knowledge of the leaders and the ignorance of the privates, their grumblings, their blind criticisms of tactics and strategy and the quality of their commanders. And always she celebrates the courage, the endurance of the men in gray. She makes much also of the strange fortunes of this internecine strife, which placed face to face in bitter combat the comrades of the Mexican campaign and the parade ground at West Point. A picture of Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet at Richmond comes naturally within the scope of the historical narrative; the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor is made a part of it through the novelist's employment of an imaginary returned eyewitness. The women left behind, their fears and sufferings, their spirit and service are not forgotten, nor are the hardships, the privations of camp and march, the nerve-racking suspenses of delayed battle, the sufferings and horrors of the stricken field. The adventures and feelings of a deserter who cannot desert furnish a vivid episode, and, of course, the hero has his inevitable exploit of reconnoitring in federal disguise within the Union lines.

At times the reader feels that the author has crowded far too much within these many pages. Often she has recourse to a Carlylean staccato style:

> "Jack Robinson!" said the brigade from McLaw's division—Barksdale's Mississippians—drawn up on the water edge of Fredericksburg. They were tall men—Barksdale's Mississippians—playful bear hunters from the canebrakes, young and powerfully made, and deadly shots. "Old Barksdale" knew how to handle them, and together they were a handful for any enemy whatsoever. Sixteen hundred born hunters and fighters, they opened fire on the bridge builders, trying to build four bridges, three above, one below, the town. Barksdale's men were somewhat sheltered by the houses on the river brink; the Blue had the favorable fog with which to cover operations. It did not wholly help; the Mississippians had keen eyes; the rifles blazed, blazed, blazed! Burnside's bridge builders were gallant men; beaten back from the river they came again and again, but again and again the eyes of the swamp hunters ran along the gleaming barrels and a thousand bronzed fingers pulled a thousand triggers. Past the middle of the day the fog lifted. The town lay defined and helpless beneath a pallid sky.

Miss Johnston closes her narrative not so much with Lee at the zenith of his success in the field as with the accidental death of Jackson, which was its incalculable cost. This is in accordance with the scope of her book and her choice of its real hero. The larger view she supplies in the brief closing speech of her fictional protagonist, who, standing at Jackson's bier, reminds the reader that the invasion of Pennsylvania is about to be undertaken by the victorious men in gray.

"The Long Roll" falls short of epic significance, but it is a remarkable piece of work none the less.

THE DIAMOND

An Interesting Book on the Greatest of Jewels.

THE DIAMOND. By W. R. Cattelle. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 427. The John Lane Company.

This is an interesting and a useful book, dealing with its subject from the historic, the commercial and technical point of view, with sufficient measure of mineralogical information to explain the methods of cleaving, cutting and polishing. The illustrations include views of the world's greatest diamond mines and pictures of the world's famous diamonds, from the Great Mogul, which is supposed to have been found in 1630 or 1650, and which is the oldest of them all, to the latest and greatest, the Cullinan. There is much romance and tragedy in the records of these historic stones, and also much uncertainty. There is, for instance, the Sancy, the property of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, about whose later ownership there are all kinds of surmises. It is supposed to have passed through many royal hands down to Prince Demidoff, the husband of Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, and is now tentatively identified with the gem which Mr. William Waldorf Astor presented to his daughter-in-law on the occasion of her wedding.

It was not until the art of cutting and polishing the diamond was discovered in the Middle Ages that it began to rise toward its place as the stone pre-eminent among jewels, and:

> As Europe taught the Orient what undreamt-of beauty was inherent in its native gem, by the art of cutting and polishing, so did the new empire of the West teach Europe how to reach the acme of beauty by adapting proportion of size and shape to the qualities of reflection and refraction. The diamond as we know it is not yet fifty years of age.

It is this country that has brought to perfection the art of revealing all the beauty of the gem, the author holds, although the centre of the cutting industry still remains in Europe. This country is also the world's greatest diamond market, but it is the South African syndicate that has made the stone a staple of commerce, no longer subject to extreme fluctuations of price. Since the discovery of diamonds in South Africa, down to and including the year 1908, the diamonds mined there, in Brazil and elsewhere have amounted to 100,000,000 carats, yielding the mine owners $750,000,000. By the time all these stones have passed into private ownership, the total paid for them, including wastage, labor, commissions and various profits, will amount to $2,000,000,000. These, adds the author, are conservative figures.

