

THE Book-Lover

A MAGAZINE OF BOOK LORE

Being a MISCELLANY of Curiously Interesting and GENERALLY UNKNOWN Facts about the World's Literature and literary people; *newly arranged*, with Incidental Divertissement, and all very DELIGHTFUL TO READ. ❧ ❧

The Truth About Edgar Allan Poe

By Eugene L. Didier

WITH PHOTOGRAVURE OF THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM AND NUMEROUS OTHER ARTICLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF AND ABOUT POE—A UNIQUE ASSEMBLY

The Library of Grolier

By W. G. Fletcher

ILLUSTRATED

Book Plates

MANY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED EXAMPLES

The Native Literature of Porto Rico

By Cora F. Morrow

The Books of My Childhood

By Well-Known Authors

The Art of Extra-Illustration

By Leonard W. Lillingston

"No Time for Reading"

By Andrew Lang

The Art of Reading Aloud

By William Mathews

Current Literature



John Anderson, Jr.
Auctioneer of Literary Property
20 W. 30th St., New York

SPECIAL Facilities; Evening Sales; Attractive Window Display; Personal Attention; Quick Handling; Prompt Settlements; Reach the Very Best Buyers; Faithful and Intelligent Service

Sale of Private Collections a Specialty

"An Evening with Dickens"

Presented by

Mr. E. S. Williamson
 The Noted Collector and Lecturer

With One Hundred and fifty Rare Stereopticon Pictures

... Illustrating the Novelist's Entire Life...

"A charming entertainment—not a dull moment."—*Toronto Globe.*

"A literary treat."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Under Management of

Major J. B. Pond
 Everett House, New York

POE'S COMPLETE WORKS

THE "VIRGINIA" EDITION. IN 17 VOLUMES.

THIS is the most complete and accurate text ever prepared. It is the only one based directly on Poe and including all his writings. It contains a new volume of letters and a new biography. The text is edited by Professor James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia, and contains introductions by Hamilton W. Mabie and Charles W. Kent, and notes and variorum readings by R. A. Stewart.

"Unquestionably the most important issue of an American classic author for many years."—*New York Times Saturday Review.*

"Admirable both as literary work and as a piece of book-making."—*Henry Van Dyke.*

"Can never be superseded."—*Prof. John F. Genung.*

HANDY VOLUME STYLE.

Pocket size, 4 x 6 inches.

Cloth, gilt top (cloth box),	\$12.50
Limp Leather (cloth box),	21.00
Half Calf, gilt top (leather box),	35.00

DE LUXE LIBRARY STYLE.

Size, 5¼ x 8½ inches.

Cloth, gilt top, gilt back and side,	\$21.00
Half Calf, hand tooled, gilt top,	42.00

Complete Illustrated Catalogue on Request.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., 426-428 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Book-Lover

Edited by WARREN ELBRIDGE PRICE

Published by THE BOOK-LOVER PRESS, 30-32 E. 21st St., New York City

By subscription, \$2.00 per year of six numbers. Foreign postage, 60 cents extra. Singly, 35 cents. THE BOOK-LOVER one year, with four latest issues (part or all), \$2.50.

See particulars of the Edition de Luxe on following page.

Send Drafts on New York, Express or Postal Money Orders, or two-cent stamps. Do not send local checks unless expense of collection is added to their face.

Entered at the New York Post Office as mail matter of the second class.
Copyright, 1903, by The Consolidated Retail Booksellers.

no. 17

Vol. IV

MARCH-APRIL, 1903

No. 1

Contents

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 The Truth About Edgar A. Poe. Illustrated. Eugene L. Didier. | 62 The Art of Reading Aloud. William Mathews. |
| 10 The Library of Grolier. Illustrated. W. Y. Fletcher. | 63 Carlyle's "French Revolution." |
| 14 Shelley's Copy of "Sophocles." | 64 Richard Lovelace. Verse. S. J. Underwood. |
| 15 Book Plates. Illustrated. | 65 The Great Book Collectors. Charles and Mary Elton. |
| 20 A Disciple of Keats. John Russell Hayes. | 68 The Story of Prescott's First Book. |
| 21 A Metrical Oddity. Charles F. Johnson. | 69 Music in Fiction. C. W. James. |
| 22 Ode to Forgotten Authors. Verse. F. B. Doveton. | 75 Ballade of the Book-Hunter. Verse. Andrew Lang. |
| 23 Native Literature of Porto Rico. Cora F. Morrow. | 76 John Fiske's Tribute to Milton. |
| 33 Origin of "Alice in Wonderland." | 77 Observations in a Library. Kennett F. Harris. |
| 37 The Novel of Misery. | 79 A Poet's Gift. Verse. Lorenzo Sosso. |
| 38 "The Books of My Childhood." | 80 Whittier Relics Sold for High Prices. |
| 40 Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." | 83 Famous First Editions, Louis Northorp. |
| 41 In an Old Bookshop. F. A. Eastman. | 86 Poe's Place as a Critic. Charles Leonard Moore. |
| 42 The Books I Can't Afford to Buy. Villanelle. A. J. Culp. | 88 Record-breaking Prices for American First Editions. |
| 43 The Art of Extra-Illustration. L. W. Lillington. | |
| 45 Making a Poem. | |
| 46 Readers, Gentle and Simple. Mirnie D. Kellogg. | |
| 49 Balzac and His Publishers. | |
| 50 "No Time for Reading." Andrew Lang. | |
| 52 Like Another Carlyle. | |
| 53 The Poe Revival. Illustrated. Mrs. Edmund Nash Morgan. | |
| 56 Some Ayrshire Impressions. F. M. Sloan. | |
| 58 The Historical Novel. Verse. W. L. Clanahan. | |
| 59 The Flood of Books. Henry Van Dyke. | |
| 61 How to Choose a Cyclopaedia. | |

CURRENT LITERATURE

- | |
|--|
| 89 A Literary Discovery. T. W. Hunt. |
| 91 Literary Values. |
| 91 St. Augustine and His Age. H. L. Hargrove. |
| 92 The Proofs of Life After Death. Robert J. Thompson. |
| 93 The Jewish Encyclopedia. |
| 93 Letters and Lettering. |
| 93 The Library of Literary Criticism. |
| 94 The Book-Shop Girl. |
| 95 What Makes a Book Sell. |

Bound Volumes of The Book-Lover

Volume one of The Book-Lover (Nos. 1-4), bound in red buckram, gilt top, untrimmed, \$7.50 net; ½ morocco, \$8.50.

Volume two (Nos. 5-10), or volume three (Nos. 11-16), bound in red buckram, gilt top, untrimmed edges, \$2.50; ½ morocco, \$3.50. See also following pages.

THE BOOK-LOVER appeals in the widest sense to people of literary taste and culture, and subscriptions may be very easily obtained for it—the magazine, by its size, beauty and literary excellence speaks for itself. To those inducing subscriptions, very liberal commissions will be paid.

THE BOOK-LOVER PRESS, 30-32 East 21st Street, New York City

The Poe Cottage at Fordham.

This famous cottage, probably more widely known than any other in America, is twice pictured in the present number of *THE BOOK-LOVER*—in photogravure as frontispiece and again, from another point of view, on Page 3. The cottage is about an hour from the city via the Third Avenue Elevated Railway. Between two attic windows hangs a crudely painted raven over this inscription:

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S COTTAGE,

1844-49

E. J. CHAUVET, D.D.S.

Twenty years ago the cottage was offered to the city as a gift by its owner, a Mr. Cary. The city declined the offered gift and in 1895 it came into the possession of its present owner. A survey for the widening of the road cut it through, and it would have been sold at auction by the progressive city had not the owner secured a permit and moved it back seventeen feet from the original site, where it now stands. The frontispiece photogravure is from a photograph loaned for the purpose by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Early Numbers of "The Book-Lover."

For \$3.00 we will send *THE BOOK-LOVER* one year, and include, free of further charge, numbers 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 of the magazine, thus giving 14 numbers for \$3.00. It is hardly necessary to state that no issue of *THE BOOK-LOVER* ever becomes a "back number." The earliest issues are as delightful and treasurable always as "the latest."

Copies of number one are offered at \$2.00 each, net.

Number two, \$4.00 each. In exchange for a copy of number two, in good condition, we offer *THE BOOK-LOVER* for two years.

Numbers three to seven, inclusive, 50 cents each.

Number 8 to latest, 35 cents each.

Please address, *THE BOOK-LOVER PRESS*,
30-32 East 21st St., New York City.

Édition de Luxe of "The Book-Lover."

With number sixteen *THE BOOK-LOVER* completed its third year and volume. The remaining volumes of the *édition de luxe* are offered for sale as follows:

Volume one (Nos. 1-4), only 92 copies printed, in numbers, as published, \$7.50, net.

Volume two (Nos. 5-10), only 100 copies printed, in numbers, as published, \$5.00, net.

Volume three (Nos. 11-16), only 50 copies printed, folded sheets, unbound, \$10.00, net.

Volumes 1, 2, 3, together, \$20.00.

Volumes 1, 2, 3, beautifully bound in rich crushed levant, \$40.00—sold in sets only. Other styles of binding may be arranged for.

The *édition de luxe* of *THE BOOK-LOVER* is printed on Sterling deckle-edge antique wove, pure white paper, with wide margin and a general sumptuousness not before attained in magazine publishing.

Specimen pages may be had on application to the publishers.

Catalogues Received.

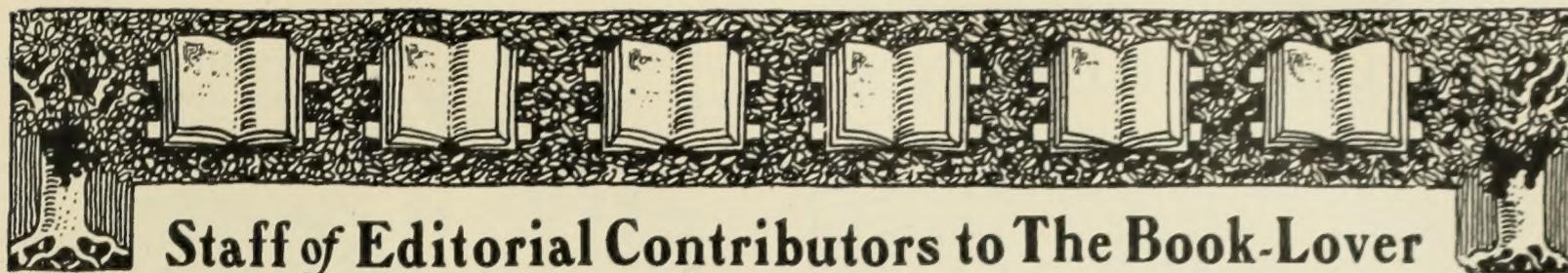
Catalogue of Books offered for sale by Everitt, Francis & Co., 116 East 23rd Street, N. Y. City, comprising a varied and attractive collection of Old Books, Scarce Old Editions of Americana, First Editions, Dramatic Literature, Limited Editions, Roycroft and Kelmscott Press, Biography, Bibliography, Archæology, Heraldry, Poetry, Art, Architecture, Finance, Shakespeareana, Waltoniana, and Numerous Other Subjects.

A Catalogue to Dickens and Other Special Collectors Dedicated. Autograph letters etc., of royal, noble, and distinguished persons, and original manuscripts. A most interesting catalogue. Contains many interesting quotations from letters not before made public. This is the 113th issued by Walter T. Spencer, 27, New Oxford Street, London, W. C., Eng.

Catalogue Number 322 of Valuable and Rare Books offered for sale by Martinus Nijhoff, publisher, importer and bookseller, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. Books in Latin, French, German, English, etc. Most of the books in this list can be delivered direct from the New York branch of Nijhoff, while others would have to be procured from his home house, The Hague, Holland.

Catalogue Number 7 of Desirable Books: Americana, Biography, Genealogy, Indians, Munsell Publications, Valentine's Manuals, Old Periodicals, First Editions, Photographs, Engravings, etc., for sale by John D. Walker, 31 De Graaf Building, Albany, New York. Books offered in this catalogue are nearly all in morocco and half morocco bindings and in excellent condition.

A wag, after having witnessed an unusually villainous performance of "Hamlet," remarked: "Now is the time to settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Let the graves of both be dug up and see which of the two turned over."



Staff of Editorial Contributors to The Book-Lover

THE BOOK-LOVER is edited by Warren Elbridge Price, assisted by the following scholars, who are noted book-lovers, and have been specially chosen editorial contributors. They have consented, in addition to their original contributions, to collate for THE BOOK-LOVER generally unknown facts and book-lore that would be of peculiar interest to book-lovers, such as are hidden away among the archives, not generally known and not likely to be come upon save by masters in their reading and research.

- Edward Winslow Ames, Secretary Legation of the United States of America, Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic.**
- Arlo Bates, Professor of English Literature, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.**
- Henry A. Beers, Professor English Literature, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.**
- M. D. Bisbee, Librarian Dartmouth College Library, Hanover, N. H.**
- A. P. Bourland, A. M., Professor English Literature Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn.**
- W. H. Brett, Librarian Public Library, Cleveland, Ohio.**
- Henry A. Buchtel, LL. D., Chancellor of the University of Denver, University Park, Colorado.**
- John Vance Cheney, Librarian The Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.**
- Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., J. C. D., Rector Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.**
- Byron Cummings, A. M., Professor Ancient Languages and Literature, University of Utah, Salt Lake City.**
- Amos Noyes Currier, LL. D., Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.**
- Isaac N. Demmon, LL. D., Professor English and Rhetoric, Ann Arbor University, Ann Arbor, Mich.**
- Richard Garnett, C. B., LL. D., Assistant Keeper of Printed Books, British Museum, 27 Tanza Road, Parliament Hill N.W., London, Eng.**
- Charles Mills Gayley, Litt. D., LL. D., Professor of English Language and Literature, University of California, Berkeley, Cal.**
- John W. Hales, M. A., Professor of English Literature, Kings' College, London, England.**
- Henry L. Hargrove, Ph. D., Professor English Literature, State University, Tallahassee, Florida.**
- William Rainey Harper, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., President of the University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.**
- George Harris, D. D., LL. D., President Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.**
- George William Harris, Librarian Cornell University Library, Ithaca, N. Y.**
- James Taft Hatfield, Professor German Literature, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.**
- John Russell Hayes, Assistant Professor English Literature, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.**
- Caroline Hazard, President Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.**
- Ottillie Herholz, Professor of German Language and Literature, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.**
- John H. Hewitt, LL. D., Acting President and Garfield Professor of Ancient Languages, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.**
- Honorable David J. Hill, LL. D., Assistant Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.**
- Charles W. Hubner, Ass't Librarian Carnegie Library, Atlanta, Ga.**
- Theodore W. Hunt, Professor English Literature, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.**
- Wm. D. W. Hyde, D. D., LL. D., President Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.**
- Honorable John B. Jackson, United States Minister to Greece, Athens.**
- Edmund J. James, Ph. D., President Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.**
- Morris Jastrow, Jr., Librarian and Professor of Semitic Languages, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.**
- Burritt A. Jenkins, A. M., Ph. D., President University of Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.**
- R. H. Jesse, LL. D., President the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.**
- Charles F. Johnson, Professor English Literature, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.**
- Richard Jones, Ph. D., Professor of English Literature, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.**
- John W. Jordan, Librarian Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**
- Charles W. Kent, Professor Ancient Languages and English Literature, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.**
- Harry Lyman Koopman, Librarian Brown University, Providence, R. I.**
- Edward H. Magill, A. M., LL. D., Emeritus Professor of the French Language and Literature, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.**
- Rev. Ezekiel Mundy, Librarian Public Library, Syracuse, N. Y.**
- Chas. E. McClumpha, Ph. D., Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.**
- Fenton R. McCreery, Secretary Embassy of the United States of America, Mexico City, Mexico,**
- B. O. McIntire, Professor of English Literature, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.**
- Daniel Boardman Purinton, Ph. D., LL. D., President and Professor of Philosophy of the University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.**
- J. W. Riddle, Secretary Embassy of the United States of America, St. Petersburg, Russia.**
- Clinton Scollard, A. M., sometime Professor of English Literature in Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.**
- Duncan Campbell Scott, Editor of "The Makers of Canada," Ottawa, Canada.**
- Lorenzo Sears, Professor American Literature, Brown University, Providence, R. I.**
- Professor Felix Emanuel Schelling, Ph. D., Professor of History and English Literature, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.**
- Frank Dempster Sherman, Adjunct Professor of Architecture, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.**
- L. A. Sherman, Professor English Language and Literature, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.**
- Henry O. Sibley, A. M., Ph. D., Librarian and Professor of Library Economy, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.**
- Isidore Singer, Ph. D., Projector and Managing Editor of The Jewish Encyclopedia, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.**
- Glen Levin Swiggett, Professor of Germanic Languages, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.**
- Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, Litt. D., LL. D., D. C. L., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland.**
- Jacob Voorsanger, Professor Semitic Languages and Literature, Rabbi Temple Emanu-El, 1249 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal.**
- Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Ph. D., LL. D., President University of California, Berkeley, Cal.**
- Charles Lincoln White, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Philosophy, Colby College, Waterville, Maine.**
- Edwin Wiley, M. A., Professor of English Literature and Assistant Librarian Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.**
- George E. Woodberry, Professor Comparative Literature, Columbia University, New York.**

The Cornhill Dodgers

A SERIES OF LITERARY LEAFLETS

* They comprise some of the most stimulating thoughts in English literature, printed in Gothic letter with rubricated initials, on bevel-edged Bristol board, size 4½ by 6 inches. These Dodgers are just the things for friendly distribution, for the ornamentation of one's library, office, or study, presentation in day and Sunday schools, and other things.

I.	My Symphony	W. H. Channing
II.	Life's Mirror	Madeline S. Bridges
IV.	Unwasted Days	J. R. Lowell
V.	A Morning Resolve	J. H. Vincent
VI.	To be Honest, to be Kind	R. L. Stevenson
VII.	The Prayer of the Nation	J. G. Holland
X.	Joy in Work	R. L. Stevenson
XI.	The Book-Lover's Creed.	
XII.	The Human Touch	Richard Burton
XIII.	A Prayer	R. L. Stevenson
XV.	Morning	Robert Browning
XVI.	An Evening Prayer	R. L. Stevenson
XVII.	The School-Teacher's Creed	E. O. Grover
XVIII.	Happiness	Marcus Aurelius
XIX.	Waiting	John Burroughs
XX.	Strife	Theodore Roosevelt
XXI.	A House Blessing	Anonymous
XXII.	Be Strong	Malbie Davenport Babcock
XXIII.	The Foot-Path to Peace	Henry Van Dyke
XXIV.	Resolutions	Jonathan Edwards
XXV.	Good Night	Anonymous
XXVI.	Be of Good Cheer	Ralph Waldo Emerson
XXVII.	The Celestial Surgeon	R. L. Stevenson
XXVIII.	But Once	Amiel
XXIX.	Duty	Phillips Brooks
XXX.	The Soldier of Ultimate Victory	Whitman
XXXI.	Invictus	W. E. Henley
XXXII.	Contentment	David Swing
XXXIII.	The Value of a Friend	R. L. Stevenson
XXXIV.	Sky-Born Music	Ralph Waldo Emerson

Each 10 cents. A baker's dozen for \$1.00. To be had at prominent book-shops or of their publisher,

Alfred Bartlett, 69 Cornhill, Boston

N. B.—The Spring number of the Cornhill Booklet is now published. Price 15 cents at all book nooks.

FOR SALE

These ads. ten cents per agate line. Name and address free.

S. F. Harriman, No. 11 S. High Street, Columbus, O.
AMERICAN CATALOGUE, ½ Mor. Complete except last vol

A. B., 1732 G Street, Washington, D. C.
Limited Editions. Essex, Vale, Elston, Roycroft, and other presses. For sale or exchange.

L. Mouat, Jr., 1740 Marion St., Denver, Col.
One set of "Philistines," vols I to XV inclusive. Roycroft binding, perfect condition, \$60.00. Also one set complete as above, not bound, \$45.00; and a number of extra copies at reasonable prices. Two sets of the "Book Lover," numbers 1 to 10 and 1 to 15 respectively, good condition, \$7.00 each. One set "World's Work" to date, first two vols. bound, \$6.00. "As It Seems to Me," by Elbert Hubbard, limp chamois, Roycroft binding, best offer takes it.

Our Charter Members.

Last issue we quoted one of our correspondents who claimed to be a "charter member" of THE BOOK-LOVER circle, because he has all the numbers of the magazine from the first issue. The idea seems to have pleased a number of our readers, who have written, also laying claim to charter membership, and it has occurred to the editor it would be a very pleasant thing to have a line from each.

Accordingly, those who have all the issues from the first are invited to make themselves known to us. This idea may result in a pleasant organization in some form—anyhow, the editor will feel a personal pleasure in knowing who are the oldest friends of the magazine.

Books and Bookbindings in Bermuda.

"INVERNRIE," PAGET, WEST.

BERMUDA, Feb. 3, 1903.

MY DEAR PRICE: The climate of New York was too rich for my Western blood, and I had to steer for sunnier climes, so I am here in the land of the lily and the onion, the picturesque land of coral houses, white against the dark green of the cedar trees, a land of vivid, brilliant color.

When the lover of handsomely-bound books goes a-fishing he is apt to catch an angel fish, a creation in bright blue levant, with elaborate gold tooling of unique design, while the cow-fish furnishes a heretofore unknown mottled calf; the lobster has a marbled end paper that I venture to say can not be duplicated elsewhere, while all of the rest of the shellfish on these reefs are extremely deckle-edge, bearing a peculiar salt-water mark.

I have not, however, come across a "complete angler" on these islands, as there is not a stream upon them, and only double-ledged lines are used in the deep water surrounding them.

The pilots who steer you through these reefs-infested waters are all black face, old style, and in limited edition, numbered and very rare.

Returning after a day's sport at eventide, you would think, on entering this most beautiful harbor, that the houses were all gilt top, but this effect is merely produced by the setting sun upon the white vellum binding peculiar to this place.

It is no wonder that my wife and I, who were pretty well run down, are improving immensely and feeling better each day.

I have my work with me and find that I am only interrupted by mail matter arriving once a week, so in consequence the illustration of my this year's books goes forward rapidly. I am trying rather a big piece of work, but with the aid of this genial climate will be able to bring it through.

Your little circular letter calling for the names of book-lovers is responsible for this letter. I inclose a list of people that I would like to have get the benefit of even a sample of your very choice magazine.

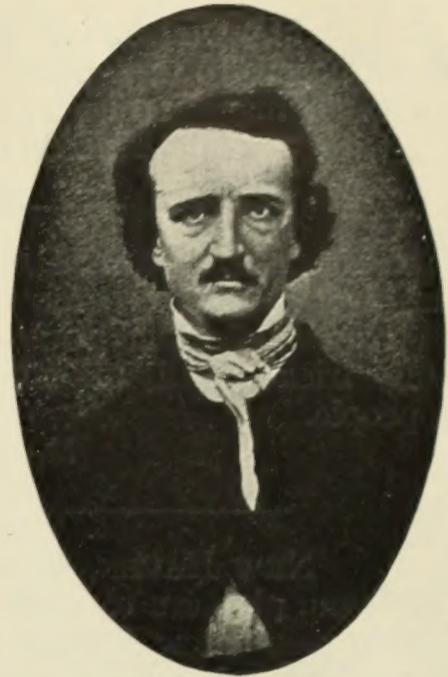
Cordially yours,

W. W. DENSLOW.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF Edgar Allan Poe

Arnheim Edition

SEVEN REASONS WHY THIS IS THE BEST EDITION



EDGAR ALLAN POE

1. Because it is the most beautifully illustrated and contains (*in a series of 100 photogravures*) the most strikingly characteristic plates ever designed.

"Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn, the illustrator, has acquitted himself with remarkable feeling and ability. Indeed, he is one of the best illustrators of Poe we have ever encountered, and the list of artists who have attempted to express the poet's strange ideas is a long one."—*New York Tribune*.

2. Because it is the best printed.

"No handsomer piece of bookmaking is to the credit of an American publisher. Poe's writings are enshrined in a luxurious typographical form worthy of his eminence as a world-author. The Arnheim Edition represents the loving care of a master typographer and the enterprise of a publisher who has nothing to learn from foreign teachers."—*Press (Phila)*.



Reproduced from Photogravure Illustration.

3. Because it is edited by Charles F. Richardson, Professor of English Literature in Dartmouth College.

"The special merits of this edition consist of luxurious manufacture and rich illustration, reinforced by a critical introduction from the pen of Prof. Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth College. The point he desires to emphasize is that Poe's fame is now firmly established wherever literature is honored. His argument is unimpeachable."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

4. Because it is arranged chronologically. Under this plan the material has been arranged in the order in which they were written, showing the development of the master mind and of his power of expression.

"It is the special purpose of the edition that it should be arranged for the reader's comfort, and to this end Poe's writings are for the first time arranged in chronological order, under the heads of 'Poems,' 'Tales,' 'Criticisms,' and 'Miscellany,' in this way showing the progressive development of a creative mind during twenty-two years of its expression."—*Albany Argus*.

5. Because it is the definitive edition.

"It seems eminently proper that Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, the original publishers of Poe's 'The Raven and Other Poems,' in 1845, 'Tales,' in the same year, and 'Eureka,' in 1848, should issue this author's complete works."—*San Francisco Call*.

6. Because of its binding.

"The binding is in tasteful gray and white, backed with gold, which both look (we write with similar volumes on the shelf before us) and wear well."—*The Athenaeum (London)*.

7. Because it marks an epoch in the art of fine bookmaking.

"In every detail most luxuriously manufactured."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"Print, paper, and illustrations are all that the most fastidious collector of books could require. The handsomest books we have ever handled."—*New York Times*.

"Undoubtedly the handsomest [edition] we have ever seen."—*New York Sun*.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
27 and 29 West Twenty-third Street, New York

SUBSCRIPTION
DEPT.

NAME
ADDRESS

CUT OUT AND SIGN
B. L. A.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
27 & 29 W. 23D ST.
NEW YORK.
Please send me full particulars of the Arnheim Edition of Poe.

"TO THE EDITOR."

MARSHFIELD, WIS.

It is a pleasure to urge one's friends to take so excellent a magazine as THE BOOK-LOVER.

MRS. WM. H. UPHAM.

THE SUPREME COURT, DENVER, COL.

I am glad to enclose cards to be sent with sample copies of THE BOOK-LOVER to the following friends, all of whom are book-loving people.

M. L. DELANGE.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

It gives me pleasure to comply, that I may be able to give a few friends an opportunity of seeing THE BOOK-LOVER, which we have enjoyed from the beginning of its publication. These people are, I am sure, capable of appreciating its many good qualities.

W. F. HOPSON.

LOGANSPOUT, IND.

I am happy to send you my cards and the addresses, and only hope that it will call the attention of my friends to your charming magazine, from which I am sure they would get the same amount of pleasure that I have found. I am also glad to show in some small way the debt of gratitude I feel for its editor.

MRS. M. J. WINFIELD.

DANSVILLE, N. Y.

It is most kind and generous of you to give me the pleasure of bringing to the notice of some of my dear friends THE BOOK-LOVER. Our family, and many friends who come to our home, enjoy greatly the delightful magazine. It is so unlike any other magazine and fills a long-felt want in the literary world.

MRS. H. B. L. BROWN.

2133 GREEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I cheerfully give you my endorsement for all you may claim for the good qualities of THE BOOK-LOVER. I find each succeeding number increasingly interesting. Its quaint articles, its researches into old book lore, its notes of authors and their works, both old and new, commend it to the good graces of all book-lovers and students of literature.

JOHN G. BISHOP.

OAKLAND, CAL.

Most happy to comply with your request. I have been a subscriber since its initial number issued in dear old San Francisco, its article on Nietzsche, by John Robinson, claiming my first attention and admiration.

The names herewith enclosed are somewhat spread out geographically, but each represents a mind that should keenly appreciate THE BOOK-LOVER.

MRS. A. H. STOCKER.

WINTHROP, MASS.

It is a pleasure for me to respond to your call for co-operation and send the names of a few of my literature-loving friends.

I wish also to take this opportunity to express appreciation for the source of pleasure and education which your magazine has been to me. I was fortunate enough to recognize its worth and my needs at the time of its first issue, and have a complete file, to which I turn often with renewed interest and satisfaction.

I wish and predict warranted success to you in your meritorious efforts.

C. F. HEMINWAY.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Will you allow a reader, a "gentle reader," as Scott would have said, a line in defence of the "Foreword," which term seems to have aroused your contemptuous ire, judging from an article on page 454 of your interesting Holiday number. It is only English for the very literal German *Vorwort*, and "there do be some" who really think it prettier, because so literal, than "preface." Allow the writer to sign herself, although not a "spectacular tyro" nor a "literary nubbin," yet a warm admirer of "Vorwort" (or Foreword) and also of THE BOOK-LOVER.

J. W. C.

SEATTLE, WASH.

I am very happy to send you the names of friends that I believe would be glad to know THE BOOK-LOVER. I have chosen them with care, and I trust with discrimination. From time to time I show my own copies to people I think will be interested, and I believe some are now subscribers. This opportunity to bring it to the notice of other friends, who are more distant from me, gives me much pleasure, for which I thank you.

The magazine does grow all the time more

SHEPARD BOOK COMPANY

"Ye Olde Booke Shoppe"

272 SOUTH STATE STREET

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, U. S. A.

We offer the following Rare Books to Readers of The Book-Lover. Prices quoted are net, but include carriage.

NOTICE TO LIBRARIANS.—We have for sale a rare collection of books and pamphlets on Mormonism and Anti-Mormonism, the property of a collector who has been thirty years in collecting it. It consists of about 1,000 volumes, much of it rare and unobtainable elsewhere. A very desirable buy for some library or collector. Correspondence solicited from persons or libraries desiring such a collection. We will furnish a list with price to anyone.

SCARCE MORMON BOOK.

WYL (Dr. W.) MORMON PORTRAITS, OR THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MORMON LEADERS, FROM 1830 TO 1880. STORY OF THE DANITE'S WIFE. MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE RE-EXAMINED. A THOUSAND FRESH FACTS AND DOCUMENTS GATHERED PERSONALLY IN UTAH FROM LIVING WITNESSES. Salt Lake City, 1888. Out of print and scarce. Cloth. 14 Ill.\$1.50

A celebrated German physician, the author, visited Salt Lake City about 1884, for the purpose of investigating Mormonism, and this book is a record of his work. This book has received more criticism at the hands of the Mormons than any other work published. We have secured the whole remainder of this edition—a small number—and offer them while they last at the low price quoted.

BOOK OF MORMON. (The Mormon Bible.) Regular Edition. New. Cloth.\$1.25

DOCTRINES AND COVENANTS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS. Containing revelations of Jos. Smith, the Prophet, etc. 12mo, cloth. New.\$1.50

To this book, more than all others, the "Mormon Church" owes what success it has achieved.

THE LOTUS. 3 vols. All published. Bound in publisher's cloth. New. Scarce.\$10.00

THE PHILISTINE Roycroft Press, 15 vols. Complete set. Bound by publishers. As new. Chamois back; board sides.\$45.00

THE LARK, 2 vols., including the Epilark; bound by publishers in decorated cloth; complete set as new.\$10.00

THE CHAP BOOK, complete set, 10 vols.; bound in publishers' cloth, untrimmed. New.\$25.00

THE BIBELOT, complete set, 8 vols., 6 vols. bound in publishers' cloth covers and ads. bound in, and 2 vols. in numbers. New.\$17.50

THE LIFE AND RAIGNE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. Written by the RIGHT HONORABLE EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. London, 1649. Folio. Panel calf. Rare.\$10.00

JOSEPHUS'S WORKS, According to the excellent French translation of Arnauld D'Audilly; also the EMBASSY OF PHILO JUDAEUS TO THE EMPEROR CALIGULA. Folio, 1/2 leather. London, 1676. Fine copy. Very rare. (In English language.)\$25.00

VIGO ON ANATOMIE OR MEDICAL WORKS. Black letter. Excessively rare. Printed in 1580. A curious as well as a very rare Medical Book. Old English calf rebacked. Good condition. Sq. 12mo.\$25.00

THE WORKS OF BISHOP JOHN JEWELL. Edited for the Parker Society. 4 vols. Tree calf extra. Gilt edges. Cambridge, 1845. Large 8vo. In elegant condition. The binding cost alone not less than \$20.00.\$10.00

VICKERS (John), THE NEW KORAN OF THE PACIFICIAN FRIENDHOOD. Uncut. London, 1861. According to Richard Garrett of the British Museum, less than a dozen copies in the hands of reviewers were saved, the edition being destroyed. Fine copy. Of excessive rarity. Cloth, \$25.00

POPE'S (Alexander) COMPLETE WORKS AND TRANSLATIONS. Works, 5 vols.; Iliad, 6 vols., and Odyssey, 5 vols.—in all, 16 large 4to vols. Uniform old English diamond calf. London, 1715-1769. Large paper edition. Illustrated with fine copperplates. First edition of Pope's Translation of the Iliad and Odyssey published by Bernard Lintott. Size of books, 10x11 1/2 inches. Book-plate of Wm. Constable, F. R. S. and F. A. S. Complete set. Very rare. Fine copy. Complete sets are almost unobtainable.\$125.00

SPOFFORD'S LIBRARY OF CHOICE LITERATURE. 10 vols. 8vo. 1/4 mor. All edges gilt. New Aquarelle edition. Ill. with 100 photogravures. Some ill. colored. Pub. at \$55.00. No. 371. Limited Ed. New.\$25.00

FIELDING'S (Henry) HISTORY OF TOM JONES, 6 vols. 12mo. Old English calf. Nice copy. London, 1749. Published by A. Miller. First edition. Rare.\$40.00

SMOLLETT'S (Tobias) THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM. First edition. 2 vols. 12mo. Original calf. London, 1769. 2 vols. Rare. Good copy.\$12.00

JOHNSON (Samuel). A Dictionary of the English Language in which the words are deduced from their originals and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers, to which are prefaced a history of the language and an English grammar. 2 vols. Second Edition. London, 1755. Large folio, calf. Rare. Has all the furious definitions of the first edition, for which the work is noted.\$12.00

WEBSTER (Noah). An American Dictionary of the English language, etc. New York, 1828. 2 vols., 4to. Sheep. FIRST EDITION. Published by S. Converse. Printed by Hezekiah Howe, New Haven. Fine portrait. Engraved by A. B. Durrand from a painting by S. F. B. Morse. Rare. (b)\$9.00

STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK (Macmillan & Co., Pub.). For Years of 1867-69, 1870, 71, 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 79, 1880, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 1890, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 97 and 98. Pub. at \$3.00. As new. Cloth. Each.\$1.25

WHITAKER'S ALMANAC. For years of 1878, 79, 80, 81, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 1891, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 1900. 1/4 roan. London, Pub. \$2.00. As new. Each.75c

WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 15 vols. Large 8vo. Cloth. All edges uncut. Profusely ill. on India paper, set in by Sir John Gilbert, R. A. Edited by Howard Staunton. London, 1881. Ed. de Luxe. No. 746 of 1,000 copies printed. All edges uncut. Out of print and very scarce. As new. Published at \$150.00.\$80.00

REYNOLDS (John). GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST MURDER AND AGAINST ADULTERY, in thirty Tragical Histories, with fifty Elegant Epistles relating to love and gallantry, by Thomas Wright. Two parts in one. Plate. Post 8vo. Half roan. London, 1688. Very rare.\$20.00

IVELL (John). THE APOLOGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, ETC. London. Pub. about 1600. Full calf. Scarce.\$5.00

DeEMILLIAUNE (Gabriel). A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MONASTICAL ORDERS AND MONKS. London, 1683. Scarce.\$7.50

TOOKE (Andrew). THE FABULOUS HISTORIES OF THE HEATHEN GODS, ETC. Edinburgh, 1808. 1/4 calf.\$4.00

BAXTER (Richard). AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF THE HUMAN SOUL. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo calf. London, 1737. Autograph, Robt. Twyford, 1740. Scarce.\$7.50

BAXTER (Richard). THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST. Thick 4to, in full calf. Gilt. Gilt edges. London, at the sign of the Anchor and Bible in Paul's churchyard, 1659. One of the early editions of this famous religious classic, with all the original separate titles to the four parts, and the emblematic engraved frontispiece by Cross. Very rare. A fine copy, in fine condition.\$20.00

ESOP'S FABLES. Fables of Esop and Other Eminent Mythologists, with Morals and Reflections. By SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Kt. London, 1692. Folio. Original calf (rebacked). With the remarkable frontispiece and the fine portrait of Sir Roger L'Estrange by White, after Godfrey Kneller. This highly prized edition is quite complete, with table and errata. The portrait of L'Estrange alone is very valuable, and it is rarely found with the work.\$25.00

In addition to our stock of 20,000 volumes of Old and Rare Books, we carry of Roycroft, Elston, and similar presses a full line; also First Editions of American and Foreign Authors. In short, we carry the largest stock of Rare Books west of the Mississippi River, and our "Booke Shoppe" is the World's Emporium for works on Mormonism, Anti-Mormonism, and the West. Write us your wants and we will supply them, and when in Salt Lake call on us.

beautiful, but in my humble opinion there has never been any need for it to grow better—it is “all very delightful to read.”

MRS. CHAS. H. BAKER.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., 116 High street.

The BOOK-LOVER comes to me as a Christmas present from a very dear friend and in this way has a two-fold charm. I take great pleasure in enclosing a list of names of *genuine* “Book-Lovers.” The notes are added, so that you may judge of each person’s relative importance. I have been thrown all my life with students and literary people, and will be glad to furnish you with other names if you so desire. I send in this list only the names of a few, who may become interested in your delightful magazine, each one not only representing a *single* lover of books, but an entire household who read and study.

ISABELLA WINGATE BATTLE.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

I have prepared a list of twenty-four names, which I enclose with the same number of my own cards.

I have selected the names very carefully from among my personal acquaintances—the most of them being personal friends—and have tried to send only the names of such as I believe will enjoy your magazine and appreciate its worth. I may have sent the names of some who are already on your list of subscribers, but think that in most cases they are not.

I have all the numbers of THE BOOK-LOVER yet published, and enjoy each one so much that I should feel it a great hardship if I were compelled to be without it.

I hope the names I send will prove profitable ones to you.

MISS MAUD ABBOTT.

THE WOODSTEAD, GIBBS, NORTH CAROLINA.

The fact that I have been a subscriber since (three months before) No. 1 was issued, speaks my opinion of THE BOOK-LOVER.

It is a bi-monthly delight to any real book-lover. I say real, because I find many who only pretend to love literature. I confess I am inclined to agree with the cynical Mr. Lang: that the book-lover is somewhat abnormal—a solitary being who hates “the madding crowd.”

Don’t you think a few reproductions of Morris’ wonderful borders and initials, especially a sample page of his “Froissart,” would make THE BOOK-LOVER jump? Try it. I lost a beautiful copy of his “Chaucer,” as

well as other rare volumes, in a fire last September (my summer cottage was burned to the ground). I merely mention this as well as suggest a few facsimiles of pages of illuminated MSS of the fourteenth century. I enclose my check for volume IV—and like Oliver Twist, can only cry for more. I have just finished reading “The Lost Art of Reading.” It is a great book. People should take it to heart in earnest. The best book of the year, in a literary sense, is, in my opinion, “Literary Values,” by John Burroughs.

NORMAN ASTLEY.

AURORA, ILL.

I think it was Field who called the disease “catalogis.” He heard of an immense sum being paid for a certain book. He congratulated himself as being the proud possessor of a fine copy, in good condition. What was his astonishment, to find, on reaching home, that the book was nowhere to be found, and had never been owned by him, save in imagination! It was in a catalogue, however, and *marked* as one he would be happy to possess!

I have found what I consider a great treasure, although it may not be rare. It is Maitland’s history of London, 1739. It is an immense leather-covered book and gives the history of London from its foundation by the Romans to the present time (1739). Best of all it is printed by Samuel Richardson (the first English novelist), in Salisbury Court, near Fleet street. It has the history of Westminster and other churches from their foundation. Epitaphs that would fill a volume (a small one), some of 1550. Prices of everything (market reports). It has a full list of subscribers, beginning with “Her late most gracious Majesty, Queen Caroline, His Royal Highness, Frederick, Prince of Wales,” etc. After the Dukes and “The Right Honorables” come the commoner people’s names, with each one’s business, as “hardware man,” “merchant,” “woolen draper,” “Gov. of South Carolina,” “Gent,” “The worshipful company of Goldsmiths”, etc. “Sope-maker” and “Callicoe Printer” are two more. It is a delightful old book and I am going to classify the different subjects this winter.

Please keep my name on your list.

MRS. W. E. HOLMES.

P. S. I must give you one *only* epitaph, for I know you will enjoy it!

“Here lyeth Jane Only, the onely most faithful wyf of John Only, of Warwickshire, Esquire, to whose Soule the onely Trinity be mercifull. Amen. She died the yeare 1525.”



THE EDGAR ALLAN POE COTTAGE

FORDHAM NEW YORK

THE BOOK-LOVER

MARCH - APRIL - 1903

The Book-Lover

Number 17.

March-April, 1903

THE TRUTH ABOUT EDGAR A. POE.

By Eugene L. Didier.

For a quarter of a century after Poe's death, his enemies had the ear of the world. The weakness of human nature makes us listen with willing ears, and with more pleasure to blame than to praise. The lies that were told about Poe, the crimes that were recklessly imputed to him, the dark stories that were laid at his door, the vile slanders that were repeated about him, with "ghoulish glee," must have delighted "the demons down under the sea." Poe was scarcely cold in his grave before Rufus W. Griswold published his malignant Memoir of the Poet, which, for twenty-five years, was accepted as the true story of the life and death of the author of "The Raven." With few exceptions, this mendacious memoir was followed in all subsequent biographies of Poe; and, naturally, for Griswold was his trusted friend and chosen biographer. The world did not know that Griswold, smarting under Poe's severe but well-deserved criticism of his "Poets and Poetry of America," had nursed his wrath and kept it warm until the poet was dead and helpless, and then told his venomous story. Of this biography, one who knew Poe well has truly said, that, "compared with its remorseless violations of confided trust, the unhallowed act of Trelawney in removing the pall from the feet of the dead Byron, seems guiltless."

Boyd, the "Country Parson," in an article full of gall and wormwood, declared that Poe "starved his wife and broke her heart;" and George Gilfillan once ended a monstrous tirade of lies by asserting that Poe "caused the death of his wife that he might have a fitting theme for 'The Raven'," repeating what a more

poetical but not more truthful writer had already said—that the poet "deliberately sought her death that he might embalm her memory in immortal dirges;" neither of these writers knowing, nor caring, that "The Raven" was written nearly two years before the event which the poem was said to commemorate.

It should be unnecessary, at this late day, when ten lives of Poe have been published, to point out Griswold's numerous misstatements, false charges, and insinuations, which were employed with the devilish ingenuity of Iago, were it not much easier to start a falsehood than to stop it when it is once on its travels.

Conversing with an accomplished woman, one evening, the name of Poe was mentioned, when she exclaimed:

"What a strange contrast between the poet and his poetry! In his poetry he ascends to the sky; in his life he grovelled upon the earth. With a love of the beautiful that takes us back to the most glorious days of

Greece, his degraded life takes us back to the days of the drunken Helots. His poetry is all as sweet and pure as wild flowers, while his life was one wild debauch."

This is given as a fair specimen of the opinion that still prevails among many intelligent persons of the poet who has brought more honor upon American literature than any other American writer. Too many persons who should know better still believe that Poe was a drunken vagabond, a literary Ishmael, a Pariah among poets. He was devoted to his young, beautiful, and accomplished wife, and her death, under distressing circumstances,



Edgar Allan Poe.

unparalleled in literary annals, destroyed his health, and, for a time, drove reason from its imperial throne. It is a sufficient answer to the monstrous charge, above mentioned, that Mrs. Clemm, his wife's mother, "loved Poe with more than maternal devotion"—that she never deserted him in sickness, in poverty, or in distress—that she fondly cherished his memory during her life, and, in dying, asked to be buried by the side of her "darling Eddie." I knew Mrs. Clemm, in the last years of her life, and visited her with youthful enthusiasm, as the "more than mother" of the poet. She told me that "Eddie" (as she always called him) was the most gentle, affectionate and devoted of husbands and sons—that he never went to bed at night without asking her blessing, and, if he had done anything to displease her, he would kneel at her feet, and humbly ask her forgiveness. This was the man who, Griswold said, "had no faith in man or woman." This was the man whom Griswold pronounced "naturally unamiable, irascible, envious, self-satisfied, self-confident." N. P. Willis, who knew Poe intimately, declared that he possessed the very qualities which his enemies denied to him—humility, belief in another's kindness, and capability of cordial and grateful friendship. Willis remembered him with respect and admiration, saying that his "modesty and unaffected humility as to his own deservings were a constant charm to his character." Poe not only had the greatest "faith in woman," but women, the best, the most refined, the most cultivated women, had the greatest faith in him. Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, speaking of her own "affectionate interest" in Poe, said: "No woman could know him personally without feeling the same interest—he was so gentle, generous, well-bred and refined. To a sensitive and delicately nurtured woman, there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful and almost tender reverence with which he approached all women." "So far from being selfish and heartless," said Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, "his devotional fidelity to those he loved, would, by the world, be regarded as fanatical." He carried his chivalry to the fair sex so far that when women were the subjects of his criticism, his usually stern and severe opinions were greatly modified, and, as he himself said, "I cannot point an arrow against any woman."

Poe lived and died a mystery to himself, to his friends, and to the world. We know that his life was a romance, his death a tragedy, that his fame is immortal, and that never be-

fore nor since has so much misery been united to so much genius. He is the most interesting and picturesque personality in American literature. His strange and romantic life has always possessed a singular fascination for me, while his wonderful poems, and still more wonderful tales have been my literary passion since boyhood. When still in my teens, I was presented with the original four-volume edition of Poe's works containing Griswold's infamous memoir. I could not reconcile the dark story of the poet's life, as there told, with the purity, beauty, and refinement of his writings. I began a systematic study of his life: I put myself in communication with his surviving friends and relatives, personally and by letter; I saw Professor Joseph H. Clarke, his first teacher in Richmond; I visited the University of Virginia, and secured the recollections of Mr. William Wertenbaker, the librarian, who was at the University when Poe was a student there; I corresponded with Col. J. T. L. Preston, a former schoolmate of the poet; I consulted my father-in-law, the late Gen. Lucius Bellinger Northrop, who was the last survivor of Poe's classmates at West Point; I called on Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, one of the committee of gentlemen who awarded the prize to Poe for the best tale; I interviewed Judge Neilson Poe, the nearest surviving relative of the poet; I became acquainted with Mrs. Clemm, in the last years of her life; I sought out Gabriel H. Harrison, one of the last of Poe's friends; I went to Richmond, and had a talk with Mr. Valentine, the brother of Edward V. Valentine, the distinguished sculptor, who retained a vivid recollection of Poe's appearance when he delivered his lecture in Richmond on "The Poetic Principle," on his last visit there in 1849; but the best of all my achievements in the search of Poeana was a correspondence with Sarah Helen Whitman, Poe's most devoted friend.

Professor Clarke, after over half a century, recalled with much interest and manifest pleasure Edgar Poe as one of his pupils at his school in Richmond. He said: "The boy was a born poet, and, as a scholar, he was anxious to excel, and always acquitted himself well in his classes. He was remarkable for self-respect, without haughtiness. In his demeanor toward his playmates, he was strictly just and correct, which made him a general favorite. His predominant passion seemed to me to be an enthusiastic ardor in everything he undertook. He had a sensitive and tender heart, and would do anything to serve a friend. His nature was entirely free from

selfishness, the predominant quality of boyhood. Even in those early years, he displayed the germs of that wonderfully rich and splendid imagination which has placed him in the front rank of the purely imaginative poets of the world. While the other boys wrote mere mechanical verses, Poe wrote genuine poetry, and he wrote it not as a task, but *con amore*." When Professor Clarke left Richmond in 1823, young Poe addressed to his beloved teacher a poem which was a remarkable production for a boy of fourteen. In after years, the Professor was proud of his distinguished pupil, and referred, to his dying day, to the fact that Poe always called upon him when he visited Baltimore, to which city Mr. Clarke removed from Richmond.

Colonel John T. L. Preston was one of Poe's schoolmates at Clarke's Academy, and furnished me with some interesting particulars of the future poet's school-days in Richmond: "As a scholar, he was distinguished specially for Latin and French; in poetical composition, he was *facile princeps*. He was the best boxer, the swiftest runner, and the most daring swimmer at Clarke's school. Indeed, his swimming feats at the Great Falls of the James River were not surpassed by the more celebrated feat of Byron in swimming from Sestos to Abydos. Edgar Poe was a generous, free-hearted boy, kind to his companions, and always ready to assist them with his hand and

head; but he was fierce in his resentments, and eager for distinction."

Mr. William Burke succeeded to Professor Clarke's school, and one of his pupils, Mr. Andrew Johnston, was good enough to give me the following particulars of Poe at that school: "I entered Mr. Burke's school on the 1st of October, 1823, and found Edgar Poe already there. He was a much more advanced scholar than any other boy in the school, and he had little to do to keep the headship of the class, which was the highest. We all recognized and admired his great talents, and were proud of him as the most distinguished schoolboy in the town. At that time he was slight in person and figure, but well-made, active, sinewy and graceful. In dress he was neat but not foppish. His disposition was amiable, and his manners pleasant and courteous."

Griswold's most reckless and untruthful statement about Poe was that, "in 1822 he entered the University of Virginia, where he led a very dissipated life, and was known as the wildest student of his class; but his unusual opportunities, and the remarkable ease with which he mastered the most difficult studies, kept him all the while in the first rank for scholarship, and he would have graduated with the highest honors, had not his gambling, intemperance, and other vices, induced his expulsion from the university." So much for the Reverend Rufus Wilmot Griswold! This



Another view of Cottage of Edgar Allan Poe.

(See frontispiece.)

Photograph loaned by Mrs. F. S. New

reverend defamer of the dead had given Poe's birth as having taken place in January, 1811, thus making him a gambler, drunkard, and debauché at the tender age of eleven years!—surpassing in precocious vice the infamous Elagabalus. The fact is that Poe was born in 1809, the *annus mirabilis* which produced Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Gladstone, and other illustrious men. To ascertain the truth about Poe at the University of Virginia, I went there, and interviewed Mr. William Wertenbaker, the librarian, who had been a classmate of the poet. He gave me the following facts: "Edgar Poe entered the University February 1, 1826, and remained until the 15th of December of the same year. He entered the schools of ancient and modern languages, attending the lectures on Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian. I was myself a member of the last three classes, and can testify that he was regular in attendance, and a very successful student, having obtained distinction at the final examination in Latin and French. This would have entitled him to graduate in those two languages. I often saw Mr. Poe in the lecture-room and in the library, but never in the slightest degree under the influence of intoxicating liquors. Among the professors he had the reputation of being a sober, quiet, and orderly young man. To them, and to the officers, his deportment was universally that of an intelligent and polished gentleman. The records of the university, of which I was then, and am still, the custodian, attest that at no time during the session did he fall under the censure of the Faculty. It will gratify the many admirers of Poe to know that his works are more in demand and more read than those of any other author, American or foreign, now in the library,"

General Lucius Bellinger Northrop, the last survivor of the classmates of Poe at West Point, told me that Edgar Poe, at West Point, was the wrong man in the wrong place—although, from an intellectual point-of-view, he stood high there, as elsewhere: the records of the academy show that he was third in French, and seventeenth in mathematics in a class of eighty-seven. The severe studies and dull routine duties were extremely distasteful

to the young poet, and, at the end of six months, he applied to his adopted father, Mr. Allan, for permission to leave the academy, which request was promptly refused. Poe then determined to find a way for himself, and began a systematic neglect of his duties, and a regular disobedience of orders. He was summoned before a court-martial, charged with the "gross neglect of all his duties, and of disobedience of orders." To these charges he pleaded guilty, and was at once sentenced to be dismissed from the service of the United States. Poe was as much out-of-place at West Point as Achilles was when he was hid among the women in his youth. The rough sports and practical jokes of the cadets were utterly repugnant to the proud, sensitive, and dreamy young poet who already aspired to be the American Byron.

In my search after Poe material, I called upon Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, who was one of the three gentlemen who awarded him the prize of \$100 for the best prose tale. "We met one evening, at my house," said Mr. Latrobe. "The MSS. were piled on a table, with a wastebasket conveniently at hand. Most of the MSS. were utter trash, and I, who acted as reader, was getting tired of reading and the other gentlemen of listening to the silly love-stories, and sillier

verses, when, at the very bottom of the pile, was found a small book, inscribed 'A Manuscript Found in a Bottle, and Other Tales of the Folio Club,' with several poems, including 'The Coliseum.' We decided that Edgar A. Poe, whose unknown name was found in the envelope that accompanied the MSS., was entitled to both prizes, but the publishers of the *Saturday Visitor* (the name of the Baltimore journal which offered the prizes) did not wish the same person to receive both, and Poe was given \$100 for the best tale, and \$50 was awarded to a local versifier." Mr. Latrobe said it was absolutely untrue that the prize was awarded to Poe on account of his beautiful handwriting; he said the decision of the committee was made because of the "unquestionable genius and great originality of the writer." He said, also, that Poe showed his gratitude by calling on each of the gentlemen composing the committee, and thanks



Mrs. Maria Clemm,
Poe's Aunt and Mother-in-Law.
Age 78—1868.

ing them for awarding the prize to him.

Neilson Poe told me his cousin Edgar was one of the best-hearted men that ever lived. In society, his manner was sometimes cold, and his bearing proud and haughty, but at home, and among intimate friends, his kind and affectionate nature manifested itself in all its sweetness. Gabriel Harrison, who died recently in Brooklyn, N. Y., became intimately acquainted with Poe about the time "The Raven" was published. He frequently visited the poet, and witnessed his devotion to his delicate young wife. "They were in perfect accord—two souls with but a single thought. He was always deeply affected by anything tender and pathetic. Often when he came to a pathetic passage, in reading aloud, the tears would blur his eyes, and he was obliged to hand me the poem to finish. He was always refined. Gentleman was written all over him. His thoughts were elevated; his language inspiring; his ambition high and noble." The late Dr. Nathan Covington Brooks, of Baltimore, who was Poe's friend from first to last, said to me that "Edgar Poe impressed him as a man inspired by noble and exalted sentiments."