The chapter on the diamond in antiquity is most informing. It is likely that the gem was valued for its hardness long before its beauty was recognized. It is certain that in early days it was often confused with the white topaz, sapphire, zircon and rock crystal. The diamond in the breastplate of the High Priest of Israel may well have been a rock crystal, in view of the small degree of mineralogical knowledge of the time, and the same doubt exists concerning the diamonds mentioned in the sacred writings of India. Even "to-day some of the noted 'diamonds' in royal treasuries are under suspicion, and are believed to be rock crystal or topaz, the more so as their owners refuse to submit them to examination by experts."

Weight, color, flaws, all these are explained at length, the author giving some very sound advice to the "ultimate consumer," so to speak. There are "tricks of the trade"; not all of them dishonest, by any means, for sometimes the

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

"Holds the reader's attention; it is clean and good-humored throughout, and presents a marked contrast to much of the fiction that is prevalent."
—*New York Sun.*

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customer is unreasonable in his ignorance, and can only be satisfied by humoring him, and oftener her. Furthermore—

> Price is not always indicative of beautiful color. Sometimes it corresponds with the rarity of the stone only. A black diamond is odd, unique, but not beautiful, yet it will bring a larger price than others of exquisite color. . . . Absolutely pure white diamonds are probably more scarce in the market to-day than blue white, yet the latter bring a higher price because the public has been educated to regard them as the finest of all. This education was made when they were also more rare than the white stones.

Altogether a valuable book on a fascinating subject.

ANIMALS WILD AND TAME

Life and Death in Jungle, Field and Wood.

UNDER THE ROOF OF THE JUNGLE. A Book of Animal Life in the Guiana Wilds. By Charles Livingston Bull. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 271. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

LIVES OF THE FUR FOLK. By M. D. Haviland. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 234. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND. By John Mills. Illustrated. Royal 8vo, no pagination. G. H. Doran & Co.

Fourteen stories of the teeming animal life of British Guiana are told in "Under the Roof of the Jungle." These are records in most instances of the preying of savage beasts upon others. The jagua kills and eats a host of lesser creatures until a big boa, hungry after a fortnight's fast, finally disposes of him—and a picturesque combat is theirs. More ferocious is the fight of otter and crocodile, for each kills the other at the end. The puma, robbed of her game many a time by the king vulture, climbs to his nest, kills his young, and, lying in wait for the great bird, cuts his life out also. The great green lizard, the iguana, lies in wait also for the little green parrots and dines off most of the busy family. The fightful Bushmaster snake, the great Poisonous Death of South American coast jungles, is bitten in two by the dusky shark as it lies wallowing in the water—but even as it dies it buries its fangs in its enemy's head. But in this case the poison fails, the big cold blooded fish recovers after a few hours' torpor, and so goes the jungle and coast life, with its continuous killing and feeding. A typical scene is this:

> A beautiful orange-colored cock of the rock came flying down the hillside and, attracted by the fruit, was about to alight when a big crested falcon caught a glimpse of it from his perch in the great tree where he was watching for an opportunity to make a feast of some of the fruit eaters. Spreading his wings he shot down like an arrow.
>
> The cock of the rock, noticing its danger when the hawk was almost upon it, darted sharply to one side. The speed at which the hawk was going was so great that he was carried ten feet beyond his prey before he could slow up sufficiently to turn. That ten feet was just enough to bring him within reach of the stroke of a mouted brown tree boa, which lay coiled up and waiting on a lower branch. The boa struck like lightning, snatching the hawk out of the air and crushing him before he could make use of his sharp beak and talons.

The chapter on the ways of the strange South American ants is an enchanting if blood curdling one; and that on the "Murderers of the Brown Water"—the fierce little fishes called the perai—is a thing of horror.

The fur folk who play their short life dramas in Mr. Haviland's book are Irish foxes, rabbits, cats and badgers. Their adventures are described in the pleasant manner to which, in this country, Mr. Seton has often accustomed us—that is to say, that though these heroes of field and forest are not exactly credited with mental processes, that possible fact is in the atmosphere of the book. Redpad, the fox, may not think, but instinct and experience—which we need not deny to the humblest animal—lead him in safety through many dangerous straits. Fluff-Button, the rabbit, may be rather a stupid beast, but he knows enough to twinkle receding paws in the face of a pursuing enemy. He, too, may not think, but his instinct serves to make his career interesting to the student of it. The author believes that while the majority of animals are guided to a very great extent by pure instinct, one may sometimes be observed whose actions cannot be altogether explained thus; and so far we may agree with him. The human element is deftly brought into the book, the Irishmen of the countryside being amusingly if slightly portrayed. Paddy Magragh lives on the page, though he has not much to do with the current of these stories.

The practical, exciting and sometimes humorous details of the fox hound's life and of fox hunting in England are pleasingly set forth in Mr. Mills's book. Under the guise of story it is a more or less useful manual for the intending fox hunter. It is the young hound Ringwood who tells the tale, and a clever and entertaining specimen of his kind he is. But even more interesting is the old hound Trimbush, the head of the pack and a philosopher of great merit. This fine old gentleman is sometimes tart on the modern tendency to insist upon the dashing "fast run." "My belief is," says Trimbush to Ringwood, "that our ancestors, the line hunters, hunted their fox as well if not better than we who now race him down."

> "There's no time given, then?" said I.
>
> "Time!" repeated Trimbush, with a sneer. "I'll just give ye an instance of what may be deemed a fair sample of the patience of sportsmen of the age we live in. One day last season we had been running a merry bat for about twenty minutes, as hard as we could split, and leading the field over enough yawners to satisfy the greatest glutton or steeplechase rider that ever crammed at a rasper. The fox was dying, and heading short, on his foil up wind, brought us to a momentary check. 'Hold hard, gentlemen!' hallooed Will Sykes; 'pray hold hard!' 'Consume me!' exclaimed one who had been jamming his horse close to our sterns, 'what sport one might have if it wasn't for these d——d hounds!'"

The venerable hound declares that this is a faithful description of the majority of fox hunters, but we may take it for granted that it was in a morose moment that he was thus instructing young Ringwood.

RARE BOOKS.

From The London Globe.

The library of the French Chamber is rich in manuscripts and rare books, some of the latter never having been heard of by the general public. A Paris contemporary publishes the titles of volumes to be found on three shelves, one above the other. They are elegantly bound, and have the following titles: "Expédifrançaise à Suresnes," three volumes; "Lettres de Roland à Charlemagne," three volumes; "Mémoires de Saint Elot," four volumes; "Description de l'Atlantide," four volumes; "Histoire de l'Avenir," eight volumes; "Catalogue de la Bibliothèque d'Alexandrie," twenty-one volumes; "Mémoires de l'Académie de Suresnes," twelve volumes, and "Collection des lois de Mines," nine volumes. Another treatise is "Opera Nulla," which our contemporary renders freely, or perhaps we should say scornfully, as "Œuvres Parlementaires." It may be added that these works are "dummies," and are used to hide a door. A similar arrangement is to be found at Chatsworth, and we believe that Tom Hood was the sponsor for the laughable titles in the Duke of Devonshire's library.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Dr. Owen's preposterous belief that Ben Jonson helped to murder Shakespeare in a Stratford lane recalls to an Englishman Rare Ben's own statement. "I loved the man," he wrote, "and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any."

In the Sierra.

No one knows the Yosemite region better than Mr. John Muir; he has loved it and lived in it for many years. The early days of his acquaintance with it are described in a volume which the Houghton Mifflin Company will soon publish. This book, entitled "My First Summer in the Sierra," contains his diary of the summer of 1869.

Remedies for Industrial Depression.