Count de Maistre declared that "history for the last three hundred years has been a conspiracy against the truth." With equal truth we might say that American literature for the last fifty years has been a conspiracy against the truth so far as Edgar A. Poe is concerned. The unimpeachable witnesses, already produced, and those that follow, should convince every unprejudiced mind that America's most illustrious poet possessed the very virtues which have been persistently denied to him.

I wish to repeat here what I have said before, namely, that Burns's Highland Mary, Petrarch's Laura, Byron's Mary Chaworth, Dante's Beatrice, Surrey's Fair Geraldine, Spenser's Rosalind, Carew's Celia, Waller's Sacharissa, Klopstock's Meta, Swift's Stella, Lamartine's Elvire, Campbell's Caroline, Wordsworth's Lucy, Allan Cunningham's Bonnie Jean, and other real and imaginary loves of the poets, who have been immortalized in song,

were not more worthy of poetical adoration than Sarah Helen Whitman, the friend and defender of Edgar A. Poe. When malice had exhausted itself in heaping insult upon the name of the dead poet, it was the gentle hand of Mrs. Whitman—who loved him and whom he loved—that dared to penetrate the "mournful corridors" of that sad, desolate heart, with its "halls of tragedy and chambers of retribution," and tell the true but melancholy story of the author of "The Raven." It was she who generously came forward as "One of the Friends" of him who was said to have no friends. She was his steady champion from first to last. Whether it was some crackbrain scribbler who tried to prove Poe "mad," some

accomplished scholar who endeavored to disparage him in order to magnify some other writer, or some silly woman who attempted to foist herself into notice by relating "imaginary facts" concerning the poet's hidden life, Mrs. Whitman was always ready to defend her dead friend. Of this gifted lady it has been beautifully said: "She was ever sensitive to the slightest criticism of Poe's faults, walking softly backward and throwing over them the shielding mantle of her love. Heedless of the world's cold sneer, she seized her pen whenever she thought him treated with injustice, and defended his memory with



Virginia Clemm,
Wife of Edgar Allan Poe.

all the warmth of a woman and a poet." Some of her most beautiful verses were inspired by the recollections of her poet-lover. Of these, one not known to the present generation of readers has always been a particular favorite of mine. It is called:

THE PORTRAIT OF POE.

Slowly I raised the purple folds concealing
That face, magnetic as the morning's beam:
While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing,
Like Memnon waking from his marble dream.

Again I saw the brow's translucent pallor,
The dark hair floating o'er it like a plume:
The sweet imperious mouth, whose haughty valor
Defied all portents of impending doom.

Eyes planet calm, with something in their vision
That seemed not of earth's mortal mixture born:
Strange mythic faiths and fantasies Elysian,
And far, sweet dreams of "fairy lands forlorn."

Unfathomable eyes that held the sorrow
 Of vanished ages in their shadowy deeps;
 Lit by that prescience of a heavenly morrow
 Which in high hearts the immortal spirit keeps.
 Oft has that pale poetic presence haunted
 My lonely musing at the twilight hour,
 Transforming the dull earth-life it enchanted,
 With marvel, and with mystery, and with power.
 Oft have I heard the sullen sea-wind moaning
 Its dirge-like requiems on the lonely shore,
 Or listened to the autumn woods intoning
 The wild sweet legend of the lost Lenore.



Geo. D. Graham

Editor Graham's Magazine.

Oft in some ashen evening of October,
 Have stood entranced beside a mouldering tomb,
 Hard by that visionary tarn of Auber,
 Where sleeps the shrouded form of Ulalume.
 Oft in chill, starlit nights have heard the chiming
 Of far-off mellow bells on the keen air,
 And felt their molten-golden music timing
 To the heart's pulses answering unaware.
 Sweet, mournful eyes, long closed upon earth's sorrow,
 Sleep restfully after life's fevered dream!
 Sleep, wayward heart! till on some cool, bright
 morrow,
 Thy soul, refreshed, shall bathe in morning's beam.
 Though cloud and shadow rest upon thy story,
 And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
 Time, as a birthright, shall restore thy glory,
 And Heaven rekindle all the stars that fall.

The prophecy contained in the last verse of Mrs. Whitman's poem has been gloriously fulfilled. Time has not only "restored" his "glory," but placed him first among American poets. The strange, imaginery mythology used so effectively by Poe, is very happily introduced by Mrs. Whitman in the above poem. She was deeply imbued with the spirit of Poe's genius, and her pure, poetic soul responded with delicate, feminine grace to the inspiration of his divinely beautiful poetry.

It was Mrs. Whitman, and other refined and cultured women, including Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, Mrs. Estella Anna Lewis, etc., who first began the Poe cult, which has since spread over the civilized world. While many ignorant or prejudiced men have attacked Poe, few, if any, self-respecting women have taken part in his defamation. It was this fact that first convinced me that there was good in the author of "The Raven." The defamers of the poet have invented a Frankenstein monster—a being devoid of all human affection, sympathy and feeling—and labelled it Edgar Allan Poe.

The most disgraceful story invented by Griswold about Poe was in regard to the breaking off his engagement with Mrs. Whitman. He said that Poe, wishing to break the engagement, went to her house in a state of intoxication, and behaved so outrageously that the police had to be called in to expel the drunken intruder. This scandalous story was believed, and did more to injure Poe's character than any of the many lies that have been invented about him. Mrs. Whitman emphatically denied Griswold's story: "No such scene as that described by Dr. Griswold ever transpired in my presence. No one, certainly no woman, who had the slightest acquaintance with Edgar Poe could have credited the story for an instant. He was essentially, and instinctively a gentleman, utterly incapable, even in moments of excitement and delirium, of such an outrage as Dr. Griswold has ascribed to him. . . . During one of his visits in the autumn of 1848, I once saw him after one of those nights of wild excitement, before reason had fully regained its throne. Yet even then, in those frenzied moments, when the door of the mind's 'Haunted Palace' was left all unguarded, his words were the words of a princely intellect overwrought, and of a heart only too sensitive and too finely strung. I repeat that no one acquainted with Edgar Poe could have given Dr. Griswold's anecdote a moment's credence."

A man is known by his enemies as well as by

his friends. Who were Poe's enemies? It is not necessary to mention any others, as it would only serve to keep alive their ignoble names; they were men whose malignancy was equalled by their mendacity. He has outlived their worst enmity, and while they have disappeared in a sea of oblivion, he has landed safely on the shore of immortality. While Poe's enemies have in the end injured themselves, his friends have builded better than they knew, and their names shall live with his in American literature. Perhaps the time will come when N. P. Willis—the once popular poet and magazinist—shall be known only as Poe's generous friend and defender, when the literary jackals were rending his defenceless remains. The name of George R. Graham should long since have passed away but for the fact that Poe was the editor of Graham's Magazine, whose publisher wrote a splendid defence of the poet, in which he denounced Griswold's Memoir as "an immortal infamy—the fancy sketch of a perverted, jaundiced vision." Such a "devilish" piece of work should not have accompanied Poe's writings, being, said Graham, "the death's-head over the entrance to the garden of beauty, a horror that clings to the brow of the morning, whispering of murder."

When the Poe monument was unveiled in Baltimore, on the 17th of November, 1875, many of the American poets were invited to the ceremonial, but, excepting Walt Whitman, they sent "regrets." James Russell Lowell wrote: "I need not assure you that I sympathize very heartily with the sentiment which led to the erection of the monument." Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed himself more at length, and more enthusiastically, as follows: "No one, surely, needs a monument less than the poet.

His monument shall be his gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
And tongues to be his being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead.

Yet we would not leave him without a stone to mark the spot where the hands 'that waked to ecstasy the living lyre' were laid in the dust. He that can confer an immortality which outlasts bronze and granite deserves this poor tribute, not for his sake so much as ours. The hearts of all who reverence the inspiration of genius, who can look tenderly upon the infirmities too often attending it, who can feel for its misfortunes, will sympathize with you as you gather around the resting-place of all that was mortal of Edgar Allan Poe, and raise the stone inscribed with one of the few names

which will outlive the graven record meant to perpetuate its remembrance." Sarah Helen Whitman, Poe's gifted and devoted friend, whose beautiful little volume, "Edgar Poe and his Critics," was one of the first as it was the best defence of the poet from the malicious aspersions of Griswold, sent a very feeling note, in which she said: "I need not assure you that the generous efforts of the association in whose behalf you write, have called forth my warmest sympathy and most grateful appreciation." Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote: "Your desire to honor the genius of Edgar A. Poe is in the heart of every man of letters, though perhaps no American author



Sarah Helen Whitman.

stands so little in need of a monument as the author of 'The Raven.' His imperishable fame is in all lands." One of the most eloquent tributes came from S. D. Lewis, the husband of Estelle Anna Lewis, who was one of Poe's most cherished friends. His interesting letter is too long to be quoted entire, but the following paragraph speaks for itself: "Edgar Poe was one of the most affectionate, kind-hearted men I ever knew. I never witnessed so much tender affection and devoted love as existed in that family of three persons. I have spent several weeks in the closest intimacy with him, and I never saw him drink

a drop of liquor, or beer, in my life. He was always in my presence the polished gentleman, the profound scholar, the true critic, the inspired oracular poet—dreamy and spiritual, lofty, but sad." Longfellow, who was asked to suggest an appropriate inscription for the monument, wrote that "the only lines of Mr. Poe that I now recall as in any way appropriate to the purpose you mention are from a poem entitled 'For Annie.' They are,

'The fever called living
Is conquered at last.'

From across the sea came tributes from Tennyson, Swinburne, Richard H. Horne, and Mallarmé, the French poet. Tennyson's note was brief, saying simply: "I have long been acquainted with Poe's works, and am an admirer of them." A poet whose verses brought five pounds a line, could not afford to spend many lines on the subject of a monument to a brother-poet although that poet had been one of the first to recognize the other's genius, and before his own countrymen had begun to appreciate him had pronounced him "the noblest poet that ever lived." Swinburne, full of the glowing enthusiasm of youth, paid a noble tribute to Poe: "The genius of Edgar Poe has won, on this side of the Atlantic, such wide and warm recognition that the sympathy, which I cannot hope fitly or fully to express in adequate words, is undoubtedly shared at this moment by hundreds, not in England only but France as well. . . . It is not for me to offer any tribute here to the fame of your great countryman, or dilate, with superfluous and intrusive admiration, on the special quality of his strong and delicate genius—so sure of aim, and faultless of touch, in all the finer and better part of the work he has left us. Widely as the fame of Poe has already spread, and deeply as it is already rooted in Europe, it is even now growing wider and striking deeper as time advances, the surest presage that time, the eternal enemy of small and shallow reputations, will prove, in this case also, the constant and trusty friend and keeper of a true poet's full-grown fame." Mallarmé, with the grace of a true Frenchman, placed a poem on

THE TOMB OF EDGAR POE.

Even as eternity his soul reclaimed,
The poet's song ascended in a strain
So pure, the astonished age that had defamed,
Saw death transformed in that divine refrain.*

While writhing coils of hydra-headed wrong,
Listening, and wondering at that heavenly song,
Deemed they had drank of some foul mixture brewed
In Circe's maddening cup, with sorcery imbued.

* Annabel Lee.

Alas! if from an alien to his clime,
No *bas-relief* may grace that front sublime,
Stern block, in some obscure disaster hurled
From the rent heart of a primeval world,

Through storied centuries thou shalt proudly stand
In the memorial city of his land,
A silent monitor, austere and gray,
To warn the clamorous brood of harpies from their
prey.

This poem was translated by Sarah Helen Whitman from the original copy which the French poet sent to her. Mrs. Whitman was good enough to furnish the present writer with a copy of her translation.

Of all the tributes to Poe, prose or poetry, inspired by the unveiling of the monument, the poem by William Winter was by far the most beautiful.

AT POE'S GRAVE.

Cold is the paeon honor sings,
And chill is glory's icy breath,
And pale the garland memory brings
To grace the iron doors of death.

Fame's echoing thunders, long and loud,
The pomp of pride that decks the pall,
The plaudits of the vacant crowd—
One word of love is worth them all.

With dews of grief our eyes are dim;
Ah, let the tear of sorrow start,
And honor, in ourselves and him,
The great and tender human heart!

Through many a night of want and woe
His frenzied spirit wandered wild—
Till kind disaster laid him low,
And Heaven reclaimed its wayward child.

Through many a year his fame has grown,—
Like midnight, vast, like starlight sweet,
Till now his genius fills a throne,
And nations marvel at his feet.

One meed of justice long delayed,
One crowning grace his virtues crave:—
Ah, take, thou great and injured shade,
The love that sanctifies the grave!

God's mercy guard in peaceful sleep,
The sacred dust that slumbers here:
And, while around *this tomb we weep*,
God bless, for us, the mourner's tear!

And may his spirit hovering nigh
Pierce the dense cloud of darkness through,
And know, with fame that cannot die,
He has the world's affection, too!

The unveiling of the Poe monument was made more memorable by the beautiful address of Professor Henry E. Shepherd on "Edgar A. Poe as a Poet and as Man of Genius." I was present on the occasion, and

never before or since have I heard so eloquent a tribute to genius. One passage, especially, struck me as being classic in beauty and rich in diction. He was speaking of the "felicitous blending of genius and culture" in Poe's poetry, and spoke as follows: "The Attic sculptor in the palmiest days of Athenian art wrought out his loveliest conceptions by the painful processes of unflagging diligence. The angel was not evoked from the block by a sudden inspiration, or a brilliant flash of unpremeditated art. . . . The luxuriance of genius was regulated by the sober precepts and decorous graces of formal art."

The greatest critics of England and France have pronounced Poe the most consummate literary artist of the nineteenth century, the greatest critic of his age, and one of the most remarkable geniuses of all time. Swinburne, the master-spirit of the new school of English poetry, places Poe first among the American poets. Tennyson's admiration of the poet who was the first to recognize his own youthful genius, has been already mentioned. The impression made upon Mrs. Browning by "The Raven" is familiar to all readers.

The impetus given to the fame of Poe by the erection of the monument to his memory in his own city of Baltimore, attracted the attention of an Englishman who was otherwise unknown. This obscure individual, one John H. Ingram, claimed to have "discovered" Edgar A. Poe, and to have introduced the poet to his countrymen and ours. This claim, preposterous as it may seem now, when the name and fame of Poe has gone abroad into all civilized lands, was not absolutely without foundation a quarter of a century ago. Poe's fame, which rose high after the publication of "The Raven" in 1845, sank low after his wretched death in 1849. When he could no longer wield his powerful pen, his name and fame were assailed by a crowd of writers whose literary pretensions he had exposed with merciless severity. It was a case of asses kicking at a dead lion. These men and their friends had access to the periodicals of the time, and they painted Poe in such dark colors that his fame was obscured, and his name covered with obloquy. Some of these literary jackals are still alive, and they have lived to see the fame of Poe cover the world, having burst in triumphant splendor through the dark clouds with which they had hoped to cover it forever.

In 1869, a copy of Poe's Poems, New York, 1831, in the original boards, was knocked down at auction for \$1. In 1902, a copy of the same edition brought \$360 under the hammer. For

"The Raven," one of the most remarkable poems in all literature, Poe was paid \$10. For the original manuscript of the same poem the present fortunate owner asks \$10,000. Such is fame! I can myself remember when the poet's grave was unknown—the place uncertain—the very churchyard a matter of doubt and dispute.



Gen. Lucius Bellinger Northrop.
Last survivor of Poe's classmates at West Point.

Edgar Poe fought a desperate battle against a pitiless fate, and fell in the midst of the struggle, wounded, defeated and destroyed. He never earned a dollar except by his pen, and he was miserably paid for his elegant and scholarly work. As the editor of the leading American magazine, his salary was only \$10 a week, the pay of many boys of seventeen, as shorthand writers, at the present day. His life of sadness and suffering, of sorrow and song, was brought to a sudden close, when a brighter future seemed to be opening for the unhappy master of "The Raven," whom

"Unmerciful disaster
Had followed fast, and followed faster,
Till his songs one burden bore
Of 'never—nevermore'!"

THE LIBRARY OF GROLIER.

By W. Y. Fletcher, F. S. A.

The famous library which the great scholar and bibliophile, Jean Grolier, Vicomte d'Aguisy, formed in his residence, the Hôtel de Lyon, near the Bercy Gate at Paris, was not only remarkable for its size, considering the time in which it was collected, but it was also notable for the beauty of the books it contained, and the exquisite bindings with which they were clothed. Grolier, who was born at Lyons in 1479, in the year 1510 succeeded his father, Etienne Grolier, in the office of Treasurer of the Duchy of Milan; and during the period he resided in Italy he availed himself of his many opportunities of acquiring choice and rare books. While living in that country he made the acquaintance of Aldus Manutius, the "scholar printer" of Venice, and both Aldus and his successors were greatly assisted by him in producing the numerous volumes which issued from their press. They were not ungrateful for the pecuniary aid and encouragement which he gave them. Several of the works were dedicated to him, and special copies of all the books they printed were reserved for his library, which were also most probably bound for him in their workshops.

Grolier's library consisted of about three thousand volumes, of which some three hundred and fifty-five are now known to exist. Of these, as might be expected, the Bibliothèque Nationale of France contains the largest number—sixty-four; about thirty are in the British Museum, principally in the library bequeathed by the Rev. C. M. Cracherode; fifteen in the Bibliothèque St. Geneviève; six in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal; seven or eight in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; and several in the library of Eton College. Many others are also to be found in the private libraries of this and other countries, no fewer than twenty-four being in the fine library of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, while others are preserved in the collections of Lord Amherst, Captain Holford and Mr. Huth. Eleven were in the Sunderland library, sold in the years 1881, 1882 and 1883; ten in the Beckford library, which was dispersed in 1882 and 1883; and three in the collection of Mr. R. S. Turner, disposed of in three portions in 1878 and 1888.

Grolier's books principally owe their charm and their value to the beautiful bindings with which they are adorned. It has been well said of them that "it would seem as if the Muses who had contributed to the composition of the

contents had also applied themselves to the decoration of the outsides of the books, so much of art and *esprit* appears in their ornamentation." The generous and well-known motto, "IO. GROLIERII ET AMICORVM," which, with few exceptions, is found stamped upon the bindings, or written, with some slight variations, inside the volumes, adds greatly to the interest of the books. That this was no unmeaning assertion, and that Grolier really intended his library for the use and enjoyment of his friends as well as him-

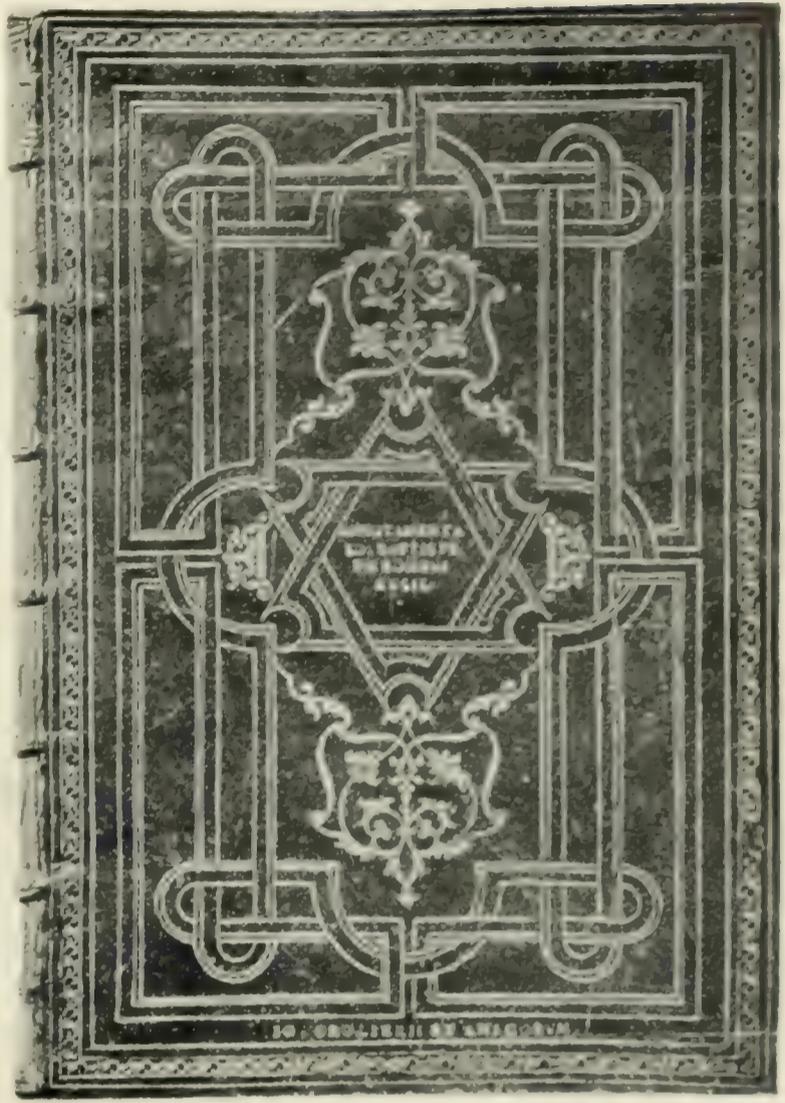


Wittichindi Saxonis Rerum ab Henrico et Ottone I. Impp. Gestarum Libri III. Basiliæ, 1532. British Museum.

self, is shown by the number of duplicate copies which the library contained. In some instances as many as four, or even five, copies of a favorite work were to be found in it. Other collectors of the time used a similar legend, notably Tommaso Maioli, Marc Lauwrin, the celebrated Italian and Flemish bibliophiles, and our own countryman, Thomas Wotton, the father of Sir Henry Wotton and three other distinguished

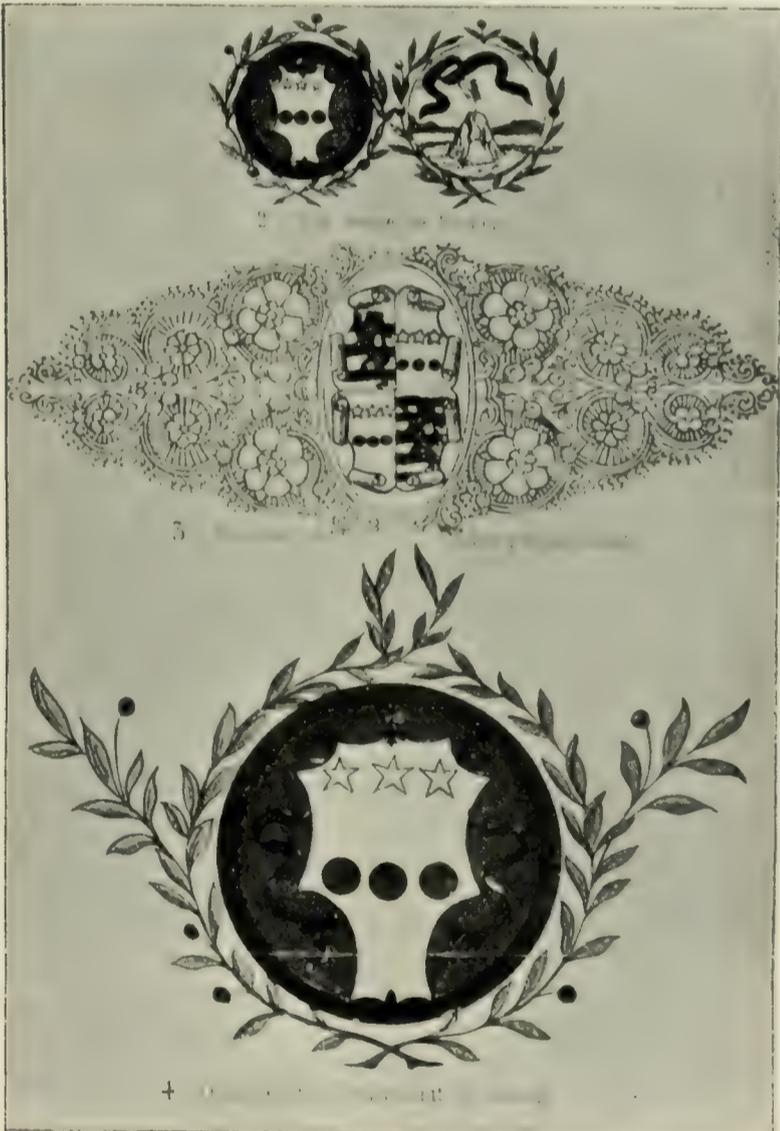
sons. A sentiment of the same kind was also expressed by the great collector, Richard Heber, whose immense library was disposed of in a number of sales extending over the years 1834-37. On being asked why he often purchased several copies of the same book, he replied, "Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without *three* copies of a book. One he must have for his show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country house. Another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends."

While Grolier's motto is almost always stamped upon the upper cover of his books, the legend "PORTIO MEA DOMINE SIT IN TERRA VIVENTIVM," adapted from the fifth verse of the one hundred and forty-second Psalm, which runs in the Vulgate "Clamavi ad te Domine; dixi: Tu es spes mea, portio mea in terra viventium," generally occurs on the lower. Several other legends: "TANQVAM VENTVS EST



Annotamenta Io Baptistæ Pii Bononiensis. Bononiæ, 1505.
Bibliothèque Nationale.

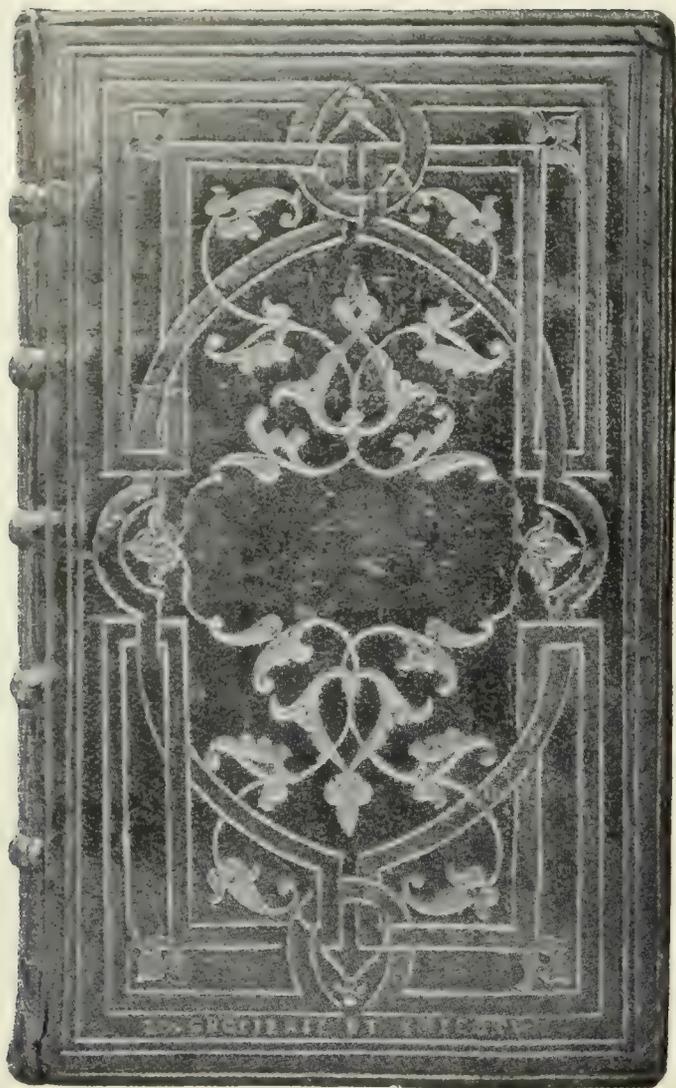
From Bouchot's "Reliures d'Art à la Bibliothèque Nationale."



Arms and Device of Grolier.

From Le Roux de Lincy's "Recherches sur Jean Grolier."

VITA MEA," from the seventh verse of the seventh chapter of Job; "CVSTODIT DOMINVS OMNES DILIGENTES SE, ET OMNES IMPIOS DISPERDET," verse twenty of the hundred and forty-fifth Psalm; and "QVISQVE SVOS PATIMVR MANES," a part of the seven hundred and forty-third line of the sixth book of the Æneid, were occasionally used by Grolier. Sometimes his arms—az., three bezants or in point, with three stars arg. in chief—are stamped upon the covers of his books; and they are also emblazoned with those of his wife, Anne Briçonnet, in a dedicatory copy of "De Harmonia Musicorum Instrumentorum," by Franchino Gafforia, now preserved in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. On a few of his volumes occurs the device of a hand entwined with a scroll bearing the words "ÆQVE DIFFICVLTER" coming out of a cloud, and striving to pull an iron bar from the ground on the top of the highest of a group of mountains, probably the Alps. This is found only on his earlier bindings, and is believed to refer to some special event of his life. A very fine binding on a copy of "Divina Proportione," by Luca Paccioli, printed at Venice in 1509, with this device on the lover cover, and Grolier's



Machiavelli *Il Principe*. Vinegia, 1540. British Museum.

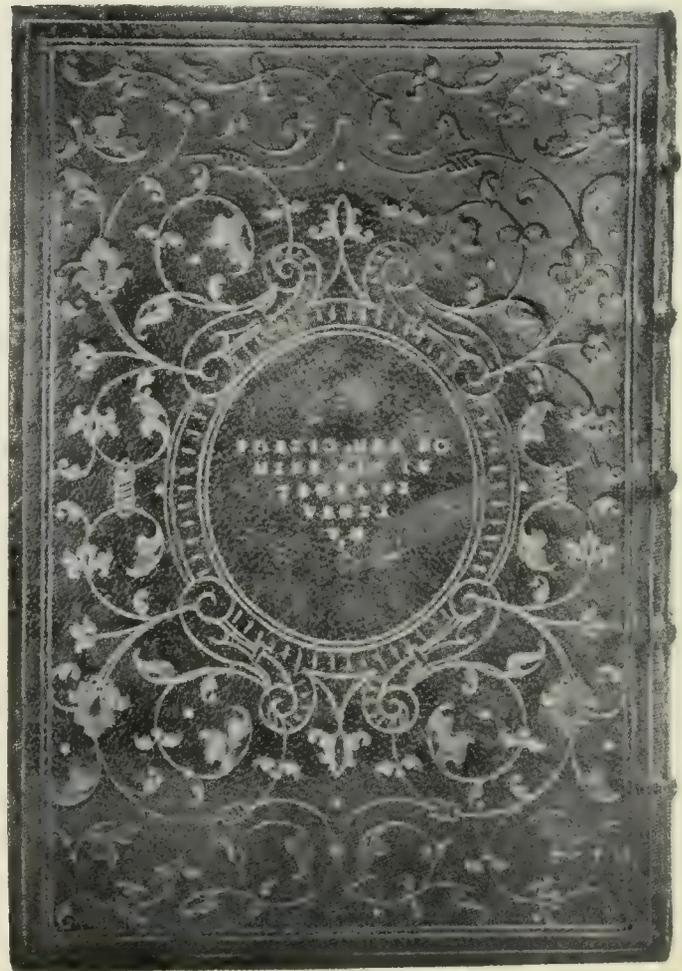
arms on the upper, was shown by Lord Amherst at the Exhibition of Book-bindings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1891.

Grolier's books are generally bound in morocco, most frequently of reddish brown, citron, or olive-green color, but we also often find them covered with brown calf, gilt and painted, marbled, or mottled with black. Their decoration principally consists of a geometrical pattern combined with arabesques, either solid, azured, or in outline only, tooled in gold; the ornamentation being occasionally colored. Sometimes the geometrical design occurs without the arabesque work, or the arabesque work without the geometrical design. In a few very rare instances the entire side, with the exception of the ornamental panels, is covered with exceedingly graceful scroll work. A very fine specimen of this style of decoration occurs on the binding of a copy of Vico's "*Commentaria in Vetera Imperatorum Romanorum Numismata*," published at Venice in 1560, preserved in the British Museum; and another example is to be found in the Bibliothèque Nationale, which is reproduced in M. Henri Bouchot's "*Fac-similes of Bindings*" in that library. It

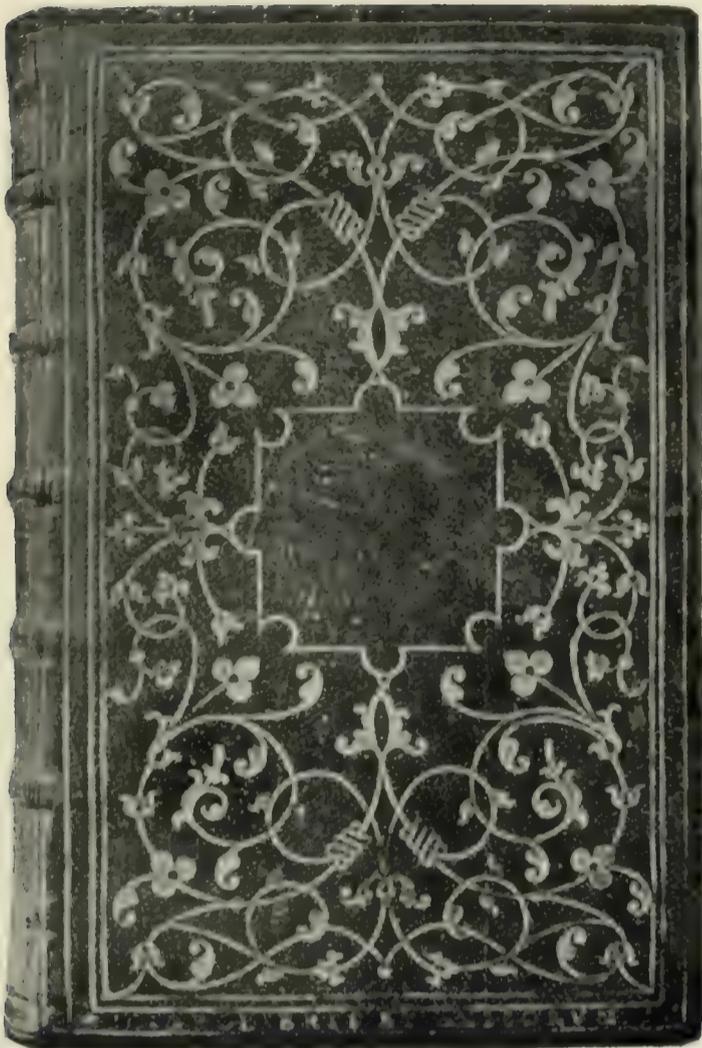
is not always easy to determine which of Grolier's bindings were executed in Italy, and which in France. Those on the books presented to him while in Italy by Aldus and his successors were, as we have said, in all probability executed in their workshops, or under their immediate superintendence; and they are, as Mr. Horne remarks in his excellent work, "*The Binding of Books*," the first gilt bindings which are known to have been specially done for an individual person. The books which Grolier added to his library after his return to France are thought to have been bound by the Italian craftsmen he is said to have taken with him when he returned to his native land, but as the bindings of his later Aldine books are frequently ornamented with the same stamps as those used on the earlier ones, it is probable that bound copies of these books were sent to him direct from the printers.

After Grolier's death in 1565, his books were divided among his heirs; the greater number, partly by heritage and partly by acquisition, becoming the property of Méry de Vic, Keeper of the Seals under Louis XIII. They remained in the possession of his family until 1675, when they were sold by public auction.

Grolier did not confine his attention to the



Vico *Commentaria in Vetera Imperatorum Romanorum Numismata*. Venetiis, 1560. British Museum.



Erizzo Discorso Sopra le Medaglie Antiche. Vinegia, 1559.
Bibliothèque Nationale.
From Bouchot's "Reliures d'Art à la Bibliothèque Nationale."

acquisition of books, but also accumulated a large number of coins, medals, and various antiquities, which, after his decease, were carried as far as Marseilles on their way to Rome for the purpose of being sold there, when they were stopped by Charles IX., who purchased them for the Royal collection at Fontainebleau. They were unfortunately pillaged and dispersed in 1576 during the civil war which raged in France at that time.

Grolier was a statesman, a financier, and an antiquary, as well as a scholar and a bibliophile. He acted as the ambassador of Francis I. to Pope Clement VII., and in 1547 he obtained the appointment of Treasurer-General of France, a post he held until his death. He was a great patron of scholars and promoter of learning, and was distinguished for his integrity, his princely munificence, and his modesty. Erasmus, who knew him well, describes him as a man possessing all good qualities and all the virtues in a well-formed and vigorous body; and De Thou speaks of him as "a man of equal elegance of manners and spotlessness of character." He adds, "His books seemed to be the counterpart of himself for neatness and splendor."

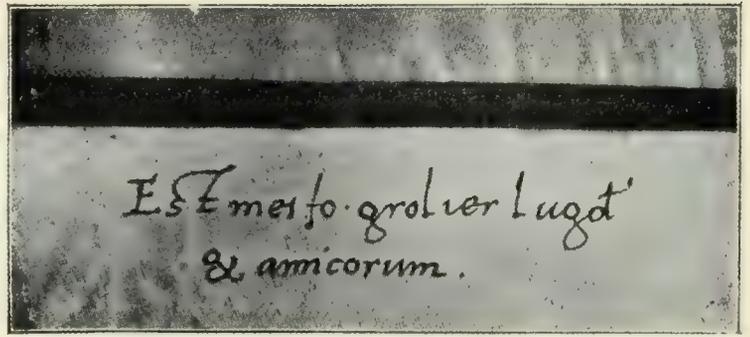
Although volumes from the library of Grolier are so greatly sought after and valued at the present time, as late as the commencement of the nineteenth century the prices obtained for them were very small. In Antoine Augustin Renouard's "Catalogue de la Bibliothèque d'un Amateur," printed at Paris in 1819, a letter to the author is to be found from James Edwards, the well-known London bookseller and collector, who writes:—"M. Renouard,—If any of the beautiful volumes of Aldus, in octavo, with Grolier bindings, should fall into your hands, I beg you to reserve them for me; I will give you a louis for each of them." Renouard replied:—"M. Edwards,—If any of the beautiful volumes of Aldus, in octavo, with Grolier bindings, should fall into your hands, I beg you to reserve them for me; I will give you six guineas for each of them." In the Beckford sale two volumes bound for Grolier—"Philostрати Vita Apollonii Tyanei," printed by Aldus at Venice in 1502, with a binding of red morocco; and a copy of "Lucanus," printed by Aldus in 1515, bound in marble calf, realized respectively three hundred pounds, and two hundred and ninety pounds; and in the Turner sale at Paris a Grolier binding fetched three thousand francs. At the Téchener sale in 1888, the high price of twelve thousand francs was obtained for a very



Silvius Italicus De Bello Punico Secundo. Venetias,
in Aedibus Aldi, 1523. British Museum.

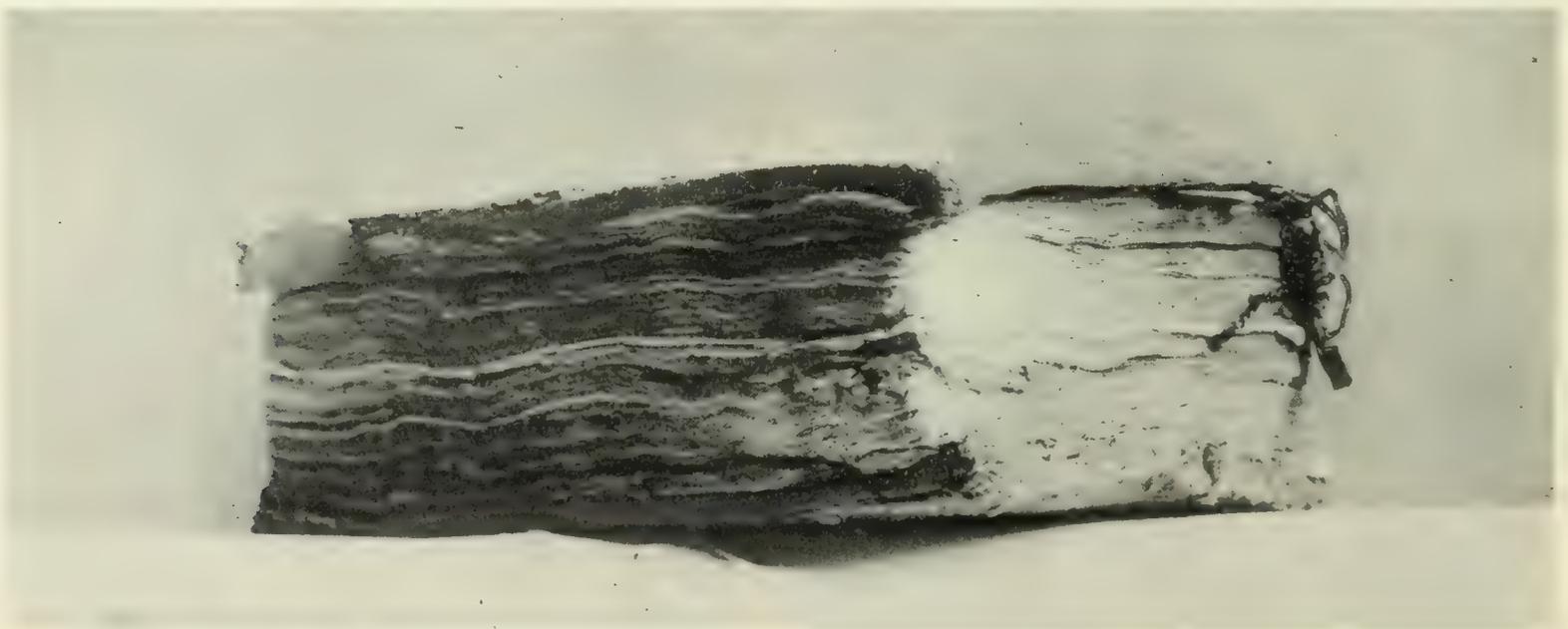
fine one on a copy of the "History of Ethiopia," by Heliodorus, printed at Basel in 1552. The same book in an ordinary binding would not sell for more than five shillings.

M. Le Roux de Lincy, in his work "Recherches sur Jean Grolier," published at Paris in 1866, gives lists of the books still existing which were in Grolier's library, and of the collections in which they are to be found.—*The (London) Connoisseur*.



Grolier's Motto.
Written by him on the lining of the lower cover of a copy of "Celsus," preserved in the British Museum.

SHELLEY'S "SOPHOCLES."



Shelley's "Sophocles" which he had with him when drowned. Presented to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by Jane, Lady Shelley. (The end edge is supposed to show the mark of Shelley's thumb.)

Dickens's First Gold Watch.

The first gold watch owned by Charles Dickens was in possession of Francis Jeffrey Dickens, and was taken by him to Canada. Before going West, he became acquainted with Mr. F. M. Midford, of Toronto, and this acquaintance afterwards developed into a warm friendship. On his return to Toronto some years later, it came about one day that, being in want of money, Dickens said he must sell the watch. Mr. Midford promptly declared his readiness to furnish the cash needed and his unwillingness to see such a relic pass into the hands of strangers. "It was my father's first gold watch," said Dickens, "and I'd much rather see it yours, Midford, than a stranger's."

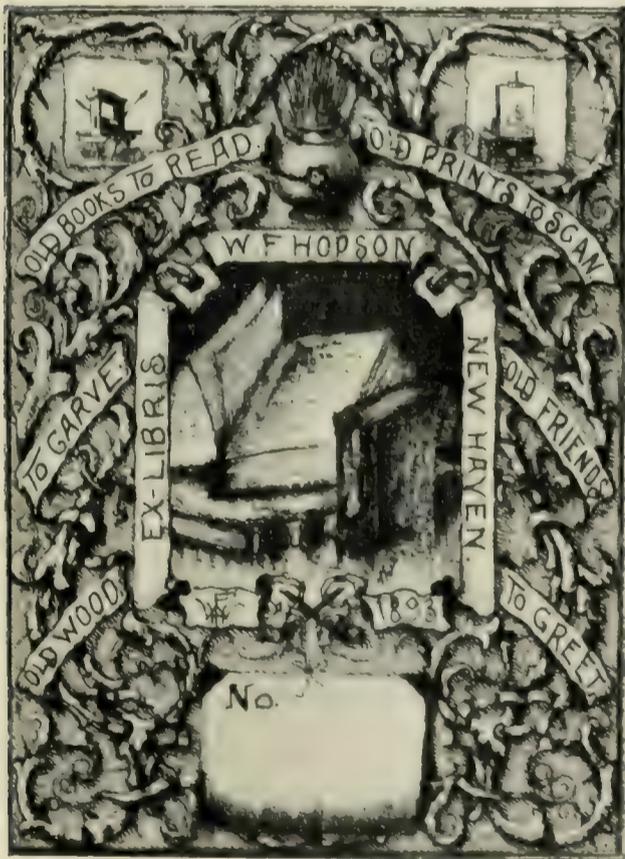
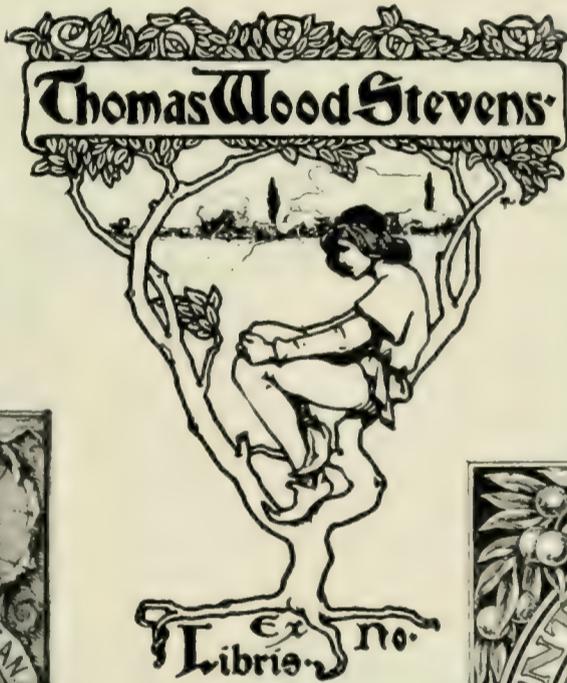
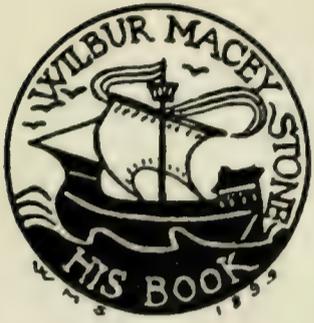
After the death of Mr. Midford in 1891, the Dickens watch passed to his sister, Mrs. Hadwen, from whom it was purchased by her brother, Mr. William Midford. The watch remained in Mr. William Midford's possession until a few months ago, when Mr. E. S. William-

son, of Toronto, the well-known collector and lecturer, became its owner.

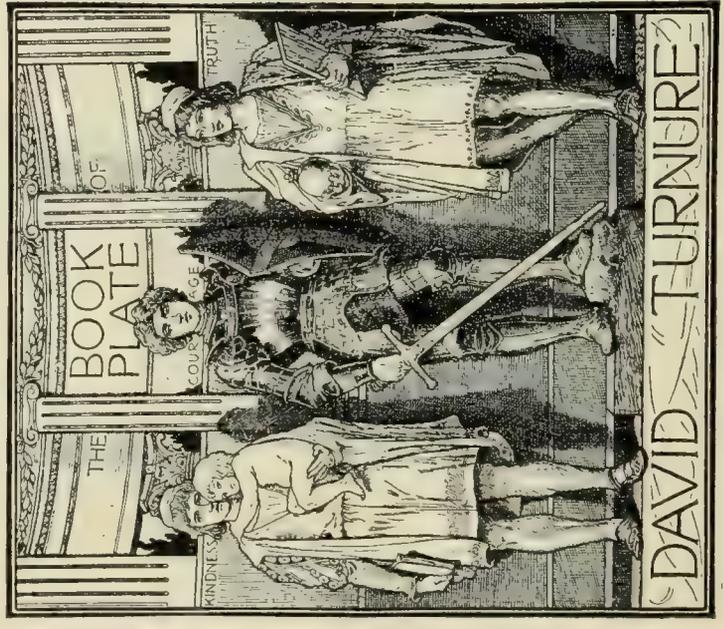
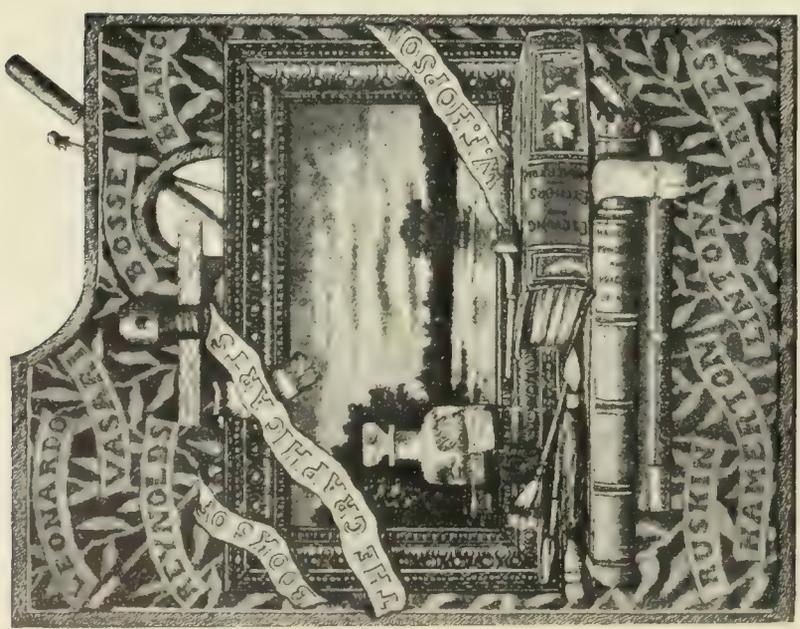
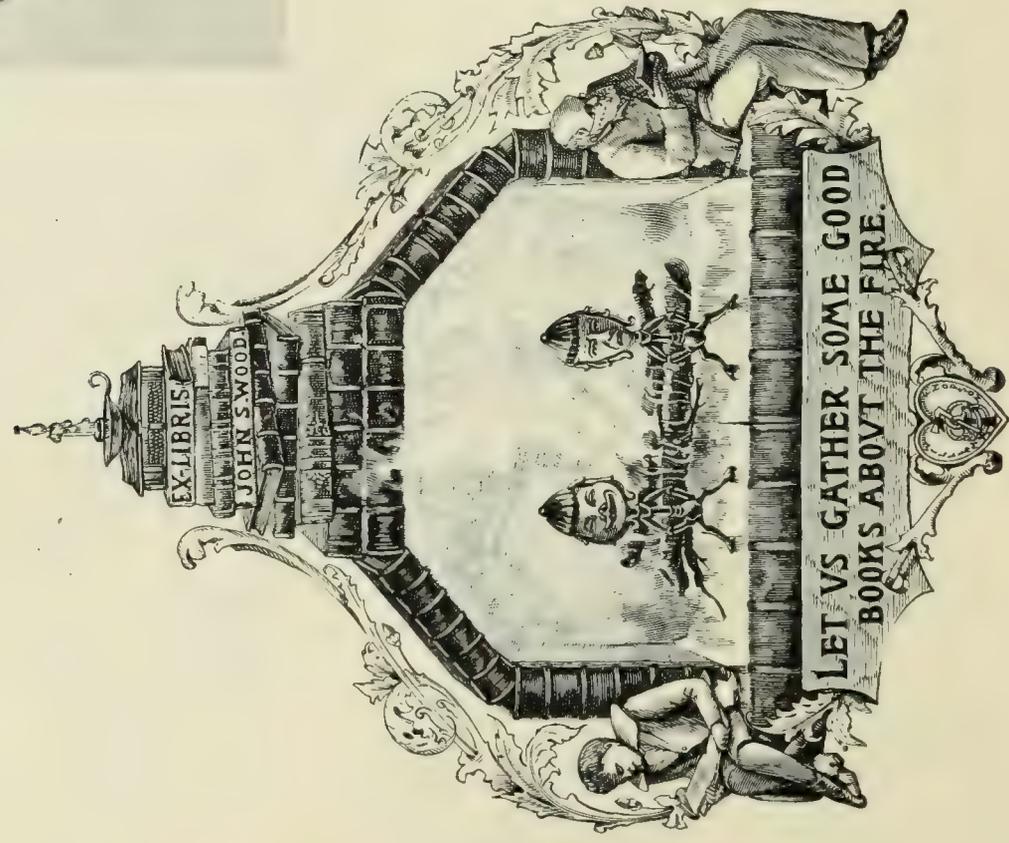
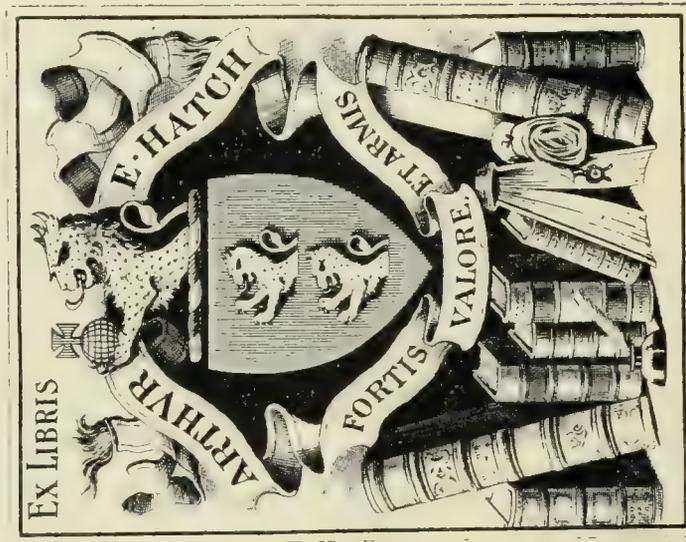
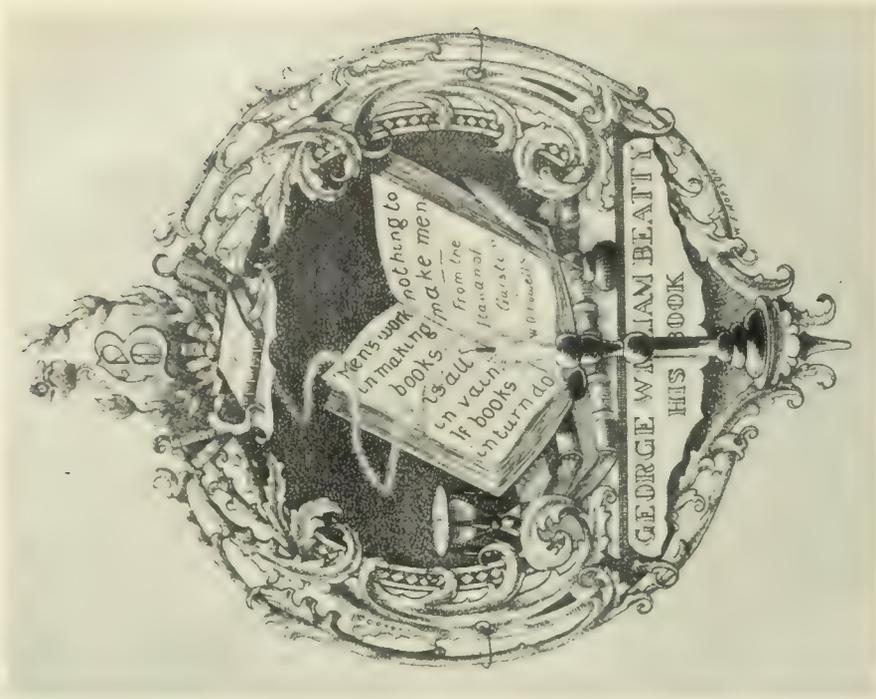


(The accompanying pictures of the watch are from photographs furnished by Mr. Williamson.)