"Industrial Depressions" is the title of a volume by Mr. George H. Hull, which the Frederick A. Stokes Company will bring out in the autumn. It presents an analysis of causes, classification and a practical remedy. We are told that Mr. Hull "shows how, if proper statistics were gathered and quickly disseminated, and the business world were educated to a knowledge of their meaning, the course of trade could be steadied and calamities avoided."

Literary Daughters of Authors.

The blooming forth as an author of Miss Egerton Castle, the daughter of the novelists, Egerton and Agnes Castle, has already been recorded in this column. Another bit of news concerns the approaching publication of the first novel of this young lady's cousin, Miss Blundell—who is the daughter of the novelist known as "M. E. Francis." Mrs. Blundell and Mrs. Egerton Castle are sisters.

The Sportophyte.

"The Sportophyte: A British Journal of Botanical Humor" is the title of a tiny periodical of twenty-four pages, which has gone into a second volume and which has become self-supporting in its first year. One of its quaint anecdotes is of the farmer who, to the information that the experiment stations for plant breeding were searching for new plants on his behalf, cheerfully responded: "Well, what *I* want is for them to breed flat peas which won't fall off the knife as I eat 'em."

Cunningham Was Truthful.

Poor Peter Cunningham was not a forger—that, we must believe, is a fact established by Mr. Ernest Law in his first published book "Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries." He has examined the two Books of Revels of the time of James I, which are in the British Public Record Office, and has proved the genuineness of the entries as to when certain of Shakespeare's plays were first produced. These entries have for years been believed to be the forged interpolations of Cunningham or of John Payn Collier. The authorities have permitted Mr. Law to examine the manuscript books minutely, and he called to his assistance not only skilled literary investigators but scientific experts. Microscopic scrutiny of the manuscripts was made and chemical tests applied to the ink. Each authority, working separately, came to the same conclusion—that there was no forgery whatever, that the records were absolutely genuine. Cunningham's memory may now be absolved by the American Shakespearians who have credited the accusation of forgery.

An American Author Abroad.

Mrs. Anne Warner French, having attended to the publication here of her new novel, has sailed for England, where she intends to live in the future. "I am going to make a home for my father, my children and myself in England," she said on the eve of sailing. "I simply must move to a country where I can afford to live. I can get three days of travel and sightseeing for fifty dollars in Europe, and that amount would scarcely pay for a new hat in the United States."

A Wallace Letter.

Those emotional young readers who still weep over "The Scottish Chiefs" may like to know that there is in existence in the German state of Lubeck a letter from the veritable hand of Sir William Wallace. It was to Lubeck that Wallace appealed for help to crush the forces of the English King. The letter, of which Lubeck is very proud, is to be shown at the forthcoming Scottish National Exhibition.

A Love for Incompetence.

An English translation of M. Emile Faguet's book, "The Cult of Incompetence," is to be published soon. M. Faguet argues that democracy not only tends to produce incompetence but has a real love for it—and that a democracy will always suspect men of ability of desiring to govern it, not as it wishes to be governed, but in accordance with their own ideas. This does not seem reasonable, but democracy can take care of itself, in spite of paradox. There are many kinds of unreason—we have even heard it gravely stated that the copyright laws which deprived an author's family of his property took their rise in the jealousy felt by small minds when contemplating great ones.

Real Persons in Novels.

That Mr. Wells in his latest novel has introduced living personages in public life is still claimed, though the author denies that allegation. Now it is said (by Mr. C. K. Shorter) that Mr. Arnold Bennett has put into his amusing story, "The Card," a portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland, who sparkles in its pages as the Countess of Chell.

Flaubert's Letters.

The third series of Flaubert's correspondence (1854-1869) is just coming out in Paris. It includes eighty-seven hitherto unpublished letters. A fourth series will follow, a volume entitled "Letters à ma nièce Caroline," and a collection of Flaubert's plays. Among these plays is an unpublished drama in five acts.

Poetry Again.

People who still read poetry—are there many of them?—remember when a new volume of verse by a distinguished writer was heralded with great curiosity and enthusiasm. That probably could not happen nowadays. Conservative commentators attribute public indifference to poetry to the ever rising tide of democracy and the accompanying materialism. However this way be, we have to chronicle the fact that the records of the past year show a budding interest in verse.

Fixing a Poet's Place.

Mr. Frank Harris has not much humor, and he certainly didn't recogniz that precious possession in Matthew Ar

nold. He said in a magazine paper not long ago:

> One can hardly help asking, Was Matthew Arnold a great poet—one of the fixed stars in the literary heaven? Will he live there with Browning and Tennyson? He himself thought his place secure—hinted, indeed, more than once that his position in the future might even be higher than theirs. "Tennyson had no ideas," he would say; "Browning's genius is sometimes masked by pedantry. 'The Ring and the Book' is far too long. My little things are slight, of course, but they seem to me of gold—seven times refined."

LITERARY BRUISERS

Andrew Lang on Some Pugnacious Authors.

From The London Morning Post.

"The bruisers of England, how they are fallen!" said the Quaker lady to George Borrow, or words to that effect. The literary bruisers of England are almost extinct; if we do now and then find playwrights and critics on hostile terms it is but a poor, feeble affair with the gloves. Nobody is interested. Now, I am old enough to remember some spirited rallies between Mr. Herbert Spencer and his critics: he had an encounter with Professor Tait. There is a report of it in "Life and Scientific Work of P. G. Tait," by Mr. C. G. Knott (Cambridge University Press). The cause of the quarrel is not intelligible to a person unskilled in the highest mathematics, but it is certain that Mr. Tait knew more about the matter than Mr. Spencer and knocked that plucky lightweight out.

Then there was another set-to between Mr. Spencer and another authority on another subject. This was settled against Mr. Spencer by the science of his opponent, who had the advantage of knowing about his subject, with which Mr. Spencer was less intimately acquainted. The omniscient man seldom knows any one thing correctly. Then there was an affair of three rounds between Cardinal Newman and Charles Kingsley. Mr. Kingsley, as a lyric poet and a novelist, was the Cardinal's master, but the dispute was in another field, and Mr. Kingsley did not come up to the call of time; the "Apologia" went home with paralyzing effect. This at least was the opinion of the best judges, though, for one, I never could answer Mr. Kingsley's question, "What, then, does Cardinal Newman mean?" Perhaps he was not then a Cardinal. My memory of an affair so remote is rather vague. But the Cardinal, like Allan Breck, was "a bonny fighter." There were many, many other battles, though Mr. Froude never, as far as I remember, hit back at Mr. Freeman. Mr. Freeman, though full of fight, did not know Mr. Froude's period. He did know a few things. There was no female saint named Ampulla or Ampoule; James I was not "the first of the Stuart kings," but a moderate third; there is no mountain named "Sir Arthur's Seat" in the suburbs of Edinburgh. But though full of fight Mr. Freeman did not know the places on which he might have hit Mr. Froude with cruel effect; and, as his victim did not strike back, the affair was flat and no glory was won.

Again, Mr. Huxley's hat was often thrown into the ring about Biblical criticism and so forth; and Mr. Gladstone's hat followed, and there was a lively though utterly unscientific set-to. A French periodical briefly described the affair as "a contest of two amateurs, Sir Gladstone and Professor Huxley," but scornfully refrained from giving details. Neither man was in training, so to speak; or, in more civilized language, neither man knew his subject—diabolical possession. Mr. Huxley was a very eager combatant, but I remember noting that, in citing an authority familiar to me, he casually left the little word "not" out of his citation. Of course, this omission made all the difference!

In these gentle and joyous passages of arms the combatants usually fought with "courteous arms"; it was not so when Mr. Swinburne collided with Mr. Robert Buchanan about "The Fleshly School." But the great warrior was Mr. Charles Reade.

They have all forgotten, oh summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

Mr. Reade's row with the "Athenæum," culminating in 1875, to be sure even I had forgotten, or never knew, but a casual inquiry into events of 1713-1744 brought me acquainted with Mr. Reade in his war paint.