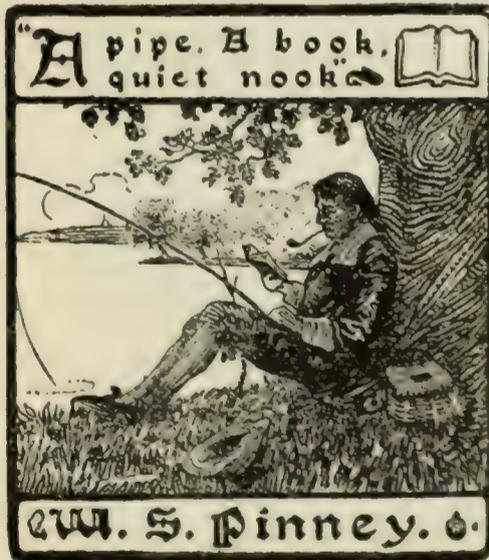
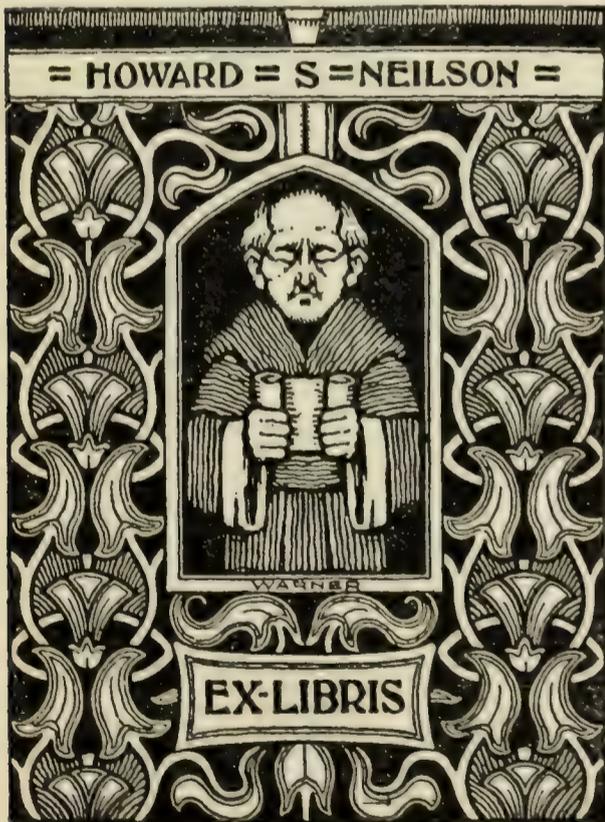
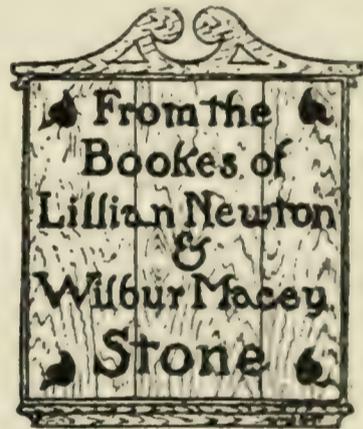
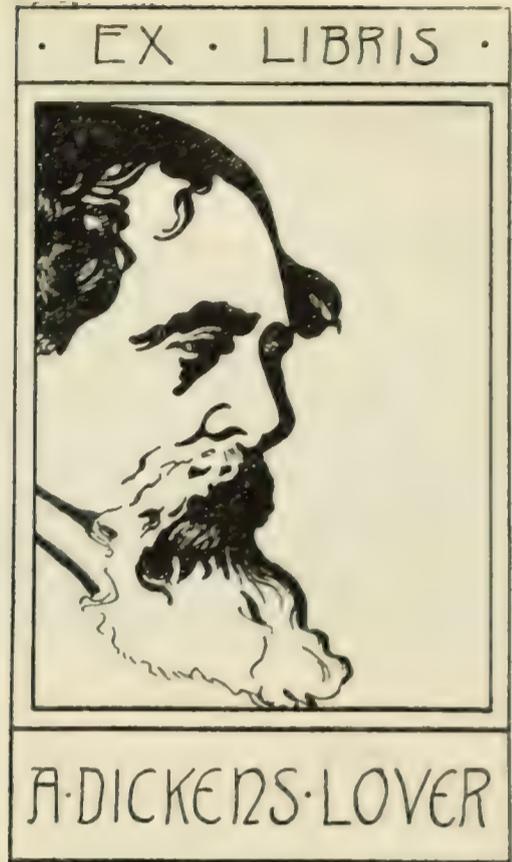
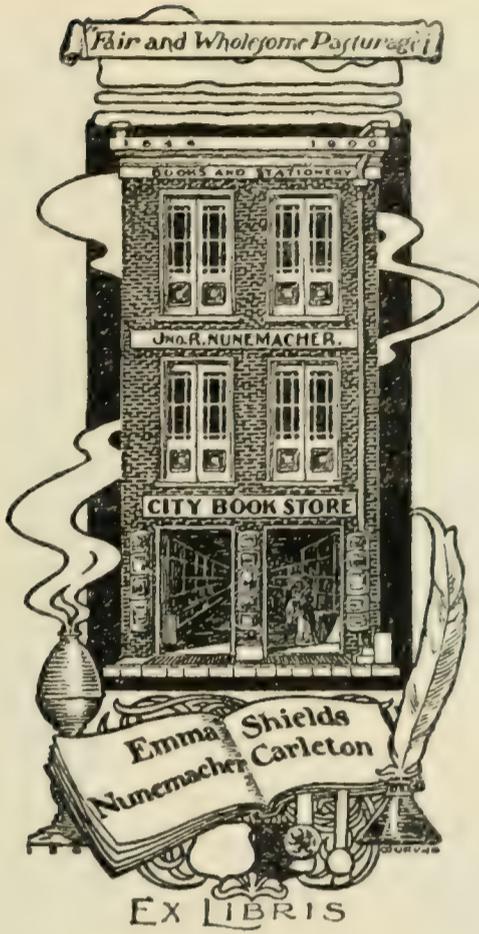
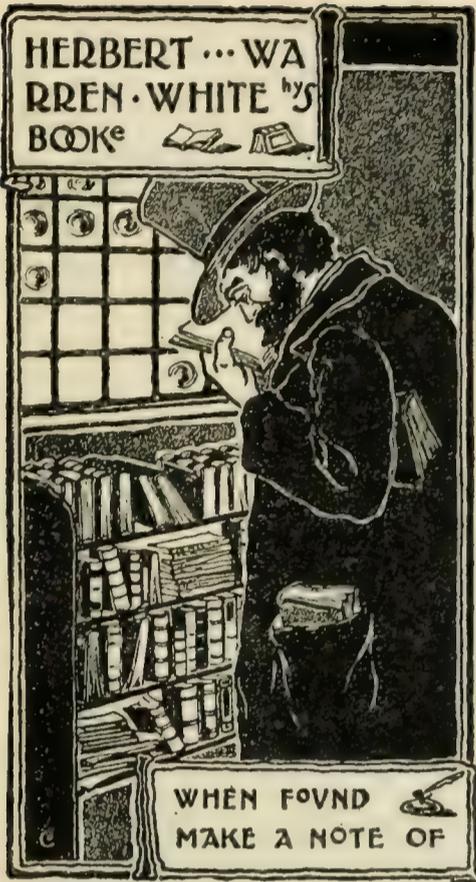
BOOK PLATES.

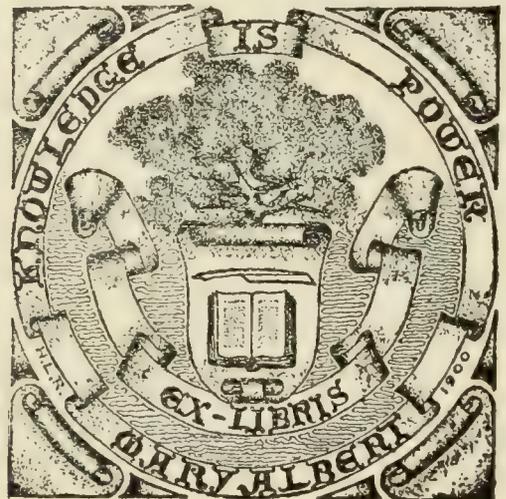
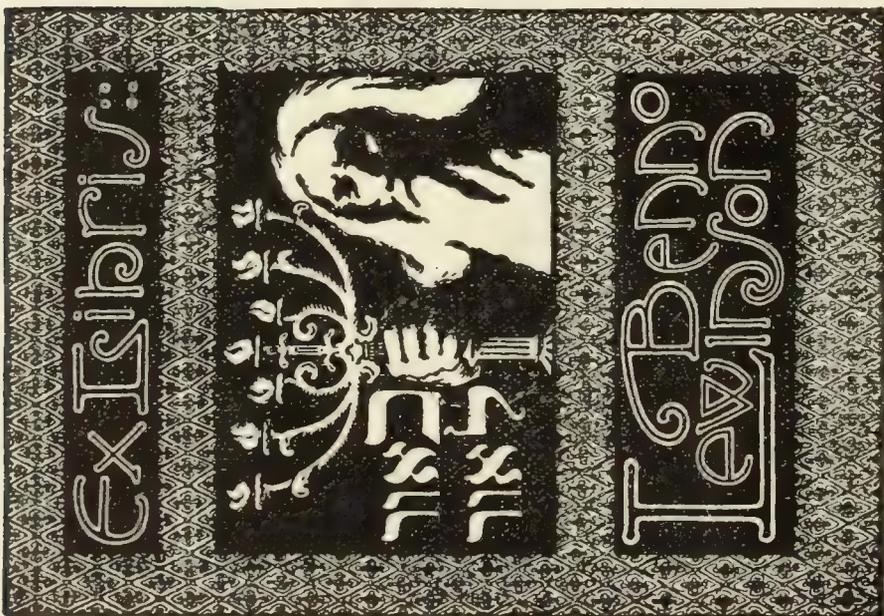
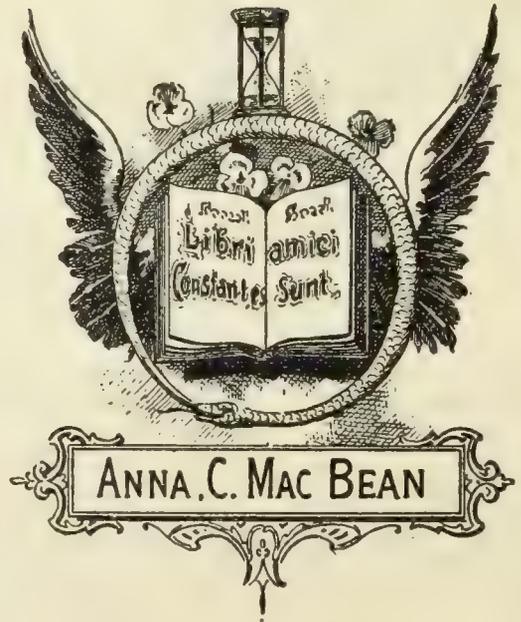
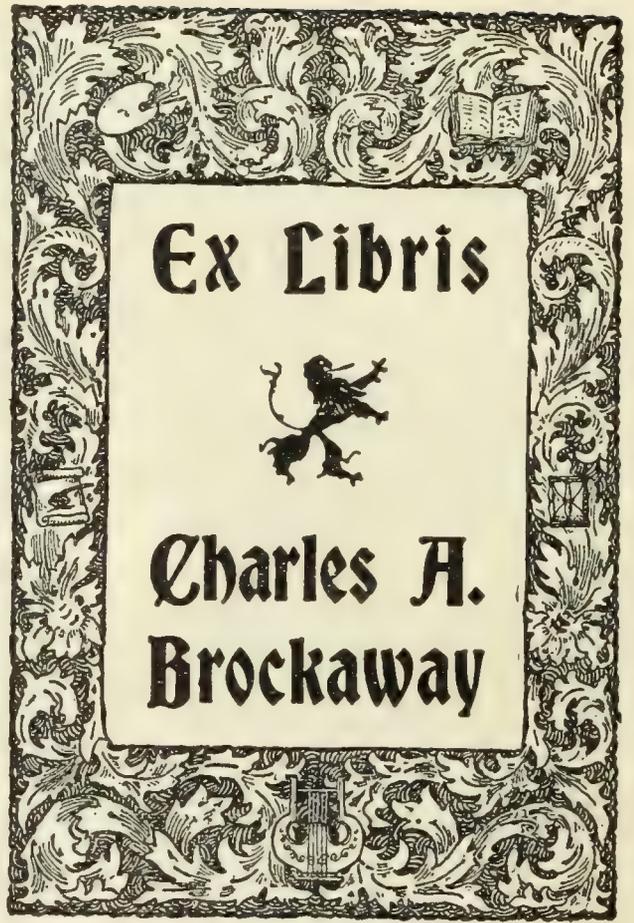


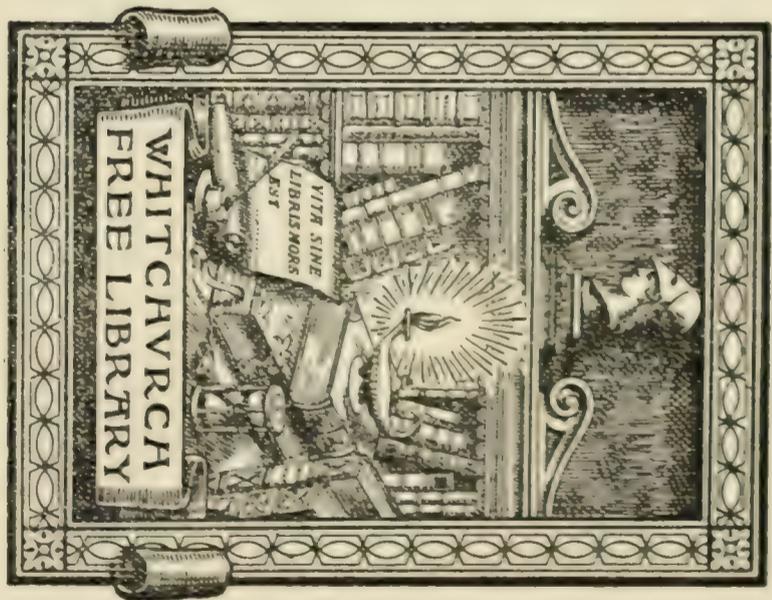
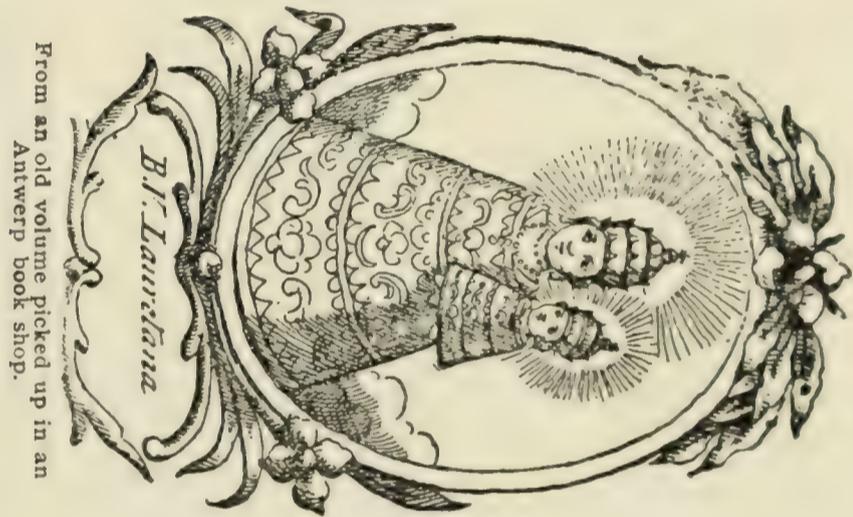
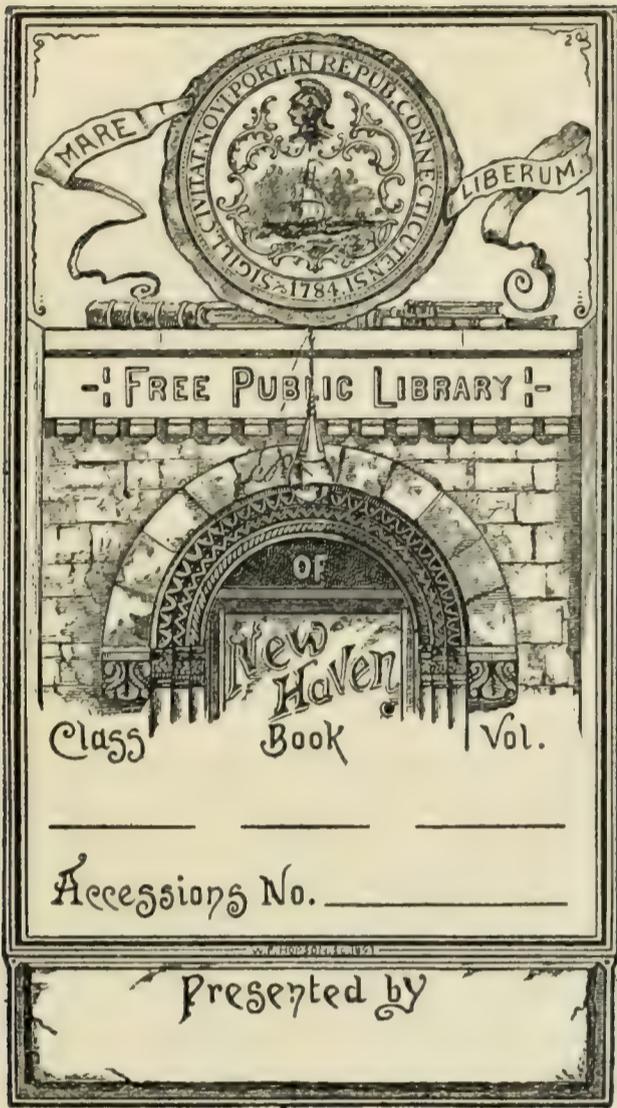
Library of William H. and Katherine P. Burnside, Orange, California.



A CHILD'S BOOK-PLATE BY LOUIS RHEAD.







A DISCIPLE OF KEATS.*

By John Russell Hayes.

In the fading hours of Indian summer, when the birds were fleeing down the ruined woodland aisles, and the late-lingering flowers dropped their last petals, I re-read with fresh pleasure a volume of poetry that took me back very happily to those eternal favorites, Spenser and Keats,—poetry stately and dreamful like that of the "Faerie Queene," wistful and beautiful like that of the "Ode to Autumn." It was the newly collected work of our own compatriot, Madison Cawein, the best of his voluminous output, gathered into a thick little book, a "dumpy twelve," and championed by Edmund Gosse in an essay with all his charm of style and delicacy of insight.

Wholly in keeping with those late autumnal hours seemed the poem "October," so charged with pathos and solemn beauty:

"I oft have met her slowly wandering
Beside a leafy stream, her locks blown wild,
Her cheeks a hectic flush, more fair than Spring,
As if on her the sumac copse had smiled.

While Beauty, sad among the vales and mountains,
More sad than death, or all that death can teach,
Dreamed of decay and stretched appealing arms,
Where splashed the murmur of the forest's fountains;
With all her loveliness did she beseech,
And all the sorrow of her wildwood charms."

It is a fine pleasure to study, in our more artistic writers of verse, their relation to the masters of song, to find in the mystery and haunting quality of Bliss Carman some remembrance of Coleridge and Shelley, to hear the Wordsworthian note in the late Philip Henry Savage's work, to feel the old Virgilian charm in the Pennsylvania sonnets of Lloyd Mifflin, the antique druidic solemnity and Celtic spirituality in the lyrics of the late Lionel Johnson. And in the case of Madison Cawein it is a delightful thing to find a continued allegiance to Keats, and through Keats to Spenser. My friend Dr. Glenn L. Swiggett, who is fond of tracing literary origins, has detailed in *The Conservative Review* (September, 1901) a conversation with Mr. Cawein, when the poet told of his boyhood rapture over a copy of Hales' "Longer English Poems," and of his "eternal obligation, for his acquired taste, to Spenser, Milton, and Tennyson," as revealed to him in that book. We may take it, therefore, that the splendid harmony and soft glow of the "Prothalamion" touched the imagination of the ardent youth and made him a poet, as surely as the reading of "Christabel" woke Stephen

Phillips to his inheritance from the Muses.

Mr. Cawein, and a new poet, J. E. Spingarn, of Columbia University, revive the Spenserian tradition in a notable way, very refreshing in these so modern days. And to his affluent Spenserian harmony Mr. Cawein unites the brooding Celtic attitude of Keats. Old Kentucky becomes under his eyes the home of forgotten deities of forest and river-shore; twilight sheaves and glimmering trees appear like mythical forms, and antique Hellas re-awakens in our New World meadows. No other American poet has ventured on so frank a pantheism as has Mr. Cawein; and presenting it in simple and lucid fashion it seems with him an attitude wholly natural.

"Like some white witch, some ghostly ministrant,
Some spectre of some perished flower of phlox,"
thus he conceives of the twilight moth. Nevermore, he says to a fallen beech,—

"Shall the storm, with boisterous hoof-beats, under
Thy dark roof dance, Faun-like, to the humming
Of the Pan-pipes of the rain and thunder."

He asks if bird-songs be perchance spirit voices,—

"Is it a Naiad singing in the dusk,
Or just a wild-bird voluble with thanks?"

Is the forest's warm fragrance the sighing of

"A sylvan Spirit, whose sweet mouth did breathe
Her viewless presence near us, unafraid?"

The sumptuous poem "Myth and Romance" is filled with this blithe neo-Hellenism; in his Old World reverie the poet beholds a train of fabled images:

"Now 'tis a Satyr piping serenades
On a slim reed. Now Pan and Faun advance
Beneath green-hollowed roofs of forest glades,
Their feet gone mad with music."

Thus does that long-dead time live again for this dreamer of happy imagination.

"All around me, upon field and hill,
Enchantment lies as of mysterious flutes."

In all his harking back to Greece, Madison Cawein resembles Keats; as he does, too, in his easy familiarity with Oberon and his faery company. The genial sympathy of Mr. Howells has frequently enlisted itself in support of our poet's Hellenism,—nowhere more felicitously, I think, than where he avows that these verse-pictures of Mr. Cawein's "incarnate the soul of the warm, rich, lazy land. . . . In all that is sylvan, all that is pastoral, his sensuous rhyme takes my homesick fancy with a tenderness which I hope does not disable my judg-

* Kentucky Poems. Madison Cawein. Introduction by Edmund Gosse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

ment. . . . This poet wins his airiest, his most substantial, success when he finds the fabled past amidst the blue-grass meadows and wood-pastures of the Ohio Valley."

"The ardent and beautiful talent of Mr. Cawein," Mr. Gosse's phrase, shows an equally high admiration. The warmest of his critics admit that Mr. Cawein has been, perhaps, overfluent; but I would not dwell on this, for the body of verse of classic and glowing beauty that he has given us entitles him to our full gratitude. And I count it no derogation to say that he is at his best when, consciously imbued with the spirit of Keats, he portrays his homeland scenes in pulsing and impassioned stanzas, with vision lucid and of a Greek intensity.

I should like to set down many a line of pure

loveliness which I have underscored in "Kentucky Poems," but must content myself with this little fragment of our poet's creed,—

"There is a poetry that speaks
Through common things: the grasshopper,
That in the hot weeds creaks and creaks,
Says all of summer to my ear;
And in the cricket's cry I hear
The fireside speak, and feel the frost
Work mysteries of silver near
On country casements."

The four-score poems here presented by Mr. Gosse are of the gold of Madison Cawein's output. So selected and edited, in a most comely volume, they must make a strong appeal here and in England. Mr. Cawein seems at last to have come to his own.

Swarthmore College.

A METRICAL ODDITY.

By Charles F. Johnson.

At certain periods poets seem to have taken great delight in the construction of ingenious metrical schemes. This was especially so in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Herrick's metres were sometimes very complicated, but Herbert and Quarles far outdid him. The latter wrote one poem of six stanzas in which the first line of each is printed in italics and, these lines, themselves, form a neat little rhyming poem. Herbert wrote a poem in the form of an altar, and another called "Easter Wings": two stanzas printed in a rough approximation to the extended wings of a bird. The most ingenious of all metres is the Provençal sestina of the thirteenth century, admired and imitated by the great Dante. It consists of six stanzas of six lines each and a "tornada," or envoi, of three lines. The terminal words of the lines of all the stanzas are the same group curiously permuted. For example, if the lines of the first stanza ended: blast, wind, past, last, bind, find, then the terminal words of the second stanza must be: find, blast, bind, wind, last, past. The words need not rhyme, but if rhymes are used the scheme for all the odd-numbered stanzas must be a-b-a-a-b-b, and for the even-numbered stanzas b-a-b-b-a-a. Furthermore a couplet must not be repeated more than twice and then always inverted. "Last" and "past" must never be adjacent a second time except as "past" and "last." The French grammarian Grammont gives the formula for the standard sestina as follows, the figures denoting the terminal words of the six stanzas:

First Stanza	1—2—3—4—5—6.
Second Stanza	6—1—5—2—4—3.
Third Stanza	3—6—4—1—2—5.
Fourth Stanza	5—3—2—6—1—4.
Fifth Stanza	4—5—1—3—6—2.
Sixth Stanza	2—4—6—5—3—1.

In this the words designated by 1, 3, and 4 rhyme, and so do the words designated by 2, 5, and 6, and the required sequence of rhymes obtains throughout. The tornada must contain the words 1-3-5 in the beginning or middle of the lines and the words 2-4-6 at the ends.

The table contains almost as many singular properties as a magic square. One is, that the sum of any of the vertical columns or of the horizontal row is always 21; another is that beginning with the figure 1 and reading downward to the bottom of a column, then going to the top, we find the invariable order 1-6-3-4-5-2. The discovery of other more recondite properties may be left to the mathematical reader, for the unknown "word-smith" of the thirteenth century builded better than he knew. Any line may be deduced from the line above it by writing the figures of the upper line in the order designated in line No. 2. If the process is applied to the sixth line we have the first order: 1-2-3-4-5-6.

It is not difficult to write a sestina in English if we take a set of words that are not too different in tone. It is, of course, necessary to write down the words in the prescribed order as the ends of the lines, and then fill in. This is, indeed, a mechanical method, and the machine-made curse will cling to every

stanza. When it is completed, we are tempted to follow the advice of the cook-book, "when this sauce is painfully compounded, put it carefully on the fire." The following is adduced to explain the formula by an example:

NEW HOPE.

(A SESTINA.)

December comes with bitter blast,
The cruel, ruthless winter wind,
And all sweet summer's bloom is past;
But summer's hope will ever last,
Although the icy shroud may bind
The earth whose heart it cannot find.

After the snows the sun will find
And quicken seeds cold cannot blast:
The life that earth's deep heart doth bind
Is stronger than the northern wind,
Through changing years unchanged at last
Till springs and winters all are past.

What though the autumn days are past:
The future hours will surely find
The next year better than the last.
The summer's breath succeeds the blast
Of icy winter's arctic wind,
Nor suffers long the frost to bind

Earth's pulsing life; no frost can bind
With feeble fetters of the past
The springtime's reinspiring wind;
The bud, the flower, the fruit will find,
When hushed is loud December's blast,
The fiercest winter cannot last,

But, buried by the hours 'at last,
Will be fordone. The wreaths which bind
Spring's robes are stirred by no rude blast;
The zephyr's breath which over past
Leaves no leaf torn, will never find
The cold caress of winter wind.

So, in the bracing winter wind
Harsh while its icy rigors last,
By faith the summer's air we find;
And, though December's frost may bind
December's world, it soon is past
And we forget the winter's blast.

TORNADA.

Blow then, O blast of polar wind!
In days soon past, chill while they last
And black frosts bind, new hope we find.

The sestina ought to be beautiful, because it embodies nature's law of variety under a rigid plan of construction. The growth of a tree is strictly mechanical, the branches from the main stem at intervals of an exact number of degrees around a definite spiral, but the chances of wind and sun shape it and give it individuality and a beauty quite different from the prim correctness of the binomial theorem. In a work of art, too, the fundamental laws of construction must not be so rigid as to admit no modification from outside influences. The

framework of the sestina is too rigid to allow free play to the inventive power; the lines within which ingenuity must work are narrower than those laid down by the sonnet, and the sonnet carries legal restriction about as far as it can safely go. Perhaps if a sestina were written in English by a poet, it might be poetry, but even Mr. Swinburne's two sestinas are stiff, although he digresses slightly from the standard. In his double sestina he places the rhymes in no definite order and even deviates from the fundamental rule never to end two stanzas with the same word.

The complicated framework of the sestina illustrates strikingly the logical character of the mind of the Latin races, which seeks to systematize and codify all human activity: religion, education, law, government, and literature. Calvinistic theology and the Code Napoleon present curious analogies to this metrical freak of the middle ages, which is about as far removed from true artistic method as they are.

Trinity College, Hartford.

Ode to Forgotten Authors.

By F. B. Doveton.

What though your humble names are never heard
In these ungracious days,
Yet by your words were many bosoms stirred
What time you piped your lays!
Then, your quaint prose or long-forgotten verse
Some student, it might be,
Would to his comrades lovingly rehearse,
So long ago, ah, me!

Among you may be some who in their time
Swayed many a heart, I trow;
Not to have read you almost seemed a crime
To those who prized you so!
Your names were once upon the lips of men,
Your volumes by their side;
They praised those prosings of your fluent pen
We "moderns" should deride!

And others of you who in numbers chose
To ease their teeming brain,
For *some* had all the sweetness of the rose,
The music of the rain.
Your books were read by many a crystal rill,
In sweet Julys long dead,
Or gladly conned when winter nights were chill,
And cheery fires burnt red.

And now your works are overlaid with dust,
They share oblivion's night;
Till in the box some hand by chance is thrust,
And drags one to the light!
The page for centuries closed we turn once more,
Then, smiling, go our way,
Harder to please than in the days of yore—
Well, well, you had your day.

NATIVE LITERATURE OF PORTO RICO.

By Cora F. Morrow.

While the literature of Spain occupies a place of its own in European letters, the writers of Porto Rico form a distinct group which contributes no significant addition to Spanish literature.

As a class, the writers of the island cannot be said to resemble any particular school in their mother country. Even in the use of a common language there are certain distinguishing marks, the introduction of many words of Indian origin, the occasional use of the *jibaro* dialect by a few writers of fiction, which are peculiar only to the Spanish as spoken in Porto Rico. Native writers are fond of discussing local philology, some even going so far as to claim that the original Indian language of this island was the only pure specimen to be found among the aboriginal tribes in the Americas.

As the sale of reading matter is naturally limited in a country where the degree of illiteracy is 77 per cent. of the entire population, no printer will take the risk of publishing books except at the author's own expense. The result is that editions are limited, and it is a difficult task to obtain possession or even discover the whereabouts of the works of native writers. A few, but very few indeed, may be found in the little book-shops of San Juan, Ponce, or Mayagüez, but the average Porto Rican who can read is more fond of translations from Dumas, Balzac, or Bertha Clay than he is of home talent or even of the better class of Spanish writers. Consequently the *librero* finds that it does not pay to handle native productions, and the aspirant to literary fame must content himself with securing a circulation by personally distributing his works among his friends and relatives. After his death, unless some appreciative friend or descendant has taken the trouble to preserve them, his writings are scattered or lost, and his fame lives only as a tradition.

It may be worth adding, that while many of these works are distributed gratuitously by the author, if he is fortunate enough to find an American interested sufficiently to inquire "How much?" he does not fail to avail himself of this opportunity to place an extravagant price upon wares which before he may have had difficulty in giving away.

One of the first books that a newcomer will naturally seek if he is at all interested in Porto Rico for its own sake, is an authentic and

comprehensive history of the island by a Porto Rican. The outside world knows very little about events which occurred in this isolated spot previous to the American occupation. The story of Porto Rico has not, like that of Cuba, been before the public for half a century, and a vague notion of "Spanish tyranny" and "military oppression" seems to satisfy the

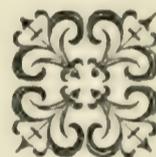
DE LA SUPERFICIE AL FONDO.

JUGUETE COMICO EN TRES ACTOS Y EN VERSO

ORIGINAL DE

SALVADOR BRAU.

Representado por primera vez en el Teatro de Cabo-Rojo
el día 28 de Junio de 1874.



PUERTO-RICO.

Establecimiento Tipográfico de Gonzalez

1874.

average mind without further investigation as to facts.

The reader who seeks a comprehensive history of Porto Rico, however, will be disappointed. While the natives have furnished a number of well-written volumes on the subject, none of them has dared to face the consequences of submitting the true story of his

own people and his own times to the jealous eye of Spain's press censor.

Most of the histories, so called, therefore, are limited for the greater part to a discussion of the language and customs of the prehistoric inhabitants of the island, or, at most, to an outline of events during the first century of discovery and settlement.

Notwithstanding this defect, however, which is not altogether the fault of the authors, the writings of a few natives, while not satisfactory as histories, are not without considerable merit from other points of view.

But little is yet known, and less has been written, by the student of philology on the languages of the prehistoric Indian tribes. Traces of these dialects are found in almost every language spoken in the Americas; and in the islands of the Caribes such traces are possibly more pronounced because physical isolation in speech as well as in natural bodies tends to preserve the original.

It is possible, therefore, that the researches of some now obscure Porto Rican scholar may one day rank as valuable authority on this subject.

Perhaps one of the best examples of what a native has written in the historical line is "La Historia de Puerto Rico" (The History of Porto Rico), by José Julián Acosta. This work is, more accurately speaking, an amplified edition of an earlier treatise by Fray Iñigo Abbad, "Historia geográfica, civil y natural de San Juan de Bautista de Puerto Rico" (History, geographical, civil and natural, of Saint John the Baptist of Porto Rico), which was originally published by Valladares de Soto Mayor, Madrid, 1788. The later edition by Acosta is a great improvement over the earlier one, containing numerous comments and footnotes which add light and coloring to the smaller text by the Spanish historian. Acosta's edition was published in 1866.

Acosta himself must have been a man of striking personality. In his youth he prepared himself for the career of professor of natural and moral sciences. Endowed with unusual mental gifts and the ability to express himself clearly and forcibly, he might have followed his chosen profession with credit to himself and profit to his pupils; but fate decided otherwise and Don José found himself in middle life the proprietor of a little bookstore at No. 21 Calle de la Fortaleza, San Juan, at which number, until quite recently, his son still retailed books and stationery to the *Americano*, whose invasion in those earlier

days was not dreamed of even by the philosophic foresight of the illustrious father. It is said that Acosta so loved the books which lined the shelves of his little shop that he never parted with one to a customer without a lingering regret for the volume thus carried away.

In the *campo santo*, down near the shadow of the sea-wall and almost beneath the guns of Morro Castle, is the grave of the author, marked by a shaft of Spanish marble crowned with a bust of the man who is to-day regarded by the natives as one of Porto Rico's most noted sons.

Another name which deserves to rank as one of the first in native literature, though it is not associated alone with the writing of history, is that of Alejandro Tapia. His "Biblioteca Histórica Puerto-Riqueña" (Porto Rican Historical Library) is the product of a trip to Spain, during which he devoted much of his time to the collection and study of data relative to the history of the island. This book is now regarded by some as the best exposition of the subject yet published.

Tapia's fame, however, does not rest alone upon his "Biblioteca." His talents were so general and his style so varied that he is called "*el iniciador y el patriarca de la literatura puerto-riqueña*" (the initiator and patriarch of Porto Rican literature). He is, if not the greatest, at least the most versatile writer which the island has produced.

In his earlier years he published a number of poems, chiefly lyrical, which reveal no small merit. Later he attempted an analysis of human thought and passion in the drama. His first essay in this line, "Roberto D'Evreux," while much inferior in the portrayal of character to later productions, does not lack in animation of scene and movement. This drama was soon followed by a second, "Bernardo de Palissy." Again Tapia attempted the untried. This time it was an historical legend entitled "La Palma del Cacique" (The Palm of the Cacique), and following this, his first novel, "La Antigua Sirena" (The Ancient Siren), appeared.

His aptitude as a writer of serious prose is manifested not only in his "Biblioteca" mentioned above, but in a number of biographical sketches and in a series of pamphlets, "La Sataniada," which began to make their appearance in 1860.

Many of his dramas, poems, novels, etc., were collected and published in one volume in 1862 under the title of "El Bardo de Guamaní" (The Bard of Guamaní). From 1871 to 1875

he edited a literary review, "La Azucena" (The White Lily), chiefly devoted to criticism of the drama, of which he was an ardent supporter.

Among his later dramatic works are: "Cammoens," "Vasco Nuñez de Balboa" and "La Parte del León (The Lion's Part), the last-named being considered his best. His novels, "La Leyenda de los Veinte Años" (Legend of Twenty Years), "Cofresí," "Á Orillas del Rhin" (On the Banks of the Rhine), and "Enardo y Rosael" mark his second literary epoch.

Considering Tapia as a whole, there is no other native writer who can compare with him in breadth and style of composition. It is possible that he may be surpassed in some particulars by others who have made one mode of expression a specialty, but no one person has given to Porto Rican literature the encouragement and distinction which have been bestowed by the pen of Tapia.

The incident of his death was in harmony with the events of his career. On the 19th of July, 1882, he was suddenly stricken on the public platform of the Ateneo, a social and literary club of San Juan, while giving an address on the subject of "Public Instruction," a cause for which he had labored many years.

Before leaving the subject of historians it may be well to mention a few living writers who belong to this class.

The most prominent perhaps is Salvador Brau, at present a resident of San Juan, though he was born in the little pueblo of Cabo Rojo in the extreme southwestern corner of the island. Brau's "Puerto Rico y su Historia" (Puerto Rico and its History), published in Valéncia, in 1894, is not, properly speaking, a history of Porto Rico so much as it is a series of critical observations and conclusions drawn from the writings of others on the subject. Indeed this is all the author claims for his book, and while it shows evidence of careful study and extensive research, the reader who seeks the story of Porto Rico is again disappointed.

The first part of the book is chiefly philological. The writer refers to many authorities, Spanish and otherwise, on the subject of the early Indian inhabitants. He consumes much space in the attempt to locate the first white settlements. Historic locations are carefully pointed out; the Church comes in for its share of attention, but in no instance does he touch upon what may be called the modern history of Porto Rico save in a brief reference to the official census of 1864. Even in treating the subject of the slave traffic we

obtain only a glimpse of conditions as viewed through the jealous eye of the censor.

Don Salvador is a comparatively young man, and the public may hope that in view of the changed political conditions he may yet use his talents as a scholar and a writer in the production of a history of his native island which shall reveal the true story of the present race in Porto Rico; not the story of her extinct Indian inhabitants nor the story of her Spanish

POESIAS

—DE—

José Gautier Benítez

PUERTO-RICO

Sucesión de J. J. Acosta,

FORTALEZA 21

1892

governors, but the simple life of his own countrymen, the development of the island through the last four hundred years. It is a book that sooner or later is bound to appear, and it can be well written only by a Porto Rican.

Brau has done much to stimulate letters in the island. In addition to his history, he is the author of a number of essays, dramas, poems, etc. His "Clases jornaleras de Puerto Rico" (The Laboring Classes of Porto Rico) and

"La Campesina" (The Countrywoman) are works which will one day be of interest to the student of sociology, written while "down here." In the field of drama he has published "Héroe y Mártir" (Hero and Martyr), a study in verse in three acts; "De la Superficie al Fondo" (From the Surface to the Depths), a comedy of Porto Rican domestic and social life, and "Los Horrores del Triunfo" (The Horrors of Triumph), a tragedy dealing with civil strife in Sicily in the thirteenth century. These dramas have been presented by native talent in various theatres of the island.

Brau is popular as a speaker and is frequently in demand on the occasion of public functions. Many of his poems have been read on such occasions. His course of lectures on local history delivered before the Ateneo last year was largely attended. Some years ago, when editor of the news sheet "El Clamor del País" (The Clamor of the Country), he was the instigator of a movement which resulted in the united effort by fourteen representative newspapers to erect a monument on the western coast of the island on the spot which, authorities agree, was the landing place of Columbus.

On the 19th of November 1893, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the island, this monument was unveiled and presented to the municipal district of Aguada within whose boundary it stands, and Brau was chosen to make the address of presentation. This address is published, and now appears as Appendix C, in the later edition of his "Historia."

It is not possible in an article of this kind to attempt a review at length of many other native writers who have won distinction as historians or at least as essayists upon the history of the island. Among these the name of Doctor Agustin Stahl is most eminent. His "Los Indios Borinqueños" was published in 1887. He is also the author of several text-books on the fauna and flora of the island.

Manuel Maria Sama, another Porto Rican poet and essayist, gave to the public "El Desembarco de Colón en Puerto Rico y el Monumento de Culebrinas" (The Landing of Columbus in Porto Rico and the Monument of Culebrinas), published in Mayagüez, in 1895.

Cayetano Coll y Toste, a resident of San-turce, is the author of several volumes: "Colón en Puerto Rico" (Columbus in Porto Rico), a historico-philological treatise published in 1894, and a series of pamphlets issued monthly, "Repertorio histórico de Puerto Rico" (Historical Repertory of Porto Rico).

Many others deserve mention, but it is possible to refer to only one more: Luis Lloréns Torres, a talented young lawyer of Ponce, whose "América: estudios históricos y filológicos" (America. Studies, historical and philological), issued in 1898, is one of the best of recent works along this line. The first chapter is devoted to the geography of the island, and his outline might well be accepted as an assistance by those who are at present engaged in preparing maps and text-books on this subject. At the best we have as yet but a superficial knowledge of the physical aspect of Porto Rico. The second section of "América" is devoted to a discussion of the "heroes of discovery," and Torres brings many evidences to prove that not Columbus, but Martín Alonzo Pinzón was the actual discoverer of Porto Rico, after the *Pinta* had deserted the fleet of the admiral.

However true or false this deduction may be, it has called forth much criticism from contemporaries while it does not lessen the credit which is due Torres as an original investigator. As Don Luis is as fond of philological argument as his fellows, the remainder of his book is taken up with the discussion of Indian terms, etc., the word "Borinquen" as usual coming in for its share of attention, authorities being divided as to the proper spelling of this early Indian name of Porto Rico. Brau, Tapia and others contend that the n in the second syllable is traceable to an error in the orthography of Padre Iñigo Abbad, while Torres upholds the priest in his spelling, and adds, "La palabra 'Boriquén' no significa nada; la palabra 'Borinquen' significa tierras de los valientes señores" (The word "Boriquén" signifies nothing; the word "Borinquen" signifies land of valiant men). Upon the meaning of the term, by the way, all authorities are agreed, and usage has made the spelling of Fray Abbad the accepted one.

The Porto Rican cannot as a rule be considered a shining success as a writer of prose fiction. He is too egotistical. He cannot forget himself long enough to make his characters speak and act naturally. In the drama he is more at home, and the former government did much to encourage this taste by establishing a theatre in nearly every town and village in the island. The largest and most elaborately furnished building in each pueblo, after the church, is always the theatre.

The age of the prose novel can hardly be said to have yet arrived in Porto Rico. It will come later; and there is certainly no land better adapted for the development of the

story writer than this early camping ground of pirate and buccaneer. This isolated dot in the ocean could furnish sufficient material for the pens of a dozen Coopers or Kiplings, and the quiet waters of the bay could be made to live again with romance of the days when De Leon sought the mythical fountain of Bimini, or Drake reigned supreme among the free rovers who found shelter in the caves of Luquillo or sank their golden treasure among the coral reefs off Las Cabezas.

Among writers of prose fiction, perhaps the most notable are Tapia, above mentioned, Zeno Gandia, and Francisco Ortea, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Doctór Franck." Ortea was a native of Santo Domingo, but his life was mostly spent in Mayagüez, and his novels are chiefly based upon the Porto Rican life and customs. Among his writings those noteworthy are: "María," "Madama Belliard" and "Margarita," all novels, the last-named being a beautiful and most pathetic story of love and sorrow and death. The scenes are laid in Mayagüez on the western coast of the island, while the rural vicinity and Ponce also figure in the narration. There are passages in this book which for beauty of conception and language are not surpassed in native literature. The incidents of the story are not extraordinary, but the manner in which the author has portrayed human emotion is worthy of being regarded as the touch of a master hand. Moreover, the book is clean, a characteristic which does not belong to all Porto Rican fiction, by the way.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Ortea has also published "Las Apariencias" (Appearances), a collection of Porto Rican traditions, and "Camila," a similar collection of legends based on life in Santo Domingo.

The novel, "Garduña," by Manuel Zeno Gandia, is a curiously morbid story of domestic unhappiness, of plot and counterplot, of wealth and poverty, of legal injustice and unscrupulous fraud. The innocent suffer, the wicked triumph, and the end is unhappy enough to please the most pessimistic admirer of the realistic novel. There is no doubt that the author had an object in writing this book. Justice was not for the innocent nor the protection of the law for the helpless in the days when *Garduña* exercised his craft in the little valley of "Paraiso," and *Gil Pan* is a character only too common in the real annals of Porto Rico.

An interesting fact in connection with this book is that the original of the principal character in the story, *Garduña*, the unscrupulous

lawyer, is still living, a very old man, in the city of Arecibo.

A picturesque little story is that of "Huracán" (Hurricane), by Ricardo Toro Soler. It is a legend of Porto Rico in the days when the brigand was hero, and wrongs were redressed by the sweet process of revenge. Cabo Rojo again figures as the principal scene of operations. There is a tragedy to start with, a pitiful scene of native poverty and Spanish cruelty. The hero turns pirate to revenge

MATOS BERNIÉR

RECUERDOS BENDITOS



PONCE, PUERTO-RICO
TIP "EL TELEGRAFO"
1895

the death of his wife. There are graphic descriptions of landscape and ocean; a realistic cock-fight adds animation to the narrative, and a happy wedding ends the tale, though not until the hero, *Huracán*, has met a tragic fate at the hands of his hereditary foes.

A writer who holds a unique place in Porto Rican literature is Doctór Manuel A. Alonso. Educated in Barcelona for the practice of medicine, he returned to his native island and

for many years was a familiar figure in San Juan and Cangrejos, now Santurce.

While pursuing his studies in Spain he published a series of articles with the generous idea of bettering the condition of the lower or rural classes in Porto Rico. These articles collected were published in one volume in 1849 under the title, "El Gíbaro." The word *gíbaro*, or *jíbaro* (spelled both ways) is defined by a local writer as, "campesino puerto-riqueño sin instrucción" (a Porto Rican countryman or rustic without instruction).

The life of the author seems to have been spent in the endeavor to elevate his fellow countrymen by means of deeds of kindness and charity in his profession, and by vigorous appeals through his writings for the awakening of public sentiment in behalf of the ignorant and poor. A few short romances, "Un Casamiento jíbaro" (A Jíbaro Wedding), "Una Pelea de Gallos" (A Cock-fight), and others, have this same end in view. Doctor Alonso himself is said to have been a living volume of anecdotes, stories, and incidents relating to Porto Rico. Shrewd, humorous, spontaneous, and forcible in his style, he was a source of never-failing entertainment to the group of friends who frequented Guillermet's drug store in San Juan on Sunday evening, where he was usually to be found.

Manuel Fernandez Juncos is a well-known writer of the present day. His works are chiefly critical, biographical, or satirical. Among his writings are the following: "Tipos y Carácterés" (Types and Characters), a semi-humorous collection of studies from Porto Rican types, social, civil and otherwise; "Varias Cosas" (Various Things), a collection, as the name implies, of miscellaneous articles, essays, sketches and poems, and "Costumbres y Tradiciones" (Customs and Traditions), a companion volume of local interest.

Juncos has prepared a number of text-books for use in the schools of the island, and he is also the author of the words beginning: "La tierra de Borinquen," which are commonly sung to the beautiful national hymn of Porto Rico, "La Borinquena," by Astol.

The poets of the island deserve a chapter by themselves. There is not a village nor barrio in the country which does not boast its humble bard.

The language, replete with vowel terminations, lends itself naturally to rhythm, and it is but a school-boy's task to make a "poem" if the question of sound alone is considered. I have in my possession a number of verses, per-

fect in rhyme and meter, which were composed by a fourteen-year-old servant girl. A zealous convert of one of the Protestant missions, an aged and infirm peón, is at present engaged on a version in rhyme of the Old Testament Scriptures. But there are poets and poets, and rhythm alone does not make a poem in Porto Rico any more than it made one in England in the days of Pope.

However, if Porto Rico's claim for recognition in the literary world is worthy of consideration, it will come through the merit of her poets.

The long line including Alvarez, Padilla, Corchado, Daubon, Davila, Gautier, DelValle, Tapia, Sama, Gandia, Brau, Matos Bernier, and a host of others, all of whom possess more or less poetical talent, composes a group of which no race nor country need feel ashamed. The poets of Porto Rico wrote not for a price, but for love of the task itself. One of the best examples of this is the man first named above, Francisco Alvarez.

Born of poor parents in the village of Manatí, in the year 1847, he began his career as *mancebo* or general factotum in a little country store. His father died while he was still but a child, and upon him devolved the task of supporting his widowed mother. Obligated to labor all day and a portion of the night, his health, always delicate, soon broke down and he remained an invalid during the remainder of his short life. Notwithstanding his physical suffering and life of toil, he was possessed with the desire to write.

The germ of premature death, instead of subduing the spirit, seemed to urge it to achievement. By careful saving he was enabled to stock a little store of his own, and it was during this period that he began to write his first verses. His illness soon made it evident that the cares of business were too much for him, and disposing of his goods, he founded a little periodical which he called "*La Voz del Norte*" (The Voice of the North). In the columns of this paper his first poems were published. But journalism was not a profitable business in those days, and the voice of the north soon ceased to speak.

The last years of Alvarez were years of martyrdom. Nevertheless, one month before his death he undertook the writing of a drama, "Dios en todas partes" (God everywhere), and fourteen days before his death, the dying poet was rewarded by witnessing the presentation of his play by a dramatic company in the theatre of Manatí.

Other works of Alvarez are: "La Comedia

de la Muerte" (The Comedy of Death), which contrasts the falseness of the world with the love of a mother; "Á Damian Monserrat," a romance intended to portray the torment of human thirst for knowledge; "Meditación nocturna" (Nocturnal Meditation), a picture of the awful struggle of a vigorous and ambitious spirit with the feeble and useless body in which it is imprisoned; and "Últimos Cantos" (Last Songs), a collection of verses written upon his death-bed. His poetical works are now all collected in one volume entitled "Flores de un Retamal" (Flowers from a Heath).

No name is better known in Porto Rico than that of Padilla, and if José Padilla's name was known only in connection with his famous "Contestación" (Reply), to one "del Palacio," his fame would be secure.

A number of years ago a grumbling Spaniard afflicted with the gout or some other infirmity equally hard upon his temper, came to Porto Rico in the interest of his health.

This gentleman, Manuel del Palacio, as he was called, was received, according to native tradition, with open arms. He was feasted, flattered, and entertained. It is taken for granted that he paid for his entertainment. Most people do who go to Porto Rico. However, be that as it may, he turned out to be most ungrateful for what he received, for instead of appreciating the luxuries which were offered him, his first act upon his return to Spain was to write a most uncomplimentary poem about this immaculate little isle.

Instead of consuming ink in a hysterical description of this "Eden in the tropics," after the manner of certain American officials whose salaries depend upon the degree to which they compliment themselves for what they have accomplished—on paper, this Manuel del Palacio had the bad taste to inform the public that in Porto Rico the chief occupation of life is to lie in the hammock, the supreme diversion is dancing, the greatest distraction the bath (this statement alone is sufficient to mark Don Manuel as a perverter of the truth), and the best food, the plantain. He had he audacity also to say that the natives drink more brandy than water, that the beggars ride on horseback, which is not far from the truth at the present day, and finally credited the island with all the luxuries of the tropics, including the omnipresent mosquito and his allies the spider, the *nigua*, and *cangrejo*. He did not mention the three-inch cockroaches, but these may be of Spanish importation and Palacio was modest, a fact which is also evident in his

reference to certain social conditions in Porto Rico which render it necessary, if one wishes to be received into good society, to be able to affix two surnames to one's visiting card.

This, of course, was all very wrong in Don Manuel. He had no doubt consumed quantities of codfish and beans, which alone should have made him grateful, but he made the mistake of telling too much, and the result was that he found his health so improved on

MARGARITA.

ESCENAS DE LA VIDA INTIMA

POR EL

DOCTOR FRANCISCO.



MAYAGÜEZ, [P. R.]

IMPRESA DE ARECOO, RTUO.

1889.

his return to Spain that he decided a second trip to Porto Rico would not be necessary.

When Palacio's account was published in Madrid, it was not long before it reached the shores of Porto Rico, and Doctór José Padilla, a resident of Vega Baja, undertook the task of replying to this criticism of the customs of the country.

The controversy is lengthy, and unique in that both parties have written in rhyme.

Padilla, signing himself "El Caribe," attacks his opponent at every point and answers every charge. He admits that certain conditions exist, but throws the responsibility upon Spanish misrule and obnoxious laws enforced by the mother country.

This odd dialogue is regarded as a classic by the natives, who naturally see no merit at all in the composition of the Spaniard. The verses are now printed and sold in one little volume with the title, "Para un Palacio, un Caribe," which freely translated is equivalent to "a Roland for an Oliver."

Padilla is the author of a large number of poems. His "Hasta Mañana" (Until the Morning) is a beautiful tribute to those of his fellow poets who have died. His dedication and introduction to the song "Á Puerto Rico" (To Porto Rico) is full of patriotic love for his native land. "Ádios, á mi Lira" (Adieu to my Lyre) is his own farewell to his muse, written during the last days of his life.

Padilla's poems have never been collected. The writer was informed by a relative that upon the death of the poet, his son-in-law, a Spaniard, took possession of his papers and refused to allow the manuscripts to be published.

One of the most admired of Porto Rico's poets is Lola Rodriguez de Tió. At one time a resident of Ponce but now of Havana, Cuba, she is still referred to with admiration for her genius and respect for her womanly qualities of character. Her poems are chiefly lyrical. She is also the author of several Cuban songs. One version of "Tú" (Thou), the most beautiful patriotic air of Cuba, is from her pen.

Another woman who has perpetuated the practical in verse as well as the sentimental, is Alejandrina Benítez de Gautier. Her poem celebrating the laying of the submarine cable connecting Porto Rico with the outside world is remarkable not only for its language but for its elevation of thought and strength of movement. Another poem, "Á Cuba" (To Cuba), by the same author, written to commemorate the unveiling of a statue of Columbus in Cárdenas, is characterized by the same dignity of style and breadth of conception.

Rafael del Valle evidently knew the delights of fatherhood, for it would be hard to find a sweeter poem in Porto Rican literature than his "Hija mia!" (My Daughter!) The first lines

"Luz de mis ojos, hija del alma,
Astro del cielo de mi ilusión,
Iris ansiado que alegre calma
Las tempestades del corazón"—

would be difficult to translate into harsher Eng-

lish without losing the beauty which the softer vowels of the original language bestow.

For a love poem pure and simple, Manuel Padilla Davila's "Auséncia" (Absence), is a good illustration. Zeno Gandia is evidently of a scientific turn of mind for in his "Al Microscópio" (To the Microscope), he compares the invisible motives which govern human society to the marvelous panorama which reveals itself in an atom when placed under the lens of a microscope. In the poem "La Última Mentira" (The Last Lie), he is not guilty of attempting a pun, for it is only in the English translation that the play upon words becomes evident. Gandia's sole purpose is to show that the expressions "Here lies," "Here sleeps," and "Here rests," upon tombstones, are, scientifically and morally speaking, falsehoods, for neither does the physical nor the soul rest after death, but obeying a law of nature both continue their endless career in the plan of creation.

There is one poet to whom the native of Porto Rico will always refer with affection as well as pride: José Gautier. Described by a contemporary as the "melancholy singer" of his native land, his verses represent in the literature of the island the note most truly sweet and profoundly sincere that has ever been sung by native bard. Possessed with affection for humanity and zeal for his country, the poems of Gautier are as truly the product of an inspired mind as ever were the writings of poet of a larger land or stronger race. Gautier is said to be for Porto Rico what Beranger was for France. He interprets the sentiments, the thoughts, and aspirations of his countrymen as none other has done. The melancholy which characterizes his writings can be attributed to two causes. He was marked for a premature death, for he died when but little past thirty, and his physical suffering was augmented by the unhappiness which darkened his domestic life and left him the prey of bitter thoughts and saddened memories. Yet he can hardly be said to approach the cynical even in his most bitter reflections. Perhaps the nearest evidence of it is in the lines:

"To my friend, F. P., on the death of his son."

"Never," he cries, "Never shall he who has looked upon death, find resignation!"

"Men may preach of resignation, but the calm which looks on death
Is the calm of curling seawaves waiting but the tempest's breath.
In each heart which once has suffered from a loss none can restore,
There remains a brooding silence, impotency, nothing more.

"Man, the helpless pigmy, wrestles with a destiny unsought,
Lured by the delusive glamor of his melancholy lot,
Flattered by a pompous name, unconscious often of his plight—
A Prometheus bound with shackles to a planet in its flight."

His confidence betrayed by the woman he had loved, he turns for solace to his little daughter:

"Tú eres mi Dios, mi religión, mi todo;"
(Thou art my God, my religion, my all;)

he says to her.

"Por tí, mi dulce Luisa, por tí sola,
Sed de laureles y de gloria tengo."
(For thee, my sweet Luisa, for thee alone,
I thirst for laurels and for glory.)

"Do not seek happiness," he cries, "neither in man nor in woman.

Take things as they are, as God has made them.
And forget not that Paradise
Exists, alas, but in the Scriptures."

If in his lyrics, Gautier expresses, as only can be expressed in the seductive melody of his native tongue, the human sentiments of passion and sorrow; of love, of weariness, and of despair; in the verses addressed to his country he voices an unsuspected patriotism, a loyalty, not for Spain far across the sea, but for "la tierra americana," since natives, like Gautier, are Porto Ricans before they are anything else, even while the hope expressed for their future peace and glorious destiny as a people is pathetic in its very vagueness.

Read Gautier's "To Porto Rico (in absence)," written while the poet was a student in Spain, an "exile," as he calls himself. The following is a fragment:

"Porto Rico, native land,
With thy mountains lifted high;
With thy palm-fringed, emerald strand,
With thy tropic luxury,

Exile 'neath a foreign sky,
Far, oh far from thee I rove;
In my dreams I thee descry
With the yearning eyes of love.

I, thy wandering son, can feel
In my dreams, thy rivers flowing;
From thy flowers sweet perfumes steal;
Through thy cane-fields, zephyrs blowing.

In old Ocean's circling arms
Thou art locked in warm embrace.
Jealously he guards thy charms,
Lover of thy tropic grace.

Thou didst give sweet life to her
Who inspires my tend'rest lay;
Thoughts of thee within me stir
Memories of the far away.

Thou the sea-shell, iris-hued,
In whose depths the pearl was born;
Thou the nest, none may intrude,
Where the ring-dove greets the morn.

If in careless years, my youth
To thy charms indifferent seemed,
Oh my country, know, forsooth,
I had not of exile dreamed.

I had not, a wanderer sad,
Viewed thee through a stormy void.
I was then a thoughtless lad,
Treasuring hopes long since destroyed.

And to-day, in distant Spain,
I would give the gold of earth,
To possess thee once again,
Thou fair island of my birth.

But Gautier is perhaps at his best in his longer poem, "Puerto Rico."

The grave of Gautier, in the cemetery at San Juan, is just across the path from Acosta's, and like that of the historian, is marked by a column of white marble and a bust of the author. On the face of the shaft are inscribed several verses selected from the poet's own writings, containing a request to his friends not to entomb his body in some gloomy niche within the catacombs, but to place it in the earth on the sunny slope beyond, where he may feel the pulsations of life in grass and flowers and the living sun of his beloved "Borinquen."

Some Children's Books of Old.

By Mrs. W. E. Holmes.

Dr. Francis Wayland Parker said: "There is something serious the matter with a child nowadays who wishes to be an angel."

Two or three generations ago, it was not uncommon for children of six or eight years of age, to converse of death and immortality. In a collection of fifty books, published for children, from the years 1830 to 1850, I have found that most of the stories were written for the purpose of producing in the child's mind, a fear of death. Thus *fearing*, the child was to prepare for its approach.

In a magazine for children, "revised by a committee of publication," six pages are given to an article of this nature. Here are a few lines,

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push you to the tomb.

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, you are not for an instant without liability to sudden death."

In one book is an account of the happy

death of William Green, age eleven, in which the intense suffering of death from pneumonia is graphically depicted. In a long dialogue, he is asked if he thinks he will get better. "Oh, no," he replied. "I do not *wish* to be better." In a book of "Anecdotes," 1838, a child of five is "a monitor in the infant school." "He sings himself to sleep with a hymn. In the morning he wakes with a hymn, and last night he was at it while asleep; for in his *sleep* he was repeating the ten commandments." In the same book, a child (who died before he was three years old) gives to his father's glazier a New Testament. "He directed him to *consider* that striking passage: 'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet,' quoting the long verse correctly to the end. No wonder the child died young—most children do in these books.

In the "New England Primer," used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, second edition, Boston, 1691, are these lines:

"In the burying ground I see
Graves shorter there than I;
From Death's arrest no age is free,
Young children, too, may die.
My God, may such an awful sight,
Awakening be to me.
Oh, that by early grace I might
For Death preparéd be."

In 1839, a magazine for children published in New York, gave its readers a long story, entitled "The Churchyard Prattler":

"Bessie Sawyer was between five and six years old, and lived with her mother in a little cottage near the village church. Susan Sawyer, her mother, brought up little Bessie very nicely. She taught her to sew, to knit, and to read. She often read a chapter to Susan while she was washing, ironing, or mending. Susan wanted to convince Bessie that life was uncertain, so she gave her a piece of string, that she might go into the churchyard and measure the little graves!"

Four pages are devoted to Bessie's prattle to herself, as she goes from mound to mound, and finds what she was sent for.

"Mother says, that a great many children die before they are as old as *I* am, and I see that she is right. My *string* tells me that.

"*How odd that I never brought a string here before!*

"Oh, here is another little stone with verses on it. I must read these:

"Two little babes this death-bed share;
However young, prepare, prepare."

Instead of running home to her mother in a fit of nervous fright, this unnatural little saint goes to visit a little friend who had *wickedly* declared "*she* was going to be an old woman and walk with a stick and wear a mob cap." She repeats to her friend the grewsome lines, and exultantly informs her that she cannot be sure of living to be an old woman to walk

with a stick and wear a mob cap! It was not uncommon for children to advise children in 1830, at least not in magazines.

A superintendent writes a letter to his school in 1830, thus:

"It is a *pleasant* thing for little children to go on a Sunday evening into the graveyard and read the inscriptions, as they are called, on the tombstones. Some do it because it *helps* them to feel more *serious* and *sober*, and to *believe* more easily what their teachers tell them of death. I am sure no child, *that is not very bad*, could copy these epitaphs without getting some good from it."

The stories of Miss Edgeworth, written a hundred years ago (1796), were of *real* little boys and girls. She did not believe in giving children either fairy stories or poetry, but there was nothing to fill a child's mind with alarm in her works. Dr. Johnson believed children did not care for stories of babies like themselves. He said they needed to have their imaginations raised by tales of fairies, castles, and enchantment.

But of all the magazines for children in my collection, none have fairies or castles, or *real* boys and girls! Children are told that "hymns should be sung to their baby brothers and sisters instead of 'Bye O, Baby Bunting' and the like." An image of *physical* death was not enough torture for the little children:

"No, children, no! There is a death
More fearful than the loss of breath.
A place *more* fearful than the tomb,
And darker, drearier than its gloom."

A supervisor of drawing said, in demonstrating the work of the children under her care, "A child will attempt anything unless the element of fear enters his mind. Then he becomes weak and loses power."

We rejoice that Louisa Alcott and Longfellow and hosts of the best writers, have devoted their talents to the entertainment and instruction of the children. As all growing things in nature need the sunshine and dew and gentle spring rains, so do these treasures in our homes, our little children, need to be surrounded by the tenderest, most loving care. Of the greatest importance will their first books be to them. A taste for good books will make life a joy, through all the years to come.

Aurora, Illinois.

Not the Same Kind.

"Beg pardon," said the long-haired visitor, "but is there a literary club around here anywhere?"

"Yes," replied the editor, significantly, as he reached under his desk. "Are you a literary man?"

ORIGIN OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

An unusually welcome volume was "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll." For a generation this author's famous story, "Alice in Wonderland," has been the delight of young and old, but little has been known of the writer, whose real name was C. L. Dodgson, owing to his aversion to publicity and to being interviewed and written about. A nephew of the famous author was chosen by the brothers and sisters of Lewis Carroll to write a memoir, and he certainly did his work with great tact, judgment, and good taste. Not only was Mr. Dodgson an Oxford don and a man in holy orders, but a writer of the deepest kind of mathematical works, and there is a story to the effect that Queen Victoria, after reading "Alice in Wonderland," sent immediately for the other books of the writer, and was surprised when several erudite volumes regarding the higher mathematics were laid upon her table.

Mr. Carroll, who never married, was the most precise and exact of old bachelors:

He made a *précis* of every letter he wrote or received from the first of January, 1861, to the eighth of the same month, 1898. These *précis* were all numbered and entered in reference-books, and by an ingenious system of cross-numbering he was able to trace a whole correspondence, which might extend through several volumes. The last number entered in his book is 98,721. He had scores of green card-board boxes, all neatly labelled, in which he kept his various papers. These boxes formed quite a feature of his study at Oxford, a large number of them being arranged upon a revolving bookstand. The lists, of various sorts, which he kept were innumerable; one of them, that of unanswered correspondents, generally held seventy or eighty names at a time, exclusive of autograph-hunters, whom he did not answer, on principle. He seemed to delight in being arithmetically accurate about every detail of life.

He was modest in the true sense of the term, neither overestimating nor underrating his own mental powers, and preferring to follow his own course, without regarding criticism:

"I never read anything about myself or my books," he writes in a letter to a friend; and the reason he used to give was that if the critics praised him he might become conceited; while, if they found fault, he would only feel hurt and angry. On October 25, 1888, he wrote in his diary: "I see there is a leader in to-day's *Standard* on myself as a writer; but I do not mean to read it. It is not healthy reading, I think."

He hated publicity, and tried to avoid it in every way:

"Do not tell any one, if you see me in the theatre," he once wrote to Miss Marion Terry. On another occasion, when he was dining out at Oxford, and some one who did not know that it was a forbidden subject turned the conversation on "Alice in Wonderland," he arose suddenly and fled from the house. I could multiply instances of this sort, but it would be unjust to his memory to insist upon the morbid way in which he regarded personal popularity. As compared with self-advertisement, it is certainly the lesser evil; but that it *is* an evil, and a very painful one to its possessor, Mr. Dodgson fully saw. Of course it had its humorous side, as, for instance, when he was brought into contact with lion-hunters, autograph-collectors, *et hoc genus omne*. He was very suspicious of unknown correspondents who addressed questions to him; in later years he either did not answer them at all, or used a type-writer. Before he bought his type-writer, he would get some friend to write for him, and even to sign "Lewis Carroll" at the end of the letter. It used to give him great amusement to picture the astonishment of the recipients of these letters, if by any chance they ever came to compare his "autographs." On one occasion the secretary of a "young ladies' academy" in the United States asked him to present some of his works to the school library. The envelope was addressed to "Lewis Carroll, Christ Church," an incongruity which always annoyed him intensely. He replied to the secretary: "As Mr. Dodgson's books are all on mathematical subjects, he fears that they would not be very acceptable in a school library."

Instead of spending his income from his books and other sources in a life of luxury and selfishness, he distributed lavishly where he saw it was needed, and, in order to do this, always lived in the most simple way:

To make others happy was the golden rule of his life. On August 31st he wrote, in a letter to a friend, Miss Mary Brown: "And now what am I to tell you about myself. To say I am quite well 'goes without saying' with me. In fact, my life is so strangely free from all trials and trouble that I can not doubt my own happiness is one of the talents intrusted to me to 'occupy' with, till the Master shall return, by doing something to make other lives happy." In several instances, where friends in needy circumstances have written to him for loans of money, he has answered them: "I will not *lend*, but I will *give* you the hundred pounds you ask for." To help child-friends who wanted to go on the stage or to take up music as a profession, he has introduced them to leading actors and actresses, paid for them having lessons in singing from the best masters, and sent around circulars to his numerous acquaintances begging them to patronize the first concert or recital.

He had a wonderfully good memory, except for faces and dates:

The former were always a stumbling-block to him, and people used to say (most unjustly) that he was intentionally short-sighted. One night he went up to London to dine with a friend, whom he had only recently met. The next morning a gentleman greeted him as he was walking. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Dodgson, "but you have the advantage of me. I have no remembrance of having ever seen you before this moment." "That is very strange," the other replied, "for I was your host last night."

Whenever a new idea presented itself to his mind he used to make a note of it:

He even invented a system by which he could take notes in the dark, if happy thought or ingenious problem suggested itself to him during a sleepless night. Like most men who systematically overtax their brains, he was a poor sleeper. He would sometimes go through a whole book of Euclid in bed; he was so familiar with the book-work that he could actually see the figures before him in the dark, and did not confuse the letters, which is perhaps even more remarkable.

Here is a little anecdote which Lewis Carroll jotted down for future use:

Dr. Paget was conducting a school examination and in the course of his questions he happened to ask a small child the meaning of "average." He was utterly bewildered by the reply, "The thing that hens lay on," until the child explained that he had read in a book that hens lay *on an average* so many eggs a year.

Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, who was the original of the heroine of "Alice in Wonderland," thus relates its origin:

"Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow, near Oxford. My eldest sister, now Mrs. Skene, was Prima, I was Secunda, and Tertia was my sister Edith. I believe the beginning of 'Alice' was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition of 'Tell us a story,' and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say: 'And that's all till next time.' 'Ah, but it is next time!' would be the exclamation from all three; and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay."

"Alice's Adventures Underground" was the original name of the story; later on it became "Alice's Hour in Elfland." It was

not until June 8, 1864, that he finally decided upon "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland":

When he promised to write out "Alice" for Miss Liddell he had no idea of publication; but his friend, Mr. George Macdonald, to whom he had shown the story, persuaded him to submit it to a publisher. Messrs. Macmillan agreed to produce it, and Mr. Tenniel was the illustrator. On July 4, 1865, exactly three years after the memorable row up the river, Miss Alice Liddell received the first presentation copy of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland;" the second was sent to Princess Beatrice. The first edition, which consisted of two thousand copies, was condemned by both author and illustrator, for the pictures did not come out well. All purchasers were accordingly asked to return their copies, and to send their names and addresses; a new edition was prepared and distributed to those who sent back their old copies, which the author gave away to various homes and hospitals. The substituted edition was a complete success, "a perfect piece of artistic printing," as Mr. Dodgson called it. He hardly dared to hope that more than two thousand copies would be sold, and anticipated a considerable loss over the book. His surprise was great when edition after edition was demanded and when he found that "Alice," far from being a momentary failure, was bringing him in a very considerable income every year.

Of the popularity of "Alice," Mr. Collingwood says:

"Alice" has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Dutch, while one poem, "Father William," has even been turned into Arabic. Several plays have been based upon it; lectures have been given, illustrated by magic-lantern slides of Tenniel's pictures, which have also adorned wall-papers and biscuit-boxes. Mr. Dodgson himself designed a very ingenious "Wonderland" stamp-case; there has been an "Alice" birthday book; at schools, children have been taught to read out of "Alice," while the German edition, shortened and simplified for the purpose, has also been used as a lesson-book. With the exception of Shakespeare's plays, very few, if any, books are so frequently quoted in the daily press as the two "Alices."

On March 29, 1876, "The Hunting of the Snark" was published, and it is interesting to note how many different interpretations it received. Many people have tried to show that "The Hunting of the Snark" was an allegory; some regarding it as being a burlesque upon the Tichborne case; others taking the "Snark" as a personification of popularity. Lewis Carroll always protested that the poem had no meaning at all:

As to the meaning of the 'Snark' [he wrote to a friend in America], "I'm very much afraid I

didn't mean anything but nonsense. Still you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them, so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer means. So, whatever good meanings are in the book, I am glad to accept as the meaning of the book. The best that I've seen is by a lady (she published it in a letter to a newspaper), that the whole book is an allegory on the search after happiness. I think this fits in beautifully in many ways, particularly about the bathing machines. When the people get weary of life, and can't find happiness in towns or in books, then they rush off to the sea-side, to see what bathing-machines will do for them."

Many of his friendships with children began in a railway carriage, for he always took about with him a stock of puzzles when he travelled, to amuse any little companions whom chance might send him:

Once he was in a carriage with a lady and her little daughter, both strangers to him. The child was reading "Alice in Wonderland," and when she put her book down he began talking to her about it. The mother soon joined in the conversation, of course without the least idea who the stranger was with whom she was talking. "Isn't it sad," she said, "about poor Mr. Lewis Carroll? He's gone mad, you know. I assure you it is quite true. I have it on the best authority." Before Mr. Dodgson parted with her, he obtained her leave to send a present to the little girl, and a few days afterward she received a copy of "Through the Looking Glass," inscribed with her name, and "From the author in memory of a pleasant journey."

Some remained friends for life; but in a large proportion of cases the friendship ended with the end of childhood. To one of those few whose affection for him had not waned with increasing years, he wrote:

"I always feel specially grateful to friends who, like you, have given me a child-friendship and a woman-friendship. About nine out of ten, I think, of my child-friendships get shipwrecked at the critical point 'where the stream and river meet,' and the child-friends, once so affectionate, become uninteresting acquaintances whom I have no wish to set eyes on again."

The chapters devoted to his letters to children are most delightful reading and bubble over with the drollest nonsense. Take this one, for instance:

"MY DEAR MAGDALEN: I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but, you see, I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people in the street that I was going to see you, but they wouldn't listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I couldn't make out what was in it. I saw some

features at first, then I looked through a telescope, and found it was a countenance; then I looked through a microscope, and found it was a face! I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a large looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy I found it was me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk when myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said: 'Do you remember when we all met at Sandown?' and myself said: 'It was very jolly there; there was a child called Magdalen,' and me said: 'I used to like her a little; not much, you know—only a little.' Then it was time for us to go to the train, and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess, so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happen to be here just now and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends,

LEWIS CARROLL AND C. L. DODGSON."

To Miss Gaynor Simpson, one of his Guildford friends, he wrote:

"MY DEAR GAYNOR: My name is spelt with a G that is to say 'Dodgson.' Any one who spells it the same as that wretch (I mean, of course, the chairman of committees of the House of Commons) offends me *deeply* and *forever!* It is a thing I *can* forget, but *never can forgive!* If you do it again I shall call you 'aynor.' Could you live happy with such a name? As to dancing, my dear, I *never* dance, unless I am allowed to do it in *my own peculiar way*. There is no use trying to describe it; it has to be seen to be believed. The last house I tried it in, the floor broke through. But then it was a poor sort of floor—the beams were only six inches thick, hardly worth calling beams at all; stone arches are much more sensible when any dancing, *of my peculiar kind*, is to be done. Did you ever see the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, at the Zoölogical Gardens, trying to dance a minuet together? It is a touching sight. Give any message from me to Amy that you think will be likely to surprise her.

"Please offer to your sister all the necessary apologies for the liberties I have taken with her name. My only excuse is, that I know no other; and how *am* I to guess what the full name is? It *may* be Carlotta, or Zealot, or Ballot, or Lotus-blossom (a very pretty name), or even Charlotte. Never have I sent anything to a young lady of whom I have a more shadowy idea. Name, an enigma; age, somewhere between one and nineteen (you've no idea how bewildering it is, alternately picturing her as a little, toddling thing of five, and a tall girl of fifteen!); disposition—well I *have* a fragment of information on *that* question—your mother says, as to my coming, 'It must be when Lottie is at home, or she would never forgive us.' Still I *can not* consider the mere fact that she is of an unforgiving disposition as a complete view of her character. I feel sure she has some other qualities besides."

Another characteristic letter is addressed

to Miss Gertrude Chataway, another of his little friends:

"MY DEAR MISS GERTRUDE: This really will *not* do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post; the parcel gets so heavy it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. 'Two pounds to pay, sir!' he cried. '*Extra weight, sir!*' (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay two *pounds*, when I think it should be *pence*.) 'Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!' I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a postman—it's a very pretty sight), 'do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!'

"'Only from a little girl' he growled. 'What are little girls made of?' 'Sugar and spice,' I began to say, 'and all that's ni——' but he interrupted me. 'No! I don't mean *that*. I mean what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?' 'Well they're not *much* good certainly,' I said, rather sadly.

"'Mind you don't get any more such letters, he said; 'at least, not from that particular little girl. *I know her well, and she's a regular bad one!*' That's not true, is it? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him we would send each other very few more letters. 'Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so,' I said. 'Oh!' he said, 'a little number like *that* doesn't signify. What I meant is, you mustn't send *many*.'

"So, you see, we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we mustn't write any more, unless the postman gives us leave."

At another time he wrote to the same little girl:

"MY DEAREST GERTRUDE: You will be sorry, and surprised, and puzzled, to hear what a queer illness I have had ever since you went. I sent for the doctor, and said; 'Give me some medicine, for I am tired.' He said: 'Nonsense and stuff! You don't want medicine; go to bed!' I said: 'No; it isn't the sort of tiredness that wants bed. I'm tired in the *face*.' He looked a little grave, and said: 'Oh, it's your *nose* that's tired; a person often talks too much when he thinks he nose a great deal.' I said: 'No; it isn't the nose. Perhaps it's the *hair*.' Then he looked rather grave, and said: '*Now* I understand; you've been playing too many hairs on the piano-forte.' 'No, indeed I haven't!' I said, 'and it isn't exactly the *hair*; it's more about the nose and chin.' Then he looked a great deal graver, and said: 'Have you been walking much on your chin lately?' I said: 'No.' 'Well!' he said, 'it puzzles me very much. Do you think that it's in the lips?' 'Of course!' I said; 'that's exactly what it is!' Then he looked very grave indeed, and said: 'I think you must have been giving too many kisses.' 'Well,' I said, 'I did give *one* kiss to a baby child—a little friend of mine.'

'Think again,' he said; 'are you sure it was only *one*?' Then the doctor said: 'You must not give her *any* more till your lips are quite rested again.' 'But what am I to do?' I said; 'because, you see, I owe her a hundred and eighty-two more.' Then he looked so grave that the tears ran down his cheeks, and he said: 'You may send them to her in a box.' Then I remembered a little box that I once bought at Dover, and thought I would some day give it to *some* little girl or other. So I have packed them all in it, very carefully. Tell me if they come safe, or if any are lost on the way."

The story of the cats, told in letters addressed to Agnes and Amy Hughes, is a good example of the wild and delightful nonsense with which he amused his little friends:

"That reminds me of a very curious thing that happened to me at half-past four yesterday. Three visitors came knocking at my door, begging me to let them in. And when I opened the door, who do you think they were? You'll never guess. Why, they were three cats. Wasn't it curious? However, they all looked so cross and disagreeable that I took up the first thing I could lay my hand on (which happened to be the rolling-pin) and knocked them all down as flat as pancakes! 'If *you* come knocking at *my* door,' I said, 'I shall come knocking at *your* heads.' That was fair, was it not?"

In the second he continues:

"About the cats, you know. Of course I didn't leave them lying flat on the ground like dried flowers; no, I picked them up, and I was as kind as I could be to them. I lent them the portfolio for a bed—they wouldn't have been comfortable in a real bed, you know; they were too thin—but they were quite happy between the sheets of blotting-paper—and each of them had a pen-wiper for a pillow. Well, then I went to bed; but first I lent them the three dinner-bells to ring if they wanted anything in the night. You know I have *three* dinner-bells; the first (which is the largest) is rung when the dinner is *nearly* ready; the second (which is rather larger) is rung when it is quite ready; and the third (which is as large as the other two put together) is rung all the time I am at dinner. Well, I told them they might ring if they happened to want anything—and, as they rang *all* the bells *all* night, I suppose they did want something or other, only I was too sleepy to attend to them.

"In the morning I gave them some rat-tail jelly and buttered mice for breakfast, and they were as discontented as they could be. They wanted some boiled pelican, but of course I knew it wouldn't be good for them. So all I said was 'Go to Number Two, Finborough Road, and ask for Agnes Hughes, and if it's really good for you, she'll give you some.' Then I shook hands with them all, and wished them all good-bye, and drove them up the chimney. They seemed very sorry to go, and they took the bells and the portfolio with them. I didn't find this out till after they had

gone, and then I was sorry, too, and wished for them back again. What do I mean by 'them'? Never mind.

"How are Arthur, and Amy, and Emily? Do they still go up and down Finborough Road and teach the cats to be kind to mice? I am very fond of all the cats in Finborough Road. Give them my love. Who do I mean by 'them'? Never mind."

He concludes the story in a third letter:

"You asked me after those three cats. Ah! the dear creatures! Do you know, ever since that night they first came they have *never left me*? Isn't it kind of them? Tell Agnes this. She will be interested to hear it. And they *are* so kind and thoughtful! Do you know, when I had gone out for a walk the other day, they got *all* my books out of the bookcase and opened them on the floor, to be ready for me to read. They opened them all at page 50, because they thought that would be a nice, useful page to begin at. It was rather unfortunate, though, because they took my bottle of gum and tried to gum pictures upon the ceiling (which they thought would please me), and by accident they spilt a quantity of it all over my books. So when they were shut up and put by the leaves all stuck together, and I can never read page 50 again in any of them!

"However they meant it very kindly, so I wasn't angry. I gave them each a spoonful of ink as a treat; but they were ungrateful for that and made dreadful faces. But, of course, as it was given them as a treat, they had to drink it. One of them has turned black since; it was a white cat to begin with."

The illustrations are of especial interest. The book contains a number of portraits of Lewis Carroll taken at different ages; many of his early drawings; portraits of his family and of his correspondents and friends—Tennyson, the Duke of Albany, Ruskin, Tom Taylor, George MacDonald, Ellen Terry, and Sir John Millais—all from photographs by Carroll himself; illustrations from his diary and sketches from his amateur papers edited by him in his boyhood. The book is also supplemented with a bibliography, an index, and an elaborate table of contents.

The Century Company, New York. Price, \$2.50.

The Novel of Misery.

In the *Quarterly* there is an article on "The Novel of Misery" in which the author discusses the meaning and tendency of certain novels in French and English literature. The explanation of the origin and vogue of "the novel of misery" reads as follows:

According to this theory, man, when all pleasant illusions are put aside, is a machine driven by a few well-defined appetites common to all animals,

and only dominates his fellow beasts by reason of being craftier, fiercer, and more devilish. This was called reality, and to write novels based on this fundamental conception of human nature was to be a realist. And the realist, recognizing the gulf that separated him from the novelists of an earlier day, was no longer content to be a mere man of letters. He bestowed upon himself the title of *homme de science*. The ennobling and purifying power of literature had no more place in his work than it would have had in a scientific monograph on earthworms.

Scientific monographs, however, do not enjoy a very large sale, and the realist did not wish to be a man of science in this respect. Consequently he had to find some other means of making his novel attractive to the general public. This was easily done. Not having the delight which an artist would have had in appealing to the higher instincts of a reader, the realist appealed to his worst. This was the triumph of the novel of misery. Of all classes of society the lowest was that which the realists loved most to describe. Here, they explained, was man, unsophisticated by civilization, in all the vileness and bestiality of nature. To picture him required not art, but merely insensibility. With this, one was able to treat of matters so horrible in themselves that a gift of description, which, if employed on the wholesome aspects of life, would be regarded as commonplace and insignificant, appeared remarkably powerful and effective.

Perhaps a list of the books which the article places under the title of "Novels of Misery" may be of interest:

"Nell Horn," "Le Termite," "L'Impérieuse Bonté," "La Charpent," by J. H. Rosny; "Workers in the Dawn," "The Unclassed," "Demos," "The Nether World," by George Gissing; "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" (in "Many Inventions"), by Rudyard Kipling; "Tales of Mean Streets," "A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison; "Lisa of Lambeth," by William Somerset Maugham; "East End Idylls," by A. St. John Adcock; "Mord Em'ly," by W. Pett Ridge; "Maggie: A Child of the Street," by Stephen Crane; "Out of Mulberry Street," by Jacob August Riis.

A story from London, which is not without a pathetic element, tells how a denominational magazine received a consignment of thirty-seven old books sent by a young man in New Zealand, who wished to dispose of these treasures in London for the sake of building a cottage for himself and his mother. There were in the collection odd volumes from the nine-volume edition of Pope, Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare," etc., and the whole consignment was valued at \$1.75. Old books are an uncertain property, unless one knows the market, and there is a great gulf between the "antique" and the "second-hand."

"THE BOOKS OF MY CHILDHOOD."

The editor of *T. P.'s Weekly* (London) has been asking a great number of people about the books of their childhood—something as to the names of those which most impressed them at the time and have remained in their memories to this day. Here are a few of the many replies *T. P.* has received.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD:

I don't remember any child's book; I don't think I ever read any; the first book I remember distinctly is Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer," which I read at the age of seven.

But within the last two years I've participated in my son's (age five) course of reading, and I share his tastes—in prose, Grimm and Andersen; in verse, Lear.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON:

As a child, my first memory is of "Cast up by the Sea," by Baker, "Quentin Durward," and "Robinson Crusoe." I read all Dickens' by the time I was twelve, and reveled in him. I think I read very few boys' books, so called, but an old volume, entitled "Half Hours with the Best Authors," charmed me beyond words, for it contained an account of de Latude's escape from the Bastile.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN:

The only books (other than "Robinson Crusoe," etc.) which I remember to have impressed me in early childhood are "A Story Without End," translated by Mrs. Austin from Carové, and "Grimm's Fairy Tales," with Cruikshank's illustrations; but I remember the general impression rather than details. I loved them both. I also remember a book called, I think, the "Excitement" (i.e., I presume, to reading), mainly on account of an edifying narrative telling how a profane person was at last found dead by the roadside, with his hair standing on end, and also with his breeches on and his drawers off, to show who had done it.

MR. ST. LOE STRACHEY:

Mr. Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*, writes:

I am afraid I cannot honestly say that any child's book laid any sort of hold on me in childhood, though many have done so since. It sounds dreadfully priggish, but the books I remember affecting my mind in childhood, besides the Bible, are Shakespeare, Scott, Milton, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," all of which were read to me both by my nurse and my father. I can distinctly remember the effect on my mind of "Macbeth," "Lear," "Guy Mannering," "Waverley," "Paradise Lost," and the first and second parts of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

DR. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL:

Dr. Nicoll is the greatest of Nonconformist

editors, and his conduct of the *British Weekly* has been brilliant from the first. He enumerates the books of his childhood as follows:

"Don Quixote," "The Arabian Nights," but especially a story "Memoranda of a Marine Office," which I read in old volumes of "Hogg's Instructor" at least fifty times. It was reprinted some twenty years ago by Mr. John Hogg under the title "The Adventures of Maurice Drummore." The author made changes, which were not improvements. He was the Rev. C. B. Greatrex, of Hope, near Ludlow. His first book, "Whitplings from the West, by Abel Log"—now very scarce—is the best picture I know of Canada in the forties of last century.

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

Mr. Shorter, the editor of the *Sphere* and *Tatler*, is always an interested and interesting writer on books, besides being a specialist on certain authors. He writes:

After a long term of years I still look back with keenest zest to my reading of "The Seven Champions of Christendom," a book in which I followed the adventures of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Denis with breathless interest. Recent inquiry has filled me with amazement at finding that "The Seven Champions" is not now in any publisher's list. My second, third, and fourth fancies were Bunyan's "Holy War," "The Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe."

MR. G. LEWIS HIND.

Mr. Hind, editor of the *Academy*, sends a reply at once methodical and intimate.

The stories of my childhood that I remember best are those that were told to me. 1. The stories of Shakespeare's plays told me by my mother in walks through muddy lanes, which always seemed to lead back to Highgate Cemetery. 2. Stories about one-eyed ghosts told me by my father walking home from church on Sunday evenings. Each lighted lamp-post was a new one-eyed ghost. 3. Two fairy tales told me many times by an elder sister. One was called "The Light Princess," the other was about another princess who felt a pea through fourteen mattresses. I think it gave her a sleepless night.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME:

I recall two books, the one "Hans Andersen," the other the translation of a story from the German, called, if I forget not, "The Story Without an End." The title might alarm, especially having regard to German tendencies, but it was really quite short. I have never been able to find it again, and perhaps this is as well.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE:

The story books which impressed my imagination as a child were mostly of a didactic and evangelical order. I trace all my love of naturalism

in fiction to that grim and fascinating romance, "The Fairchild Family." A story called "Ministering Children"—somewhat gaudily pathetic I am afraid—seemed to me exquisitely written, and awakened a sense of "style" in a blind fashion. And in pure adventure, mingled with realism, my infant mind was gorged with emotions by "Tom Cringle's Log," which, by the way, was anything but evangelical. These three books, so widely different, haunt me still.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT:

I had read "Dr. Syntax," "Don Quixote," and "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments" before I was six, so I don't think I wanted any children's books after that dose, which I swallowed in an old library at the then village of Stony Stratford. Miss Yonge's novel, "The Heir of Redclyffe," interested me, but the first book that clutched me by the throat was "Jane Eyre," by Currer Bell [i.e., Charlotte Brontë].

To tell the candid truth, I always loathed and detested children's books, but I loved children's ballad books: "Sisters Anna and Mary were walking one day in London's fair city so wide," and the tale of the greedy boy who sold his soul for jam-tarts. I wish I could get those old poetry books. "Sandford and Merton" was an abomination to my youthful mind, and made me rather sick.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY:

I was never, even in my days of childhood, much given to the reading of books especially intended for children. My favorite reading in those far-off years was found in "The Arabian Nights," in "Gulliver's Travels," in "Robinson Crusoe," and, I must add, in Pope's "Homer's Iliad." My delight in these books is with me a living memory still.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN:

"The Boy in Grey," by Henry Kingsley, illustrated by Arthur Hughes, was the best trap for a child's imagination that I ever came across, as combining fairy-tale, hero-worship, and symbolism. It became the best book of my childhood because it was beautiful, because I could not understand it, and because of the illustrations.

MR. ARTHUR MORRISON:

As to avowed books for children, I can remember none that left a lasting impression on me, except that I *did* encounter certain "goody" books, much in favor at the time, about which I recollect nothing but that I abominated them. I think "The Pilgrim's Progress" was the first book that delighted me, though I can claim no credit as a model child on that account, for, indeed, it appealed to me merely as a very excellent story of adventure told in vivid terms. After that came the inevitable "Robinson Crusoe," and then—I really cannot remember with any distinctness any other book till I come to "Guy Mannering," which I think I read when I was about nine or

ten. I believe that I was in some degree interested by "Grimm's Fairy Tales," but I remember little or nothing of them. After "Guy Mannering" I think I never read a child's book of any sort.

MR. HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

Mr. Henry Norman edits the London *World's Work*:

The first book that made a deep impression upon me was "Sandford and Merton," when my mother read it to me. Mr. Barlow was to me a most impressive personality.

The first book I remember reading by myself was Lear's "Nonsense Verses," of which I never tired, but of all books of my childhood the favorite, and the one of which I have the keenest recollection, was "Peterkin, or the Gorilla Hunters." It had to be rebound twice for me, and I am sure it planted the seed which grew into a good deal of wandering and adventure later on.

MR. ANDREW LANG:

Mr. Lang fears that his child's books were grown-up books. He read in childhood "The Arabian Nights," Scott's Poems, and Shakespeare.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE:

I think the "Pilgrim's Progress" was the book which left most impression upon me. "Robinson Crusoe," and, later, "Alice's Adventures," stand out also.

MADAME SARAH GRAND:

"The Fairchild Family" is the book of all others which has made the most lasting impression on me. I never read a word of it, but my mother knew it off by heart, and would tell us the stories again and again to keep us quiet. I fancy I remember them all still—those delightfully human beings, Lucy, Emily, and Henry, with their admirable parents; the proud Miss Auguste Noble, who figured in our estimation as a parvenue, because of the airs she gave herself, and met a fate which she richly deserved, being burned to death, if I am not mistaken, in an attempt to look at herself in the glass over the mantelpiece; but that may have been some other story. Then the occasion on which Henry began Latin, and Emily stole the jam, and nearly caught her death of cold by wetting her pinafore in an attempt to wash out the traces of her crime. And when she awoke at night in a burning fever, and there was a dreadful Eye watching her! I used to lie awake at night yearning to steal jam in order to have that thrilling experience. It is to that book that I trace my earliest and most cherished ideals of life.

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX:

During my boyhood in the old provincial town of Chateauroux (Indre) I read in French two well-worn and tattered books which fired me with ambition to become a writer of romance. Both were by Jules Verne, who in later years became my personal friend. The title of one was "The English at the North Pole"; but the title of the

other I do not now recollect, save that the master of adventure dealt with those troublous days in France in 1870-1, when Paris was besieged. Those two were the books that made the earliest impression upon me and induced me to devour and to study the methods of the other French masters of romance. Jules Verne whetted my appetite, and to his influence I attribute my determination to succeed as a teller of stories.

MR. NAT GOULD.

Mr. Nat Gould, the novelist, writes:

The first book of my childhood which is vividly impressed upon my memory is a large animal picture book, printed in the most extraordinary colors. A faithful old black retriever dog sat on my bed when I was ill, and dexterously turned over the leaves with her tongue. When she perceived an animal in any way resembling the canine race she growled, and that leaf went over with remarkable rapidity. This was followed by "Masterman Ready" and "Cast Up by the Sea," which I must have read many times.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN.

Mr. Sidney Colvin, the Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, writes:

The two child's story books which I cared (and still care) for most are Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" and Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring." I read them first when I was eight and nine years old respectively, and had a passion for them both. J. R. was a friend of my people, and he and his mother made much of me as a small boy. How far this may have helped to rub in the impression of the Golden River I can't say; but there it was. No other books counted with me in comparison with these until I read "Rob Roy" (also at nine years old).

Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

It is a publisher's privilege "to share the triumph and partake the gale" of a great writer's fame. When we say of an author that his works will perish only with the language, we are saying nearly as much for his publisher's reputation. Thus the following names are inseparably associated:—

Goldsmith	with	John Newbery.
Byron	"	Murray.
Macaulay	"	Longmans.
Dickens	"	Chapman and Hall.
Thackeray	"	Smith, Elder.
Brete Harte	"	Houghton, Mifflin.
Mark Twain	"	Harpers.

and so on. Well, one hundred years ago, on December 27, 1802, died the man who published Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Blackstone's "Commentaries," the works of David Hume, and those of Scotland's great historian, Robertson. This was Thomas Cadell.

To many of these men Cadell was introduced by his predecessor in business, Andrew Millar, that most worthy bookseller of the Strand, whose liberality to authors caused Dr. Johnson to say of him, "I respect Millar, sir, he has raised the price of literature." Cadell was not less liberal or generous with authors. To Dr. Johnson himself Cadell offered a large sum if he would write him a volume of devotional exercises, but the doctor refused "from motives of the sincerest modesty."

Cadell's business was at 144 Strand, and for some years he was in partnership with William Strahan. It was in this period that he published the "Decline and Fall." Gibbon himself tells the story:—

I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer, and they undertook the care and risk of the publication (of the "Decline and Fall"), which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to 500, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan.

Elsewhere Gibbon describes Cadell as "that honest and liberal bookseller."

Of Cadell's relations with David Hume a pleasant story is told. Hume could not be ruffled by criticism. Dr. Campbell attacked his theory of miracles, and he was amiable; Dr. Wallace wrote against him, and he corrected his opponent's manuscript for the press. Reid controverted his philosophy, and Hume lent him a hand. Knowing that he had many other severe critics, Hume asked Cadell to arrange a little dinner at his house, where he could meet them. The dinner came off and was a great success.

When he required relaxation Cadell used to go to the Shakespeare Tavern in Wych street, of which, in later days, Mark Lemon was the landlord before he took up the editorship of *Punch*. The Shakespeare's Head is about to disappear under the Strand-Holborn improvement scheme. A rather good story of a literary windfall is told in connection with Cadell. John Hawkesworth, a well-known miscellaneous writer, was rather casually asked by Lord Sandwich to revise "Cook's Voyages." His lordship thought it might be putting a little money into the editor's pocket. Hawkesworth did scarcely anything to the manuscript, yet he sold it to Cadell for £6,000. Cadell retired from business in 1793 with a comfortable fortune. His chief assistant in business had been one Robin Lawless, and on his retirement Cadell had Lawless's portrait painted by an eminent artist, and always showed it to his friends as the chief ornament of his drawing-room.

IN AN OLD BOOKSHOP.

By F. A. Eastman.

Second-hand, or what are more commonly designated old, book stores appear to be on the increase in Chicago. Certainly they have largely increased since the time, back in the late '50's, when the first considerable store of the kind was opened on Washington street, where second-hand books and magazines were bought for the railroad trade. The proprietor of this shop had a monopoly of this trade. They sent out on certain trains on every railroad line young men or boys, each with a day's stock of solid literature. Most of the books were soiled or badly worn, and the periodical publications offered were for the most part in a still worse condition.

That was a time before writers and publishers had thought to produce books either bound or in paper covers and comic sheets of every degree of badness, and all addressed to railway passengers. Stalls piled up and loaded down with such trashy reading matter were not then to be seen at stations along the line of any railroad in this country. Even the daily newspapers were not then sold on the trains running out of Chicago, and had it been attempted to sell them there would have been few if any buyers beyond a distance of half a hundred miles or so from the city, so limited was the newspaper field.

In 1857, when two railroad corporations were operating both on one line between here and Milwaukee, publishers of newspapers in Chicago and also in Milwaukee were all seized with a fit of enterprise, and their issues were put on a single morning train each way. But the Chicago papers had no buyers above the State line and Milwaukee papers did not sell below that line. The reason, of course, was that all the daily newspapers of the period were almost exclusively local; there was rarely more than from two-thirds of a column to a column and a half of telegraph news, and it was identically the same in all of them.

But to return to the second-hand book store. One may be found on almost every principal street and on some of them there are several. Nowhere better than in the largest of them can the intelligent, curious man spend an hour. But one needs not to visit the largest in order to meet with surprises in the shape of books turning up that one has been hearing of all one's life and has never seen. These may be on one subject or another that the world has

nearly forgotten, but the titles of the books and the names of their authors remain dimly in book-lovers' memories. In a small old book store at an out-of-the-way place in the north division the owner vouchsafed the information that he was born in Sussex, England, that he was once in the employ of Quarich, the great old book dealer in London who died last year, and that he had for a number of years a shop in Toronto, Ont.

His most ancient and unsalable books are the ones he prizes most highly. He is an aged man and as he has owned some of these, as he says, ever since he was thirty years of age and never had an offer to buy them, he expects and indeed hopes to have them with him to the end. He is a character that might have been seized upon by any of the great novelists and made much of. And his figure would have tempted the pencil of Cruikshank.

Here is a volume bearing a London, England, imprint of a date eighty-odd years ago and its contents are Cobbett's letters written from this country and printed in his Political Register, denouncing the policy of the English government in warring against the United States, and telling the English people how egregiously and persistently their government was lying about the events of the war. This is a much-worn volume that evidently has been the property at one time of a resentful Englishman and at another time of a patriotic American. This is plainly shown by the marginal annotations, which in the handwriting of one is abuse of Cobbett and in that of the other is praise of him and crowing exultation.

Piled up with the Cobbett and other old volumes was found a strange book that bears date 1863, in a second edition. The author was, or is, Griffin Lee of Texas. The title is "Pre-Adamite Man: The Story of the Human Race from 35,000 to 100,000 Years Ago." The dedication is as follows:

TO
HONEST ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President of the United States,
As Testimony of My Gratitude for His Efforts to
Save the Nation and Widen the Area
of Human Freedom;
To
The Thinking Men and Women of Our Grand but
Distracted Nation,
East as Well as West, North as Well as South,
And to
Charles Trinius
Of Strahlsund, Prussia.

The first thing about this book to cause surprise is the date of its publication, taken in connection with the author's place of residence and the dedication to Abraham Lincoln. Eighteen hundred and sixty-three was a most trying year of the civil war, and Texans were not less opposed to the union cause than were the Virginians. How Griffin Lee, who was a resident of Texas, could have mustered the courage to put in the title page of his book the name of the President at Washington is an unanswerable question just now.

At the principal bookstores in this city neither Mr. Griffin nor his book is known. His publisher was Sinclair Tousey, New York, but he some time ago went out of business. It would be interesting to know whether he made or lost money by this book that was written to upset all accepted beliefs in the domain of history.

"Fictions of Chronology" is the caption of one of his chapters, and he begins it by asserting that faith in history rests on no solid foundation. Each of us accepted it as a child when our credulity was eager, our knowledge imperfect, our judgment immature and our experience unpurchased, and each of us has continued to acquiesce in it as a man, not because we have since proved its truth, but simply because custom and association have left us without any motive to doubt. Next he insists that the parts of accepted chronology should be treated precisely as the geologist treats fossils. Dates, he contends, are the fossils of ancient thought. If these are created after the manner of true science we shall reproduce a history which requires no credulity in its acceptance and needs offer no statement unsusceptible of strict verification.

Then he proceeds to make the suggested use of fossilized chronology. He daringly strikes out on a world-wide range of dates, all having to do with ancient history or with earlier times than any history has note of, and by an exercise in mathematics he finds that periods have been arranged artificially and events adapted to them. He shows that the great periods have each had assigned to them 1,080 years. Here, omitting several, there may be mentioned the period of the dominion of Rome, and after that the period during which the power established by Constantine was in the ascendant. The uninterrupted recurrence of the 1,080 years period is, he maintains, enough to stagger credulity. But he goes into the matter minutely and finds that in each of the great periods there are three lesser periods,

each of 360 years. He thinks such regularity fatal to the received beliefs in the progress of the world and of the length of time that man has existed.

To strengthen his case he quotes the historian Niebuhr: "Whenever in history we see numbers capable of being resolved into arithmetical proportions we may say with the greatest certainty that they are artificial arrangements to which the history has been adapted." Thus, with his own speculations and the assistance of the great German writer, having demolished the foundations of accepted theories and beliefs regarding ancient history, he sets himself about inventing theories and beliefs of his own. There is not room here to follow him, but only to say that he seems—seems, mind you—to establish that what Bailie Grant, the Scotchman, once wrote is true, that "When the gude Laird was making Adam even then the clan was as thick and numerous as the heather on yon hill." It will be no wonder if some day Griffin Lee's strangely fascinating book becomes widely popular. It would, indeed, be a lucky chance if some Texan who may happen to be sojourning in Chicago could tell us something about this bold and able author.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

Villanelle.*

By A. J. Culp.

The books I can't afford to buy
Look from these pages as I turn;
I con their titles with a sigh,

And know they're not for such as I,
However much for them I yearn;
They're books I can't afford to buy.

Their moderate price to me seems high;
My purse scarce serves my daily turn;
I con their titles with a sigh.

Each brief description holds my eye,
And still for each I vainly yearn,
They're books I can't afford to buy.

Yet cannot pass them promptly by,
Nor from such tempters lightly turn;
I con their titles with a sigh.

Alas, my fate! to live and die,
And while I read these pages yearn
For books I can't afford to buy,
And con their titles with a sigh.

* Inspired by the Midwinter Number of THE BOOK-LOVER.

THE ART OF EXTRA-ILLUSTRATION.

By Leonard W. Lillingston.

Extra-illustration, or grangerising, may be considered as a branch of either book- or print-collecting. The tendency of recent extra-illustrators, however, seems to be towards making the text subserve the illustrations instead of the illustrations the text. This is a mistake. The practice probably began with the inclusion of different states of the same print. Worse has followed until the extra-illustrated book has become a kind of portable museum of locks of hair, marriage certificates, agreements, deeds, tradesmen's bills, catalogues, autograph letters, and so forth.

But the grangerite has come in for a good deal of denunciation without any qualification. In a bibliographical glossary he is defined as "one who mutilates books by cutting out the frontispieces, plates, and title-pages for the purpose of enriching his scrap-album, or to extra-illustrate another book." This is obviously unfair, not to say libellous. There are always plenty of imperfect copies available. The biblioclast furnishes the material and the grangerite makes use of it. That is all. There is no collusion between them.

Again, it is an abuse of terms to describe the "Harmonies" of Nicholas Ferrar, the famous theologian and biblioclast, as extra-illustrated books. Ferrar cut up the text itself, and then "laid down" the excised passages. The four gospels, thus treated, with illustrations added, constituted a "Harmony." Charles the First commanded one for his own use. It took a year to make, and was bound, "in a new and elegant fashion," by Mercy Collect, one of Ferrar's nieces. Nor was Bagford, a still more famous biblioclast, an extra-illustrator, as has been suggested. The collection of title-pages and other fragments, in sixty-four volumes folio, which he made, now in the British Museum, was for the purpose of writing a history of printing, a task for which, by the way, he was quite incompetent. It is right to add that he was also responsible for the rescue and preservation of the unique collection of early English broadsides, known as the "Bagford Ballads."

The Rev. Joseph Granger, Vicar of Shiplake, Oxfordshire, "invented" the art of extra-illustration. In his "Biographical History of England," dedicated to Horace Walpole, he states that his "name and person" were known to but few at the time of its publication, as he had had the good fortune to retire early to independent obscurity and content. He adds, "if I have an

ambition it is to be an honest man, and a good parish priest." He seems, by the verdict of contemporary opinion, to have been both. Dr. Johnson fell foul of him, but then the doctor must always have been falling foul of some one. "The dog is a Whig," he said. "I don't much like to see a Whig in any dress, but I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown."

The full title of Granger's "History" is: "A Biographical History of England from Egbert the Great to the Revolution, consisting of Characters dispersed in different Classes, and adapted to a Methodical Catalogue of Engraved British Heads, Intended as an Essay towards reducing our Biography to a System and helping to the knowledge of portraits, with a variety of Anecdotes and Memoirs of a great number of persons not to be found in other Biographical Works. With a preface showing the utility of a collection of Engraved Portraits to supply the defect and answer the various purposes of Medals." The first edition was published in 1769, in two volumes quarto. It was speedily followed by a second. The new pursuit seems to have at once found favor with the *dilettante*. The author writes, two years after the appearance of the first edition, that his book had "in money and marketable commodities" brought him in above £400. One cannot help wondering what "the marketable commodities" may have been.

A "Continuation," bringing the history down to the reign of George the First, was published in 1806, under the editorship of the Rev. Mark Noble, from material in manuscript left by Granger. It is said that prior to the appearance of the first edition, five shillings was the maximum price for the portrait of an English worthy; they rose afterwards to five times that price. Another result was the publication of collections of portraits, reproduced from the originals, with which to extra-illustrate the history. Richardson's "Gallery" was published 1792-1812; Woodburn's in 1816.

The "Biographical History" was Granger's chief literary exploit. But he published, in 1772, "An Apology for the Brute Creation, or Abuse of Animals Censured." He informs the world in a postscript that this, when delivered as a sermon, almost universally disgusted his parishioners, as "the mention of horses and dogs was censured as a prostitution of the dignity of the pulpit, and considered as a proof of the author's growing insanity." He had some

Shandean humor in his composition, for he dedicated a second sermon, preached by him before the Archbishop of Canterbury, "to the inhabitants of the parish of Shiplake who neglect the service of the church and spend the Sabbath in the worst kind of idleness, this plain sermon, which they never heard, and perhaps will never read, is subscribed by their sincere well wisher and faithful minister, J. G." His sermons had a vogue, and were purchased for distribution by his brother clergy. At his death his collection of upwards of fourteen thousand portraits was dispersed under the hammer, but sold for very little.