The occasion arose thus: Reade wrote a story, "The Wandering Heir," which constituted the Christmas number of the "Graphic" in 1874, "cost you a shilling." Two hundred thousand copies were sold at home, in the states and the colonies, and in pirated editions three hundred thousand more were vended. Excluding piracies some 490,000 shillingsworth were sold. I cannot do the arithmetical sum, but "there was money" in this by no means good novel. Reade combined the story of the great mysterious heir (or Arthur Orton) of the Anglesea title and estates, using the records of the trial (1743), with a "love interest" about the claimant's first wife, whom Reade took to our American plantations in male costume. This invented part was improbable, but popular. He ended with a summary of the end of the trial, closing with the claimant's temporary triumph in 1743.

Reade had not read, or chose not to use, Smollett's account of the whole affair in "Peregrine Pickle." The real hero of the struggle was the claimant's Scottish backer, Smollett's friend, Mr. Mackercher (a form of Farquharson). Reade converted this hero, who had fought at Sheriffmuir (1715) and Glenshiel (1719), into an obscure Irish attorney, a man that said "Och, alanna," and Reade averred that the Earl of Anglesea was the brother of the Lord Altham of the day.

These amazing errors were not detected. But as soon as the story appeared a letter was published in the "Athenæum," signed "C. F.," and another in the "Press and St. James's Chronicle," signed "Cœcilius." Both critics accused Reade as a plagiarist from some rhymes, "A Modern Lady's Journal," by Dean Swift. In fact, Reade, looking about him for "local color," had borrowed a scene and even some fifty lines from Swift. He might as well have said this in a note; his book owed nothing more to Swift, though his narrative (except the Billy Taylor heroine and love interest) was, like any historical novel, founded on facts, given in printed books—and on neglect of other contemporary statements. If Reade, a Bruiser of the old school, had been **a man of to-day** he would either have been silent or, in a few lines directed to the Editor of the "Athenæum," he would have pointed out that he merely took his local color from the only accessible source. He might add that the chapter on second rate or fifth rate Dublin society in 1724 was not a fair sample of the whole book. But Reade addressed a very long letter to Sir Charles Dilke, then a young man and proprietor of the "Athenæum." Sir Charles replied that he was amused and had forwarded the letter to the editor. Reade answered: "Young gentlemen should endeavor not to be amused when their lacqueys have thrown dirt on their superiors." That was a heavy body blow, but Reade, in 1875, granted that the question as between him and Sir Charles was "very debatable." Indeed, a lacquey and the editor of a paper do not occupy analogous positions. The editor suppressed but commented on Reade's letter, not a satisfactory course.

Reade then published his letter in "Once a Week." He complained that the letter writer in the "Athenæum" "proceeds to indelicacy and from that to libel"; he had said that Reade was paid a penny a word, "an indelicate conjecture, a lie, a libel." He enclosed the letter in the "Press," and said that both letters were by one hand. He proved at great length that all writers from Shakespeare to Molière, Scott and Defoe use pre-existing materials; so does Homer, so does Virgil. Reade himself had "taken the scholar's way," that of research. "My only crime is this: I have written too well." His critic was a pseudonymuncule. C. F. replied: C. F. was "a quiet woman living in a country village, which I scarcely ever leave. I have never written for the press; I have never received money for anything written. . . . Mr. Reade calls me a 'trickster,' 'a scurrilous skunk,' a 'pseudonymuncule.'" Mr. Reade might be given C. F.'s name and address. "I may modestly say to Mr. Reade, in the words of the title of one of his novels, 'It is Never too Late to Mend.'" In that round Miss C. F. certainly seemed to score several points. Reade replied that if C. F. had been a man that man would be a shuffling snob and incurable liar. The editor of the "Athenæum" said that his C. F. was not the same person as Cœcilius, the writer in the "Press." Reade answers: "Cœcilius was Mr. Mortimer Collins. C. F. was Mrs. Mortimer Collins." Mr. Collins "is my rival in business and in nothing else. He is prolific, but not popular. . . . It is an example of Trade Malice." Envy and jealousy were the cause of the attacks. Perhaps it is as likely that Mr. Collins, opening "The Wandering Heir" in the passage full of borrowings from Swift, thought it an occasion for mirth, though he need not have set Mrs. Collins to fire her shot from under cover. Reade's method was not quite the same as Scott's when he found materials for the Clan duel at Perth in Wyntoun's "Cronykil," and quoted Wyntoun's actual lines in his Introduction. A historical novelist must go to his sources, but to turn Swift's rhymes into prose as Reade did, without acknowledgment, was to sail rather near the wind, and was quite unnecessary. He could have assimilated the tone and manners without annexing actual words. In Homeric criticisms some of the learned maintain that the poet inserts in block passages from the works of his nameless predecessors. I cannot bring myself to believe that a great poet practised the methods of Reade. He used, as the ballad-makers did, the accustomed formulæ for customary actions and situations. Every poet did this; the formulæ were part of every poet's stock in trade. Reade went rather too far in "the scholar's way" of direct citation, in place of perfect assimilation. However, at great cost of time, temper, and ink he had the better of his opponents in this battle long ago. He was the last of the Bruisers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ART.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY. Umbria, Florence and Siena. From the Second to the Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Langton Douglas, assisted by G. DeNicola. In six volumes. Illustrated. Volume IV. Florentine Masters of the Fifteenth Century. 8vo. pp. ix, 387. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

With fifty-four illustrations and an index of places and persons.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LAST STUART QUEEN: LOUISE COUNTESS OF ALBANY. Her Life and Letters. By Herbert M. Vaughan, F. S. A. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xxiii, 358. (Brentano's.)

An account of the life of Louise, Princess of Stolberg-Gedern, covering the period from the date of her marriage with the British Pretender until her separation from him; her romance with the poet Alfieri, and her twenty years' residence in Florence.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER. An Autobiography. By Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir W. F. Butler, G. C. B. With four portraits in photogravure. 8vo, pp. xi, 476. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The story of his military career from the time he joined the army in 1858 to the end of his command in South Africa.

REMINISCENCES OF LINDA RICHARDS. America's First Trained Nurse. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xvi, 121. (Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows.)

Telling of the development of modern nursing and of the first American training school for nurses; of the author's experiences in England, her meeting with Florence Nightingale; her work in Japan, in Boston and in other cities.

ESSAYS.

MASKS AND MINSTRELS OF NEW GERMANY. By Percival Pollard. 12mo, pp. viii, 299. (Boston: John W. Luce & Co.)

"An Evening in a German Cabaret," "The Pioneers of Germany," "A Few Formalists," "Mere Entertainment," and "Drama and Frank Wedekind" are among the subjects treated.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. The Dionysian Spirit of the Age. By A. R. Orage. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 82. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

A brief sketch of his character and philosophy.

FICTION.

THURLEY RUXTON. By Philip Verrill Mighels. Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg. 12mo, pp. 378. (Desmond Fitz Gerald, Inc.)

An American girl, socially adopted by a wealthy woman, is mistaken for one Princess Thirvinia, supposed to be travelling incognito in America. Around this case of mistaken identity the plot centres.

TORCHY. By Sewell Ford. Illustrations by George Brehm and James Montgomery Flagg. 12mo, pp. 311. (Edward J. Clode.)

A record of the doings of Torchy in his character of head office boy and "general grouch dispeller."

THE GATES OF THE PAST. By Thomas Hunter Vaughan. 12mo, pp. 383. (Brentano's.)

A novel dealing with the transmigration of souls.

THE OLD DANCE MASTER. By William Romaine Paterson (Benjamin Swift). 12mo, pp. vi, 373. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

A character study.

BABES IN THE WOOD. A Romance of the Jungles. By B. M. Croker. 12mo, pp. vii, 318. (Brentano's.)

A tale of life in India. The hero is a young Englishman in the Civil Service.

THE STREET OF TO-DAY. By John Masefield. 12mo, pp. 392. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

A novel of modern life. The hero is a young man who has just returned to England. The story tells of his meeting with two very different types of women and their influence on his character and career.

THE PRINCESS OF NEW YORK. By Cosmo Hamilton. 12mo, pp. 351. (Brentano's.)

Relating the adventures of an American girl in England.