The most notable extra-illustrated collection of the last century is the Sutherland, Clarendon, and Burnet, now in the Bodleian. The text chosen was Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," with the "Life and Continuation," and Burnet's "History of His Own Time." The former is in thirty-one, the latter in twenty-six volumes. Ten copies of a catalogue were printed in 1837. There are four supplementary volumes containing illustrations too large for insertion in the ordinary folios. The collection took forty years to form, and cost upwards of twelve thousand pounds. It was commenced in 1795; Mr. Sutherland, of Gower street, himself devoted twenty-three years to it. Some of the rarer prints were changed as many as three times in favor of earlier and finer impressions. The British Museum has no extra-illustrated books which can compete with the Sutherland collection in scope or quality. There is, however, in the national collection a fine grangerized copy of Colley Cibber's "Apology," a "Seigné's Letters," which is copiously extra-illustrated, Crowle's "Pennant," and the Tarrt copy of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

The extra-illustration of even a period of British history is a big undertaking. Recent extra-illustrators have generally selected works in which the responsibilities were less onerous; dramatic and literary biographies for choice. The library of the late Mr. Augustin Daly contained some remarkable examples. There was a Cunningham's "Nell Gwyn"—a book especially favored by the grangerite—inlaid and extended to four volumes folio, by the addition of eight hundred portraits, autographs, views of theatres, and tradesmen's bills. This collection included the title-deeds of Mistress Nell's house in Pall Mall. Mr. Daly also wrote a "Life of Peg Woffington," and five copies of this he extra-illustrated, one of them containing no less than six hundred portraits, views, water-color drawings, autographs, and other matter. His copy of Boaden's "Garrick" was enlarged

from two to ten volumes. His "Johnsons" were unique. There was a Croker's "Boswell," extended to thirteen volumes, and a "Johnsoniana," or "Supplement" to Boswell's "Life," in six volumes folio. The illustrative matter to this last included the plan of the "Dictionary," the "Life of Rowe," and a collection of letters, all in the doctor's autograph. "Johnsoniana" cost Mr. Daly £500. He purchased it from the late Mr. Francis Harvey, the well-known bookseller of St. James's street. Mr. Harvey's own *tour de force*, as an extra-illustrator, was Liechtenstein's "Holland House," which he enlarged from two volumes octavo to twenty-five volumes folio. Another Daly extra-illustrated book, perhaps the most remarkable of them all, was the Dublin edition, of 1792, of the "Douai Bible." In the original a single quarto volume, it grew to forty-two volumes royal folio, and contained upwards of eight thousand prints and drawings. Amongst the latter was a sketch, in red crayon, by Raphael, from the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other drawings by Paul Veronese, Carlo Maratti, and Cipriani. The "Douai" contained nearly every known set of plates, from early woodcuts to the Doré designs.

Another perhaps still more famous grangerite was the late Mr. W. Wright, the sale of whose collection took place in 1899. He was, as every one knows, a Dickens man, and his triumph was a "Forster's Life," enlarged to twelve volumes folio. It contained original drawings by Cruikshank, Phiz, Seymour, Leech, Fildes, Cattermole, and others; four hundred and forty-five portraits of literary and other celebrities, including upwards of one hundred of Dickens, between the ages of eighteen and forty-eight; four hundred and eighty-two autograph letters by celebrities, one hundred and nineteen of them written by Dickens himself. There were two hundred views of places connected either with Dickens or his works; numerous copies of rare pamphlets, playbills, and countless other Dickens souvenirs, literary and artistic. It fetched £500. The Wright extra-illustrated copy of "Morley's Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair" was equally remarkable. The six folio volumes contained four hundred curious portraits, many extremely rare. There were, besides, views, proclamations, advertisements, handbills, playbills, plays, ballads, fairings, and pamphlets, as well as a supplementary text in manuscript, specially compiled for the purpose. This, a mine of wealth for the historian, sold for £101. The Wright copy of Boaden's "Life of Mrs. Jordan" fetched £190, was enlarged to five volumes folio, and con-

READERS, GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

By Minnie D. Kellogg.

"Let me make the songs of a people," says the philosopher, "and I care not who makes their laws." But he is the last one that can do it; neither can the laureate under his direction. National ballads are written on impulse by the minor poets. They express the warm emotions of the people, not their vague desires. The English republican joins lustily when the band strikes up "God Save the King;" nor is he exactly inconsistent, for, on the whole, mankind have found the heart a more inspired guide than the head. Though the authors of national ballads are poets of truest metal, many of them are remembered solely by one happy strain. Once only have readers hallowed a theme of theirs with association; once only have they sung into it enthusiasm. The poem, as well as the poet, may suffer or profit from its reception by the public.

The most widely sung English hymn is "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "The Martyr's Hymn," by the same author, which is quite as fine, is out of print.

The family of the writer of "Home, Sweet Home" regret that his fame cannot rest on some of his other verses.

Francis Scott Key, while detained by the British, actually watched the Star Spangled Banner flying off Fort Henry, "through the twilight's last gleaming," to read upon it news of the siege. Then later

"The rocket's red glare and bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there,"

till "the dawn's early light," in language of the Stars and Stripes, proclaimed victory. It would seem in this case that the occasion made both poet and poem.

Great musical compositions, great paintings and sculptures, are achievements of devoted artists; but great books come from minds prepared in various departments of the school of experience. Literary polish is derived from books, in general, but literary education has a deeper and more hidden source. Those who would particularize and beg the reading world to confine itself to some hundred choice volumes selected by "the wisdom of the ages," have the practice of the ages against them. Reading that is connected with our life's experience, be it only through mysterious passages in the blind labyrinth of fancy, leads toward wisdom; reading apart from it rather

tends to pedantry. The attitude of mind of the reader is more important than the book in his hand.

"Piece out our imperfection with your thought," implores the greatest poet.

In the early part of the last century Balzac and Byron, in addition to the literary class that they addressed, once and forever had a large following of Philistines, by whom they were read as "up-to-date," "swagger and immoral;" and the result of this style of contemplation, with the pages of Byron and Balzac before them, produced in a certain class of young men of fashion, on either side of the Channel, exaggerations and mannerisms so marked and widespread that history has recorded them. Perhaps Balzac had these people in mind when he said: "Nature has made only beasts; fools we owe to society." Strong literature, is it not, for weak minds, and they instinctively avoid it, but fashion occasionally interferes. Affectation has had a fair trial on this planet, and it never has produced anything. The imitation of good taste is no more valuable than the imitation diamond.

Now that Balzac has his natural public, he ranks as a great moralist, tenfold more severe and orthodox than Thackeray.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard says: "England read and paid for all Byron wrote, and accepted all as autobiography. . . . By applying similar rules, we could convict Sophocles, Shelley, and Schiller of basest crimes, put Shakespeare in dock for murder, Milton for blasphemy, Scott for forgery, and Goethe for questionable financial deals with the devil." Now that the sins of the flesh have passed away with the flesh, and his coarser and weaker lines are covered by decorous oblivion, the chivalrous, the almost Quixotic element in Lord Byron's nature, which lent intensity to his verse and shaped his whole political career, stands out strong and fine to the view of another century. He was born five years after our Revolution and five years before the French; he lived in the time of Pitt and Fox and the great "Parliamentary Reform" in England. With the quick sympathy of a poet and the *noblesse oblige* of a hereditary legislator, he enlisted in the struggling ranks of Liberty, following wherever that goddess might lead, and serving her with his pen, his fortune, and his life. "With sportive wisdom growing out of pain," he writes:

"I should be very willing to redress
Men's wrongs, and rather check than punish
crimes,
Had not Cervantes in that too true tale
Of Quixote shown how all such efforts fail.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad
Because it makes us smile: . . .
Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff;
Opposing singly the united strong,
From foreign yoke to free the helpless native:—

Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,
Be for mere fancy's sport a theme creative,
A jest, a riddle, Fame through thick and thin
sought!
And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
A single laugh demolish'd the right arm
Of his own country;—seldom since that day
Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could
charm,
The world gave ground before her bright array."

Byron and his servant Fletcher, who started out together on Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, never to part till the faithful Fletcher had brought his master's body home from Greece and had seen the last honors paid to it, are a modern adaptation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Fletcher was obtuse to his master's genius, as Lady Byron herself, but he loved the man that led him into all sorts of uncongenial adventures, and he assures us that "his Lordship has been more than a father to him." It is written that, on Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Byron slapped Fletcher's face and got himself well kicked in return, without serious offense on either side. It must be remembered that in those days a master was supposed to have the right to whip his servants, but few masters would have respected the servant's right to slap back.

The moral of a writer in sympathy with his age is counted with the reckoning of the age. Lord Byron's chivalry was modern chivalry. The responsive throbs of English-speaking youth that greet his best pages belong to that higher life which we do not record.

Said the French soldier to the Swiss Guard:
"You fight for money, but I fight for honor."
"Yes," replied the Swiss, "we both fight for that of which we stand sorely in need." So it often is with readers. Long before Elizabeth Barrett had done her best work, Poe sent her a copy of his verses with a letter addressed "Noblest of your sex." The faults and merits of Mrs. Browning's poetry are not those of Mr. Poe's, but she seems to

have touched a side of his nature that he has never shown to the world, and which confutes the epithet "unmoral" which has so long clung to his name. It may be that Mrs. Browning was better reading for Mr. Poe than the great impersonal standards. She, in her turn, expresses no appreciation of his genius, though it would seem that he was just the teacher for her, but is a voracious novel-reader, delighting in authors intellectually far beneath her. But remember, she was long an invalid, and this was her intercourse with the great, kind, ordinary world. I noticed somewhat the same thing in Alaska. The Skagway book-store carries a surprisingly large stock, consisting almost entirely of novels. Mining attracts men of every class of mind—the visionary, the scientific, the very rich, the desperately poor, the calculating and the adventurous, the educated and the ignorant; but when it comes to turning in for four months of night and winter and canned provisions, they seem to agree upon the novel as the amelioration. Considered from the intellectual point of view alone, though there is much that is not intellectual in Alaskan life, are they in error? Their profession is not learned from books, and perhaps romance contains as much of the real philosophy of life as any branch of science or art.

For precedent, they might cite half of the "great of earth." Shakespeare leaves evidence of having read some miserable trash. He is a beautiful illustration of the idea that it is not what you read but how you read; not what you write of, but how you treat it. How a sensible man ever stood Greene is a mystery, but from him Shakespeare drew hints for the plots for "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "A Winter's Tale."

It was long ago discovered that the best plots are furnished by tradition—perhaps they start in some distorted or fanciful account of an actual incident. It would seem that some of these legends are ghosts of really poetic ideas that have been abused by the vulgar. They haunt the various literatures like uneasy spirits, till some genius appears to take their message and set them right with the world.

The myth of Prometheus that was the germ of the drama of "Prometheus Bound," is one of them. The story of Gamelyn is another. It was old when it was incorporated into the "Canterbury Tales." Lodge resuscitated it and added the character of Rosalynde, and Shakespeare transfixed it in "As You Like It."

Dr. Faustus is traced to George Sabellicus,

an experimenter in alchemy. Probably the enormous fires in his laboratory and the strange chemical effects he was able to produce supplied the illogical sequence by which the charitable world has connected him with the devil. The story has had a very active life, with treatment from minds great and small.

Old people to-day can tell of Dr. Faustus, the bugaboo of the German nurses that guided their infancy. Martin Luther spoke of Faustus with the awe in which he held a lost spirit, and proceeded to moral deduction. Christopher Marlowe touched the story with poetry and humor. Then it did duty in Germany as a puppet play, till finally Goethe crowned it with immortality. Then the composers took up the theme and wove it into harmonies of the universal language.

The grim humor of George Sabellicus and the credulity of the gossips "builded better than they knew." It is one of those remarkable instances of indirect result which are the humor of history. Goethe also made a beautiful allegorical draught of the legend of the Wandering Jew, which he evidently thought of turning to poetic use. It takes a genius to fathom a legend, and a "smartie" to laugh at it.

Thackeray was the keenest of readers, whether of the printed page or the great book of life. Ever before his mind's eye stands the author addressing him in person. Thackeray was no poet; he embellishes nothing as he reads, but sees all. He looks upon a Rubens masterpiece in a church in Belgium (which painting and which church he does not say); he tells us frankly he is admiring "the performer rather than the piece." Judging from his drawings, Thackeray's æsthetic opinion is not worth much, but his pen picture of Rubens the man is very animated. Colorists the world over stand spell-bound before Rubens at his best; they scarcely realize the magnificent drawing before them, even; but nothing long diverts Thackeray from the human aspect and its accompaniment of humor. As he looks on the canvas the whole Rubens family appear to his fancy, while they are resting from their labors as models or painter; and he sees "the children boxing in the corner till they are wanted to figure as cherubs in the picture."

In describing a public execution, he breaks up the unities of the dark scene of brutal horror with many weak, little rays of good nature that emanate from the coarse crowd around him. Not a man raises a protecting hand toward a woman, nor a woman glances

kindly on a girl, but Thackeray gives credit, still takes no unreasonable hope. Says Puck, "What fools these mortals be!" Says Thackeray, as he finds himself laughing with this miserable, impatient, expectant crowd, "A man does not know what a fool he is till he tries." Yet of all writers, Thackeray is the most averse to gilding crime, even to painting one virtuous feature of a criminal in strong relief. After the run of Bulwer's two tales of sin, "Ernest Maltravers" and "Eugene Aram," Thackeray decides to try a similar subject.

Says he (close chapter 1, "Catherine"): "Now, if we are to be interested in rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces; let them be performed not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals," and he goes straight to the Newgate Calendar, selecting a certain murder committed by Catherine Hayes in 1726 for his motive. In "Catherine" and "The Four Georges" perhaps more easily than anywhere else, can we follow Thackeray's method of reading. In both cases he has much to say of English manners in the eighteenth century. Now, of course, his knowledge of that period came from books. But it is the point of view which is "given away" by some gossipy old letter that he chuckles over, not the discreet information of the historian. The domestic accounts of old George the First's court, with its twenty-two cooks and two washerwomen, delight him. When he brings George I. to London, it is in Hogarth and old numbers of the *Spectator* and *Tattler* that he finds decorations for the triumphal journey. How simple, how picturesque, and how profound is that two-page picture of old London. It is generally conceded that Thackeray understood English history of the eighteenth century better than any other man. He got it direct from the people themselves. All modern historians realize the value of "small beer chronicles," but not one of them can read them as well as Thackeray. His sense of proportion is perfect. He sizes up a man of the eighteenth century just as easily as one of the nineteenth. Carlyle, after sifting evidence for years, will suddenly throw judgment aside and prostrate himself in hero-worship. Thackeray's humor is guarantee against that,—and too, he knows poor humanity so well.

When the "fine woman" (according to theatrical definition) Delsartes herself before the curtain to bellow forth the prologue of "Henry V.," I always close my eyes and try to substitute for this beefy charmer in Grecian

costume, with her haphazard emphasis and stentorian tones, the playwright of the old Globe Theatre in the graceful dress of a gentleman of the sixteenth century, who steps in front of the curtain to explain some little things to his audience. With the mellow voice of the actor, which lends itself unconsciously to the subtle thought of the poet, he tells the public how he would be read. This prologue seems to me the most personal touch in Shakespeare, though of course it would apply from any poet to any reader, for Shakespeare is universal.

"Since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls,
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts now must deck our kings."

It was thus Shakespeare read. Herein lies the secret of his education. We may transfer our wonder at his acquirement to marvel at his imagination. Though Shakespeare wrote before stage-mounting, as we understand it, was dreamt of, no other plays are so inspiring to the scenic artist; but with the most magnificent of stage effects just behind the curtain, the Chorus is as integral a part of "Henry V." as it was three hundred years ago. She says (Act II):

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings;
With winged heels, as English Mercuries."

Sentiments too broad and too deep for the actor. Again (Act III):

"O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the unconscious billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow,

And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Or past, or not arrived, to pith and puissance."

Pictures too majestic, too suggestive for the painter,—but

"Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
siege."

Berkeley, Cal.

Balzac and His Publishers.

Among the many anecdotes about Balzac, the man, which have sprung up round the recent erection of his statue by Falguere, the following is not without humor. One day Emile Texier, coming to see him, found the whole entrance to his rooms covered by enormous pieces of furniture, hideous with gold and crimson, the whole colors as obtrusive as a parrot in the parrot house. "What on earth are you doing?" inquired Texier, flabbergasted at this sudden gorgeousness. "My dear man," replied Balzac, beaming, "I know what you are going to say; that it's the furniture of a 'parvenu'; that it is horrible, heartbreaking. But it's all right; it isn't mine. It's an insolent, glaring luxury hired for the day. You see, I am expecting my publisher this afternoon, and I want a rise in pay. It's a sheer case of pyrotechnics. Blazing with ostentation, he will take me for a banker, and will treat me accordingly, with respect, servility, complete compliance. Then to-morrow, after the new agreement is signed, off it goes back to its owner. Not a bad idea now, is it?"

The following is another example of Balzac's manipulation of a publisher. One day, as the two sat smoking in a friendly fashion together, Balzac remarked casually: "Now, I want your candid opinion. Honestly, do you believe that I have as much talent as Frederic Soulie?"

"My dear Balzac, how can you ask?" answered his unsuspecting companion. "Why, you have twice his literary capacity."

"Well, as I consider his works immeasurably superior to anything of Eugene Sue's, I suppose I must have more talent than Sue, too."

"Of course you have."

"Twice as much, according to you. Well, I am glad. And now tell me honestly, as we are discussing literary merits, surely I am as good as Dumas?"

"Better—better."

"Thank God, our opinions coincide! And now, since my novels are worth twice those of Frederic Soulie and Eugene Sue, I demand in common justice to be paid double what you pay them for theirs."

There was nothing to be said. The unfortunate publisher had been trapped and owned it.

My Sole Intoxicant.

I feel no need of "the flowing bowl,"
No thrill of joy when "the cup" I see;
My glass rests ever upon its brim,
For books are the only wine for me.

LOU LAWRENCE, Barnesville, Ohio.

“NO TIME FOR READING.”

By Andrew Lang.

“He who runs *may* read,” but at the English Universities “a running man” is not often a reading one. Still, we rejoice in two running men, my contemporaries, who have reached the winning-post of legal and political success (one of them has attained the wool-sack), and there is no real reason why he who runs should not read. The complaint of “no time for reading” is common, almost universal, in both sexes. In an article “Dedicated at the Young” (like the famous Anglo-Portuguese Grammar), I would take up my parable against this so-called “want of time,” the despair of publishers. “Why should we publish books,” they ask plaintively, “if nobody will read them?” And authors are also sufferers.

Pause, O youth or maiden! before you accustom your lips to this fatal formula: “I have no time to read.” You have all the time which, for you, exists, and it is abundant. What are you doing with it—with your leisure? Mainly gossiping. Our modern malady is gregariousness. We *must* be in company, chattering. Observe and take warning by the dog. He is so much the friend of man that, if shut up from human society, he often neglects his natural way of passing his time (scratching himself), and utters discontented howls, disturbing the vicinity. Human beings, for the moment destitute of company, do not howl, indeed, but they do not read—they avoid the instructing and amusing society of books. To be always with others, always gregarious, always chattering, like monkeys in tree-tops, is our ruling vice, and *this* is the reason why we have no time to read, and why you see so many people pass their leisure, when alone, in whistling, or whittling. They have time to whittle.

Another reason is afforded by newspapers. People who “have no time to read” books, read newspapers unceasingly. This does appear to me to become, in many cases, a morbid appetite. The newspaper, says Crabbe, that neglected poet, is—

To all men something, and to some men all.

That was a century ago, when perhaps the rural newspaper came out only once a week. Yet some persons, even then, read nothing else. Nowadays we mark middle-aged men of leisure who pass their mornings, from breakfast to luncheon, in steadily working through

every column and paragraph of the morning papers. Then they go to their club and read all the evening papers till they fall asleep. At dinner they repeat to each other what they have read—such is their idea of conversation. The “newspaper habit” is a disease. What pleasure or profit people obtain by cramming their minds with futile details, frequently contradicted next day, a reader of books cannot imagine.

This is no new malady of the spirit of man. The Athenians of old possessed an ample and excellent literature. When St. Paul visited their town, the citizens (slave-owners, having all the day to themselves, untrammelled by business or labor) might have read Homer, the dramatists, the philosophers, the lyric poets, Xenophon, Plato, the now lost works of Sappho, and many other books of merit. But they took pleasure “in nothing but hearing or telling some new thing,” which was precisely equivalent to our reading the newspapers and gossiping about what we read. Athens was only saved from intellectual perdition by having no printing-press and therefore no newspapers.

We are become, in this matter, very like the Athenians, but worse. Asked if he has read a book, a man usually says: “No, I have no time for books, but I have read a review of it in the *Literary Ragbag*.” Now, what *is* a review in the *Literary Ragbag*? It is not a criticism. It contains a photograph of the author, a description of his “early struggles,” an estimate of his income, an account of his home, wife, dogs, and cats, and a comment on his favorite amusements. Why has everyone time to read all these futilities about the writers of books, while not one person in a thousand has time to read the books of the writers? I, who pen these remonstrances, and you, who run your eye over them, are alike sinners—both are wasting time which might be spent in reading old, good literature. But I am the less guilty, being storm-stayed in a lawyer’s office in a little empty Border town, with nothing to occupy the intellect but the newspaper (nor have I sunk to reading that), the “Prisons (Scotland) Acts,” and “The Public General Acts passed in the sixty-second and sixty-third years of the reign of Queen Victoria.” Outside is the broad, wet, rain-swept market-place, absolutely empty except for three wagons, the town pump, and the statue

of Sir Walter Scott. There is not in view a human being, not even a dog or a cat. In such circumstances to indite an article on economy of time is hardly a sin, but he who reads it might be reading Dante, or Shakespeare, or Plato, or Mr. William James, or any other philosopher or poet.

If my remarks carry any moral weight, the student will at once throw down my trivial page, rush to his own, or his father's, or the public library, and begin, say, upon Lord Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," or Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," or Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," or, by way of something light, Lord Bacon's "*Novum Organum*"—a bracing work—or the "Logic" of Mr. John Stuart Mill, containing an essay on cadaveric rigidity.

Seriously, no more time is needed to read masterpieces than to read the last new novel. It is not time, but "the mind to it" that is lacking. Do not dawdle and put off, but begin upon something good at once. I may freely admit that the study of Bacon and Mill requires seclusion and earnest application; but many good books—say, Boswell's "Life of Johnson," or the Doctor's own "Lives of the Poets"—are at least as easy reading as a new novel, and much more diverting than most new novels. You make acquaintance with such wits and charming characters as you do not, unless you are very fortunate, meet every day.

Such books are excellent company in bed, before falling asleep, or after waking. The youth or maiden who "has no time for reading" might do worse than try a course of the bedside books that Thackeray liked. A few morning and evening hours will prove whether you have a taste for real literature; whether it amuses you to be present in the spirit with Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Mrs. Thrale, Miss Burney; with Juliet, and Imogen, and Rosalind—or whether it is not time, but taste and interest, that you congenitally lack.

Given these, given the love for the good society that lives in literature, you will soon discover ways of emancipating yourself from society which is not so excellent. Some men have risen at five to read and write—like Scott, when his whole day was passed under the public eye, in law courts, in society, in country houses. Others, like Macaulay, have managed to read in the streets, automatically steering themselves safely to the wonder of mankind. This plan I cannot personally recommend; for the last time that I tried it I encountered a lamp-post, which knocked in

my hat and to a certain extent, which may be variously estimated by critics, damaged my head. Wolff's plan of reading at night, with his feet in a tub of cold water to keep him awake, was heroic, but is not for general imitation. In fact, I can give no "wrinkles" as to economizing time for the purposes of reading, because opportunities must vary with the conditions of each individual.

Only this is certain—that the most busy people, like the late Bishop of London, always contrive to have time for everything. Everybody spontaneously finds time for what his heart is in, for what he really enjoys. On the other hand, I have known young ladies with entire leisure who felt obliged to bind themselves by solemn pledges that they would read for half an hour every day. One observed them snatching at periods of five minutes, carefully timed, and so they tried to work up to the half-hour. And what were they doing all the rest of the waking hours? They were chattering, dressing, shopping, and chattering again; always in company, never alone.

A person who, from taste or sense of duty, desires to read must either dare to be alone occasionally, or must learn to distract his attention and to read while others "chatter trifles." Now, to avoid the unceasing presence of other people, or to read in their company, does certainly make a boy or girl unpopular. Most people, to be frank, simply detest reading, and hate to see another person read. They think him an unamiable boor and book-worm. My own youth was one long martyrdom—excessively unpopular I was, to be sure, because I preferred books to the company of garrulous but uninteresting persons. My aversion to bores, my preference for books, may have been a glaring moral defect; I rather fancy that it was truly wicked. Certainly it was highly unpopular; but Nature made me careless of what a vain people thought (and very frankly said) as long as I could keep out of their way, perhaps up a tree, with a book.

I have heard of two beautiful little girls, one of whose parents did not wish them ever to read. They used to lie on the floor of their darkened bedroom in the early morning, golden head by golden head, and read by the light that came through the chink between the door and the floor. Can we recommend these examples to youth? I really am at a loss as to the moral problem. Is it not selfish and wicked to find time for reading when you thereby make everyone round you angry and uncomfortable? To see a child with a book seriously annoys many parents and other kins-

folk. Must it not, therefore, be wrong to make time for reading, for a selfish enjoyment which mysteriously exasperates the grown-up neighbors?

It is a question of conscience. My conscience gives no clear answer, beyond assuring me that, if it were all to do over again, I would be as confirmed a reader as ever. Young people must fight their own battles as good-humoredly as possible. Some measure of offence they cannot but give, if they like bookish company, unless they belong to bookish families and dwell within their courts.

As for adults who "have no time to read," their first economy must be in newspapers. They may begin by cutting down their consumption of the daily papers. But I have very little hope of adults, and none of many ladies in society, except the little flock who must and will read. The habit of finding time must be acquired in youth, will be acquired naturally by all who have the taste for good books, and will not be acquired by the rest of the generation.

Among people who, with exceptions, never read books, one remarks novelists, Scotch professors, schoolmasters, booksellers, publishers, schoolmistresses, college tutors, actors, stockbrokers, men in commerce, reviewers, and hunting men. Among people who do read are judges, the female members of the British peerage, gamekeepers, gillies, omnibus drivers, shepherds, some lawyers in both branches of the profession, some schoolboys and undergraduates, soldiers, two golfers, and most Civil servants, who, in this country, are almost always poets. These are British statistics, but do not include Ireland and Wales, of which I have little personal knowledge. I wish I could add that the reading classes *buy* books, but they mostly borrow from the circulating library.

(The above article is reprinted from the (London) *Windsor Magazine*. It is not suggested that the author is addressing readers of THE BOOK-LOVER, but there is a belief that every reader knows one person or more, young or old, before whom Mr. Lang's paper may be placed as something they may and should find time for reading.)

In the "Department" Store.

CUSTOMER (at book department—I want to get "The Last of the Mohicans.")

NEW CLERK—Well, I guess you'll find that at the remnant counter.

Like Another Carlyle.

An interesting bit of history is told of General W. W. Duffield, formerly chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. For a quarter of a century that scientist had been engaged on a formidable and immensely valuable mathematical work devoted to ten-place logarithms.

"These calculations of half a lifetime filled about five thousand pages of foolscap. The intricate and exhaustive tables and equations were of such value and the prospect of their publication of such a constant hope to their author that he carried them about with him in an old-fashioned carpet-bag.

"The scientist's obvious concern on all occasions for his carpet-bag finally attracted the attention of professional thieves, who suspected that it contained a hoarded fortune in bills and bonds. Watching their opportunity one of the criminals engaged the venerable scientist in conversation while a confederate decamped with the bag. By the thieves the contents were doubtless regarded as worthless. Nothing was ever heard of the manuscript.

"It was a tragic blow to the scientist, and would have been a serious loss to mathematicians in general had General Duffield given up. On the contrary, he did not waste a day in despair but grimly set to work at once reproducing his tables.

"They were finally published by the government in a volume of 800 pages. In astronomy and in the daily calculations of actuaries in the United States Treasury and other large financial institutions it is regarded as indispensable."

The alleged bequest by Mrs. Stanton of her brain to Cornell University for dissection,—which Prof. Wilder says was never made,—reminds an English writer of the case of Harriet Martineau, who consulted an English doctor for deafness and in return for his politeness—his treatment did little good—decided to leave him her ears. Why this bequest was never carried out has been explained by James Payn, the English novelist. Miss Martineau happened to mention her plans to her family physician, who said: "But, my dear madam, you can't do that; it will make your other legacy worthless." And it appeared that she had already in her will bequeathed her head to the Phrenological Society, and left her doctor \$50 for cutting it off! As it happened, the doctor died before his patient, who later made a new will in which neither of her incompatible plans was carried out.

THE POE REVIVAL.

Mr. Robert Hartley Perdue's "The Raven."

By Mrs. Edmund Nash Morgan.

Privately printed books in absurdly small editions are not in good odor with any but the elect, yet such issues have a valid excuse for being. They are the *hors-d'œuvre* of literature.

Of course, one cannot make a regular diet of diminutive sardines and olives and the odoriferous caviar biscuit, still when we have hurried out of our beds at the ridiculously early hour of twelve M., that we might take a boat or tram to St. Cloud or Juvisy for our *déjeuner*, we loved to nibble a bit as we waited on the lawn before the Café Bleu or in that enchanting balcony in the rear of Zemla's,—and did we pretend we must whet our appetite? If so, we did but dissemble our hunger.

How many of us have re-read our school-day Horace because of having just seen a copy of Francis Wilson's "Echoes from the Sabine Farm"? or have been tempted to go through all of Longfellow because of Hilliard's illumining "Excelsior"? Even the affront in plain print "Only sixty-nine copies printed and not for sale at any book-shop" seems friendly enough, when we have the book in hand.

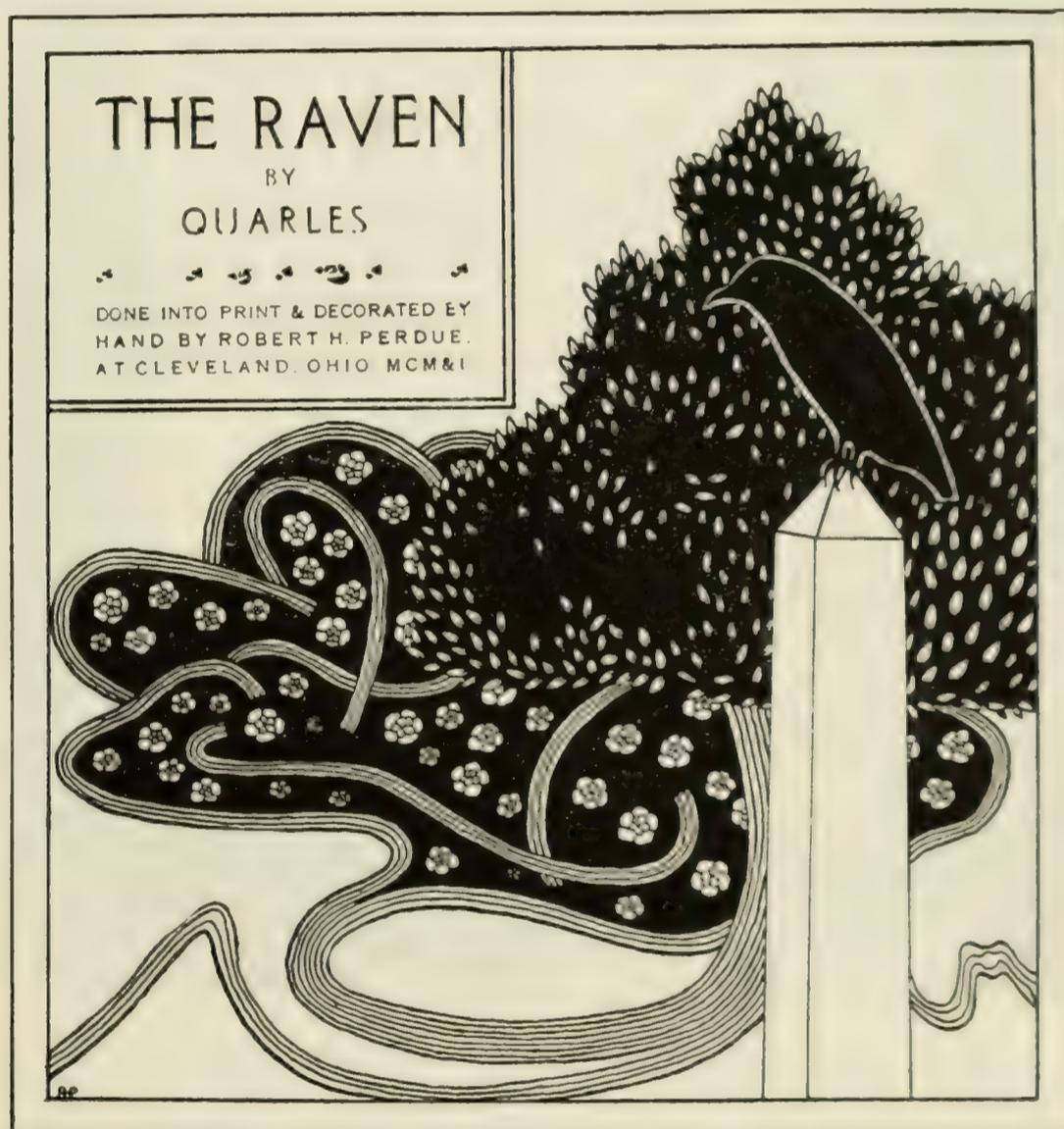
So we come to the reprint of "The Raven" with decorations by Robert Hartley Perdue. The book was printed by a well-known collector, who each year makes unpublished matter from his own library into a little book. Some of his printings are famous—perhaps not always for the matter within the covers but for some collateral circumstance or mechanical excellence. Take his "Les Rubáiyát de Omar Khayyám" for example, which adorned itself with this dedication:

EN SOUVENIR AFFECTUEUX

DE

BEATRICE YSABEL SYLVIÉ,

Fervente de Omar le Fabricant de Tentes, Exemple et Interprète de Vérité et de Beauté, qui, quelques instants avant l'aube du 27 novembre 1897, dans un moment d'angoisse et



de désespoir, s'est ouverte les portes du Paradis.

"Example and Exponent of Truth and Beauty"!
"Opened for herself the Gates of Paradise"!!

Not orthodox, perhaps, but was suicide ever more poetically characterized?

The publication this year is of the usual sort. Mr. Perdue made this book-lover a

copy of "The Raven" with pen-and-ink, using "Quarles's" original lines as the foundation for his labors, afterwards making four *replicas* for bibliophile friends—all being in folio. The original copy has been reproduced on the finest Japan vellum, with vellum cover, in quarto, and it is a beautiful addition to an almost priceless list of "Poe items." A set of proofs before letters, printed in sanguine, on rice paper, and inserted, adds distinction to the book.

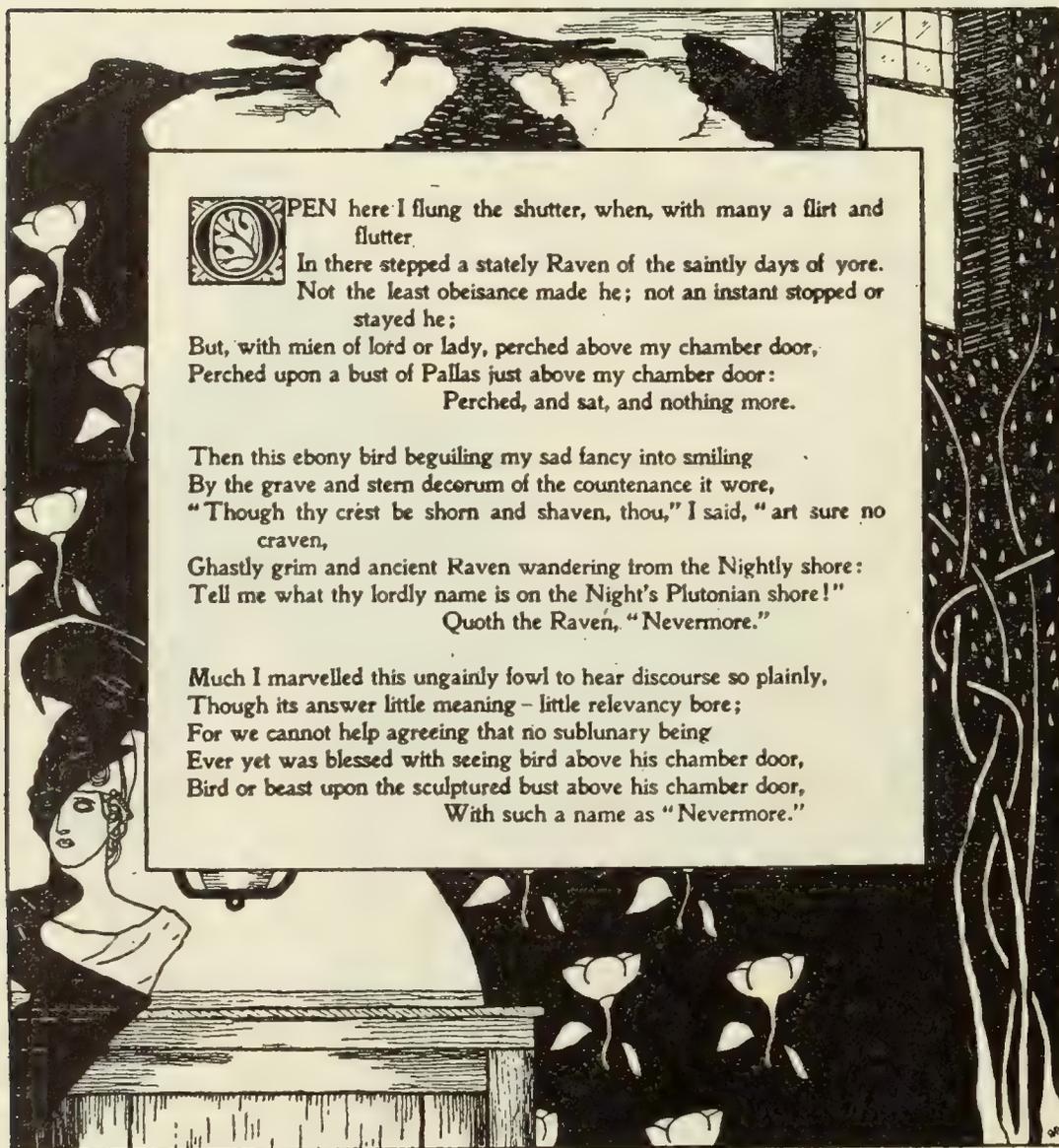
I have seen the two extremes of Poe prices

Concerning the genius of Edgar Poe there is still much to say—especially of its weird, erratic quality, for while Poe doubtless "knew himself possessed of that divine spark which we commoners call Genius, yet he walked ever in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He saw the beautiful 'Gates of Paradise' all aglow with chalcedony and pearls and precious stones, but no man beckoned him to enter." It was his misfortune to have been born at a time, and in a quarter of the world, peculiarly antagonistic to the appreciation

of poetical genius. In England, a great triumvirate of heaven-born poets threw out—almost without effort—those grand productions which have since made those names the glory of the English tongue—Byron! Shelley!! Keats!!!—while lesser lights (though at the time taken at far above their actual value)—Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott—monopolized the thought and praise of English-speaking peoples. In his own country the two great wars had left a young and virile nation prone to delve—to spin—to fast and to pray. What use had Americans for poets? "Poor Richard's Almanac" and the rough rhetoric of the Methodist circuit-rider still remained the standard intellectual pabulum of the rank and file; the time was not ripe for poetry, still it was somewhat after seed-time.

The Transcendentalists were being born, every one of them a poet at heart—though he might expend that vital essence in silent contemplation of the hills and trees, the wild animals and birds, alone—as did Thoreau. What room for narratives, wild, weird, and haunting, in a day when the great local classic was the "Scarlet Letter," which is nothing but a "highly moral tale"?

Then Poe's casual methods of life—his loves—his weaknesses (did he have weaknesses?) all militated against his reputation. That he would re-write some fugitive story—see it in print over his own name—re



OPEN here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

of a few (*Hélas*) years. While a girl spending my school holidays in London, a hoodlum child with bare legs and matted hair, cried past me on the Strand: "Poe's Ravings! The Hamerican Poick's Ravings!! Tuppence a-a-a-a-pny!" But the broadside was not purchased—I was only a girl then. Years after in a New York auction room I ventured the avails of a modest cottage in a suburban town on a copy of "Tamerlane" only to see it sell at five hundred dollars above my best bid. I lost my second opportunity—but I was only a woman then!

plagiarize *that* in turn—reprint, and so on, seemed to the Puritan remnant a sorry thing—yet Shakespeare took what came to his hand and made it his own. For a true appreciation of the wonderful versatility of the man and the perfection of his works—compare for a moment the solid construction of his furniture with the showy veneer of other writers: “The Bells” with “Excelsior,” or “The Murders of the Rue Morgue” with “The Study in Scarlet.” What can one add to “The Gold Bug” as a tale, or to “The Raven” as a poem? On my table rests “The Conchologist’s First Book”—1839. Is it not a joy unto the soul? And what a stride from the cryptogram in “The Gold Bug” to shells! Yet each is satisfactorily impressive. Is it the sea? What better than “The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym”?

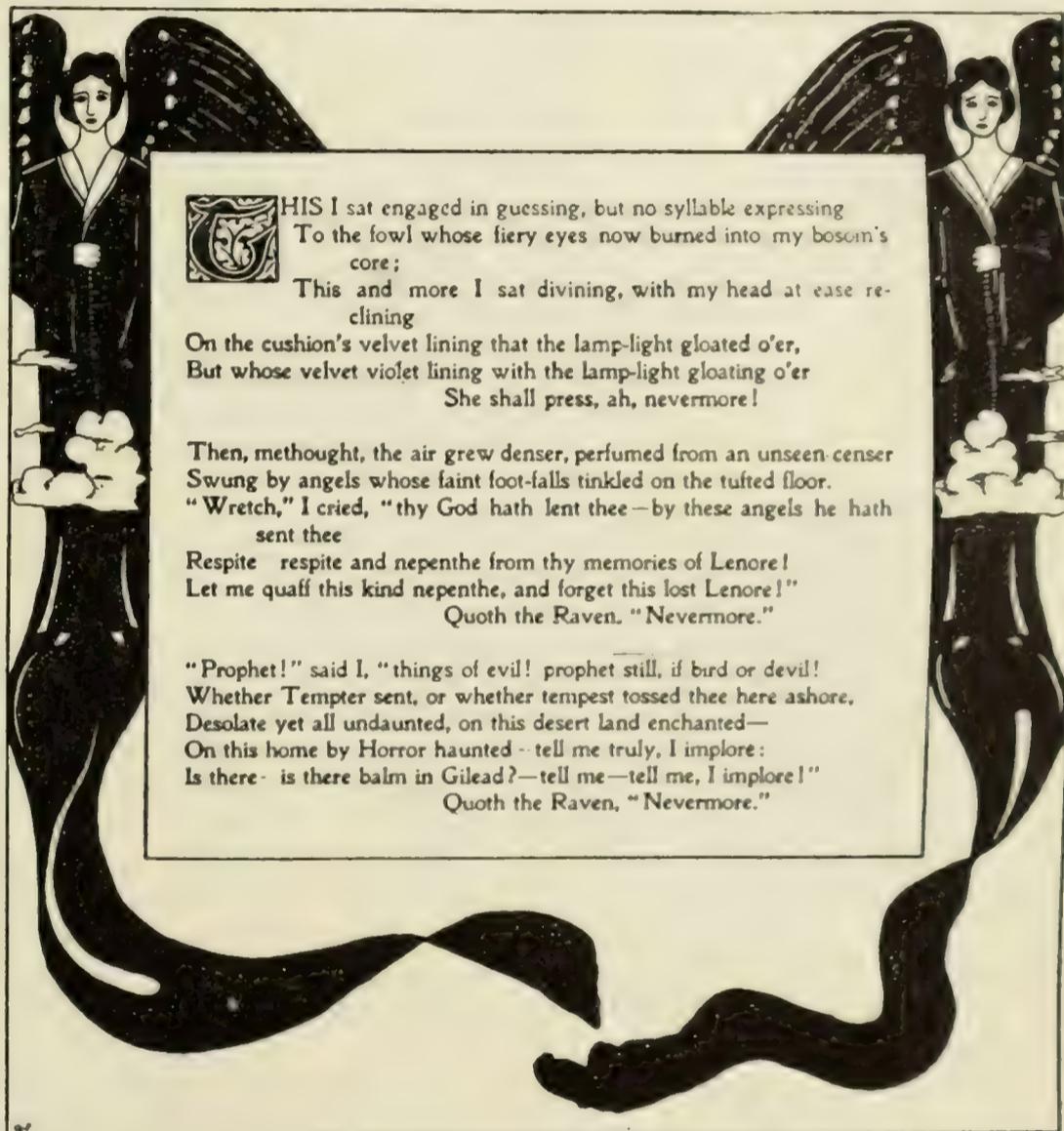
The variety of Poe’s work is a mighty incentive to collectors. The excessively rare items, and their unexpected cropping up in queer places! Why, any old garret may house a copy of “Tamerlane” or “Al Aaraaf,” and what a find that would be! The first a mere pamphlet, has already been sold for more than twenty-five hundred dollars, and neither will be worth less than five thousand dollars, ten years hence.

In the introduction, written by the printer, Mr. Jos. Léon Gobeille, especial stress is laid upon Poe’s record as a soldier. Strange though it be, not everybody knows that Poe was appointed a cadet at West Point and cashiered before the close of his first year; fewer are aware that with his wonderful powers of assimilation and appropriation he had become a thorough soldier in that time. His sword-manual was well-nigh perfect, and it was his delight to gather the *gamins* of Baltimore into companies, when, it is said, that he brought them up in “units of four” long before that method was common in the tactics.

Another interesting fact is, that, “enlisting” as a private soldier in the regular establishment, he was twice promoted—a notable

achievement in time of peace—in so small an army—and with his family and friends moving heaven and earth to secure his dismissal or discharge.

What more interesting to a military mind than that he should have actually gone into the patriot movement in Greece in an heroic attempt to parody Col. George Gordon? In fact, he set sail for Greece with promise of a commission, and it is unwritten history that he was as good as decoyed to St. Petersburg where his arrest followed. Why? Is it not



fair to presume it was because his presence in Greece would be a menace to the established government?

So we thank Mr. Gobeille for his Poe in uniform. Certainly West Point one year; the regular establishment from private to sergeant, and Greek filibuster and patriot—in intention and purpose—are sufficient pegs on which to hang a military reputation.

While a sincere lover of Poe, Mr. Perdue lays no claim to “extraordinary or esoteric knowledge of POEsy,” yet he is “an ardent admirer of these children of mystery,” and has

settled some vexed questions in his own mind, and answered critics in his drawings. The "shadow on the floor," for example. Every one at all critical asks: How could the shadow be on the floor if the raven were perched on the "bust of Pallas"? In the reproduction this is explained. The light was without the transom—thus the shadow was projected naturally as stated in the text. Even Doré failed in his reading of this line. Mr. Perdue does not attempt to portray "Unseen Censers" as some artists have done, nor does he attempt to explain how "faint footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor"—another line made ridiculous by a great artist. Even the Bible has some mysteries which would best remain unquestioned! Many other delicate suggestions are conveyed to the artistic and cultivated reader throughout these drawings. With Mr. Perdue this work has been a "labor of pleasure and duty, and every

bibliophile and lover of Poe will give him cheer and compliment for his consent to publish his embellishments for the best loved and most characteristic work of the poet who was a greater mystery—even to himself—than all his tales of mystery can possibly be to his millions of mystified readers."

The numbering of these books is predicated on equally weird lines. There are ninety-three copies; for is it not ninety-three years since this poet whose dark and disastrous career has no parallel in all the sad record of genius, was born? Only forty-three were distributed in this country, all going into private libraries, so a copy is not likely to be on sale in any bookshop for some time to come. Such an artistic, satisfying book should not be in a limited edition, for, while "of the making of books there is no end," nevertheless good books are scarce. *This is a good book.*

Cleveland, Ohio.

SOME AYRSHIRE IMPRESSIONS.

By F. M. Sloan.

I had the felicity, or otherwise, to be cradled, reared, and schooled near the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." Under the parental roof-tree there were three books which excited my infantile curiosity—"Josephus," Fleetwood's "Life of Christ," and Currie's "Burns." The Fleetwood had for frontispiece an engraving of the Divine Martyr, wearing the crown of thorns, and I feared to approach it, for the picture afflicted me with an agony of awe. Burns was my joy, food for childhood's fond illusion of a world without pain. I read his simpler lyrics so soon as I could read at all, for I had heard them repeated and sung, and had felt their charm.

His life was then no concern of mine. Our Currie was a Bowdlerised edition, suitable for the stern Puritans of the Westlands, whose hatred of fornication and all uncleanness, *pace* Mr. Henley, was in the inverse ratio of their love of dogmatic theology. I cannot remember a time when I was introduced to Burns, or when "Bonnie Doon," and "Dainty Davie," and "Duncan Gray" were new to me. My cradle was rocked to the music of his songs; his sentiments were in the air I first breathed; my earliest instructions were conveyed in the prose of the Bible and the poetry of Burns. Passages of practical wisdom or pious reflection from his works were daily recited all about me, especially passages from the "Epistle

to a Young Friend;" and these lines took tenacious hold of my young imagination:

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order,
But where ye feel your honour grip
Let that aye be your border."

This familiar impact upon Burns in childhood brought its penalties. I grew up holding him as read, as known. I knew all about Burns, of course, before I was transferred to trousers! The magnitude of the masonry of the Monument (1820-23) overlooking the Doon at Alloway, when I first saw it, surprised me. These silly Ayrshire folks, I thought, had been indulging in the luxury of self-glorification. Why all the fuss about a few songs, a few poems? "Whaur's your Willie Shakespeare now?" queried the Scot when Home's tragedy of "Douglas" appeared. But Shakespeare was a rank outsider compared with Burns in the uncritical parlance of some of our local devotees. And so, in this mood of foolish, young revolt, I missed the rapture of discovering Burns; such ecstasy as I knew on opening a volume of selections from Wordsworth, when I rose and paced the room almost frantic with delight at finding poetry capable of rising to the height of artistic excellence attained in the great passage of the Platonic "Ode":

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star," etc.

Indeed, it was not until, in my teens, I came to read Carlyle's "Essay on Burns" that I recanted my crude juvenile views of the limited, parochial merits of the ploughman who had intoxicated with poetry and song all the little world my childhood knew.

Burns had made every second person an expectant poet among the Ayrshire peasantry in those days. If one ploughman could compose songs, why not another? If James Hogg became a poet through hearing "Tam o' Shanter" recited to him by a "daft" wanderer on the lone slopes of Queensberry Hill, what hindered that the charm should not work in the case of other shepherds? Rhymsters, weak and impossible imitators of Burns, were to be found at every farmhouse. Some aspirants to favor from the Muse claimed descent from the poet, who left more pretenders to kinship with him than actual kith and kin. It seemed then as if but to have known the friend of a friend of Burns gave warranty of poetic gifts. This was easily possible in the sixties. Jean Armour survived until 1834, and James Glencairn Burns until 1865. Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, died in 1858, and in the same year Mrs. Gibson, the "Poosie Nancy" in whose inn at Mauchline Burns found the raw material of "The Jolly Beggars," passed away. The ministers of the Satires—Moodie, Russell, McKinlay, etc.—crossed into the nineteenth century, together with Wilson, the Tarbolton schoolmaster who was satirised, with the savage humor Burns held in reserve for impudent shams, in "Death and Doctor Hornbook," and even William Fisher did not cease from his labors and prayers until 1809.

The test of greatness, according to Emerson, is the power to bring all men round to itself twenty years after death. Twenty years after Burns died—in 1796—nobody denied genius to him, but Scotland began to get worse and worse divided on the subject. John Syme, the poet's best Dumfries friend, chivalrously emerged from the retirement of years, in 1820, to bear his personal testimony, and declared with passion that the character of his dead friend, Burns, had "too long suffered from the combined attacks of prejudice and malignity." Attack and defence alternated into the third quarter of the century. Certainly, however, the majority always agreed with Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who knew Burns in the flesh, that the poet's "faults bore no proportion to his genius."

Such was the standpoint of moral judgment upon Burns into which I was born. There was a protesting minority, often exceedingly strong and aggressive. In 1844 the Earl of

Eglinton presided, and "Christopher North" was orator, at the first Burns demonstration, which was held on the banks of the Doon. The Disruption of 1843 was then in full swing. Theology was in the air. Calvinism was prejudiced against Burns, and, in the sixties, in Ayrshire, the controversy between Universal Foreordination and Free Will raged like a continuous social blizzard. The Calvinists could not forgive the author of "Holy Willie's Prayer":

"O, Thou wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends one to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee!"

They retaliated by a tu-quoque against Burns. They banished even the Bowdlerised Currie from their homes, and prohibited the songs of Burns to their children. "The trail of the serpent" was in all his work! How could the young touch pitch and not be defiled? Neighbors, in some instances, did not "speak" in consequence of severe difference concerning Burns.

The celebration of the birth-centenary in 1859 marked a reaction in favor of Burns. I can well recall how, for years afterwards in Ayrshire, the wave of enthusiasm then created continued. Yet the prejudice among the earnest, stern Calvinists died hard. When a boy at Ayr I saw nobody visiting "the Cottage," whereas now quite an army of local Jehus thrive upon the traffic. "The Cottage" had then lapsed into a dull roadside inn—a place to get "fuddled" at in honor of Burns! The poet's fame in the Scottish Westlands reminds me of M. Arnold's image of the waves in "Dover Beach":

"Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in."