THE STOLEN SINGER. By Martha Bellinger. With illustrations by Arthur William Brown. 12mo, pp. 382. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

The romance of a singer who is mistaken for Princess Auguste Stephanie of Krolvetz and kidnapped by a spy.

THE GOLD FISH OF GRAN CHIMU. By Charles F. Lummis. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 128. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

A short story of a buried treasure in Peru and of a boy's effort to retrieve his father's fallen fortune.

AN ARDENT AMERICAN. By Mrs. Russell Codman. Frontispiece by James Montgomery Flagg. 12mo, pp. vi, 411. (The Century Company.)

The diary of an American girl, born and educated abroad, who, at eighteen years of age, comes to visit her grandmother at Lenox.

JOHN SHERWOOD, IRONMASTER. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. 12mo, pp. 316. (The Century Company.)

The story of a man who rises to the position of master in a great industry and who is compelled by physical disabilities to give up his work and fight for life and health.

DAWN O'HARA, THE GIRL WHO LAUGHED. By Edna Ferber. Frontispiece in color by R. Ford Harper. 12mo, pp. 302. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The heroine is a pretty Irish girl, a newspaper reporter.

MISS BILLY. By Eleanor H. Porter. With a frontispiece in color from a painting by Griswold Tyng. 12mo, pp. viii, 356. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)

A love story.

THE JOB SECRETARY. An Impression. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. 12mo, pp. 275. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

How the story of a woman's life was written into a book.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. A Novel. By Upton Sinclair. 12mo, pp. 663. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

A realistic tale of love and life.

GILEAD BALM, KNIGHT ERRANT. His Adventures in Search of the Truth. By Bernard Capes. With eight illustrations. 12mo, pp. vii, 320. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

A detective story, the hero of which devotes his time and money to the investigation of appeals for help in the "agony columns" of newspapers.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ISLAND. By Joseph Hornor Coates. Illustrated by Sidney M. Chase. 12mo, pp. 273. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

A love story, the scene of which is set in Martha's Vineyard.

YELLOWSTONE NIGHTS. By Herbert Quick. 12mo, pp. 345. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

A story of a trip to the National Park. Each night the travellers gather around the campfire and each one spins a yarn.

HISTORY.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES. The Romance of Humble Life in England. By Frederick W. Hackwood. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 416. (Brentano's.)

A survey of the treatment accorded to vagrants, mendicants, outlaws and outcasts from Saxon times to the days of the Poor Law Reform in the beginning of the 19th century.

JUVENILE.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "S. I. G'S." By Etta Anthony Baker. With illustrations by H. Burgess. 12mo, pp. x, 323. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

The first volume in a series for boys. Carroll Carter is the captain of the "Staten Island Giants," a club organized for baseball and other sports.

THE TENNESSEE SHAD. Chronicling the Rise and Fall of the Firm of Doc Macnooder and the Tennessee Shad. By Owen Johnson. 12mo, pp. 307. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

Another Lawrenceville story, which tells of the daring financial adventures of the boys.

CLIFF STIRLING, BEHIND THE LINE. By Gilbert Patten. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. iv, 336. (Philadelphia: David McKay.)

An up-to-date football story. With colored frontispiece and eight halftone plates.

BOYS OF OAKDALE ACADEMY. By Morgan Scott. With four original illustrations by Martin Lewis. 12mo, pp. 312. (Hurst & Co.)

A tale of schoolboy life.

BUDDIE: THE STORY OF A BOY. By Anna Chapin Ray. With illustrations from drawings by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. 12mo, pp. 286. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

The first of a new series of books for boys, telling of a mischievous youngster who, being temporarily separated from his father, goes to live with an aunt in a New England town.

THE AIRSHIP BOYS IN FINANCE; OR, THE FLIGHT OF THE FLYING COW. By H. L. Sayler. Illustrated by S. H. Risenberg. 12mo, pp. 295. (Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company.)

This is the fifth story in "The Airship Boys" series, and in it they solve the problem of aerial transportation.

FAVORITES FROM FAIRYLAND. An Approved Selection Arranged for Home and Supplementary Reading in the Third Grade, by Ada Van Stone Harris. Illustrated by Peter

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