At Ayr, when schooled and apprenticed in the "auld toon," I found the genius of Burns obscured by the proximity of its symbols. But "Tam o' Shanter," which Burns himself esteemed his masterpiece, which Mr. Henley has described as "the top of his achievement," was beginning then to make the modern prosperous town of Ayr. What single other poem has accomplished so much for any community? In youth, I somehow accepted the story of "Tam o' Shanter" for veracious history. There were so many of them about. Besides, numerous venerable people survived who had known Douglas Graham, farmer in

Shanter, Kirkoswald, in their youth. This prototype of "heroic Tam" died in 1811. John Davidson, also, the Zanner in Ayr, who gave Burns his "Souter Johnny"—

"His (Tam's) ancient, trusty, drouthy, crony"—
lingered in transmitted local memories. Everybody about me seemed to believe that Burns had thrown a page of local history into the humorous ballad; that all the dramatic incidents down to the Devil's carnival of the witches in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk" had happened; and some of us were disposed to search for some lingering remnant of Maggie's "grey tail" when crossing the "auld brig o' Doon." The realism of "Tam" was brought home to me when I was shown how the topography of the hero's (sic) ride could be identified on the line of the older road, from "the ford" to "the birks and meikle stane" and "the whins and the cairn," each landmark associated in hoary tradition with ghastly happenings of the savage night, on to—

"The thorn aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'."

Local tradition from the first stored away many anecdotes of Burns, of his wit and originality, of his boisterous rudeness sometimes in conversation, of his Bohemian manners. The bulk of them consist of the chaff of invention, many are trivial, many more coarse and ribald. Nothing I have known, however, failed to support the impression communicated by his intimates to the last century, to wit, that Burns was not only a phenomenon of peasant brain-stuff, but essentially human-hearted, kind, of tearful sympathy, dowered in unique measure with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love." I have heard old people relate how, as an exciseman at Dumfries, he was incapable of allowing the law to bear hard upon struggling poverty. He gave some poor people, whom he wished *not* to tax, warning of his approach by sending his dog on well in front, with the words in brass on its collar—"Robert Burns, Poet and Exciseman." All I could glean of him in his homelands declared that he had, living and dead, been "more sinned against than sinning." James McKie, an Ayrshire devotee, once travelled a long distance in order to purchase a frying-pan which was alleged to have been the property of the bard. This is hero-worship run to seed. But the poems and songs had then thrown an ideal meaning and a romantic charm around all commonplace things, and by the Doon, the Ayr, the Lugar, the Afton, and the Nith, even

the rocks and trees, the wild flowers and the songbirds seemed to corroborate the refrain of Tannahill's elegy, and, with the exaggeration natural to contemplation of a past enveloped in grief's mist and tears, all articulate things proclaimed their Burns "the one best fellow e'er was born."

The Historical Novel.

(ILLUSTRATING THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.)

By Willis Leonard Clanahan.

He took a bit of history,
Enwrapped in deepest mystery,
And juggled it,
And smuggled it
Into a dark consistory
Where figures metaphorical,
Half real and half historical,
All young, all handsome,
Were held for ransom
By him, whose style was so caloric.

A maiden pulchritudinous—
It would be very rude in us
To ask her pedigree,
Since by her beauty she
Such feelings had imbued in us—
He prisoned in a towering
Old castle, where the lowering
Clouds, through bars seeable,
Weren't half so disagreeable
As was the angry villain glowering.

A knight who strove ambitiously,
And fought his rival viciously,
Wooed amorously
And clamorously,
In phrases he had learned factitiously,
The maid in walls baronial,
With grief now thin and bony all,
And serenaded her
And oft upbraided her
Because her glances were so stony all.

Eleven other characters—
Elaine and other fair actors—
He tumbled in
And jumbled in—
A lot of wear-and-tear actors—
And wove into his plot. Again
He was upon the spot. Again
He chose a title Sapphic all,
To make the bindings graphic all,
And, lo, the busy press was hot again!
—*Life.*

Inspiration from Dreams.

Many poems have been originally composed in dreams. Heinrich Heine and Sully-Prudhomme both produced some of their work when asleep, and La Fontaine's fable of the "Two Pigeons" is a striking example of the same thing. Voltaire, Coleridge, and even Goethe all seem to have experienced occasional dream inspirations.

THE FLOOD OF BOOKS.

Some Cheering Reflections.

By Henry Van Dyke.

"The world is cumbered with them," complained the wise man, two thousand years ago. "There are books here in Jerusalem, and in Thebes, and in Babylon, and in Nineveh; even in Tyre and Sidon, among the Philistines, no doubt one would find books. Still men go on scribbling out their thoughts and observations in spite of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun. Where are the readers to come from, I wonder. For much study is a weariness of the flesh, and yet of making many books there is no end."

But what would the writer that was King say if he were alive to-day, when the annual output of books in this country alone is between 4,000 and 5,000, and when the printing press multiplies these volumes into more than 5,000,000 copies? Doubtless he would be much astonished, and perhaps even more displeased. But I conjecture that he would go on writing his own books, and that when they were done he would look for a publisher. For each age has its own thoughts and feelings; and each man who is born with the impulse of authorship thinks that he has something to say to his age; and even if it is nothing more than a criticism of other men for writing so much and so poorly, he wants to say it in his own language.

Thomas Carlyle, talking volubly on the virtues of silence, represents a rôle which is never left out in the drama of literature.

After all, is it not better that a hundred unnecessary books should be published than that one good and useful book should be lost? Nature's law of parsimony is arrived at by a process of expense. The needless volumes, like the infertile seeds, soon sink out of sight; and the books that have life in them are taken care of by the readers who are waiting somewhere to receive and cherish them.

Reading is a habit. Writing is a gift. Both may be cultivated. But I suppose there is this difference between them—the habit may be acquired by any who will; the gift can be developed only by those who have it. How to discover it and make the best of it, and use the writing gift so that it shall supply the real needs and promote the finest results of the reading habit—that is the problem.

I do not know of any ready-made answer in the back of the book. The only way to work it out is for the writers to try to write as well as

they can, and for the publishers to publish the best that they can get, and for the great company of readers to bring a healthy appetite, a clean taste, and a good digestion to the feast that is prepared for them. If any one partakes not wisely but too much, that is his own fault.

I have been thinking to-day of the preparation of the feast. How much hard and pleasant labor has gone into the making of the books that will come out this season! The group of workers is not large, compared with the number of people who live in these United States, and of whom perhaps 20,000,000 are in some sense readers. But this small company of literary folk have had a good time with their work, I will warrant, in spite of the fact that some of it has been difficult.

Not a few of them I know—good comrades and honest craftsmen; and my thoughts go out to them from this little workshop—a deserted farmhouse, with nothing but a table and a chair for furniture, and with a tranquil outlook from the open door over rolling hills and shining water—my thoughts ramble away to the other writers who have been busy with their books and who are now probably putting on the last touches in the way of a preface, the garnish of the dish.

Scholars have been sifting and arranging the results of their studies in great libraries. Observers of men and manners have been traveling and taking notes in strange lands and in the foreign parts of their own country. Teachers of life and morals have been trying to give their lessons a convincing and commanding form. Critics have been seeking to express the secrets of good work in arts and letters. Students of nature have been bringing together the records of their companionship with birds and beasts and flowers. Story-tellers have been following their dream-people through all kinds of adventures to joyful or sorrowful ends. And poets, a few, have been weaving their most delicate fancies and their deepest thoughts into verse.

In what different places, and under what various conditions these men and women have been working! Some of them in great cities, in spacious rooms filled with books; others in quiet country places, in little "dens" of bare and simple aspects; some among the tranquilizing influences of the mountains; others where

they could feel the inspiration of an outlook over the tossing, limitless plains of the ocean; a few, perhaps, in tents among the trees, or in boats on the sea—though, for my part, it is difficult to understand how any one can actually write out-of-doors. The attractions of nature are so close and so compelling that it is impossible to resist them. Out-of-doors for seeing and hearing, thinking and feeling. In-doors for writing.

It is pleasant to reflect upon the great amelioration which has been made in the "worldly lot" of writers, by the increase and wider distribution of the pecuniary rewards of authorship. It is not necessary to go back to the age of Grub Street for comparison. There has been a change even since the days when Lowell wrote, "I cannot come [to New York] without any money, and leave my wife with 62½ cents, such being the budget brought in by my secretary of the treasury this week;" and when Hawthorne's friends had to make up a purse and send it to him anonymously to relieve the penury caused by the loss of his position in the Custom House at Salem. Nowadays, people who certainly do not write any better than Lowell and Hawthorne, find life very much easier. They travel freely; they live in a comfortable house—some of them have two—with plenty of books and pictures. The man who would begrudge this improvement in the condition of literary workers must have, as Dr. Johnson would say, "a disposition little to be envied." It is no more than the world has done for the doctors and the lawyers. Have not the profits of bookmaking, even on the material and commercial side, advanced yet more rapidly? The wages of printers and papermakers and bookbinders are larger. The fortunes of successful publishers are increased. Why should not the author have a share in the general prosperity?

Besides, it should be remembered that while there has been a certain enlargement in the pay of literary workers, it has not yet resulted in the creation of opulence among men of letters as a class. The principal gain has been along the line of enlarged opportunities and better remuneration for magazine, newspaper, and editorial work. Setting these aside, the number of people who make a good living by literature alone is still very small. I will not even attempt to guess how many there are; it might precipitate a long correspondence. But it is safe to say that there are not two score in America. What a slight burden is the support of thirty-five authors among 75,000,000 people! Your share in the burden is just one-half of one-millionth part of an author. What is that

compared with the pleasure that you get out of new books, even though you are one of those severe people who profess to read none but old ones?

When I hear that the brilliant creator of "The Mountain of Derision" has just built a mansion at Laxedo, or that the author of "The Turning Point" is driving a four-in-hand through the White Mountains, it does not cause me a single pang of discontent. My contribution to that mansion, according to the present rate of royalty, was about 40 cents, and to the support of the equipage I have given perhaps 30 cents. In each case I received good value for my money—pleasant and, I trust, not unprofitable hours. This expense irks me far less than the extra \$3 or \$4 a ton that I have to pay for coal.

But I would not be understood as agreeing to the general proposition that the possession of four-in-hands and the like is necessary, or even favorable, to the production of good literature. Of course, if a man has extraordinary luck, he may find some competent person to take care of his luxuries for him, while he gives himself to the enjoyment of his work and lives almost as comfortably as if he had never bought them. But, as a rule, it may be taken for granted that plain living is congenial to high thinking. A writer in one of the English periodicals a couple of years ago put forth the theory that the increase of pessimism among authors was due to the eating of too much and too rich food. Among other illustrations he said that Ibsen was inordinately given to the pleasures of the table. However that may be, it is certain that the literary life, at its best, is one that demands a clear and steady mind, a free spirit, and great concentration of effort. The cares of a splendid establishment and the distractions of a complicated social life are not likely, in the majority of cases, to make it easier to do the best work. Most of the great books, I suppose, have been written in rather small rooms.

The spirit of happiness also seems to have a partiality for quiet and simple lodgings. "We have a little room in a third story (back)," wrote Lowell in 1845, just after his marriage, "with white curtains trimmed with evergreen, and are as happy as two mortals can be."

There is the highest authority for believing that a man's life, even though he be an author, consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses. Rather is its real value to be sought in the quality of the ideas and feelings that possess him, and in the effort to embody them in his work. The work's the thing. The delight of clear and steady thought, of free and vivid imagination,

of pure and strong emotion; the fascination of fishing for the right words, which sometimes come in shoals like herring, so that the net can hardly contain them, and at other times are more shy and fugacious than the wary trout which refuse to be lured from their hiding places; the pleasure of putting the fit phrase in the proper place, of making a conception stand out plain and firm with no more and no less than is needed for its expression, of doing justice to an imaginary character so that it shall have its own life and significance in the world of fiction, of working a plot or an argument clean through to its inevitable close—these inward and unpurchasable joys are the best wages of the men and women who write. And beyond a doubt, in spite of cynic's sneer, these rewards have already come to many of the authors who have been busy this summer preparing the autumnal feast of books.

What more will they get? Well, unless history forgets to repeat itself, their additional wages, their personal dividends under the profit-sharing system, so to speak, will be various. Some will probably get more than they deserve, others less.

The next best thing to the joy of work is the winning of gentle readers and friends who get some good out of your book, and are grateful for it, and think kindly of you for writing it. The next best thing to that is the recognition, on the part of people who know, that your work is good. That is called fame, or glory, and the writer who professes to care nothing for it is probably deceiving himself, or else his liver is out of order. Real reputation, even of a modest kind and of a brief duration, is a good thing; an author ought to be able to be happy without it, but happier with it. The next best thing to that is a good return in money from the sale of a book.

There is nothing dishonorable in writing for money. Samuel Johnson, in the days of his poverty, wrote "Rasselas" to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral.

But to take, by choice, a commercial view of authorship, to write always with an eye on the market, to turn out copious and indifferent stuff because there is a ready sale for it, to be guided in production by the fashion of the day rather than by the impulse of the mind—that is the sure way to lose the power of doing good work.

The best writing is done for its own sake. In the choice of a subject, in the manner of working it out, in the details of form and illustration, style, and diction, an author cannot be too jealous in guarding his own preference, ideal, inspiration—call it what you will. Otherwise

his book will lack the touch of personality, of independence, of distinction. It is here, perhaps, that a certain portion of the modern output of books fails to come up to the best standard.

But when a piece of work has been done, freely, sincerely, thoroughly—done as well as the writer can do it—then it is safe. The new methods of papermaking and printing and binding, the modern system of publishing and advertising, the admirable skill of the artists who are now engaged in designing illustrations and book-covers and types, certainly cannot hurt the quality of a book, and probably do a good deal to help its sale. For this the honest author, having finished his work as nearly as possible to his own satisfaction, and disposed of it for the best price obtainable, should be duly grateful.

Amid the making of many books, good literature is still produced, as it was in the days of Thackeray and Dickens, and Carlyle and Ruskin, and Tennyson and Browning, and Irving and Hawthorne, and Lowell and Emerson, out of the hearts of men and women who write because they love it, and who do their work in their own way because they know that, for them, it is the best way.—*N. Y. Times*.

How to Choose a Cyclopedic.

In answer to a correspondent, who asks "How to judge of a Cyclopedic," *The Lamp* says:

We doubt that anybody can help you, but perhaps we can tell you how to help yourself. Take no one's recommendation. Examine the work with reference to your own needs and the scope of such a work. If you take no interest in astronomy, do not find fault with it because some one tells you its astronomical articles are not as full as they should be. If you are interested in biography, do not complain because the article on Walter Scott is not as long as Lockhart's life of him. Test it by subjects you understand and statistics to which you have access. Above all, pay no attention to a critic who criticises with a tape-measure, calling attention to the fact that such a subject has so many lines or pages, and such another only so many. For it is often the case that a very important story may be told in comparatively few words, while one not so important requires more.

A full set of the "Almanach de Gotha," from 1764 to 1900, was recently sold in Paris for \$1,300.

THE ART OF READING ALOUD.

By William Mathews.

What finer accomplishment is there for a gentleman or lady than the ability to read aloud well, and yet what accomplishment is more rare? Indistinct utterances, singsong, monotonous whines, drones, nasal twangs, guttural notes, stammerings, tricks of raising the voice at the beginning of every line and dropping it into an inaudible whisper at the close—these, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Even men of high and varied culture are not free from them. Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," in one of his recently published letters, states that he was one day pointing out to the eminent philosopher and scholar, Doctor Whewell, one of the most sublime and majestic passages he (the poet) knew of in prose—a passage in one of Bacon's prefaces—and asked him to read it aloud: "I was astonished to find that he read it as the town-crier might have read it. It could not be that he was insensible to the grace and beauty of the language. I believe he was no more insensible to it than I am to the beauty of a Raphael or a Perugino; but he was no more able to produce it in utterance than I am to paint a St. Cecilia or an Incendio del Borgo."

So insensible, generally, are speakers and readers alike of their faults, that a public man who had a shocking drawl, once said of himself: "I used to dra-wl my wo-rds, but I bro-ke myself of it."

THE BENEFITS AND THE REQUISITES.

It is not strange that De Quincey should profess himself proud of his skill in reading aloud, "because he had observed that the accomplishment was so rare." It is an art which testifies strongly to the culture of him who is proficient in it; which requires no costly instruments or accessories; and which finds a place for its exercise not only in the pulpit, at the bar and in the lecture-room, but by the social hearth, in "the pleached bower where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, forbid the sun to enter," in the communings of love, and beside the sick-bed and the chair of reclining age. Besides this, the exercise of the voice in reading is one of the most healthful of gymnastics. In strengthening the vocal organs one strengthens his whole bodily organism. He expands the chest, increases the breathing-power of the lungs, oxygenates the blood, and increases the stock of vital energy. And then how easily attainable, comparatively speaking, is the art

in question! A good voice, a good understanding, and sensibility—these are the only qualifications it exacts. Possessing these, any person may become an attractive reader, though his greater or less mastery of the art will, of course, depend upon the strength of his understanding, the quickness and depth of his sensibility or his appreciation of the tender, the beautiful and the grand, the quality of his voice, and the care and skill with which it is trained.

The first and most important thing requisite to good reading is a thorough comprehension of the author's meaning. Unless one fully apprehends his sentiment and intention, neither right tones, cadence, nor emphasis will be possible. In the intercourse of society, men leave a great deal of their meaning to be hinted and supplied by the tones of the voice, and by expressive looks and gestures. When, therefore, one has only the cold and inanimate words before him, he requires oftentimes for their adequate comprehension not only a knowledge of their ordinary import, but a lively imagination to bring vividly before the mind the circumstances under which they were uttered. Ordinarily, the main thing requisite to make one's reading effective is to read naturally, just as if he were really speaking under the circumstances and with the feelings which the author describes. One of the chief dangers to be avoided is a guttural or nasal enunciation, and every word should be distinctly, but not pedantically, pronounced. Take care of the consonants in articulation, for they are the bones of speech; but take no less care of the vowels, for they are its flesh and blood, without which it is void of beauty and of life. While, as we have said, sensibility is needful, it must be under control; an excess of it will be fatal to good utterance. Persons who are apt to be profoundly affected by what they read have a valuable gift, but they must keep a strict rein upon their emotions. The great actor, Talma, relates that he was once playing with a charming actress, who, in a pathetic passage, overcame his self-possession. With the quick instinct of an *artiste* she saw the mischief she was doing, and whispered: "Take care, Talma; you are becoming agitated!"

"Yes," adds the actor, "she was right. From emotion springs confusion; the voice resists, the memory fails, the gesture becomes false, the effect is destroyed."

It seems needless to insist upon the import-

ance of right emphasis; yet how often is it set at defiance, as, for example, in the reading of Romans viii, 34: "Christ . . . that is risen *again*."

Even such a master of elocution as David Garrick sometimes mistook the emphatic words in a sentence. A well-known line of Hamlet he read: "I will speak *daggers* to her, but use *none*." Sheridan, the author of "Lectures on the Art of Reading," once discussed, with Johnson and Garrick, the proper manner of reading the Ninth Commandment, and all three failed to emphasize the right words.

HOW TO READ POETRY.

One can hardly think of a keener mental torture inflicted on a poet than to be compelled to listen while his own verses are murdered by a tasteless reader; and yet poets themselves, in spite of their fine taste, have sometimes read badly. Poor, blundering Goldsmith once asserted the superiority of their elocution to that of other men, and, being requested to give a practical illustration of his remark, repeated a stanza so wretchedly that he was laughed at by

all who heard him. The poet Thomson also read miserably, and once so provoked Doddington by his odd utterance that the latter snatched the paper from his hands, telling him that he did not understand his own verses. Both Doctor Johnson and Mrs. Siddons failed as readers; the former was violent and monotonous; the latter missed the stage lamps and the panoply of representation. On the other hand, Virgil, Racine, Boileau, Doctor Wolcott and Sir Walter Scott are said to have been distinguished for the excellence of their recitation. Henry Taylor says of Tennyson that "as to his reading he is a deep-mouthed hound, and the sound of it is very grand," though more of articulation was wanted to give the consonantal effects of the rhythm. Nat Lee read his own dramatic verse with such pathos that, according to Colley Cibber, while he was reading to an actor at a rehearsal, the latter in the warmth of his admiration threw down his part, saying: "Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it?"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

CARLYLE'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION."

"I find on a general view that the book is one of the savagest written for several centuries. It is a book written by a wild man, a man disunited from the fellowship of the world he lives in, looking king and beggar in the face with an indifference of brotherhood and an indifference of contempt."

Thus Thomas Carlyle described his own book. He added, "Good Christian people, there it is. Shriek over it, since ye will not shout over it. Trample it, and kick it, and use it all ways ye judge best. If ye can kill it and extinguish it, then in God's name do. If ye cannot, why then ye will not. My share in it is done."

"My share in it is done." He wrote this with an emphasis born of bitter recollection. I make no excuse for retelling the story of the catastrophe by which the first volume of this extraordinary work was destroyed in manuscript. It was in the early summer of 1834 that he left the moors of Craigenputtock for the house in Cheyne Row where he was to live out the rest of his life. He had about £200 in reserve, but no prospects. The task of writing this book was grievous. The toil of research, the toil of transcription, the toil of analysis, the toil of fusion and conception, were very great, and so much depended on the result! Yet a miserable accident was to break his spirit at the outset. John Stuart Mill, who

was then Carlyle's closest friend, was taking intense interest in the growth of the book. Froude tells the story thus:—

Mill borrowed the manuscript as it was thrown off, that he might make notes and suggestions, either for Carlyle's use, or as material for an early review. The completed first volume was in his hands for this purpose, when one evening, March 6, 1835, as Carlyle was sitting with his wife, "after working all day like a nigger" at the Feast of Pikes, a rap was heard at the door, a hurried step came up the stairs, and Mill entered deadly pale, and at first unable to speak. "Why, Mill," said Carlyle, "what ails ye, man? What is it?" Staggering and supported by Carlyle's arm, Mill gasped out to Mrs. Carlyle to go down and speak to some one who was in a carriage in the street. Both Carlyle and she thought that a thing which they had long feared must have actually happened, and that Mill had come to announce it and to take leave of them. So genuine was the alarm that the truth when it came out was a relief. Carlyle then learnt in broken sentences that his manuscript, "left out in too careless a manner after it had been read," was, "except four or five bits of leaves, irrevocably annihilated." That was all, nothing worse; but it was ugly news enough, and the uglier the more the meaning of it was realized.

Carlyle wrote always in a highly-wrought quasi-automatic condition both of mind and nerves. He read till he was full of his subject. His notes,

when they were done with, were thrown aside and destroyed; and of this unfortunate volume, which he had produced as if "possessed" while he was about it, he could remember nothing. Not only were "the fruits of five months of steadfast, occasionally excessive, and always sickly and painful toil," gone irretrievably, but the spirit in which he had worked seemed to have fled too, not to be recalled; worse than all, his work had been measured carefully against his resources, and the household purse might now be empty before the loss could be made good. The carriage and its occupant drove off—and it would have been better had Mill gone too after he had told his tale, for the forlorn pair wished to be alone together in the face of such a calamity. But Carlyle, whose first thought was of what Mill must be suffering, made light of it, and talked of indifferent things, and Mill stayed and talked too—stayed, I believe, two hours. At length he left them. Mrs. Carlyle told me that the first words her husband uttered as the door closed were: "Well, Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up; we must endeavor to hide from him how very serious this business is to us."

Probably nothing in Mill's life—and he was a man of calm and self-centred force—put him out more than this accident. What had happened was very simple. He had carried the precious manuscript to the lady who afterwards became his wife, as she was already his intellectual comrade. By some accident it had dropped upon the floor, and a stupid maid-servant used it to light the fire next morning. Not a scrap of the first draft had been preserved by Carlyle. Froude continues:

The money part of the injury Mill was able to repair. He knew Carlyle's circumstances. He begged, and at last passionately entreated, Carlyle not to punish him by making him feel that he had occasioned real distress to friends whom he so much honored; and he enclosed a cheque for £200, the smallest sum which he thought that he could offer. Carlyle returned it; but his financial condition requiring that he should lay his pride aside, he intimated that he would accept half, as representing the wages of five month's labor. To this Mill now unwillingly consented. He sent £100, and, so far as money went, Carlyle was in the same position as when he began to write. He was not aware till he tried it what difficulty he would find in replacing what had been destroyed; and he was able to write to his brother of what had happened, before he did try again, as of a thing which had ceased to distress him.

Carlyle's only course was to do his work over again. It was five months' agony, but the book thus twice engendered is one of the most remarkable in the language. It is, however, rather a prose poem than a history. It was

written, indeed, as a parable for England, and such a parable as only Carlyle could devise. As his latest editor, Mr. John Holland Rose, says: "His work is a prose epic, describing the struggles of twenty-five million Frenchmen to right the wrongs of the past and also to avenge them." He looked upon the Revolution as a volcanic outburst, revealing the utmost powers and passions of human nature; and he gazed into the crater with eager longing, so that he might learn something of that demoniac force that lies hidden under the surface of a seemingly outworn soicety." Not as an introduction to the French Revolution nor as an introduction to Carlyle's own writings, can the book be recommended. The great drama must first be approached through a simpler record, and Carlyle's literary power should first be studied in a less volcanic phase. But the book is his masterpiece.

Richard Lovelace.

(Died in London, 1658)

By S. J. Underwood.

There comes adown the years a song,
Stirring as bugle call,
So clear and high, with duty strong,
Yet wondrous sweet withal.

Two centuries its magic touch
Has swept the heart-strings o'er,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

Darling of all, of one the thrall—
The story old, yet new—
Off to the wars, mayhap to fall,
He wrote a farewell true.

A farewell brave and tender, such
We still its strain adore,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

O never year but men have vowed
At feet of lady fair,
And turned their backs on love most proud
For truth to do and dare;

To one alone to voice his deed
Was given silver tongue,
Poor Lovelace gained at least this meed,
Men love the song he sung.

Two centuries its magic touch
Has swept the heart-strings o'er,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

—The Independent.

THE GREAT BOOK COLLECTORS.

By Charles and Mary Elton.

Italian Cities—Olympia Morata—Urbino— The Books of Corvinus.

The memory of many great book-collectors has been preserved in the libraries established from ancient times in several of the Italian cities. There are two at Padua, of which the University Library may claim to have had the longer existence: but the "Capitolina" can claim Petrarch as one of its founders, and may boast of the books on antiquities gathered by Pignoria, the learned commentator upon the remains of Rome and the historian of his native city of Padua. It may be worth noticing that there were several smaller collections in the churches, due to the industry of bookmen whose names have been forgotten. We hear of the books of St. Anthony and of Santa Giustina: and as to the library in the Church of St. John, the tradition long prevailed that Sixtus of Sienna, a noted hunter after rare books, saw on its shelves a copy of the "Epistle to the Laodiceans," and read it, and made copious extracts.

Mantua received many of the spoils of Rome from Ludovico Gonzaga, which were lost in the later wars: the most famous acquisition was Bembo's tablet of hieroglyphics, which was interpreted by the patient skill of Lorenzo Pignoria. At Turin the King's Library contains some of the papers and drawings of Ligorio, who helped in the building of St. Peter's: but most of his books were taken to Ferrara, where he held an official appointment as antiquary. The University Library contains the collections of the Dukes of Savoy, including a quantity of Oriental MSS., and some of the precious volumes illuminated by the monks of Bobbio. The Père Jacob in his treatise upon famous libraries had some personal anecdote to record about the bookmen of each place that he visited. At Naples he saw the collection of the works of Pontanus, presented to the Dominicans by his daughter Eugenia; at Bologna he found a long roll of the Pentateuch, "written by Esdras"; and at Ferrara he described the tomb of Cœlius, who was buried among his books, at his own desire, like a miser in the midst of his riches.

Ferrara derived a special fame from the munificence of the House of Este and the memory of Olympia Morata. A long line of illustrious princes had built up "an Athens in the midst of Bœotia." Ariosto sang the

praises of the literary Court, and Tasso's misfortunes were due to his eagerness in accepting its pleasures. The library of Lilio Giraldi was a meeting-place for the scholars of Italy, and it continued to be the pride of Ferrara when it passed to Cinthio Giraldi the poet. Renée of France, after the death of her husband, Duke Hercules, made Ferrara a city of refuge for Calvin and Marot and the fugitive Reformers from Germany. Olympia Morata, the daughter of a Protestant citizen, was chosen as the companion and instructress of the Princess Anna. They passed a quiet life among their books until a time of persecution arrived, when Olympia found a hope of safety in marrying Andrew Grundler of Schweinfurt. Her love for books appears in the letters written towards the close of her life. In 1554 she tells Curio of the storming of Schweinfurt, where she lost her library: "When I entered Heidelberg barefoot, with my hair down, and in a ragged borrowed gown, I looked like the Queen of the Beggars." "I hope," she said, "that with the other books you will send me the Commentary on Jeremiah." Her friend answers that Homer and Sophocles are on their way: "and you shall have Jeremiah too, that you may lament with him the misfortunes of your husband's country." Olympia replied from her death-bed, returning her warmest thanks for the books: "Farewell, excellent Curio, and do not distress yourself when you hear of my death. I send you such of my poems as I have been able to write out since the storming of Schweinfurt; all my other writings have perished; I hope that you will be my Aristarchus and will polish the poems: and now again, farewell."

The Ducal Library of Ferrara was transferred to Modena when the Duchy was added to the States of the Church. The collection at Modena is still famous for its illuminated MSS., and for the care bestowed by Muratori and Tiraboschi in their selection of printed books. The Court of Naples also might boast of some illustrious bibliophiles. Queen Joanna possessed one of those small *Livres d'Heures* of "microscopic refinement" which Mr. Middleton has classed among the "greatest marvels of human skill." René of Anjou, her unfortunate successor, found a solace for exile in his books, and showed in a Burgundian prison that he could paint a vellum as cleverly as a monkish scribe. Alfonso, the next King of

Naples, was a collector in the strictest sense of the term. He would go off to Florence for bargains, and would even undertake a commission for a book-loving subject. Antonio Becatelli corresponded on these matters with his royal master. "I have the message from Florence that you know of a fine Livy at the price of 125 crowns: I pray your Majesty to buy it for me and to send it here, and I will get the money together in the meantime. But I should like your Majesty's opinion on the point, whether Poggio or myself has chosen the better part. He has sold Livy, the king of books, written out by his own hand, to buy an estate near Florence; but I, to get my Livy, have put up all my property for sale by auction." The books collected by Alfonso were at the end of the century carried off by Charles VIII., and were divided between the Royal Library at Fontainebleau and the separate collection of Anne of Brittany.

A romantic interest has always attached to the library at Urbino. The best scholars in Europe used to assemble at the palace, where Duke Federigo made such a gathering of books "as had not been seen for a thousand years," in the hall where Emilia and the pale Duke Guidubaldo led the pleasant debates described in the "Cortegiano." Federigo, the most successful general in the Italian wars, had built a palace of delight in his rude Urbino, in which he hoped to set a copy of every book in the world. His book-room was adorned with ideal portraits by Piero della Francesca and Melozzo: it was very large and lofty, "with windows set high against the Northern sky." The catalogue of the books is still preserved in the Vatican. It shows the names of all the classics, the Fathers, and the mediæval schoolmen, many works upon Art, and almost all the Greek and Hebrew works that were known to exist. Among the more modern writers we find those whose works we have discussed, Petrarch and his friends, Guarini and Perotti, and Valla with his enemy Poggio; among the others we notice Alexander ab Alexandro, a most learned antiquarian from Naples, of whom Erasmus once said: "He seems to have known everybody, but nobody knows who he is." The chief treasure of the place was a Bible, illuminated in 1478 by a Florentine artist, which the Duke caused to be bound "in gold brocade most richly adorned with silver." "Shortly before he went to the siege of Ferrara," says his librarian, "I compared his catalogue with those that he had procured from other places, such as the lists from the Vatican, Florence, Venice and Pavia, down to

the University of Oxford in England, and I found that all except his own were deficient or contained duplicate volumes." His son, Duke Guidubaldo, was a celebrated Greek scholar; and the eulogies of Bembo and Castiglione on his Duchess, Elizabeth Gonzaga, attest the literary distinction of her Court. Francesco, the third Duke, lost his dominions to Leo X.; but he showed his good taste in stipulating that the books were to be reserved as his personal effects. Some of the early-printed books are still in the palace at Urbino; others are at Castel Durante, or in the College of the Sapienza at Rome; and the splendid MSS. form one of the principal attractions of the Vatican.

Among private collectors the name of Cardinal Domenico Capranica should be commemorated. Though continually engaged in war and diplomacy, he found time to surround himself with books. On his death in 1458 he gave his palace and library towards the endowment of a new College at Rome, and his plans were carried out with some alterations by his brother Angelo Capranica. Two Greeks of the imperial House of Lascaris took important places in the history of the Italian renaissance. Constantine had found a refuge at Milan after the conquest of his country, and here he became tutor to the Lady Hippolyta Sforza, and published a grammar which was the first book printed in Greek. He afterwards lectured at Messina, where he formed a large collection of MSS., which he bequeathed to the citizens. In a later age it was taken to Spain by Philip II. and placed on the shelves of the Escorial. John Lascaris belonged to a younger generation. He was protected by Leo X., and may be regarded as the true founder of the Greek College at Rome. In matters of literature he was the ambassador of Lorenzo de' Medici, and was twice sent to the Turkish Court in search of books. After the expulsion of the Medici, John Lascaris went to reside in Paris, where he gave lectures on poetry, and employed himself in securing Greek lecturers for a new College; and he was also engaged to help Budæus, who had been his pupil, in arranging the books at Fontainebleau.

Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, had the largest library in Europe. It was credited with containing the impossible number of 50,000 volumes; its destruction during the Turkish wars is allowed to have been one of the chief misfortunes of literature. Matthias began his long reign of forty-two years in 1458, and during all that time he was adding to his collections at Buda. Some have derided Corvinus as a mere gormandiser with an appetite

for all kinds of books. Some have blamed him for risking such inestimable treasures upon a dangerous frontier. It is admitted that he worked hard to dispel the thick darkness that surrounded the Hungarian people. He kept thirty scribes continually employed at Buda, besides four permitted to work at Florence by the courtesy of Lorenzo de' Medici. The whole library may be regarded as in some sense a Florentine colony. Fontius, the king's chief agent in the Levant, had been a well-known author in Florence: his Commentary upon Persius, once presented to Corvinus himself, is now in the library at Wolfenbüttel. Attavante, the pupil of Frà Angelico, was employed to illuminate the MSS. A good specimen of his work is the Breviary of St. Jerome at Paris, which came out of the palace at Buda and was acquired by the nation from the Duc de la Vallière. A traveller named Brassicanus visited Hungary in the reign of King Louis. He was enraptured with the grand palace by the river, the tall library buildings and their stately porticoes. He passes the galleries under review, and tells us of the huge gold and silver globes, the instruments of science on the walls, and an innumerable crowd of well-favored and well-clad books. He felt, he assures us, as if he were in "Jupiter's bosom," looking down upon that "heavenly scene." The palace and library were destroyed when Buda was taken by the Turks. The Pasha in command refused an enormous sum subscribed for the rescue of the books. The janissaries tore off the metal coverings from the rarer MSS., and tossed the others aside; the only known copy of Heliodorus, from which all our editions of the tale of Chariclea are derived, was found in an open gutter. Some books were burned and others hacked and maimed, or trodden under foot; many were carried away into the neighboring villages. About four hundred were piled up in a deserted tower, and were protected against all intrusion by the seal of the Grand Vizier. There were adventures still in store for the captives. Through the scattered villages Dr. Sambucus went up and down, recovering the strayed Corvinian books for the Emperor Rodolph, a strange Quixotic figure always riding alone, with swinging saddlebags, and a great mastiff running on either side. Many a disappointed wayfarer was turned away from the lonely tower. At last Busbec, the great traveller, because he was an ambassador from the Emperor, was allowed to enter a kind of charnel-house, and to see what had been the lovely gaily-painted vellums lying squalidly piled in heaps. To see them was a

high favor; the visitor was not permitted to touch the remains; and it was not until 1686 that about forty of the maltreated volumes were rescued by force of arms and set in a place of safety among the Emperor's books at Vienna.

It has always been a favorite exercise to track the Corvinian MSS. into their scattered hiding-places. Some are in the Vatican, others at Ferrara, and some in their birth-place at Florence. It is said that some of them have never left their home in Hungary. Venice possesses a "History of the House of Corvinus," and Jena has a work by Guarini with the King's insignia "most delicately painted on the title." The portraits of the King and Queen are on one of the examples secured by Augustus of Brunswick for his library at Wolfenbüttel. Mary of Austria, the widow of King Louis, presented two of the Corvinian books to the *Librairie de Bourgogne* at Brussels; one was the Missal, full of Attavante's work, on which the Sovereigns of Brabant were sworn; the other was the "Golden Gospels," long the pride of the Escorial, but now restored to Belgium.

Other scattered volumes from the library of Corvinus have been traced to various cities in France and Germany. There has been much controversy on the question whether any of them are to be found in England. Some think that examples might be traced among the Arundel MSS. in the British Museum. Thomas, Earl of Arundel, it is known, went on a book-hunting expedition to Heidelberg, where he bought some of the remnants of the Palatine collection. Passing on to Nuremberg he obtained about a hundred MSS. that had belonged to Pirckheimer, the first great German bibliophile; and these, according to some authorities, came out of the treasure-house at Buda. The Duke of Norfolk was persuaded by John Evelyn to place them in the Gresham Library, under the care of the Royal Society, and they afterwards became the property of the nation. Oldys the antiquary distinctly stated that these "were the remnants of the King of Hungary"; "they afterwards fell into the hands of Bilibald Pirckheimer." Pirckheimer died in 1530, three years after the sack of Buda, and had the opportunity of getting some of the books. We cannot tell to what extent he succeeded, or whether William Oldys was right on the facts before him; but we know from Pirckheimer's own letters that he was the actual owner of at least some MSS. that "came to him out of the spoils of Hungary."

THE STORY OF PRESCOTT'S FIRST BOOK.

The story of Prescott's first book, "Ferdinand and Isabella," is interestingly told by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell: "Toward the end of 1825, Mr. Prescott began to approach the choice of a subject and the application of his accumulated stores of thought and reading. Histories of Spain from the Arab invasion to the consolidation of the monarchy under Charles V.; of the revolution which converted the Roman republic into a despotism; of Italian literature, were thought of and dismissed. An entry in a notebook, dated January 19, 1826, records his decision in favor of a history of Ferdinand and Isabella, and is accompanied by a penciled annotation, 'A fortunate choice. May, 1847.' . . . He could use his eye so little that he was obliged to engage a professional reader, and, for some time, had to listen to Spanish books read by a person who did not understand a word of Spanish. Better aids were, however, soon found, and after some practice he taught his ear to perform the work of the eye, and his memory to serve the purpose of a notebook. His reader used to attend him for six hours daily, from ten till two and from six to eight. They worked in an upper room of his father's house in Boston, with two windows; one to the west, which was carefully shaded with several blinds of blue gauze, any one of which could be drawn up separately, so as to temper the light with a nice gradation, and another window to the north, set higher in the wall, and left uncovered. Mr. Prescott sat with his back toward the western window, with a green screen in front of him, to darken the opposite wall. The fire in the grate was of coke, to avoid flame and glare.

"As the reading proceeded the reader was requested to mark any passage which seemed important, and the listener, when his eye permitted, would himself sometimes make a note of the reference. Sometimes, when his eye was stronger, Mr. Prescott would himself read for a while, sitting near the window at a reading desk, and frequently raising or lowering the blue blinds. It was not until October, 1829, three years and a half after he had set himself to the subject, that he commenced the actual composition of his work, and wrote the first chapter of 'Ferdinand and Isabella.' Three chapters were then accomplished in three months, but they were wholly rewritten before they were sent to the press. The manuscript was, in a great measure, written by his own hand, by the aid of a machine

called a noctograph, in which the paper was laid under a series of stout wires, sixteen to the page, which guided the hand in forming the lines. Ink was superseded by the use of a blackened paper, the back of which being pressed with a stylus left an impression on the white sheet placed beneath it. The mechanical difficulty of writing induced him to practice the art of mental composition, of which he acquired so great a command that he could arrange and carry in his head as much matter as would fill fifty or sixty printed pages. His hours of exercise on foot or horseback were frequently the hours when large portions of his works assumed their definite shape.

"At length, on June 25, 1836, 'Ferdinand and Isabella' was sent to press. In 1833, during the progress of the work, he had caused four copies of it to be printed as it was written, in a bold type, and on only one side of the leaf. One of these copies was now carefully revised, and the care bestowed upon this revision may be judged of from the fact that the first chapter was written thrice, and privately printed twice, before it was considered by the author as fit for publication. Perhaps this exceeding care may have been in some degree attributable to a plan of publication which Mr. Prescott appears to have followed in all his works. The sheets were at once stereotyped, at his own expense, and from these stereotype plates, which remained his private property, the various American editions were printed, upon terms agreed upon in each case with the publisher.

"The first edition of 'Ferdinand and Isabella' appeared at Boston at Christmas, 1837. The American Stationers' Company, which undertook it, was allowed four years to sell 1,250 copies, and the number of those at first struck off was only 500, so modest were the expectations of all concerned. Four weeks exhausted the stock which had been calculated to supply the demand of four years, and the work became famous on both sides of the Atlantic. In the summer of 1837, one of the four large-type copies had been sent to England to be offered to London publishers. Refused by the elder Murray and by the Longmans, it was accepted by Bentley, to the great and permanent advantage of that bibliophile's pocket and reputation. The book at once obtained the suffrages of the most intelligent critics in England, Germany, France and Spain, and the author was at once—as his biographer had the happiness to foretell—'placed quite by the side of Irving' in the estimation of Europe."

MUSIC IN FICTION.

By C. W. James.

"There's not a house you go into," said Miss Pratt, a hundred years ago in "The Inheritance," "but some of the family are musical." One hardly likes to think what that voluble lady's feelings and language would be, could she make her way into the castles and lodges where dwell the descendants of the Rossvilles and the Whytes and all the rest of them, and note there the evidences of present-day musical interest. Could she go further and visit just such a row of red-brick villas as that where old Mr. Adam Ramsay lived, and know that in all probability a pianoforte is to be found in each of them, even Miss Pratt's tongue would, I think, fail her for once.

It is true that since the discovery of "bridge" the pianoforte remains shut in a good many houses where formerly it was sure to be opened after dinner, and used for accompaniments to "Coon" songs and the "Geisha," but these are for the most part what are called "great houses," and they are in a minority. In Miss Edgeworth's "Helen" there is an interesting argument between Lady Davenant and Mr. Harley as to the comparative power in society of music and cards. Lady Davenant is all for what she aptly describes as "the silent superiority of cards," and says, "Cards in their day (and their day is not over yet) had a wider influence than music." No doubt the view she took was a sound one in her time, and there may be a Lady Davenant or two at the present moment who would argue that cards are more useful and powerful, socially, than music. But Mr. Harley would in these days have the best of the argument and the largest following, for the people who are not musical, or who do not try to appear so, are getting very rare indeed, of that we may be sure.

It is curious that the best novels of our own period which deal with contemporary social life have so little to say about music. Here and there allusions to it may be found, and the second-rate "society" novelist knows its value, but there is nothing either illuminating or amusing, nothing which, in a hundred years time, will enlighten the serious student of our manners, or divert the musical reader who shall stumble upon the forgotten novels of Victorian times. Very different is it with many of the novels which paint that period of which the year 1800 may be taken as a centre; from Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen and Miss Ferrier especially we can get many a cu-

rious glimpse at the amateur musical doings of their times. It cannot be pretended that those doings were really of much importance, but they are often vastly entertaining.

The period which saw the work of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven was, musically speaking, a golden age, but the influence of German music was unfelt in London drawing-rooms as it was in English country-houses. Italian music, and that not always of the highest class, was preferred in professedly musical circles, to the exclusion of all others. Miss Edgeworth is a mine of information on the subject. It seems as if there never was such a musical house as Mrs. Falconer's in "Patronage." We learn from that delightful novel not only who were the favorite composers in the eighteenth century eighties, but that in certain characteristics London musical society was then very much as it is now. There was the same anxiety on the part of entertainers to secure professional musicians at their parties without cost; there were the same charity concerts, at which popular vocalists are expected to give their services, and look as if they liked it.

"Now, my dear," says Mrs. Falconer to her husband, "I must trouble you to sign this draft for our concert last week. These public singers are terribly expensive, yet at a concert one must have them, and one cannot have them without coming up to their price."

"Why do you not do as others do?" replies Mr. Falconer. "Let these musical professors give a concert at your house; then, instead of paying them, you share their profits, and you have the best company at your house into the bargain."

"Such things are done, I know," says Mrs. Falconer, "and by people of rank, too."

There are no extinct species, it is to be feared, in the world of snobs, and these "people of rank" have their counterpart to-day. How superior in these matters was poor, much-abused Mrs. Rawdon Crawley to the rich and virtuous Mrs. Falconer! The greatest artists would "leave off their sore throats" in order to sing for Becky. This was because she was kind to them, said "Hush" at Gaunt House when they began to sing, and even crossed the rope-marked line which separated the contaminating performer from the immaculate listener. But Mrs. Falconer had amateur concerts as well as professional. There was one at which Dr. Mudge "forever established his

fame in 'Buds of Roses,'" and Miss La Grande was "astonishing, absolutely astonishing, in 'Frenar vorrei le lagrime,'" in Catalani's best manner, while Miss Georgiana Falconer was divine in "Giove onnipotente." On one occasion the ladies at Mrs. Falconer's were kind enough to turn over their music-books, and Alfred Percy "for some minutes heard only the names of La Tour, Winter, Von Esch, Lanza, Portogallo, Mortellari, Guglielmi, Sacchini, Sarti, Paisiello, pronounced in various tones of ecstasy and execration." It is mortifying that we do not know which were the composers praised and which the condemned. I incline to the belief that the last three may have been the unpopular composers, for they probably are the best on the list, and some light is thrown on the Misses Falconer's taste by their polite reference, at another time, to certain musicians whose names do not live in dictionaries alone. They were speaking of "those two eternal Miss Byngs, with voices like cracked bells, and with their old-fashioned music, Handel, Corelli, Pergolesi—horrid!" Mortellari preferred to Handel, and Portogallo to Corelli! Even so at the present day, there are doubtless those who prefer Miss Maude White to Sir Hubert Parry, and Mascagni and Massenet to Mozart. Still the standard of taste in the "Patronage" period was, in some points, higher than it is in our day. French songs, with feverish words by Verlaine and other poets who feed on passion, are sung to-day by amateurs and professionals alike, and not an eyebrow is raised in question as the singer describes, in his or her best "*voix blanche*," the unveiled perfections of the poet's mistress, or the ardor of their embracings. Godfrey Percy would have been horrified at this kind of thing. When he went to call on Miss Hauton at Clermont Park, she was found at the piano. "Her voice was delightful, but he was surprised, and not pleased, by the choice of her songs; she was singing songs which, to use the gentlest expression, were rather too *anacreontic*, songs which, though sanctioned by fashion, were not such as a young lady of taste would prefer, or such as a man of delicacy would like to hear from his sister or his wife." If the offending songs were of a kind common enough in the time of Purcell and his immediate successors, then Mr. Percy had reason indeed. But by the time of George III. songs of that type were as *démodé* as Handel, Corelli or Pergolesi were in Hauton and Falconer society; so that the conclusion cannot be resisted that Godfrey was very "nice" in his taste. Not quite so

nice, however, as that writer of fashionable novels, when George IV. was king, Mr. Lister, author of "Granby," and the first husband of clever Lady Cornwall Lewis. There was a lady in his "Anne Grey" who "sang with an impassioned richness in her voice, such as enchained and captivated the sense of the listener.

. . . . It was a style unlike the generality of that which is heard in private society. It was a style which perhaps we should be unwilling to hear, beautiful though it was, from a sister, or a daughter, or a wife." Here it is not the poetry or the music of which true refinement cannot approve; it is the rich voice, combined with the unamateurish style, which is indelicate.

Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Lister, who both "moved in the best society," wrote about very aristocratic people indeed. Dukes and their relations are hardly more common among the *dramatis personæ* of an up-to-date playwright than they are in the pages of the irresistible Irishwoman or the elegant Englishman. Miss Pratt, too, whom I began by quoting, was nothing if not aristocratic, and her creator, Miss Ferrier, had as good opportunity as any one of knowing the state of music in Scotland.

It would not be fair then, to infer too much from these authorities as to the diffusion of musical taste in their time. Mr. Austen Leigh, in his "Memoir of Jane Austen," says distinctly that music at that time was not by any means as universal an accomplishment as Miss Pratt believed it to be. He tells us that pianofortes were only found in specially musical houses; in fact, they were about as common as billiard tables are now. This seems as if it might be an exaggeration; a billiard table needs a large room, and is consequently kept out of many houses where it would otherwise be found. Pianofortes take up but little space, and even Mrs. Bates's little first-floor parlor, in the main street of Highbury, was large enough to take in the square piano which Frank Churchill sent down from Broadwood's, and around which so much delightful mystery and gossip centred. Of course there was a piano at Hartfield, and the "good Coles" had their new grand, although Mr. Cole did not know one note from another. We are not actually shown Mrs. Elton's "instrument," but she must have had a very elegant one; perhaps it was a wedding present from Mrs. Bragge or Mrs. Smallridge. Miss Austen does not mention the name of any pianoforte-maker but Broadwood, so we do not know who was patronized by Mr. Cole or Mr. Woodhouse. Perhaps Stoddart of Golden Square or Clementi of Cheapside, or Kirkman of Old Broad Street.

The compass would be but five octaves, the case would be mahogany, bound and ornamented with brass or tortoise shell; and the tone of Miss Austen's pianoforte would seem to us, could we hear it, as cracked and wizened as did Miss Honeyman's piano (which she thought a delightful instrument—it had been Charles's) to Ethel Newcome and her little brothers. Miss Austen knew what she was talking about when she introduced musical topics. It is recorded of her that she used to get up early in the morning to practice, and it is pleasant to reflect how completely this would have won the approval of Lady Catherine de Bourgh. Although Mrs. Collins had been accustomed to a pianoforte when she was Miss Charlotte Lucas—a pianoforte on which Mary Bennett had, no doubt, performed her long and dull concertos—her worthy William evidently did not think it necessary that Hunsford Parsonage should possess one. Perhaps it would have been too close an imitation of Rosings. Two pianos were to be found there, and Lady Catherine is never more characteristic than when discussing music.

"Do you play and sing, Miss Bennett?"

"A little."

"Oh, then, we shall be happy to hear you some time or other—our instrument is a capital one, probably superior to——. Do your sisters play and sing?"

"One of them does."

"Why did you not all learn? You ought to have learned. The Miss Webbs all play, and their father has not so good an income as yours." Clearly Lady Catherine wished music to be as general an accomplishment as Miss Pratt alleged it to be. Overhearing Colonel Fitzwilliam and Elizabeth talking of music, she interposes:

"I must have my share in the conversation, if you are speaking of music. There are few people in England, I suppose, who have more true enjoyment of music than myself, or a better natural taste. If I had ever learnt, I should have been a great proficient. I often tell young ladies that no excellence in music is to be acquired without constant practice. I have told Miss Bennett several times that she will never play really well unless she practices more, and though Mrs. Collins has no instrument, she is very welcome to come to Rosings every day, and play on the pianoforte in Mrs. Jenkinson's room; she would be in nobody's way, you know, in that part of the house."

Could any musician, amateur or professional, give a modern Miss Bennett better advice than this?

In Miss Austen's time the piano, which had only come into vogue some thirty or forty years previously, had a serious rival in the harp. This was so, at any rate, amongst people rich enough to afford the more expensive instrument. A whole flood of light is poured upon the musical amateur question by a remark made by Lady Susan Vernon in a letter to Mrs. Johnson: "I want Frederica to play with some portion of taste, and a good deal of assurance, for she has my hand and arm." She would have been on Mr. Harley's side in the discussion concerning the social influence of cards and music. Does not this delightful sentence remind us at once of Mr. Snob's visit to the Evergreens, and Mrs. Ponto's "*ung peu de musique au salong*," when she good-naturedly observed, "Brilliant touch Emily has; what a fine arm Maria's is"? In Mrs. Ponto's time, however, the harp was becoming old-fashioned, yielding place to the superior brilliance of pianistic performance such as that of Miss Wirt in "*Sich a gettin' upstairs*," whereas in Lady Susan's its popularity was at its height, and no doubt it was admirable in enabling young ladies to exercise what M. de Brantôme would have called the influence "*d'un beau bras*."

The arrival of Miss Crawford's harp at Mansfield Parsonage, and the difficulty of getting it there, were subjects which interested the Bertram family very deeply. Edmund was almost as indignant as Dr. Grant at the idea of a wagon being spared from the hay harvest for the conveyance of a harp. It is unfortunate that what Mrs. Norris said, when she heard of Miss Crawford's presumption in asking for a wagon, has not been recorded. Henry's barouche eventually had the honor of bringing the harp on which his sister was to enchant Edmund with her "*plaintive airs*," a feat equalled by Mr. Musgrove's coach in "*Persuasion*." Mary and Anne Elliot were listening for the carriage which was to bring the party from the Great House to dinner at the Cottage, when the youngest Miss Musgrove walked in. "That she was coming to apologize, and that they would have to spend the evening by themselves, was the first black idea; and Mary was ready to be affronted when Louisa made all right by saying that she only came on foot to leave room for the harp, which was bringing in the carriage." The harp was brought, "for it seems to amuse mamma more than the pianoforte." Miss Austen describes any number of parents when she tells us that though Anne played better than the Miss Musgroves, her performance was little thought of

by the parents, "whose fond partiality for their own daughter's performance, and total indifference to any other person's, gave her more pleasure for their sake than mortification for her own."

"Pray do you play the harp," said Lady Juliana, the heroine of "Marriage," "and have you a good harp here?"

"We've a very sweet spinet," replied Miss Jacky, "which is, in my opinion, a far superior instrument." Lady Juliana probably thought Miss Jacky a benighted creature for holding this opinion. But if the despised spinet and the harp were put up for auction to-day, the price fetched by the former would delight Miss Jacky as much as it would astonish her ladyship. They were far behind the times, though, at Glenfern Castle. The Laird reckoned all foreign music, *i. e.*, all that was not Scotch, as an outrage on his ears: and we know from polite Mrs. Waddell, in "The Inheritance," that the Laird's taste was most reprehensible. "I hope," said she, "you don't think me quite so vulgar as to sing Scotch songs. I assure you they are quite exploded from the drawing-room—they are called 'kitchen songs.'" Now the pendulum has swung round and these old Scotch songs, honored by the Laird, despised by Mrs. Waddell, are collected and "edited" as fast as possible; few persons of taste are likely to prefer the music of Lanza or Portogallo to the bonnie Scotch tunes, and it may be remembered that Beethoven himself arranged many of them for Mr. Thomson, the Edinburgh publisher.

Rossville Castle was, of course, much more in the world than Glenfern, and Miss Pratt, as I have said, lived quite in what Mrs. Elton would have called the "first circles" of provincial Scotland. She knew a family where there were five harpists, and "such a tuning and stringing and thumping goes on that I get perfectly stupid. As Anthony Whyte says, you used to be aware of your danger when you saw a piano or a fiddle in a house, but now you have music in all shapes." A fiddle is terrible enough, unless it is in the hands of a gifted player, but the "shapes" in which Miss Pratt met music were more terrible still. "Musical glasses, and musical clocks, and snuffboxes, and now there are musical workboxes. And I've commissioned a walking-cane for my Lord from Paris (you know he can't walk the length of his toe without a stick), and it is to play three waltzes, two quadrilles, and a horn-pipe, and the Grand Turk's March." Musical glasses have ceased out of the land, except when children awaken the slumbering tones

of their finger-bowls at dessert, with a wet finger. Musical boxes, alas, have not quite vanished, but has any one seen a musical clock? The beautiful variations which Mozart wrote for one, and which Mr. Borwick plays on the piano, must be held to justify the existence of these mechanical musical toys, but we cannot be sorry that their day is over. Miss Pratt's walking cane was to play waltzes, and thus it would be in the very first fashion, and fit for a lord to walk with; for waltzes were the newest thing about 1814, at which time—grown-up people having to learn their dancing over again—there was formed that dancing class, at Devonshire House, to learn the waltz, which afterwards developed into the Assemblies at Almack's.

A musical box of better taste and of greater fame than any of Miss Pratt's was that which belonged to Mr. Pullet at Garum Firs. It played "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir"—a considerable improvement on waltzes and the Grand Turk's March, and it brought no little share of distinction to its owner. Lucy Deane and Maggie Tulliver "thought that it was by reason of some exceptional talent in their uncle that the snuff-box played such pretty tunes, and indeed the thing was viewed in that light by the majority of his neighbors in Garum. Mr. Pullet had bought the box, to begin with, and knew what it was going to play beforehand, and understood winding it up."

George Eliot has several things to say about music as it was practised in Middlemarch and its vicinity; and it is as certain that, like Miss Austen, she knew what she was talking about, as it is that Middlemarch was a real place, and that the Brookes and Vincys, and Cadwalladers and Chettams were real people. We like Mr. Brooke all the better for not carrying his "advanced" views into the region of musical art. "A woman should be able to sit down and play you or sing you a good old English tune; that is what I like, though I have heard most things—been at the opera in Vienna, Gluck and Mozart, everything of that sort. But I'm a conservative in music; it's not like ideas; I stick to the good old tunes." Neither Dorothea nor Mr. Casaubon cared about music, and George Eliot, evidently taking some such view as Mr. Austen Leigh, forgives Dorothea on the ground of the "small tinkling in which domestic art chiefly consisted at that dark period." In Middlemarch it was the fashion to sing comic songs "in a rhythmic way, leaving you to fancy the tune, very much as if you were tapping a drum." No doubt the "Humors of Bartlemy Fair" and the "Skein of

white worsted at Flint's" were in the Middlemarch repertoire, as well as "So Miss Myrtle is going to marry," and the "Musical Wife."

It is hardly remembered now that George Eliot's husband, G. H. Lewes, wrote novels. He loved music as well as she did, and in his "Ranthorpe" and "Rose, Blanche and Violet," his young ladies sing Paisiello and Rossini, some of them going so far as to adore Beethoven who was not at that time so popular a favorite as in these days of Richter concerts. Indeed, one of them makes a reference to the well-known story of the Philharmonic orchestra bursting into laughter the first time they played his compositions.

Rosamond Vincy, who resented her brother Fred's playing the flute, had been taught music by a worthy church organist, and she sang Haydn's canzonets and Mozart's "Voi che sapete;" this was very much to her credit, though the geniality of the one composer and the sweetness and sincerity of the other unfortunately left no impression at all upon her character.

Lucy Deane and Stephen Guest sang the duets from the "Creation," as to which most people will take leave to differ from Philip Wakem, who actually thought them "sugary," and preferred the tenor song from the "Son-nambula," thus showing himself to be a singularly undiscerning critic. No doubt Haydn and Mozart were still looked upon as the greatest of all composers by people of taste, even in Philip Wakem's day—the time of Beethoven was not yet. Thus Thackeray, though later on he allows Amelia and William Dobbin to delight greatly in the noble music of "Fidelio," makes Becky sing old melodies of Haydn and Mozart, when she especially wished to please Lady Steyne. And an authority upon this particular period (whom I cannot resist quoting, in spite of his not being a novelist), though he admits that he did not know what a note of music was, and had received a great deal more pain than pleasure from it, and could not distinguish a soprano from a bass, puts these two first. This is the dear delightful Elia. He speaks of "that inexhausted German ocean above which in triumphant progress, dolphin seated, ride those Arions, Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant Tritons, Bach, Beethoven and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon would but plunge me again in the deeps—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end." It is nice to think that the name of Bach came naturally to Elia's thought in those far-off days before he was "discovered"

by Mendelssohn. Lamb was not serious, surely, when he accuses himself of being so totally wanting in musical appreciation. In one of his letters to Manning he speaks as one who could really enjoy music.

"Kate is fifteen! I go about moping, and sing the old pathetic ballad I used to like in my youth,

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more.

Mrs. Bland sang it in boy's clothes the first time I heard it. I sometimes think the lower notes of my voice are like Mrs. Bland's. That glorious singer, Braham, one of my lights, is fled. He was for a season." Or again: "To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds would be a foul libel. 'Water parted from the sea' never fails to move it strangely. So does 'In Infancy.'" But these were sung "by a gentlewoman who had the power to thrill the soul of Elia," and then, too, they are from the first play Lamb ever saw—"Artaxerxes," with music by Dr. Arne.

To return to the lady novelists. Miss Ferrer is very funny about music in Scotland, but it is quite likely that there was some foundation for her ridicule. If the impression she gives is not one favorable to the Scotch amateur, she is corroborated in her view by her famous relative, Christopher North. "By study of which of the fine arts," he asks, "is an amateur most speedily reduced to an idiot? By music. Your true musician is a jewel, your pretender paste. But among amateurs how few true musicians, how many pretenders!" This was doubtless true of England as well as Scotland a hundred years ago. Let us hope we have improved. Not that there is not much we would wish otherwise, but we have, at any rate, got beyond the "Battle of Prague" which the Misses Osborne and every one else played, and that "Sweet thing from the Cabinet" which was one of the three songs worthy Miss Schwartz could sing.

And we no longer take "seconds." Perhaps the present generation does not know what "singing second" meant. It meant adding an improvised part to the solo which was being sung, so as to turn it into a duet. Thus, when Emma Woodhouse was singing at Mrs. Cole's, "one accompaniment to her song took her agreeably by surprise—a second, slightly but correctly taken by Frank Churchill. Her pardon was duly begged at the close of the song, and everything usual followed." The Frank Churchill of to-day would not find it so easy to improvise seconds to songs by Fauré or Bruneau, so that it must be accounted a

good thing that hostesses are not now of the mind of the Duchess of Lanark in Mrs. Norton's "Stuart of Dunleith," who "did not like people to sing unless they sang contralto seconds."

Does any one read the fashionable novels of Mrs. Gore, I wonder? They have so much resemblance to "Belle's Letters" and the short stories in the *World* that I should think that there might be a public for them still. James de la Pluche, as we all know, in the course of his education—"in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reelly is"—had read the "novvle of Pelham" six times, and was to go through it "4 times mor." A lady in James's circumstances would have been desired to take a steady course of Mrs. Gore. Her great folk, with a rare exception, do not seem to have recognised other composers than Bellini and Rossini. Once a Mr. Weatherly sang an Irish song, and it did not take, so she sang the "lively vaudeville" "Tu t'en repentiras, Colin," but "she sang it principally to give opportunity for conversation to a pair of lovers at the other end of the drawing-room." This song was a favorite with Mrs. Gibson in "Wives and Daughters"; Cynthia Kirkpatrick sang it. What a pity it is that Mrs. Gaskell has so little to say about music! Miss Jessie singing "Jock o' Hazeldean" and Miss Jenkyns "beating time to it *out of time*" is quite her best allusion to it. Mrs. Gore has a scene between a Lady Mordaunt and her newly and very well married daughter Helen which is worthy of Miss Edgeworth. "Oh, what a lovely harp!" cried Lady Mordaunt; "sandalwood and steel, I declare! French, of course! I hope it is not a little extravagance, my dear; your own old favorite double-action was a most superior instrument."

"It was a *galanterie* from Lady Danvers," protests Helen. This is quite good, and the dragged-in French word carries us into the Fulham drawing-room of Miss Belinda Brough, when that exquisite conversation took place between Belinda and her papa and Captain Fizgig.

"And what has my dearest love been doing all day?"

"Oh, pa! I have *pincéd* the harp a little to Captain Fizgig's flute; didn't I, Captain Fizgig?" And Captain the Hon. Francis Fizgig replies, "Yes, Brough, your fair daughter *pincéd* the harp, and *touchéd* the piano, *égratigné* the guitar, and *écorché* a song or two; and we had the pleasure of a *promenade à l'eau*."

The instrument of sandalwood and steel reappears at a party given by Helen, and it is much admired by a Miss Felicia Daly. "What an

exquisite beejoo," says Felicia, "how tasty! Even in Bath, I can assure your la'ship, I never beheld a sweeter instrument." It was used to play accompaniments to Rossini's "Assisa al piè," and this gave opportunity to a Lady Wildersdale to explain that she was "already satiated with the cloying sweetness of Rossini." This view met with cordial approval, and a Lady Theodosia began at once to regret that her ghastly-looking harpsichord should have remained tuneless and stringless for the last twenty years, and so be unable to accompany Lady Wildersdale in her operatic selections.

It is interesting to reflect that just as any one might say, "I should like to accompany that song on my 'grand,'" so the Miss Dalys of a bygone time would have said, "I should like to accompany that song on my 'double action.'"

But the word "accompaniment" was used formerly in a different sense from that which it bears now. The voice accompanied the instrument in Miss Edgeworth's time, instead of the instrument the voice. There was more singing without accompaniment than is usual with us; and no wonder young ladies were frequently shy about it, seeing that even when the harpsichord was to be used to support the voice they had sometimes to be "dragged to the instrument, as the new Speaker of the House of Commons was formerly dragged to the Chair." In that irritating, but delightful story, "Deerbrook," Miss Martineau's characters sing a good deal without accompaniment. Mr. Grey gave what must have been a charming song, "Dame Dumshire and her Crockery Ware;" and Mrs. Enderby, also without accompaniment, was kind enough to sing the wonderful tale of Giles Collins, "who loved a lady, and Giles and the lady both died of true love; Giles was buried in the lower chancel, and the lady in the higher, and upon the one grave grew a milk-white rose, and from the other a briar; both of them climbed to the church tower, and there tied themselves in a true lover's knot, which made all the parish admire."

But perhaps the most remarkable instance in this kind of singing is that provided by Count Mirabel in "Henrietta Temple;" and here we leave the untitled folk of Miss Austen and Miss Martineau, to become as familiar with the wearers of strawberry leaves as were Mr. Lister or Mrs. Gore.

"Now, Count Mirabel," said the Duchess, "you must favor us."

"Without a guitar!" exclaimed the Count, and he began thrumming on his arm for an

accompaniment. "Well, when I was in Spain with the Duc d'Angoulême, we sometimes indulged in a serenade at Seville." And he sang. Disraeli was fonder of the guitar than his predecessors who wrote about aristocratic amateurs. True, one of Miss Edgeworth's ladies—Lady Anne Percival—knew it as she did the "banjore"—"an African instrument, of which, I understand, my dear, the negroes are particularly fond," but Dizzy makes the most use of it.

His Captain Armine played concertos on the violoncello, an instrument which one associates rather with a blameless church dignitary, such as Trollope's Mr. Harding, than with a spend thrift Apollo in the Dragoons; but he also played the guitar. There is an eminently Disraelian dialogue between Armine and Henrietta.

"Your voice summoned me."

"You care for music?"

"For little else!"

"You sing?"

"I hum."

"Try this."

"With you?"

Ferdinand then accompanies himself to a Neapolitan air; "it was gay and festive, a ritournelle which might summon your mistress to dance in the moonlight." He thought music by moonlight divine: "If you could hear her sing, my dear Glastonbury, by moonlight, you would confess that all you had ever heard or imagined of enchanted spirits floating in the air, and filling the atmosphere with supernatural symphonies, was realized." Good Mr. Woodhouse would have had a fit at the thought of a young lady singing by moonlight; he would have feared she would catch cold.

Mr. Disraeli is the last on my list of novelists who throw light upon the musical men and manners of what I have called the Miss Austen period—though, to be sure, Henrietta Temple was only a young girl when Emma and Anne Elliot must have been middle-aged matrons.

My last quotation shall be a delightful passage which fixes for us the position granted in the bygone days to professional musicians. It is Lady Bellairs—the Miss Bates of voluble Viscountessdom—talking to Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. "Oh, you know Pasta, do you? Very well, you shall bring her to my house. She shall sing at all my parties. I love music at my evenings, but I never pay for it, never. If she will not come in the evening, I will try to ask her to dinner, once at least. I do not like singers and tumblers at dinner, but she is very fashionable, and the young men like her."

"Singers and tumblers" is charming. Nowadays those who would welcome a "tumbler" to their table provided he tumbled for nothing after dinner, outnumber those who still treat professional musicians as if they belonged to the class of *saltimbanques*, and so very thin a line separates amateurs and professionals that civility is generally extended to both alike, even if the latter is privately considered but little better than a "tumbler." One of the features of present-day musical life is the resemblance between the amateur and the professional. The one courts publicity as much as the other. Nowadays in every Highbury and Upper-cross, in every Percy Hall or Falconer Court, there is music to be made by some who have "studied abroad," or been through the Royal College. But who shall say if the modern music gives more pleasure than that made by Miss Hauton or Jane Fairfax or Henrietta Temple? It is possible that Miss Jacky and her spinet and her honest Highland tunes were better, after all, than the players on "overstrung grands" and the arrangements of the "Ride of the Valkyries" and "Parsifal" and the "Symphonie Pathétique" which are crashed forth on them!

Ballade of the Book-Hunter.

By Andrew Lang.

In torrid heats of late July,
In March, beneath the bitter sky—
He book-hunts, while the loungers fly—
He book-hunts, though December freeze,
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
There soiled romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies,
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
From him is charged with hopes and fears,
In moldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto ever more is *Spes*—
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

ENVOY.

Prince, all the things that tease and please—
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers and tears
What are they but such toys as these—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs?

good thing that hostesses are not now of the mind of the Duchess of Lanark in Mrs. Norton's "Stuart of Dunleith," who "did not like people to sing unless they sang contralto seconds."

Does any one read the fashionable novels of Mrs. Gore, I wonder? They have so much resemblance to "Belle's Letters" and the short stories in the *World* that I should think that there might be a public for them still. Jeames de la Pluche, as we all know, in the course of his education—"in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reelly is"—had read the "novvle of Pelham" six times, and was to go through it "4 times mor." A lady in Jeames's circumstances would have been desired to take a steady course of Mrs. Gore. Her great folk, with a rare exception, do not seem to have recognized other composers than Bellini and Rossini. Once a Mr. Weatherly sang an Irish song, and it did not take, so she sang the "lively vaudeville" "Tu t'en repentiras, Colin," but "she sang it principally to give opportunity for conversation to a pair of lovers at the other end of the drawing-room." This song was a favorite with Mrs. Gibson in "Wives and Daughters"; Cynthia Kirkpatrick sang it. What a pity it is that Mrs. Gaskell has so little to say about music! Miss Jessie singing "Jock o' Hazeldean" and Miss Jenkyns "beating time to it *out' of time*" is quite her best allusion to it. Mrs. Gore has a scene between a Lady Mordaunt and her newly and very well married daughter Helen which is worthy of Miss Edgeworth. "Oh, what a lovely harp!" cried Lady Mordaunt; "sandalwood and steel, I declare! French, of course! I hope it is not a little extravagance, my dear; your own old favorite double-action was a most superior instrument."

"It was a *galanterie* from Lady Danvers," protests Helen. This is quite good, and the dragged-in French word carries us into the Fulham drawing-room of Miss Belinda Brough, when that exquisite conversation took place between Belinda and her papa and Captain Fizgig.

"And what has my dearest love been doing all day?"

"Oh, pa! I have *pincéd* the harp a little to Captain Fizgig's flute; didn't I, Captain Fizgig?" And Captain the Hon. Francis Fizgig replies, "Yes, Brough, your fair daughter *pincéd* the harp, and *touchéd* the piano, *égratigné* the guitar, and *écorché* a song or two; and we had the pleasure of a *promenade à l'eau*."

The instrument of sandalwood and steel reappears at a party given by Helen, and it is much admired by a Miss Felicia Daly. "What an

exquisite beejoo," says Felicia, "how tasty! Even in Bath, I can assure your la'ship, I never beheld a sweeter instrument." It was used to play accompaniments to Rossini's "Assisa al piè," and this gave opportunity to a Lady Wildersdale to explain that she was "already satiated with the cloying sweetness of Rossini." This view met with cordial approval, and a Lady Theodosia began at once to regret that her ghastly-looking harpsichord should have remained tuneless and stringless for the last twenty years, and so be unable to accompany Lady Wildersdale in her operatic selections.

It is interesting to reflect that just as any one might say, "I should like to accompany that song on my 'grand,'" so the Miss Dalys of a bygone time would have said, "I should like to accompany that song on my 'double action.'"

But the word "accompaniment" was used formerly in a different sense from that which it bears now. The voice accompanied the instrument in Miss Edgeworth's time, instead of the instrument the voice. There was more singing without accompaniment than is usual with us; and no wonder young ladies were frequently shy about it, seeing that even when the harpsichord was to be used to support the voice they had sometimes to be "dragged to the instrument, as the new Speaker of the House of Commons was formerly dragged to the Chair." In that irritating, but delightful story, "Deerbrook," Miss Martineau's characters sing a good deal without accompaniment. Mr. Grey gave what must have been a charming song, "Dame Dumshire and her Crockery Ware;" and Mrs. Enderby, also without accompaniment, was kind enough to sing the wonderful tale of Giles Collins, "who loved a lady, and Giles and the lady both died of true love; Giles was buried in the lower chancel, and the lady in the higher, and upon the one grave grew a milk-white rose, and from the other a briar; both of them climbed to the church tower, and there tied themselves in a true lover's knot, which made all the parish admire."

But perhaps the most remarkable instance in this kind of singing is that provided by Count Mirabel in "Henrietta Temple;" and here we leave the untitled folk of Miss Austen and Miss Martineau, to become as familiar with the wearers of strawberry leaves as were Mr. Lister or Mrs. Gore.

"Now, Count Mirabel," said the Duchess, "you must favor us."

"Without a guitar!" exclaimed the Count, and he began thrumming on his arm for an

accompaniment. "Well, when I was in Spain with the Duc d'Angoulême, we sometimes indulged in a serenade at Seville." And he sang. Disraeli was fonder of the guitar than his predecessors who wrote about aristocratic amateurs. True, one of Miss Edgeworth's ladies—Lady Anne Percival—knew it as she did the "banjore"—"an African instrument, of which, I understand, my dear, the negroes are particularly fond," but Dizzy makes the most use of it.

His Captain Armine played concertos on the violoncello, an instrument which one associates rather with a blameless church dignitary, such as Trollope's Mr. Harding, than with a spend thrift Apollo in the Dragoons; but he also played the guitar. There is an eminently Disraelian dialogue between Armine and Henrietta.

"Your voice summoned me."

"You care for music?"

"For little else!"

"You sing?"

"I hum."

"Try this."

"With you?"

Ferdinand then accompanies himself to a Neapolitan air; "it was gay and festive, a ritournelle which might summon your mistress to dance in the moonlight." He thought music by moonlight divine: "If you could hear her sing, my dear Glastonbury, by moonlight, you would confess that all you had ever heard or imagined of enchanted spirits floating in the air, and filling the atmosphere with supernatural symphonies, was realized." Good Mr. Woodhouse would have had a fit at the thought of a young lady singing by moonlight; he would have feared she would catch cold.

Mr. Disraeli is the last on my list of novelists who throw light upon the musical men and manners of what I have called the Miss Austen period—though, to be sure, Henrietta Temple was only a young girl when Emma and Anne Elliot must have been middle-aged matrons.

My last quotation shall be a delightful passage which fixes for us the position granted in the bygone days to professional musicians. It is Lady Bellairs—the Miss Bates of voluble Viscountessdom—talking to Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. "Oh, you know Pasta, do you? Very well, you shall bring her to my house. She shall sing at all my parties. I love music at my evenings, but I never pay for it, never. If she will not come in the evening, I will try to ask her to dinner, once at least. I do not like singers and tumblers at dinner, but she is very fashionable, and the young men like her."

"Singers and tumblers" is charming. Nowadays those who would welcome a "tumbler" to their table provided he tumbled for nothing after dinner, outnumber those who still treat professional musicians as if they belonged to the class of *saltimbanques*, and so very thin a line separates amateurs and professionals that civility is generally extended to both alike, even if the latter is privately considered but little better than a "tumbler." One of the features of present-day musical life is the resemblance between the amateur and the professional. The one courts publicity as much as the other. Nowadays in every Highbury and Upper-cross, in every Percy Hall or Falconer Court, there is music to be made by some who have "studied abroad," or been through the Royal College. But who shall say if the modern music gives more pleasure than that made by Miss Hauton or Jane Fairfax or Henrietta Temple? It is possible that Miss Jacky and her spinet and her honest Highland tunes were better, after all, than the players on "overstrung grands" and the arrangements of the "Ride of the Valkyries" and "Parsifal" and the "Symphonie Pathétique" which are crashed forth on them!

Ballade of the Book-Hunter.

By Andrew Lang.

In torrid heats of late July,
In March, beneath the bitter *bise*,
He book-hunts, while the loungers fly—
He book-hunts, though December freeze,
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
There soiled romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies;
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
From him is charged with hopes and fears,
In moldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto ever more is *Spes!*
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

ENVOY.

Prince, all the things that tease and please—
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers and tears,
What are they but such toys as these—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs?

JOHN FISKE'S TRIBUTE TO MILTON.

At the outset of an address on Milton written by Mr. John Fiske shortly before his death and printed in *The Cosmopolitan*, we are told that "to bring a sketch of John Milton within the compass of a single hour seems much like attempting the feat, described by Jules Verne, of making the journey around the world in eighty days." Mr. Fiske says further:

"In the dimensions of that human personality there is a cosmic vastness which one can no more comprehend in a few general statements than one could sum up in one brief formula the surface of our planet, with all its varied configuration, all its rich and marvelous life. There have been other men, indeed, more multifarious in their work than Milton, men whose achievements have been more diversified. Doubtless the genius of Michelangelo was more universal; Shakespeare touched a greater number of springs in the human heart; and such a spectacle as that of Goethe, making profound and startling discoveries in botany and comparative anatomy while busy with the composition of 'Faust,' we do not find in the life of Milton. A mere catalog, dealing with the Puritan poet and his works, would be shorter than many another catalog. But when we seek words in which to convey a critical estimate of the man and what he did, we find that we have a world upon our hands. Professor Masson, of the University of Edinburgh, has written the 'Life of Milton' in six large octavos; he has given as much space to the subject as Gibbon gave to the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'; yet we do not feel that he has treated it at undue length."

Milton's first important work was "Comus," a dramatic poem performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634. Mr. Fiske deems it "a piece of poetry more exquisite than had ever before been written in England save by Shakespeare." He continues:

"There is an ethereal delicacy about it that reminds one of the quality of mind shown in such plays as 'The Tempest' and 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream.' The late Mark Pattison has observed that 'it was a strange caprice of fortune that made the future poet of the Puritan epic the last composer of a cavalier mask.' But in truth, while Milton was a typical Puritan for earnestness and strength of purpose, he was far from sharing the bigoted and narrow whims of Puritanism. He had no sympathy whatever with the spirit that condemned the theatre and tore the organs out of churches and defaced noble works of art and frowned upon the love of beauty as a device of Satan. He was independent even of Puritan fashions, as is shown by his always wearing his long auburn locks when a cropped head was one of the distinguishing marks of a Puritan. With the same proud independence he approved the drama, and kept up his passion for music. In his

seriousness there was no sourness. A lover of truth and righteousness, he also worshipped the beautiful."

The blithe and sunny temper of Milton is illustrated in the next two poems that he wrote, "L'Allegro," or "The Cheerful Man," and "Il Penseroso," or "The Thoughtful Man." "Nothing more beautiful," in Mr. Fiske's judgment, "has come from human pen." These twin poems are pastorals, and were followed in 1637 by "Lycidas," a poem of similar construction. Milton's masterpieces, "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes," were not written until more than twenty years later. Says Mr. Fiske:

"'Paradise Lost,' like Dante's great poem, the only one with which it can be compared, was the outcome of many years of meditation. As a young man Milton thought of writing an epic poem, and he took much time in selecting a subject. For a while the legends of King Arthur attracted him, as they have fascinated Tennyson and so many other poets. In the course of his studies of early British history and legend, he was led to write a history of England to the year 1066, in one volume. After a while he abandoned this idea. The subject of an epic poem must be one of wide interest. Homer and Vergil dealt with the legendary beginnings of national history. If a national subject, like the Arthur legends, were not adopted, something of equal or wider interest must be preferred; and the choice of the Puritan poet naturally fell upon the story of the Creation and Fall of Man. The range of such a subject was limited only by that of the poet's own vast stores of knowledge. No theme could be loftier, none could afford greater scope for gorgeous description, none could sound the depths of human experience more deeply, none could appeal more directly to the common intelligence of all readers in Christendom. Of all these advantages Milton made the most, and 'Paradise Lost' has been the epic of the Christian world, the household book in many a family and many a land where Puritanism has not otherwise been honored. As Huxley once remarked, the popular theory of creation, which Lyell and Darwin overthrew, was founded more upon 'Paradise Lost' than upon the Bible."

By common consent of educated mankind three poets—Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare—stand above all others. "For the fourth place," declares Mr. Fiske, "there are competitors: two Greeks, Æschylus and Sophocles; two Romans, Lucretius and Vergil; one German, Goethe. In this high company belongs John Milton, and there are many who would rank him first after the unequalled three."

OBSERVATIONS IN A LIBRARY.

By Kennett F. Harris.

A long line—two long lines, in fact—endless chains of humanity of uneven links brought together from here, there and everywhere, held together for some space of time more or less brief by the bond of a common interest, moving forward, inch by inch, foot by foot, then one by one severed and dispersed. Lines such as these, in some respects, you may see wavering uneasily before the ticket windows of the theatres, or shuffling along, basket laden, to the shirt-sleeved and perspiring dispenser of the public bounty in the office of the county agent; but here in the public library, while the faces in the line show much the same expressions of eagerness, patience, expectation, resignation and relief, they are less homogeneous than in either of the other two places mentioned. These men and women, boys and girls, are all hungering and thirsting after some sort of mental pabulum—knowledge or entertainment, but their tastes are far asunder as the polls, and all tastes are to be satisfied here.

It seems a very solemn ceremony, this exchanging of books. There is a decorous hush about the place that fits well with the stained glass windows. The policeman, who is there as a symbol or hint of authority, and whose shoes do not creak, might be a verger as he glides noiselessly about, and the line, devotees, awaiting the ministrations of the priestesses in shirt waists behind the altar rail. A man coughs and people look around at him with the half-shocked expression that a loud cough evokes in church. Two small boys, who have not yet joined the line, forget themselves so far as to raise their voices above a whisper, and the verger with the buttons tiptoes over to them and taps them warningly on the shoulder, and asks them in a stifled undertone what they mean by it.

"Nuthin'," replies one of the small boys, "I was helpin' him ter pick out his book, dat's all."

"Let him pick out his own book," says the verger, in a savage whisper. "Don't you know the rules? If you talk in here you'll get thrown out—you or anybody else." This last with a glare at an inoffensive looking youth the other side of the table, who has looked up from the catalogue he has been studying with an unseemly interest in the altercation. Abashed, the young man returns to his catalogue, and as the boys are silent and seemingly penitent, the official moves away.

"He's a big bluff," whispers one of the urchins. "He wouldn't t'row nobody out." The other one giggles and they resume their discussion of the merits of "Jack Malone" which the dirtier of the two—they are both dirty and rather ragged—says is "a peach." They finally decide on "With Dewey at Manila" with "Jack Malone" as second choice and four or five other "dandy" alternatives, and then make for the tail of the line, just distancing a prosperous-looking elderly gentleman who, judging from his packages and his frequent glances at his watch, must have a train to catch. Nevertheless, he holds his place behind the boys and presently one of the librarians takes his list and brings him "Another Englishwoman's Love Letters."

Well, does he know what he is getting? He may or he may not—and he may be getting it for his wife. He looks unusually practical, but not humorous. Furthermore, partial baldness, gold-rimmed spectacles and generous girth are not incompatible with a romantic disposition. There is a wide field for speculation here.

For instance, three back, there is a little sun-browned old man bent with labor, not the student's stoop. The hands that hold the yellow card and the list are big-knuckled and calloused to the blunt finger tips, yet they do not suggest clumsiness. He has not the pallor of the mechanic of the shops. Foreman of a gang of bridge constructors perhaps and wanting something on engineering. Or, noting the high forehead, high cheek bones and shrewd gray eyes, with something controversial and Calvinistic in the set of the mouth, the doctrine of Election or Irresistible Grace. Not so bad. He gets "Orchids of Burma," and anybody might have guessed it.

Two more boys. They seem to come in couples generally. There is nothing of the gamin about them though, except perhaps their wide-awake, independent air. Neat, spick-and-span, even clothes cut in the latest juvenile styles, spruce neckties. One of them wears glasses, which gives him quite a Bostonese appearance. He has two cards also and a formidable list. Awfully nice little boys! They receive their three books and turn to them eagerly. "Did you get it?" asks the one with the spectacles.

"Naw. I guess every kid in town is after that."

"Wouldn't that frost you!" exclaims the one with the spectacles; "I got 'The Devil's Plough,' anyway."

"Is that any good?"

"I don't know; it sounds all right."

And so with faith in the diabolical suggestion, they go out cheerfully, followed by a stout man with a heavy red mustache and the merest suggestion of a neck, whose shirt front is illuminated by a diamond of imposing dimensions and whose checked clothes emit an odor that seems to be compounded of stale tobacco and moth balls. It would probably be safe to address this person as "Mike" in spite of his diamond. Was the ticket that he presented his or did he borrow it? How did he come to know that he would find the "Proceedings of the National Retail Liquor Dealers' Association" here? Another guess, that's all. It might be the "Textual Criticisms of the Greek New Testament." As the librarian says, "You never can tell."

Yet it would seem that some of them are unmistakable. Look at this pale youth with the bumpy forehead and the sleek black hair who looks so particularly serious. If he is not after something theological, neither the (black diagonal) apparel, nor any other external, proclaim the man. As he waits he cocks his eye knowingly at the inscriptions in Babylonian cruciform, Ethiopic character, or whatever they are, on the wall before him. It is about an even wager that he can read them. "An Essay in Exegesis." Another youth, gorgeously cravatted and vacuous of expression, is behind him. Whisper "Cash!" ever so gently and see if he won't look embarrassed. That will be because everything about him gives you the impression of the plated articles on the bargain counter. You would hardly expect him to have literary tastes, but when a man is out in society and somebody asks him if he doesn't think the latest literary success is perfectly lovely, he must know enough about it to reply that he considers it "swell" or "punk," as the case may be.

Here is a sturdy young artisan with brain and brawn combined in an admirable and impressive personality. No fiction for him. Alert, energetic and practical, he has no time for any luxurious mental indulgences. And he himself is a part of the latter day world of wonders. The actualities passing imagination. Behind him a little Japanee, politely apologetic as the librarian turns to him, beamingly grateful when she returns with his book on Western Art. There are few Japanese in the city who do not sooner or later find their

way to the public library. They read anything and everything, but are chiefly devoted to art and political economy. More boys. Oh, but it would be good to be a boy again for this! To open a book and become instantly a knight-of-old, clad in Milan steel, with a trenchant blade and a gallant barb, roaming errant through the land, succoring distressed damsels, wiping out bands of blood-thirsty outlaws and overthrowing kingly tyrants. Or with a bow and a sheaf of cloth, yard shafts and a suit of Lincoln green, killing the king's deer, mulcting fat priors and relieving the necessities of the poor in the merry greenwood. Or a large-hearted, magnanimous pirate scourging the Spanish main, or a plowman with an unerring rifle!

An old man now, with a venerable white beard, far into the kindest winter of life. Deliberate in his movements, he lays his book down while he readjusts his spectacles after wiping them on a large silk handkerchief. Has he got what he wanted? Some mistake surely—"Alice in Wonderland!" But he seems satisfied. Is the old fellow in his second childhood—or is there at home some golden-haired little Alice of his own flesh and blood whom he shall presently take on his knee and within an encircling arm as he opens the book and so makes the two eternal friends? There are many here one would like to follow home.

To the left is the line of women. Old and young, high and low, and as numerous as the men—perhaps rather more so. School teachers conscientious and intense, loading themselves up with educational authorities, or perchance, relaxing on a "standard." School girls in red tams eager for anything from any of the floral series to Marie Corelli. Shop girls, factory girls, stenographers, business women—who are as a general thing so far more business-like than business men—society women; even here and there, an evident housekeeping woman. There is some little talking on this side, but the verger knows better than to say anything about it.

A girl in a natty little jacket with a bunch of violets at the lapel and a particularly stunning hat, bright eyes and smiling, has evidently just come from a matinee, or perhaps she wants the novel on which some play she has seen is founded. At least she is discussing some masculine star in a gush of ecstatic adjectives with her friend behind in the automobile cloak. "He is too dear for any use," she says; "you always laugh at me for crying, but if you had been there and heard his voice break in that farewell scene, and seen the anguish in those

big, pathetic eyes of his when she tells him she can never be his, you would have cried too—you couldn't have helped it. And he has got the loveliest hands! Do you know they say that he—Oh, it's my turn! Now where has that card gone? I'm sure—isn't that provoking!"

She finds her card in the book and presently goes chattering off with a new one. Her literature is an accompaniment for Alleghetti's. A little farther down the line is a fashionably dressed, elderly woman who looks like one of Du Maurier's duchesses—even to the lorgnette, which she holds in her primrose-gloved fingers. The gloves are slightly soiled, however, and there are other slight evidences of the negligence of culture. She is booked for a paper at her club, and she is getting together some material which will make some people gasp. It may be something about the influence of the literary renaissance on the political thought of the middle ages, or a critical analysis of the psychical element in the sonnets of Rosetti. Something abstruse and imposing. There is another type of the club woman not far behind. She of the short skirt and thick boots with glasses on her severe aquiline nose and an impossible hat. She is the sort of woman who would know something of parliamentary procedure and who would distinctly decline to be either browbeaten or humbugged. Heaven help the lady of the lorgnette if this sister ever collides with her!

One of the less favored of fortune now—a factory, bindery or piecework sewing girl. Her ungloved hands are red with the chill of the street, and rough, and toil-worn, but there are three or four tawdry rings upon her fingers. Another cheap jewel fastens the rumpled ribbon at her neck, and a brooch of imitation turquoise and brilliants ornaments her hair, but her short jacket is threadbare. Unlovely, ill-nourished, plain of face, muddy and blotchy of complexion, there is yet a pitiful attempt at smartness about her. What thoughts can her reading inspire? She has "A Heart of Flame" under her arm. Is there a flame of hope in her own—of escape from her somber, sordid, toilsome existence—of some life like that enjoyed by the Lady Gwendolyns, the Yolandes and Isobels of her romances? Well there is warrant for it therein, and by some turn of the wheel she may find herself reclining on fauteuils, clad in shimmering things, or moving with undulating grace beneath the soft, mellow luster of a thousand gleaming lights in the mazes of the dance. And some young man with a strong resemblance to a Greek god, and a slight resemblance to another young man who works

in the grocery store, may look at her as she sits toying with her fan with the love-light in his eyes. "Sir Harold," she says, "I never dreamed——" Well, life would be dull for some of us without books.

So they come and go—all sorts and conditions of men and women. The scholar and the mere bookworm for what their own libraries lack, the business man, the politician, the artisan, the clerk, the student, the lawyer, the preacher, the writer and the school boy. All for books, and the books to be in some way influences for good or evil on their lives. Shaping, guiding, suggesting, teaching. Arousing ambition, ennobling by example, answering doubt, creating it, sloth breeding, corrupting—all things to all men. The boards of public libraries are much criticized bodies, but in their selection or rejection there is a world of responsibility resting upon them. They probably feel it. However that may be, for him who takes a living and active interest in his fellow man—of course including woman—or at least to observe them, the public library is no bad place to spend an hour or so.—*The Interior.*

A Poet's Gift.

Gifts?—Could my very soul condense
All of this world's magnificence,
Beautiful sunsets, glorious nights,
The stars with all their satellites,
Into one perfect gem: content,
Though all God's treasury were spent:
Nay, rather, could my spirit choose
Some priceless token of the Muse,
Some splendid song which should contain
Life's peace, hope, rapture, in its strain:
And yet transcendently express
My reverence of thy womanliness,
These were for giving, though their worth
Were all of heaven and all of earth.
But I—What is it I can give
In this brief life we dream and live
That may be recompense divine
For that most holy love of thine?
All I can say is, "Dearest, look,
Here is my heart!" So take this book.

In a Copy of "Underneath the Bough"

To I. D. C.

Will not your memory fondly linger
O'er many a dear departed singer,
With laurel wreath around the brow,
Who sang here "Underneath the Bough?"

And when, with thirst for Song unsated,
We too must go as they were fated,
O may the kind gods us allow
To meet them "Underneath the Bough,"

There where the asphodels are springing,
And listen their diviner singing,
And feel the rapture then as now
Of poets "Underneath the Bough!"

—LORENZO SOSSO.

WHITTIER RELICS SOLD FOR HIGH PRICES.

The Whittier sale, one of the most important and interesting literary sales of the season, took place on the evening of February 6th, at Anderson's Auction Rooms. The two hundred and seventy-one lots of the catalogue, which were offered for sale for the sole purpose of procuring necessary funds for the care and permanent maintenance of the old Whittier homestead, at Haverhill, Mass., personally belonged to Mr. Whittier, and a printed certification to that effect, signed by Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, the biographer and literary executor of Mr. Whittier, who consented to the sale of a portion of the poet's literary possessions, appeared in each volume. Many of the manuscripts differ materially from the printed versions. The following were the most important items in the sale:

5 ALDRICH (THOMAS BAILEY). MARJORIE DAW, AND OTHER PEOPLE. First Edition. 12mo, cloth. Boston, 1873. \$52.

"John G. Whittier, from his friend, T. B. Aldrich, Sept. 27, 1873."

11 "BARBARA FREITCHIE." Original Manuscript Account of the Famous War Incident, at Frederick, Md., in the handwriting of the Novelist, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, 4 pp. (Georgetown, D. C., July, 1863), sent by her to Mr. Whittier, and used by him as the basis for his celebrated poem. \$322.

20 [BRYAN (MRS.)] CONVERSATIONS ON CHEMISTRY, edited by J. L. Comstock, M.D. Hartford, 1826. \$87.50.

This was one of Mr. Whittier's school books, and bears one of his earliest-known autographs on the inside cover. Contains also a pencilled verse on a fly-leaf, in his handwriting.

28 CHASE (SALMON P.). A. L. S., 2 pp. Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 4, 1860, to Mr. Whittier, giving an interesting account of his first speech for Lincoln, in a Slave State. "I had made up my mind to speak at whatever hazard, and no matter with what consequences to myself, but was not sorry to find the hazard nothing, and the consequences only good. . . . Is not the present bright with promise? If Mr. Lincoln justifies our hopes, how much brighter the future! God grant that we be not disappointed." \$82.50.

41 DANA (CHARLES A.). A. L. S. 3 pp. Tribune Office, New York, June 8, 1856, to Mr. Whittier. "A powerful means of exciting and maintaining the spirit of freedom in the coming decisive contest must be songs. If we are to conquer, as I trust in God we are, a great deal must be done by that genial and inspiring stimulus. They should be written

to popular and stirring tunes, such as the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'God save the King,' the 'Marseillaise,' 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,' 'Old Dan Tucker,' and the like. In this case, we of course appeal to you for help." \$47.50.

45 DINSMOOR (ROBERT). INCIDENTAL POEMS. By ROBERT DINSMOOR, the "Rustic Bard." Haverhill, Mass. A. W. Thayer, printer, 1828. \$235.

Mr. Whittier's own copy of the work, which contains his earliest printed poem, "J. G. Whittier to the 'Rustic Bard.'"

46 DINSMOOR (ROBERT). A. L. S. to A. W. Thayer, publisher of his "Incidental Poems," referring to a poem in the Scottish dialect recently published in Mr. Thayer's paper, signed "Donald." \$70.

The poem referred to as written in the Scottish dialect, and signed "Donald," was by young Whittier, then only nineteen years of age.

50 EMERSON (RALPH WALDO). ESSAYS. Second Series. First Edition. Boston, 1844. \$330.

"John G. Whittier, with the respects of R. W. Emerson, Concord, Oct. 1844."

54 EMERSON (RALPH WALDO). A. L. S. To Mr. Whittier. 1 p. Concord, April, 1875. \$50.

Refers to the Centennial Celebration at Concord and Lexington. It was for this occasion that Mr. Whittier wrote his poem "Lexington."

68 GARRISON (WILLIAM LLOYD). A. L. S. 4 pp. Roxbury, Dec. 18, 1877. To Mr. Whittier.

"When more than fifty-one years ago, our personal acquaintance and friendship began, little did we foresee whereunto our earthly destiny was tending. . . . When I was in England last summer, in all social circles that I touched, I did not fail to say that of all the living poets of the world, I placed you at the head, especially in all that pertains to the freedom and elevation of the human race, and the highest spiritual afflatus in thought and expression. I said this to John Bright in the course of a delightful hour spent with him at the House of Commons, which led him not only to pass the highest encomiums upon you, but to quote with great fervor and unction some beautiful lines of yours with reference to the life beyond, etc." \$52.50

77 HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL). A. L. S. 4 pp. Boston, March 15, 1870, to Mr. Whittier, expressive of his pleasure at having received an appreciative letter from Mr. Whittier. Then comes the following:

*"But I am especially pleased with your kind note, because it gives me the opportunity to speak of your own lines, which for

grace and infinite tenderness, you have never surpassed. I will say it—Who has? I mean the lines, 'In School Days,' which I found in the 'Transcript,' taken from 'Our Young Folks' for January.

"It melted my soul within me to read these lovely verses. You may think I praise them more than I should, if I had not been made partial by your liking some things of mine. It is not so.

"I had no sooner read them than I fell into such ecstasy about them that I could hardly find words too high-colored to speak of them to my little household. I hardly think I dared read them aloud. My eyes fill with tears just looking at them in my scrap-book, now, while I am writing.

"You did not expect this, but you must submit to it. Many noble, many lovely verses you have written; none that go to the heart more surely and sweetly than these." \$230.

*See lot No. 244. Original manuscript of "In School Days."

- 78 HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL). A. L. S., 4 pp. Boston, Oct. 18, 1881, to Mr. Whittier. \$60.

"The dismantling of the human organism is a gentle process, more obvious to those who look on, than to those who are the subjects of it. . . . It is a good deal, that we older writers, whose names are often mentioned together, should have passed the Psalmist's limit of active life, and yet have an audience when we speak or sing. . . .

I wish you all the blessings you have asked for me—how much better you deserve them!"

- 79 HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL). A. L. S. to Mr. Whittier, 2 pp. Beverly Farm, Sept. 3, 1891. \$98.

"This climate is too cold and rough for me, but I have found much that is delightful about my residence here. Perhaps the fault is not so much in Latitude 42° as in Æt. 82. . . . I have often said we—that is you and I, now, are no longer on a raft, but we are on a spar."

- 108 LINCOLN (ABRAHAM). Original Draft of a Message to Congress, entirely in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting, 1 p. 4to, in envelope, no date, "To the Senate, and House of Representatives: Herewith I lay before you a letter addressed to myself by a committee of gentlemen representing the Freedman's Aid Society in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The subject of the letter, as indicated above, is one of great magnitude and importance, and one which these gentlemen, of known ability and high character, seem to have considered with attention and care. Not having the time to form a mature judgment of my own, as to whether the plan they suggest is the best, I submit the whole subject to Congress, deeming that their attention thereto is

almost imperatively demanded.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This message was secured from the President by Charles Sumner, and presented by him to Mr. Whittier. \$845.

- 159 TAYLOR (BAYARD). A. L. S. to Mr. Whittier, 1 p. Phoenixville, Pa., Sept. 16, 1847, expressing his appreciation of a favorable mention Mr. Whittier had made of his poem, the "Norseman's Ride." "I fancied I had given it fitting expression, but the friends to whom I showed it did not admire it, and I reluctantly concluded that my own heated fancies had led my judgment astray, and made up my mind to forget it. Judge then, how grateful and encouraging was your generous commendation. . . . One day, I hope I shall be able to take your hand and tell you what a happiness it is to be understood by one whom the world calls by the sacred name of poet." Signed, J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Mr. Taylor was only twenty-two years of age at this time, and addresses Mr. Whittier as "a stranger." A long and intimate friendship followed. Mr. Whittier did not even know the author's name when he commended the poem. \$98.

- 161 TAYLOR (BAYARD). A. L. S. to Mr. Whittier, 3 pp. Gotha, Germany, March 19, 1867. Mr. Taylor (with his wife) visited Tennyson at his home. "He gave us a cordial welcome, and in the evening read to us his 'Guinevere.' He had Whittier, in blue and gold, on his writing desk, and asked me a great many questions about the poet, which I was glad to answer. . . . Swinburne is a reproduction of Shelley, of imagination all compact, frail, sensitive, rebellious, and with a colossal wilfulness. He is a great but utterly unbalanced poet, and, I fear, will never do justice to his own powers." \$102.50.

- 162 TAYLOR (BAYARD). A. L. S. to Mr. Whittier, 4 pp. Kennett Square, Pa., April 24, 1872. "My little poem has a very ambitious air, I know, and it is a flight, where, if the wings are not strong enough, one falls all the way down. . . . Longfellow has also written me a delightful letter about the 'Masque.' I am very grateful for this immediate and generous recognition from both of you, and shall try hard to deserve it by doing better work henceforth." \$62.50.

- 163 TAYLOR (BAYARD). A. L. S., 3 pp. New York, March 21, 1876, to Mr. Whittier, requesting him to write the hymn for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. \$102.50.

- 164 TAYLOR (BAYARD). A. L. S. to Mr. Whittier, 1 p. New York, March 23, 1876. Refers to the Centennial Hymn which Mr. Whittier had just agreed to furnish. \$95.

- 166 TENNYSON (ALFRED). A. L. S., 1 p. Aldworth, Haslemere, Surrey (England), May

4, 1885, to Mr. Whittier. \$400. "Your request has been forwarded to me, and I herein send you an epitaph for Gordon in our Westminster Abbey, i. e., for his cenotaph: "Warrior of God, man's friend—not here below,

But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,

Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know

This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man."

- 187 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) THE SYCAMORES. By John G. Whittier. 24mo, blue paper covers. 8 pp. Nantucket, 1857. Bears inscription, "Mary Abby Dodge, from C. L. T., Sept., 1858."

Privately printed by Miss Caroline L. Tallant as a Thanksgiving gift to her family. Not over twenty-five copies were issued. The sycamore trees, from which the poem takes its name, were planted by Hugh Tallant, the first Irish resident of Haverhill, and a famous fiddler, about 1737.

Outside of family possession, only two copies are known to exist—one permanently lodged in the library of the Nantucket Historical Society and the copy now described. No private collection is known to possess the issue, and no copy has previously been offered at public sale. \$175.

- 190 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) POEM. "To Edward and Elizabeth Gove, on the fifty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, 29th of 8th mo., 1872," 4 pp., 19 stanzas of four lines each. Signed, at end.

The poem is not found in any collection of Mr. Whittier's writings, and has never been re-printed. No copy has been previously offered for sale. \$89.

- 205 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) A. L. S., 3 pp. Philadelphia, 3d, 8th mo, 1838, to his sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, at Amesbury, requesting her to send him two of his manuscript poems. "My paper is beginning to attract attention, and I shouldn't think strange if it got pretty essentially mobbed before the summer is out. The Colonizationists are raving mad, and they can set on the dogs of the mob just when they choose." \$100.

- 206 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) A. L. S. to the editor of the *Boston Times*, 3 pp., 6th, 4th mo, 1844, disclaiming the authorship of an Anti-Texas poem imputed to him (really written by J. R. Lowell), but standing up for the principles involved. "I love my country and her free institutions, therefore I detest slavery. I value the Union of these States, therefore I oppose the annexation of Texas." \$72.50.

- 227 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) MANUSCRIPT POEM, "The Deity," in Mr. Whittier's handwriting. 2 pp. 8vo. (1825.) \$107.50.

- 229 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) LINES, composed by Mr. Whittier, in 1832, to accompany a

presentation copy of "Moll Pitcher," to his friend W. J. Allinson. \$167.50.

- 233 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Original Manuscript of his poem, "Roger Revived" (afterwards changed to "A Spiritual Manifestation"). 2pp., 13 stanzas of four lines each. (1870.) \$75.

- 234 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Original Manuscript of his poem, "My Birthday." Sixteen stanzas of four lines each, 4 pp., entirely in Mr. Whittier's handwriting. (1871.) \$290.

- 235 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Original Manuscript of his poem, "The Pressed Gentian." Four stanzas of eight lines each, 2 pp., entirely in Mr. Whittier's handwriting. (1872.) \$53.

- 237 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Original Manuscript of his poem, "The Golden Wedding of Longwood." 4 pp., twenty-two stanzas. Containing many lines that were afterwards changed.

This poem was written in commemoration of the golden wedding of John and Hannah Cox, of Longwood, in Pennsylvania, which occurred in 1874. \$115.

- 244 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Original Manuscript of his famous child-poem, "In School Days," nine stanzas, together with two additional stanzas, composed afterward, on receipt of a printed proof sheet.

Also an A. L. S. 1 p. to Lucy Larcom, editor of *Our Young Folks*, "Dear fd. Lucy: \$540.

See lot 77. O. W. Holmes's letter on first reading above poem.

- 246 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Original Manuscript of his poem "Prayer and Answer." Twelve stanzas of four lines each, 3 pp., entirely in Mr. Whittier's handwriting. \$200.

- 248 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Verses composed by Mr. Whittier for an album, but which have never appeared in printed form. 1 p., no date, endorsed on back, "Album Verses," in Mr. Whittier's handwriting. \$80.

"As one who writes upon sand or frost,
I write, and the letters will soon be lost,
And the Spider, Forgetfulness, weave and
wind

His web over all I leave behind.

Yet I faintly hope for a lease of fame
From the thousand albums that bear my
name;

And, that snugly lodged in some spinster's
chamber,

Or grandame's trunk, like a fly in amber,
May always be found somewhere in the
City or

Country, the name of John G. Whittier."

- 251 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Manuscript Poem, "Margaret's Song to her Father at Nightfall," in Mr. Whittier's handwriting, 1p. two stanzas of six lines each. \$75.

- 252 WHITTIER (JOHN G.) Original Manuscript of his poem, "To John C. Fremont," 2 pp. \$77.50.

FAMOUS FIRST EDITIONS.

By Louis Northorp.

The collecting of first editions of famous books was formerly the princely pursuit of English nobles and Continental kings. Within the memory of men still living, these illustrious purchasers acquired the most precious volumes at less than one-half the price which American millionaires now pay for literary rarities. When a wealthy American has a fancy for anything, whether it be a work of art, a yacht, a wife, a costly jewel, a rare book, or any other expensive article, he is bound to have it if money can buy it, and money can buy almost anything in this world.

The extraordinary advance in the price of first editions within the last thirty years is one of the most remarkable facts in literary bibliography. The tendency of the rare book market is always upward, for the buyers are more numerous than the sellers. Fortunes are spent in this fascinating pursuit, but it is money well invested, for, although it pays no dividends, the capital often doubles itself in a comparatively short time. Then, too, the purchaser of a famous book shines by its reflected glory. The fact that he has paid, say \$10,000, for a first Shakespeare folio confers a certain distinction upon him: it gets into the newspapers; it is talked about at clubs; it goes abroad. Indeed, the unthinking world looks upon a man who has purchased a literary curio as the equal, if not the superior, of the man whose genius has produced it. Such is life—such is fame—such is the power of money! The poet writes his great poem, and receives, perhaps, \$10.00 (the amount that Poe received for "The Raven"). He lives poor, dies a wretched death, and wins immortal fame, while rich men fight over his first editions. Is not this the irony of fate—to live and die poor, and have a splendid posthumous fame? Verily, the poet often asks for bread during life, and receives a stone after death.

The world does not appreciate its greatest benefactors; for, after all, literature is the true glory of nations: the pen is mightier than the sword. Achilles wins the victory; Homer immortalizes it. What should we know of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis and Plataea had not Herodotus written his noble history? . . . What remains of all the glorious civilization of Athens—of its splendid temples, its lovely statues, its beautiful pictures? I have viewed the imperishable remains of the unrivaled Acropolis; I have stood by the few

remaining pillars of the once majestic Temple of Jupiter; I have studied that miracle of architectural beauty, the Temple of Theseus—these and a few crumbling ruins, less celebrated, are all that remain of the material splendor of Athens; but her incomparable literature has survived her temples, her palaces, her religion, her civilization, and will survive until time shall be no more. I have stood on the site of the Golden Palace of Nero; I have wandered among the ruins of the Roman Forum; I have mounted the Capitoline Hill on which rose the Temple of Jupiter, surrounded by a thousand pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the spoils of the universe. In the center of this gorgeous temple the Thunderer sat on a throne of gold, grasping the lightning in one hand, and in the other wielding the sceptre of the world. These have long since passed away, and a few ruined temples, baths, arches and columns alone remain of the might, the majesty, the magnificence of imperial Rome; but the orations of Cicero, the Annals of Tacitus, the writings of Seneca, the poetry of Virgil and Horace, and others of that illustrious band of poets, philosophers, historians and orators, who witnessed Rome's greatness, have brought the fame, the glory, the grandeur of the Seven-hilled City down to our time. All readers are familiar with the beautiful lines in which Byron laments the departed glory of ancient Rome—"the Niobe of nations stands childless and crownless in her voiceless woe," the wreath of victory and the crown of empire have fallen from her matchless brow,

"Time, war, flood and fire
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;"
but "Tully's voice," and "Virgil's lay," and "Livy's pictured page" shall be her resurrection. So it shall ever be! Cities perish, states decay, empires fall; but they live again in their literature.

In January, 1870, the First Folio Shakespeare was sold at Sotheby's auction rooms in London, for £360 (\$1,800). It should be remembered that the First Folio contains all the plays—36 in number—with the exception of Pericles, which was, says Lowndes, first added to the Third Edition. Of these thirty-six plays, there had been no previous edition of seventeen; and of four (The Merry Wives, Henry V., and Henry VI., parts two and three) there had been no authentic edition. The

above amount (£360) was regarded as a high price at that time, for, in 1855, Mr. James Lenox of New York bought at the same auction rooms the First Folio for £163. 16s. An interesting copy of the Second Folio (1632) once sold for £2; afterwards for £5, to George Steevens, at whose sale it was purchased by King George III. for £18. 18s. This copy is regarded in England as a great national curiosity, as it once belonged to Charles I., and contains in his handwriting the following autograph: "Dum spiro, spero. C. R." It has, also, the handwriting of Ben Jonson and George III. To this copy Milton refers in his "Iconoclastes," where he says, "I shall not instance an abstruse writer, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare." This interesting volume is included among the precious treasures in George IV.'s magnificent donation to the British Museum; it is not in that library, but in the Royal collection at Windsor.

The First Folio Shakespeare commands a larger price than any book printed since its publication in 1623. Between the First Folio edition of Shakespeare and the first edition of Milton, the next great poet of the seventeenth century, there is about the same difference in the price as there is in the merit of the two poets. It is an astonishing fact that the first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" fetched the enormous price of £1,475 (\$7,385) at auction in London last May. This was a beautiful copy, in the original calf, and is absolutely unique, as of the five copies known to be in existence, three are imperfect, and the fourth, called the "Holford" copy, lacks the frontispiece, the sleeping portrait of John Bunyan. The "Holford" copy was valued at only £50 in the Bohn edition of "Lowndes's Manual" about 1850. The original price of the book was 1s. 6d. Compare the cost of the first "Pilgrim's Progress" with the amount recently given for the first edition of "Paradise Lost"—\$830 for a copy which was bought in 1897 for \$200. It will be remembered that Milton received £5 for the copyright of the first edition of his great poem. Keats's Poems, published in 1817, the book which was so unmercifully criticized by the London *Quarterly Review*, has increased in value from \$71, in 1895, to \$500 in 1901. Recently a copy of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," original edition, full calf, brought £126 (\$650) at auction, in London. Readers of Irving's delightful "Life of Goldsmith" will remember

that Dr. Johnson sold the copyright of this immortal work for £60 (\$300), thereby saving Goldsmith from arrest for non-payment of rent. In reading that certain literary rarities, written by poor authors, now command such extravagant prices, we cannot help feeling that the money paid by rich men for books whose literary merits they do not appreciate, would have saved their writers from care, anxiety, sorrow and suffering.

One of the most remarkable advances in the price of a first edition is that recorded of James Russell Lowell's "Mason and Slidell," a brochure published in 1862. This tiny volume was bought for \$10 in 1897, and sold for \$175 in 1901. Hawthorne's "Fanshawe"* has more than doubled in value within the last five years: \$200 in 1896, \$410 in 1901. His "Peter Parley" has increased from \$17.50 to \$100. Death always raises the value of an author's books, for a time, at least. The first edition of Eugene Field's "Tribune Primer," Denver, 1882, paper covers, brought \$250 at a Boston auction last May, while the first edition of Byron's "Hours of Idleness," Newark, England, 1897 (a presentation copy, too), sold for only \$115.

The rarest of all first editions of American poetry is "Tamerlane, and Other Poems," which is the actual first edition of Poe's poems ever published. That little book of forty pages has become one of the rarest books in the world. For more than sixty years one copy only was known to exist—an imperfect one in the British Museum. In 1892 another copy was announced in the catalogue of a Boston book auctioneer. Excitement ran high among collectors to secure this unique volume. As the book had never before been offered at auction, it had no record price. Before the sale, \$500 should have been looked upon as a good price for it. When the little paper-covered volume was brought under the hammer, an unusual excitement was manifested in the auction-room. The bidding was lively, and advanced rapidly from \$100 to \$500; when \$1,000 was reached, there was a pause for a moment, but soon the bids came briskly again, until the much-coveted volume was knocked down for the astonishing price of \$1,875. In the spring of 1894 a third copy of this precious volume was found by an obscure young lawyer in an obscure town in Vermont. The finder of the book, having heard that I was an expert on Poeana, wrote to me on the subject. After some corre-

[*The "record" price of "Fanshawe" now (March, 1903) is \$840.—ED. B.-L.]

spondence, it was finally agreed that I should meet him in New York, and, if I succeeded in selling the book, I was to receive all over \$1,200. I went to New York, offered the volume to all the dealers who are interested in literary curios, and found none willing to pay over \$1,200 for it. I thought the discovery of the third copy had naturally lessened the value of the work as a unique or rare book, and I ventured the opinion that no man could be found who would be willing to pay so much as \$1,500 for a volume whose intrinsic value was not ten cents. To show how impossible it is to predict the future value of a rare book, I will add that last year the first edition of Poe's Poems brought the unparalleled price of \$2,050 at auction; the second edition (Baltimore, 1829) brought \$1,300, while the original brown paper copy of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," (Philadelphia, 1843), fetched \$1,000. Twenty-five years ago a friend of mine picked up a copy of the third edition of Poe's Poems, in a second-hand bookstore in Baltimore, for twenty-five cents. This was the New York, 1831, edition. Thinking to improve the appearance of the shabby board binding my friend had the original covers removed and it re-bound in full Russia. Last year a cousin of Edgar A. Poe disposed of the book at private sale for \$150, about one-fifth of its actual value.

Poe's works, in the original covers, are worth their weight in gold. The pity is that the unhappy poet did not have some of the money that has been paid for his first editions to buy food and fuel for his sick wife whose dying hours were made doubly desolate by cold and hunger. That truth is stranger than fiction is illustrated by the extraordinary Poe cult that has swept over the world during the last twenty-five years. Every first edition of his works is eagerly bought, at fabulous prices.

The fancy prices asked and obtained for some literary rarities astonish the ignorant, and fill the poor collector with despair. Read the following:

"American Notes for General Circulation," by Charles Dickens. Crown 8vo, original cloth, uncut, preserved in olive crushed levant chamois-lined drop case; London, 1842, first edition, two volumes, \$425.

Think of it! \$425 for a book which possesses neither taste, good manners, nor literary merit.

"The Candidate," by Thomas Gray, 4to, olive crushed levant morocco, extra, double water silk linings and fly leaves, \$350.

This is the original issue, and unique, for the only other copy known is in the Gray Collection of Pembroke College, Cambridge. The poet wrote this squib in order to secure the election of Philip Hardwicke to the office of Seneschal of the University of Cambridge and to defeat the notorious Earl of Sandwich, which was done.

"Tom Brown's School Days," by an Old Boy (Thomas Hughes), Cambridge, 1857; 8vo, original cloth, uncut, \$80.

This is an extravagant price for such a book, especially as Thomas Hughes is not one of the "Immortal Few."

Keats's "Endymion," a poetical romance, London, 1818; 8vo, original boards, uncut, with the paper labels; a matchless copy of the earliest first issue of the first edition; fresh, clean and sound, \$275.

"Comedies and Tragedies," by Thomas Killigrew. 4to, fine old red morocco, gilt back, sides and edges. London, 1664. With a fine impression of the rare portrait of Killigrew, by Faithorne, \$425.

This seems to be a fabulous price for such a book, but its value is enhanced by the fact that it was once owned by Killigrew's friend, the Duke of Lauderdale.

"The Last Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb, crown 8vo, London, Moxon, 1833, \$145.

This is a fine copy of the original edition in the original boards, uncut, with the paper label.

"Queen Mab, by P. B. Shelley. A Philosophical Poem, with Notes." London, printed by P. B. Shelley, 23 Chapel street, Grosvenor Square, 1813. Crown 8vo, polished calf, extra; gilt back and top, uncut, \$285.

This is a perfect copy of the first edition, with the Dedication to Harriet, and the original title-page, which is nearly always lacking.

"The School for Scandal," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Dublin, n. d., 8vo, crimson crushed levant morocco extra, gilt back and edges, \$230.

This is a fine copy of the rare first edition.

"The Story of the Glittering Plain," by William Morris. 4to, vellum, 1891, \$135.

This was the first book printed at the celebrated Kelmscott Press.

The above quoted values of Famous First Editions will serve to show the approximate cost of a small library, say 500 volumes, of such books. A man must have a "book-madness" of the worst sort, and the wealth of a Morgan, or an Astor, in order to indulge in such luxuries.—*The Hobby*.

POE'S PLACE AS A CRITIC.

By Charles Leonard Moore.

In the world's literature there are only two absolutely great critics—Aristotle and Lessing. The "Poetics" of the one and the "Laocoön" and "Dramaturgerie" of the other are the fountains at which all secondary critics must fill their pitchers. Aristotle is limited in certain directions by a lack of material to work upon; and, similarly, Lessing is circumscribed by dealing too exclusively with Latin and French authors. But they have the genius of divination, and their work is final. Amongst the ancients, Longinus was an inspired appreciator. He felt so fully the greatness and charm of literature that he communicates a like thrill and fervor to his readers. He is exalting and stimulating to the last degree. But except a few oracular utterances about style, and some dry remarks on grammatical forms, he gives us no information as to the underlying principles of art. English literature can boast of a long succession of critics only inferior to the great Greek and German—giant planets to that double sun. Dryden, Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Arnold, Lowell,—these and others have left us a body of criticism more varied and weighty than any other modern nation, save Germany, possesses. Does Poe deserve to rank with these men?

Poe unquestionably performed one of the most difficult feats of criticism. With almost unerring instinct, he separated the wheat from the chaff of his contemporary literature. Hawthorne, Dickens, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and others, received from him some of their earliest and most valuable appreciation. If he erred, it was on the side of enthusiasm. His position was analogous to that of an expert in precious stones, who can pick out by instinct the real and perfect gems from a mass of flawed stones or paste imitations. But such an expert is not necessarily a practiced mineralogist or chemist, acquainted with the composition of minerals and capable of reproducing them in the laboratory. And the literature which Poe practiced upon is certainly not of the first importance. His few casual utterances about really great books are wrong. His attempts to postulate principles of poetry are ludicrously wrong.

It is unpleasant to have to act as Devil's Advocate toward a writer whom one loves and reveres,—but the truth is best. Poe's pseudo-poetic principles have had a great influence,

and one decidedly detrimental to the development of the best and greatest in literature. It is worth while, therefore, to examine some of them.

One of his most elaborate, and, in a way, brilliant, articles is that on "The Rationale of Verse." It is logically argued, and if its premise were sound it would be a valuable little treatise on versification. But it is vitiated by the assumption that English verse is founded on quantity. Poe's master, Coleridge, knew better, and when he was casting around for a method of formalizing verse he hit upon the metre of "Christabel." This is simply accentuation systematized,—the four beats or points of emphasis in each line answering the purpose of a succession of quantitative feet. It would be a hard thing to say that there is no quantity in English poetry,—but it certainly does not perform the office that Poe imagined it did. I doubt whether any great English poet ever thought of quantity when writing his lines, or, save in exceptional cases, scanned them after they were written. It is only by the most forced construction and conventional application of the rules of prosody that the ordinary iambic line—the most natural to our language—can be made to scan:

"Lād̄y | yoū arē | thē crū | ēlēst shē | ālive."

There is a typical line of blank verse, and unless I am greatly mistaken it is composed of four spondees, with an anapest,—truly a curious iambic measure. But even when you have got an approximation to your iambic line (it is trochaic really)

"Nōt ĩn | lōne splēn | dōr hūng | ālōft | thē nīght."

you can alter every quantity and the line will run just as well,—*e. g.* (my amendment of course not being intended to make sense),

Sēē thēre | dīm beāu | tŷ glēam | ĩng ōn | thē skŷ.

Poe was a great lyric metrist, but the beauty of his verse is largely due to his marvellous caprices and daring feats of accentuation. Scanned by a master of Latin prosody, his verse would look queer indeed.

In justice to Poe, I would say that if the quantitative system is untenable the theory of accented and unaccented syllables disposed in feet after the classic fashion is equally so. There are lines, mainly monosyllabic, where every syllable is accented, which would give ten feet to a line of heroic verse. And there are

other lines where polysyllables are crowded so closely together that there are only four, three, or may be two accents in the verse. This last statement may be doubted, so I will give an example, and it is easier to make than to find one:

Euripides, the Eleusinian.

Here *the* is certainly not accented and the other two words have the normal accent on the antepenultimate and no others that I can detect. The accents are fixed in the metre of "Christabel," but in no other English metre known to me.

Poe's most famous critical dictum is the one which asserts that in the nature of things there can be no long poem,—that a work of poetic art, to produce the proper effect, must be capable of being read at a single sitting. There is a delightful uncertainty about this. What is a long poem? and how many minutes or hours may a sitting last? There is nothing in the world to prevent one from reading "Paradise Lost" at a sitting, if one wants to; and the "Iliad" is a baby among epics compared with the "Shah Namah." But Poe evidently intended to set up as his standard of the short poem, the ballad or lyric. There would be a slight measure of truth in his assertion, if the whole effect of a work of literary art were confined to the first instantaneous, momentary shock,—if we were then to forget the piece and never read it again. But a poem worth reading at all is worth reading many times, and our minds are not so feeble that we cannot carry the impression on from time to time. In reading a long poem, our pleasure is, in great part, cumulative; we can look before and after, and detect those *leit-motifs*—to borrow a phrase from a sister art—which consolidate the work together. No one questions the unity of impression produced by a long novel—"Don Quixote," for instance,—though nobody may read it at a single sitting: why, then, should we doubt that a poem or a play may be as much or more concentrate. But the mere statement of Poe's theory is an exhibition of its absurdity. It rules out of art all the great poetic creators,—Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare,—and leaves the field to the lyrists and ballad-mongers. The common sense of mankind would reject such a preposterous conclusion, were it backed by an authority ten times as potent as Poe's. And the greatest authority of all, Aristotle, specifically demanded "a certain magnitude" as a condition of greatness in a work of literature. The lilt of the thrush and the blossoming of the

rose have their place in nature,—but so have the mighty foldings of the mountains, and the wheelings, cycle upon cycle, of planets and suns. If Poe had merely asserted that the ordinary average human intellect is only capable of assimilating brief impressions of greatness or beauty, he would have been right enough. But that is the fault of the ordinary average intellect; and it has nothing to do with the comparative greatness or value of works of art.

Again and again Poe asserted that beauty was the sole province and object of poetry. It is true that he sometimes qualified his axiom by admitting that a certain strangeness was a necessary ingredient of beauty. But he could not or did not recognize that the deities who preside over poetry are twin,—one female, Beauty,—the other, male, Power, Greatness, Sublimity. It is curious that his own work is lacking in just the quality he deemed all-important—beauty. Even in diction, his phrase has seldom the perfect grace and haunting charm and massy weight which are almost habitual with Keats and Coleridge and Tennyson, and of which Wordsworth and Arnold and Emerson have such frequent use. The lines "To Helen," "The Haunted Palace," some phrases from "Israfel," and this, from "To One in Paradise,"—

"No more, no more, no more,
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar,"—

are almost all that occur to me of weight and magnificence in his expression. He got his effects by wholes rather than details, and by music rather than phrase. When it comes to the matter of Poe's work,—his conception and design, whether in prose or verse,—beauty is conspicuous by its total absence. What beauty in any sane use of the word, can there be in the horrors and glooms, the Rembrandt-like *chiaro-oscuro*, of the confined charnel-houses, or vast illimitable spaces which Poe's imagination created and peopled? But there is immense sublimity. Poe is the most sublime poet since Milton. Sublimity stirs even in his most grotesque and fanciful sketch,—like Milton's lion "pawing to get free his hinder parts." It rears full-fronted in the concluding pages of "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym,"—in the sentences which describe the enormous bulk and battle-lanterns of the ever-living ship in "The MSS. Found in a Bottle." It is predominant in the mighty sweep, the ordered disorder, of "The Descent into the Maelstrom." It thrills us in the many-colored chambers of "The Masque of the Red Death."

It overwhelms us with horror in "The Murders of the Rue Morgue." It is solemn and awe-inspiring in "Berenice," "Ligeia," and "The Fall of the House of Usher,"—in "Ulalume" and "The Raven." Metaphysics, which Poe derided,—the great problems of life, death, and the universe, wherein sublimity most resides,—haunted his mind continuously. He reaches his climax of almost too profound thought in the colloquy of "Monas and Una," "The Power of Words," and "Eureka." No poet has so continuously tried to outreach the possibilities of human experience; none has so assiduously avoided the ordinary facts of human life. His sublimity accounts for his fate with the American public. A true democracy, it abhors greatness and ridicules sublimity. Yet Poe fascinates it with antipathic attraction. It follows him very much as Sancho Panza flounders after Don Quixote.

In spite of its sublimity, Poe's theatre of tragic abstractions is of course inferior to the flesh-and-blood theatre of the great creators. They include him,—they are as high as he, and they have many times his breadth and weight. But he is very great even in his one-sidedness—his silhouettedness. One-sidedness may indeed make an artist more intense and effective. But it is a crime in a critic. Despite his fine instinct for what was good, Poe had not the breadth of view or the knowledge necessary for a great critic. It is better that a critic should err in judgment in a concrete case than that he should lay down principles which are provably wrong.—*The Dial*.

Record-Breaking Prices for American First Editions.

Record-breaking prices were paid for American first editions at the sale of a portion of the library of John J. May of Dorchester, Mass., in Boston, January 27th–29th. The rarest book in the sale, Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," first edition, though it did not establish a record, brought \$650, \$190 under the highest price yet given (\$840), and \$240 over the Arnold price of two years ago, which at the time was considered very high.

Other items sold as follows:

Audsley's "Keramic Art of Japan," Liverpool, 1875, two volumes, half morocco, \$46.

Audubon and Bachman's "Quadrupeds of North America," New York, 1849–54, three volumes, half morocco, fine copy of the original edition, \$63.75.

Blodget's "Plan of the Battle Fought near Lake George on the 8th of September, 1755,"

folio copper-plate engraving, drawn by Samuel Blodget, printed and engraved in Boston by Thomas Johnston, brilliant impression, \$140.

Bryant's "Thanatopsis," New York, 1874, fac-simile of author's copy, inscribed: "To Miss Jerusha Dewey, with the compliments of William Cullen Bryant, November 8, 1877," \$75.

Hawthorne's "Gentle Boy," 1839, first edition, original paper wrappers, small embossed library stamp on title page and front cover, \$70 (the record price is \$143).

Longfellow's "Ballads," Boston, 1842, first edition, full crimson levant morocco, \$30.50.

Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery," Cambridge, 1842, original yellow glazed wrappers, uncut, Lowell's copy of the first edition, with his signature on front cover, \$205 (the record price; former record was \$69).

Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," Cambridge, 1848, first edition, original boards, uncut, presentation copy from Lowell, \$115 (the record price).

Revere's engraving of the "Bloody Massacre," 1770, "ten" o'clock issue of the Boston massacre, slightly defective, lacking small portion of upper left-hand corner, and a few words of the first verse, \$300.

"Science and Health," by Mary Baker Glover (Mrs. Eddy), Boston, 1875, cloth, first edition of this well-known book, \$75.

Swift's "Travels into Several Remote Nations." (Gulliver's Travels.) London, 1726, two volumes, calf extra, by Riviere, first issue, separate pagination, fine copy, \$65.

Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," Boston, 1849, first edition, cloth (binding worn), presentation copy from the author, \$77.50 (the record price).

Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Brooklyn, 1855, first edition, original cloth, fine copy, \$114 (the record price; former record was \$62).

Whittier's "Legends of New England," Hartford, 1831, first edition, boards, uncut, paper label (binding worn), \$55 (the record price).

Whittier's "History of Haverhill," Haverhill, 1832, first edition, boards, uncut, said to be the finest and largest ever offered for sale, \$55 (the record price).

Dinsmore's "Incidental Poems," Haverhill, 1828, first edition, original boards, uncut, paper label, immaculate copy, "the finest and tallest yet offered at auction," \$86 (the record price for this work, which contains the first poem by Whittier printed in book form under his own name).

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A LITERARY DISCOVERY.*

Nova Solyma—The Ideal City—Jerusalem Regained.

By T. W. HUNT.

The literary world has been treated of late to a genuine surprise in the appearance of a work entitled "Nova Solyma," translated from the Latin and edited by Rev. Walter Begley, and attributed, as the title states, "To the Illustrious John Milton." It is called "An Anonymous Romance, Written in the Time of Charles I, Now First Drawn from Obscurity." Though published as early as 1648, when Milton was forty years of age, it would seem to have remained practically concealed for over two centuries and a half, the extreme civil dissensions of the time having been largely responsible, as it is alleged, for its non-appreciation and neglect. The fact, however, that it was re-issued in the following year, 1649, would seem to show that a few scholars, at least, in England and on the Continent had perused it but, yet, without sufficient enthusiasm to give it currency and repute. Partly in prose, and partly in verse; in some respects, a matter-of-fact narrative, and, in part, a product of the poetic imagination; it might fittingly be called an historical romance, somewhat after the manner of More's "Utopia" or Bacon's "Nova Atlantis," what Milton himself would call "a grave and noble invention." Students of Miltonic literature are reminded, as they examine it, of Milton's posthumous treatise, "De Doctrina Christiana," in that each of the works, in its original form, is in Latin, and each of them discusses many doctrines and teachings of similar import. Their difference lies in the fact that the treatise now before us was found in printed form, and not in manuscript; was given to the literary public with its authorship concealed; was evidently the product of the author's earlier life at Horton and even at Cambridge, of his "fervid youth" as distinct from his mature and later manhood. Bishop Sumner's edition, in 1825, of "The Christian Doctrine," has emphasized these resemblances and differences and re-opened the entire question of the Miltonic authorship.

In examining the work more specifically, we find that it is made up of six books or sections with their respective subsections; that it opens and closes in strictly romantic manner; that it presents the cardinal topics of education, literature, politics, religion and love; and, somewhat after the purpose of the author's "Tractate on Education" addressed to Hartlib, aims to present a picture of the ideal man and, in addition, the ideal city or state, the Jerusalem Regained, even as he later gave to his readers the "Paradise Regained" of his epic verse. It is a representation, in imaginative narrative, of a kind of New Jerusalem, the home of Christianized Jews, the City of God on earth. This picture of an ideal commonwealth, "the romance of a model state," was ever before the mind of Milton, as in his prose pamphlets, as well as in his verse, he sought to depict its character and attractiveness, the occupations of its citizens, and its relation on earth to the city of the saints on high.

In connection with its literary character, as a semi-historical narrative interspersed with poetry,

there is in it, from the outset: a distinctive dramatic type. This is seen especially in the characters and scenes of the Romance: in such characters as Jacob, the father, and his son, Joseph, the hero of the narrative; in Apollos, the tutor; in Auximus and Augentius, brothers of Joseph; in the two Cambridge students, Eugenius and Politian; in Antonia and Theophrastus; in Anna, "the daughter of Zion" and Lucas, the physician; also, in the varied scenes of the Romance, this semi-dramatic cast appears, as in the opening chapter, the description of the city and its annual pageant; the adventures of Alcimus with the Sicilian banditti; the last hours of Theophrastus; the tragic history of Philippina; the trials and triumphs of Joseph; the marriage and wedding festivities of the two sisters, and the Bridal Song or Pastoral Drama of the closing chapter of the book.

The question of special interest, however, pertains to the teachings of the treatise—as to what they definitely are and how they stand related to the other deliverances of the author. These teachings, as already stated, compass five or six important departments of human inquiry. For the purpose before us, we shall confine ourselves to two of these classes of topics—the educational and the religious.

As to education, we note that the author opens his treatise with it, the two Cambridge students appearing, at the outset, coming with Joseph to the city, Nova Solyma; and how to train young children is one of the themes on which discourse is held. This training, it is urged, is physical as well as mental and moral, as on "good health depend most of the duties of life." Such errors of youth as pride and self-will are attacked, and "we season their minds," says Milton, "with the salt of soberness and self-restraint, lest they should fall into the splendid sins of the pagan world." The early study of grammar and the simpler mathematics is encouraged, and "above all," he adds, "we attach importance to the proper exercise of faith and imagination." As the editor indicates, there is even an anticipation of the modern University Extension Movement, in the proposal "that public discourses be held in all parts of the land." Reverence toward God and due respect to parents and elders are made emphatic throughout, as is a loyal devotion to the state. At the opening of Book Third, there is a description of the colleges of the ideal city, in which young men are to be made "proficient in the liberal arts and in the true moral virtues." Religious instruction is insisted upon as the basis of all other forms; the relation of common schools to technical schools is set forth; the essential importance of teachers adapting their instructions to the different tastes, talents and dispositions of their pupils is shown; and, as usual with Milton, manly physical exercise is encouraged. How to teach and learn the languages—Latin, Greek and Hebrew—is carefully explained, the excellence of the method being seen in the statement: "Our special object is to search into the nervous force and true spirit of an author" and not into "minute criticisms of a word or letter." In fine, we discover here the substantial object of all education, as set forth by Milton in his "Tractate," as he says: "I call therefore a complete and

generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

The Miltonic educational ideal is thus as comprehensive as it is exalted and beneficent, an ideal which, if realized, would go far towards supplying the church and state with efficient incumbents. Character, after all, is seen to be the foundation and chief factor of all successful training, so that, in Milton's conception, intellectual life and moral life were inseparably joined. The school and college and state and church were but different parts of one great institution. Hence, the transition from the author's educational teachings to those that are theological, religious and ethical, is an easy and a natural one.

From first to last, throughout the treatise, this relation is pronounced, so that we are often at a loss to know with which particular order of teaching we are dealing.

As for these tenets and deliverances which are mainly theological or dogmatic, students familiar with Milton's "Christian Doctrine" cannot fail to note the similarity of thinking and statement between the two treatises, especially as to the creation of the world, the constitution of the Trinity, the origin of evil, and God's relation thereto; the fall of man, the final judgment, and such connected topics as, the Sabbath, prayer, the Christian ministry, and the sacraments. Here, as in the "Doctrine," he cannot accept the orthodox theory of the creation of the world from nothing, nor that of the Son and the Spirit as coequal with the Father, nor that of the Sabbath, "there being" as he states it, "no intrinsic sanctity in any particular day." As to death, he seems to argue that the whole man, body and soul, ceases to be, though this cessation is but temporary. As to prayer and Providence and the sacraments, his declarations are substantially in accord with the Protestant theories of his time, while in the "Nova Solyma" he seems to come much nearer the prevailing view on the ministry than in his "Christian Doctrine." "Nor have I heard any sermon so poor," he says, "that I did not get some benefit from it." His failure for many years to attend public worship is favorably explained by Pattison, his biographer, on the principle, "that a profound apprehension of the spiritual world leads to a disregard of rites," his views tending, more and more, to those of the Quietists and Friends to whom the "inner light" of the spirit's presence is more important than all public ceremony. The profound personal piety of Milton has never been questioned. What have been called his Pythagorean principles, reveal a phase of his beliefs and life that is full of interest. The emphasis of these principles in the "Nova Solyma" is one of the strongest proofs adduced by the editor in confirmation of the Miltonic origin of the Romance. "The true life we should embrace," Milton writes, "is one of solid reality and severe earnestness, which seems most likely to tend to the glory of God and the service of our fellow-citizens." Sobriety and severe simplicity were cardinal virtues with him. He believed in the higher life of abstinence, temperance and an unselfish devotion to truth and duty. Nothing more grieved and offended him than the prevailing frivolity of the Stuart age in which he lived. A Puritan and a Pietist in one, he insisted that an author and, especially, a poet, should be a man of "high seriousness" of character;

in tune and touch with the infinite; so exalted in spirit and aim as to be in communion with the visible realities, and catch, even on earth, the echoes of the music of the upper world.

We are thus led to note the exalted poetic element that characterizes this recently discovered treatise, illustrating, in turn, every form of verse—epic, dramatic, lyric, descriptive and didactic, the epic portions reminding us strongly of his "Paradise Lost" and some of the lyrics favorably comparing with the best lines of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Indeed, the separate publication of the poetic portions of "Nova Solyma" in their translated English form, would not only go far to confirm the Miltonic authorship of the book, but also, to confirm the genius of Milton in the sphere of narrative and idyllic verse.

The treatise opens with poetry, with lines on Spring-Time. Then follows Joseph's Ode in Praise of Labor, and Abraham's Soliloquy as he approaches Mount Moriah to sacrifice his son, in which the bitter struggle between parental love and obedience to the divine command is impressively depicted,—as he says:

"Can I believe that God now bids me do
The very crime he by his law forbids?
And in that act destroy his chosen seed
And quench the glorious Day-spring from
on high.
But God hath spoken; I the witness am
To my own self, for I did hear his voice,
That voice, which heard but once, doth free
man's mind
From doubt for evermore."

What is called, Joseph's Ode to the Angelic Choir bids it take up the strain in praise of Jehovah to which all earthly voices were unequal.

"O young-eyed choir of angels blest,
Who ne'er by sin or pride possessed,
Have forfeited your Heavenly Rest,
But kept your first estate,

Come raise your joyful songs on high,
Let all the morning stars draw nigh,
Let antiphons of praise reply,
Our God alone is great."

What is known as "The Armada Epic," has fitly been called "an early and a promising prelude of 'Paradise Lost,'" a distinctive dramatic element mingling with the epic and adding to the final impressiveness of the poem. This is the most elaborate poem of the Romance and bears on the face of it, as well as in its method and spirit, the clearest traces of Milton's hand. The council of the heathen gods met to thwart the progress of the true faith in England and Germany, and their decision to effect their ends through Philip of Spain; the assembling of the heavenly host under the leadership of the archangels and of Christ; the meeting of the foes and the victory of the allies of the truth; the leading characters of the dramatic narrative and the names assigned them by the poet—all lend a scenic cast to the verse and confirm the resemblance of the poem to the greater epic. Then follows Joseph's Ode to the Deity, so marked by a reverent and adoring faith. His Ode on The Higher (Divine)

love, is suffused with a kind of emotional mysticism, as when he breaks out in fervid strain:

"Oh, when shall these poor longing eyes of mine
Behold thy blessed Face, thy Form divine?"

His Ode on the Sabbath is as beautiful as it is biblical and inspiring, and marked by the real Miltonic spirit:

"Hail, sacred day, forever blest;
Great type of our eternal rest,
Great gift of Christ, our Lord!
On Heaven this day our hopes we fix;
Though earth oft claims the other six,
To-day is God adored."

The Romance closes with the Bridal Song of Heavenly Love, a Divine Pastoral Drama, after the manner of Solomon in the Canticles, in parts of which we note Milton the poet and the man at his best. It is a noble "lyric opera," in which the author taxes the resources of the Latin language, in which the lyric is written, to express the love of the church and the soul for the risen Christ.

Thus the Romance runs in prose and verse, an ingenious attempt on the part of the youthful Milton to voice his views on the high themes that then engaged him, and which were to make up the contents of all his later thinking and writing. Imperfect and inferior as portions of it are, from any exalted standard of criticism; visionary as some of the statements and conclusions are on education and religion and kindred topics; no careful student can peruse these pages without intensest interest in the author and the teaching, nor can any one rise from the reading without the conviction, once again renewed, that, take it all in all, English literature has no nobler name than that of Milton, and the cause of truth in church and state had no worthier defender in his day.

Princeton University.

* "Nova Solyma," by John Milton. 2 vols. 8vo. \$5.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"LITERARY VALUES."*

Another book from the pen of John Burroughs is his collection of essays on "Literary Values," handled with that largeness of appreciation of the truth in man and nature that brings us close to the heart of things, and gives to his criticisms the vigor and freshness of the outdoor world. His test of greatness in art is, as he puts it, "to be primarily in love with life and things and not with art." And while the reading of this book may not put an appreciation of literary values into the unsympathetic mind, it is bound to deepen the feeling of the thoughtful reader for honesty and truth in whatever field—literature, nature, humanity—for the appeal of the writer is for earnestness of purpose, independence of spirit, and hard work.

How strongly the critic-naturalist's intimacy with nature tinges his point of view is shown in his plea for simplicity, the pleasure of the "near-by things," as summed up in his tribute to the sonnets he loves. "Because they so abound in words, images, allusions, drawn from real life; the product of the mind vividly acted upon by near-by things, that used language steeped in the common experience of

mankind. . . . It is always in order to urge a return to the simple and serious, a return to nature, the works that have the wholesome and sustaining qualities of natural products—grain, fruits, nuts, air, water."

The salient chapters are the papers on "Democracy and Literature," "Thoreau's Wilderness," "Nature in Literature," and "The Secret of Happiness."

* LITERARY VALUES. *John Burroughs*, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.

"ST. AUGUSTINE AND HIS AGE."*

By H. L. HARGROVE.

He who takes the life of St. Augustine and makes an interesting book on it performs for us moderns another miracle of Ezekiel in the Valley of Dry Bones. Not that life and soul were wanting to the great Saint—for, in fact, no life was more intense and no soul more afire with holy zeal. But it is in the handling of a few of his one thousand different theological treatises that the dry bones are clothed with flesh and infused with life. No less a task has Joseph McCabe wrought in his "St. Augustine and His Age."

In the words of the author, "this work is an attempt to interpret the life of one of the most famous saints of the Christian Church by the light of psychology rather than by that of theology." The careful reader must pronounce it a success. The treatment is characterized by broadness of scholarship, by singleness of purpose, by virility of thought, and the whole is served up in an attractive style. Rarely is there a lapse into an ungainly sentence such as:

She found further consolation in the well-known assurance of a bishop, whom she vainly begged to argue with her son ("he said I had already given much trouble to the unlearned by my questions," says Augustine), that "the child of those tears could not perish." (p. 66.)

But even Homer nods.

There can be no better propædæutic to Patristics than this book. As one reads the strong chapters on "The Old Gods and the New," "Light from the East," "Mental Growth," and "The Works of Augustine" one is led, with Villemain, to pronounce Augustine "l'homme le plus étonnant de l'église Latine." The polemical feature is not obtrusive, yet fault is often found with the novelist Kingsley, and hagiographers of long-standing fame are incidentally overthrown. The sexual question is handled without gloves. On this point it is interesting to see the opinion of the Saxon King Alfred five centuries later, as found in his rendering of Augustine's "Soliloquies." (Cf. pp. 36-39 of my edition of "King Alfred's Old English Version of St. Augustine's Soliloquies" with the Latin original printed on the same pages.) Finally, the reading of this book impresses one anew with the ever-old, ever-new conflict between sense and spirit. How nearly it parallels some of the discussions now being waged!

Any serious person might well afford the time for reading this book. It is printed in a large, clear type and is furnished with a good working index. A massive array of authorities is given in the Bibliography, proving the intrepidity of the scholar who would attack this subject. I must append McCabe's

generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

The Miltonic educational ideal is thus as comprehensive as it is exalted and beneficent, an ideal which, if realized, would go far towards supplying the church and state with efficient incumbents. Character, after all, is seen to be the foundation and chief factor of all successful training, so that, in Milton's conception, intellectual life and moral life were inseparably joined. The school and college and state and church were but different parts of one great institution. Hence, the transition from the author's educational teachings to those that are theological, religious and ethical, is an easy and a natural one.

From first to last, throughout the treatise, this relation is pronounced, so that we are often at a loss to know with which particular order of teaching we are dealing.

As for these tenets and deliverances which are mainly theological or dogmatic, students familiar with Milton's "Christian Doctrine" cannot fail to note the similarity of thinking and statement between the two treatises, especially as to the creation of the world, the constitution of the Trinity, the origin of evil, and God's relation thereto; the fall of man, the final judgment, and such connected topics as, the Sabbath, prayer, the Christian ministry, and the sacraments. Here, as in the "Doctrine," he cannot accept the orthodox theory of the creation of the world from nothing, nor that of the Son and the Spirit as coequal with the Father, nor that of the Sabbath, "there being" as he states it, "no intrinsic sanctity in any particular day." As to death, he seems to argue that the whole man, body and soul, ceases to be, though this cessation is but temporary. As to prayer and Providence and the sacraments, his declarations are substantially in accord with the Protestant theories of his time, while in the "Nova Solyma" he seems to come much nearer the prevailing view on the ministry than in his "Christian Doctrine." "Nor have I heard any sermon so poor," he says, "that I did not get some benefit from it." His failure for many years to attend public worship is favorably explained by Pattison, his biographer, on the principle, "that a profound apprehension of the spiritual world leads to a disregard of rites," his views tending, more and more, to those of the Quietists and Friends to whom the "inner light" of the spirit's presence is more important than all public ceremony. The profound personal piety of Milton has never been questioned. What have been called his Pythagorean principles, reveal a phase of his beliefs and life that is full of interest. The emphasis of these principles in the "Nova Solyma" is one of the strongest proofs adduced by the editor in confirmation of the Miltonic origin of the Romance. "The true life we should embrace," Milton writes, "is one of solid reality and severe earnestness, which seems most likely to tend to the glory of God and the service of our fellow-citizens." Sobriety and severe simplicity were cardinal virtues with him. He believed in the higher life of abstinence, temperance and an unselfish devotion to truth and duty. Nothing more grieved and offended him than the prevailing frivolity of the Stuart age in which he lived. A Puritan and a Pietist in one, he insisted that an author and, especially, a poet, should be a man of "high seriousness" of character;

in tune and touch with the infinite; so exalted in spirit and aim as to be in communion with the visible realities, and catch, even on earth, the echoes of the music of the upper world.

We are thus led to note the exalted poetic element that characterizes this recently discovered treatise, illustrating, in turn, every form of verse—epic, dramatic, lyric, descriptive and didactic, the epic portions reminding us strongly of his "Paradise Lost" and some of the lyrics favorably comparing with the best lines of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Indeed, the separate publication of the poetic portions of "Nova Solyma" in their translated English form, would not only go far to confirm the Miltonic authorship of the book, but also, to confirm the genius of Milton in the sphere of narrative and idyllic verse.

The treatise opens with poetry, with lines on Spring-Time. Then follows Joseph's Ode in Praise of Labor, and Abraham's Soliloquy as he approaches Mount Moriah to sacrifice his son, in which the bitter struggle between parental love and obedience to the divine command is impressively depicted,—as he says:

"Can I believe that God now bids me do
The very crime he by his law forbids?
And in that act destroy his chosen seed
And quench the glorious Day-spring from
on high.
But God hath spoken; I the witness am
To my own self, for I did hear his voice,
That voice, which heard but once, doth free
man's mind
From doubt for evermore."

What is called, Joseph's Ode to the Angelic Choir bids it take up the strain in praise of Jehovah to which all earthly voices were unequal.

"O young-eyed choir of angels blest,
Who ne'er by sin or pride possessed,
Have forfeited your Heavenly Rest,
But kept your first estate,

Come raise your joyful songs on high,
Let all the morning stars draw nigh,
Let antiphons of praise reply,
Our God alone is great."

What is known as "The Armada Epic," has fitly been called "an early and a promising prelude of 'Paradise Lost,'" a distinctive dramatic element mingling with the epic and adding to the final impressiveness of the poem. This is the most elaborate poem of the Romance and bears on the face of it, as well as in its method and spirit, the clearest traces of Milton's hand. The council of the heathen gods met to thwart the progress of the true faith in England and Germany, and their decision to effect their ends through Philip of Spain; the assembling of the heavenly host under the leadership of the archangels and of Christ; the meeting of the foes and the victory of the allies of the truth; the leading characters of the dramatic narrative and the names assigned them by the poet—all lend a scenic cast to the verse and confirm the resemblance of the poem to the greater epic. Then follows Joseph's Ode to the Deity, so marked by a reverent and adoring faith. His Ode on The Higher (Divine)

Love, is suffused with a kind of emotional mysticism, as when he breaks out in fervid strain:

"Oh, when shall these poor longing eyes of mine
Behold thy blessed Face, thy Form divine?"

His Ode on the Sabbath is as beautiful as it is biblical and inspiring, and marked by the real Miltonic spirit:

"Hail, sacred day, forever blest;
Great type of our eternal rest,
Great gift of Christ, our Lord!
On Heaven this day our hopes we fix;
Though earth oft claims the other six,
To-day is God adored."

The Romance closes with the Bridal Song of Heavenly Love, a Divine Pastoral Drama, after the manner of Solomon in the Canticles, in parts of which we note Milton the poet and the man at his best. It is a noble "lyric opera," in which the author taxes the resources of the Latin language, in which the lyric is written, to express the love of the church and the soul for the risen Christ.

Thus the Romance runs in prose and verse, an ingenious attempt on the part of the youthful Milton to voice his views on the high themes that then engaged him, and which were to make up the contents of all his later thinking and writing. Imperfect and inferior as portions of it are, from any exalted standard of criticism; visionary as some of the statements and conclusions are on education and religion and kindred topics; no careful student can peruse these pages without intensest interest in the author and the teaching, nor can any one rise from the reading without the conviction, once again renewed, that, take it all in all, English literature has no nobler name than that of Milton, and the cause of truth in church and state had no worthier defender in his day.

Princeton University.

*"Nova Solyma," by John Milton. 2 vols. 8vo. \$5.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"LITERARY VALUES."*

Another book from the pen of John Burroughs is his collection of essays on "Literary Values," handled with that largeness of appreciation of the truth in man and nature that brings us close to the heart of things, and gives to his criticisms the vigor and freshness of the outdoor world. His test of greatness in art is, as he puts it, "to be primarily in love with life and things and not with art." And while the reading of this book may not put an appreciation of literary values into the unsympathetic mind, it is bound to deepen the feeling of the thoughtful reader for honesty and truth in whatever field—literature, nature, humanity—for the appeal of the writer is for earnestness of purpose, independence of spirit, and hard work.

How strongly the critic-naturalist's intimacy with nature tinges his point of view is shown in his plea for simplicity, the pleasure of the "near-by things," as summed up in his tribute to the sonnets he loves. "Because they so abound in words, images, allusions, drawn from real life; the product of the mind vividly acted upon by near-by things, that used language steeped in the common experience of

mankind. . . . It is always in order to urge a return to the simple and serious, a return to nature, the works that have the wholesome and sustaining qualities of natural products—grain, fruits, nuts, air, water."

The salient chapters are the papers on "Democracy and Literature," "Thoreau's Wilderness," "Nature in Literature," and "The Secret of Happiness."

*LITERARY VALUES. *John Burroughs*, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.

"ST. AUGUSTINE AND HIS AGE."*

By H. L. HARGROVE.

He who takes the life of St. Augustine and makes an interesting book on it performs for us moderns another miracle of Ezekiel in the Valley of Dry Bones. Not that life and soul were wanting to the great Saint—for, in fact, no life was more intense and no soul more afire with holy zeal. But it is in the handling of a few of his one thousand different theological treatises that the dry bones are clothed with flesh and infused with life. No less a task has Joseph McCabe wrought in his "St. Augustine and His Age."

In the words of the author, "this work is an attempt to interpret the life of one of the most famous saints of the Christian Church by the light of psychology rather than by that of theology." The careful reader must pronounce it a success. The treatment is characterized by broadness of scholarship, by singleness of purpose, by virility of thought, and the whole is served up in an attractive style. Rarely is there a lapse into an ungainly sentence such as:

She found further consolation in the well-known assurance of a bishop, whom she vainly begged to argue with her son ("he said I had already given much trouble to the unlearned by my questions," says Augustine), that "the child of those tears could not perish." (p. 66.)

But even Homer nods.

There can be no better propædæutic to Patristics than this book. As one reads the strong chapters on "The Old Gods and the New," "Light from the East," "Mental Growth," and "The Works of Augustine" one is led, with Villemain, to pronounce Augustine "l'homme le plus étonnant de l'église Latine." The polemical feature is not obtrusive, yet fault is often found with the novelist Kingsley, and hagiographers of long-standing fame are incidentally overthrown. The sexual question is handled without gloves. On this point it is interesting to see the opinion of the Saxon King Alfred five centuries later, as found in his rendering of Augustine's "Soliloquies." (Cf. pp. 36-39 of my edition of "King Alfred's Old English Version of St. Augustine's Soliloquies" with the Latin original printed on the same pages.) Finally, the reading of this book impresses one anew with the ever-old, ever-new conflict between sense and spirit. How nearly it parallels some of the discussions now being waged!

Any serious person might well afford the time for reading this book. It is printed in a large, clear type and is furnished with a good working index. A massive array of authorities is given in the Bibliography, proving the intrepidity of the scholar who would attack this subject. I must append McCabe's

estimate of St. Augustine given in his closing sentence:

And the writer who can captivate a Calvin and a Boccaccio, a Newman and a Byron, has an immortality assured, whatever creeds or anti-creeds prevail.

University of Florida.

*ST. AUGUSTINE AND HIS AGE. By Joseph McCabe, author of "Peter Abélard." 516 pp. 5½ x 8 in. G. P. Putman's Sons. \$2 net.

"THE PROOFS OF LIFE AFTER DEATH."*

Something About the Book by Its Author.

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON, Officer of the Legion of Honor of France, Etc.

I believe exactly as Mr. S. S. McClure recently said, that a book—a new book—is like a baby. It may be heralded into the world with all the acclaim of a royal birth in the household of the Kaiser or the Czar, and every person in the land from palace to hovel know of its arrival. Yet, will it die and die quickly if it has not the heart and bowels to carry it through the colic and kissing stage. Whereas, on the other hand, the waif thrown into the alley or laid upon the door-step may live and thrive and grow into vigorous manhood—providing of course he has the vital organs missing in the royal infant.

A good book requires for its nursing the appreciation of but one intelligent reader. It will soon get on its legs and walk, and run, and possibly land in the automobile.

Mr. F. W. Faulkes, editor of the *Evening Gazette* of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and possibly the best known editor in that State, on receipt of a press copy of my book, wrote: "Your book has been received and I am more than charmed with it, more and more delighted the further I get into it. It is simply immense. It is surpassingly great. I am in fact, too illiterate to find words to express my admiration of it. I want to do for that book all that lies in my power. Just write what you want said and I will say it in the *Gazette*—and it is the first time I ever made such a proposition in my life"—etc.

When I said to Mr. Faulkes, "No, the book will have to speak for itself, and if it cannot do that in a hundred thousand words, the author's review in a few hundred would be but a mere whisper in a tornado"—when I wrote him that, he accused me of modesty and sensitiveness.

However, his letter had the effect of causing me to read my own book, and of reading it with the idea of finding, if possible, wherein the greatness he referred to might lie. There is no doubt that an author's view of his own work is myopic as well as microscopic, and particularly the former. The warts and freckles appear to him like beautiful undulating hills and shifting shadows of light and cloud, but as a reader, inspired by something besides his own egotism, the vision becomes normal and he finds the warty and freckled boy.

So it is with the book you have kindly asked me to review. It lacks the psychological prenatal attention common to the first-born. It has freckles, so to speak, but like the proverbial proud father I think it is nevertheless destined for the *automobile*.

"The Proofs of Life After Death." There certainly is no evidence of shyness in that title, no particular encumbrance of modesty, to say the least. And still it is an accurate and correct description of the book.

Man has been thinking and reasoning for ages on the question of a future life. How long, and how the problem was originally propounded no one knows; and yet back of every belief, of every hope, there is a reason and a cause. That there is a future life is, generally speaking, the belief and hope of the world. Men go down to death with the certain conviction of a continuance of their existence thereafter. Why this conviction? and what reasons contribute most essentially to it? If tradition, legend and myth could be eliminated—excepting for their evidential value as showing the world-long life of the belief; if the question could be handled like the price of sugar, for instance, in a practical manner; if men who strive not to believe things, without first discovering reasons for their beliefs, were, one after another, to advance the strongest and best evidence of which their minds were capable of conceiving for the convictions within them; if this could be done you would have the proofs, such as they are, possessed by the world for this, the supreme expectation of man—a life beyond the grave.

And thus it is with this book. I have gathered my evidence of life after death—in most instances by direct personal letter—from the scientist; from the psychical researcher (likewise a scientist); from the philosopher (who naturally brings in the accepted religious aspect of the case); and from the spiritualist (who is also a philosopher). I have put these reasons together and called them "The Proofs of Life After Death."

The value of the book, to my mind, lies not in any particular argument or reason advanced, but in the unity and combination of the arguments, and their reduction into concentrated form—into what might possibly be said to be the sum-total of human knowledge on a subject man is not supposed to know anything about. In any event, for what it is worth the book is given to the reader. He will find therein princes of the Church of Rome, world-famed professors of psychology, of philosophy, of evolution and of mathematics standing upon the same platform with the modern spiritualist, the psychical researcher, the author and the editor, all speaking—and that outside of religious dogma—for the fact of a conscious existence of the soul of man after the change called death.

* PROOFS OF LIFE AFTER DEATH, THE. A Twentieth Century Symposium. Compiled and edited by Robert J. Thompson. 365 pages. 5½ x 8¼. \$1.50. Chicago: R. J. Thompson, Publisher, 1604 Wellington Avenue.

To the author's note we would add: Moved by the decease of a dear friend, and by desire to obtain all possible confirmation of his belief in immortality, the editor addressed a letter to a large number of persons of reputation, desiring their strongest reasons for this belief. The list of those whose judgment is here recorded fills four pages. The number of influential persons in the list is noticeable, some of whom reply at considerable length. Another noteworthy thing is the general absence of references to Biblical evidence, and the grounding of belief on considerations supplied by science, psychical research, philosophy, and personal ex-

perience. While not all the contributions to the volume will equally commend themselves to all, it may be strongly commended as a whole to all who desire more light upon the great problem.

"THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA."*

Nothing in our day more strongly attests the renaissance of the spirit of Judaism than this great work, Jewish in its inception and design, but supported by the co-operation of Christian with Jewish scholars. Its field is as wide as is the dispersion of the children of Israel. Every country, every town of note, where they have become a part of the community, every person of note whose history connects with theirs, comes into this record—a record of the religious, political, social, and scholarly activity of this persevering people for the past three thousand years. Thus in the present volume Lord Byron has place as the writer of "Hebrew Melodies;" the Emperor Caracalla of Rome, and the Empress Catherine II of Russia, for their friendliness to the Jews. In whatever field Jewish activity has expressed itself, it finds a record here; e. g., the British Museum has two pages for an account of the books and other objects of Jewish interest therein. The largest space is accorded to the Bible in various points of view, among which the two pages given to the Bible in Mohammedan literature illuminate a field too much neglected. Cantillation, the mode of intoning in public prayer and reading, is illustrated by some eight pages of musical notation. Among the numerous illustrations, those of the censorship to which Jewish publications have been subjected during the last two centuries are conspicuous: the first volume of this encyclopedia appears thus defaced by Russian intolerance. The bibliographical department is rich both in information and in illustration. It is matter for national satisfaction that only in America was it found possible to launch this epoch-marking work, nine more volumes of which will be required for its completion.

* JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA (THE): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists under the Direction of the following Editorial Board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D.; Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D.; Richard Gottheil, Ph.D.; Joseph Jacobs, B.A.; Marcus Jastrow, Ph.D.; Frederick de Sola Mendes, Ph.D.; Isidor Singer, Ph.D., and Others. Vol. III., Bencemero—Chazanut. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 7¼ x 11 in. 684 pages. Each, \$6.

"LETTERS AND LETTERING."*

"Letters and Lettering," a treatise by F. C. Brown, is a book of unquestionable value to those who have felt the need of a varied collection of alphabets arranged for convenient use. A valuable feature shows how the letters compose into words, and another shows the application of classic and medieval letter forms to modern usage. The work is profusely illustrated, with examples of every imaginable style of antique, medieval and modern lettering, and has a chapter to beginners, the value of which can scarcely be overestimated.

* LETTERS AND LETTERING. By Frank Chouteau Brown. Boston: Bates & Guild Co. \$2.

"THE LIBRARY OF LITERARY CRITICISM."*

The fifth volume of this extremely useful work is equal in merit to its predecessors, and this is high praise, for they are a necessity to the library of every literary man. "The Library of Literary Criticism" is unique in purpose and admirable in execution. We need do little more at this writing than call attention to the general purpose of this work, which we reviewed at length upon the appearance of its earlier volumes. The author tells us that "more than twenty years ago, while engaged in literary work entailing a great deal of research, I became impressed with the fact that there was yet wanting a work that would place within easy reach of the literary worker the collected and selected criticism whose contributions to the literature of the English language have received such recognition as to make them important." In accordance with this idea "The Library of Literary Criticism" was planned. Eight volumes make up the work, which in chronological order deals with the work of about 1,500 authors by means of selected criticisms, literary and personal, literally quoted, with bibliographical notes. The volume before us is numbered V and covers the period from 1825 to 1854. It begins with Samuel Parr (1747-1825) and ends with James Montgomery (1771-1854). Between these two authors are a host of writers of America and England, some of whom are known to the general reader, but the great majority of those whose works are appraised have names unfamiliar to most lovers of current literature. We best illustrate this statement by saying that however well known are the names of Grace Aguilar, Anne and Emily Brontë, Frances Burney, Henry Clay, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb, those of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, Lucretia Maria Davidson, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, John O'Keeffe, Thomas Noon Talfourd and Helen Maria Williams are scarcely to be called "familiar and favorite authors" of the present generation. Yet these unfamiliar names are in their degree as important to the student of literature as those of Edgar Allan Poe, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey and William Wordsworth, and superficial in the extreme is a knowledge of English literature that does not include them. It may be that we have not made sufficiently clear the scope of the work now being considered. It is in no sense "A Library of the World's Best Literature." It does not pretend to give selections from the works of greater or lesser authors. It is not made up of reprints of the great examples of the stages of the world's literary development. It is the direct opposite of a work having such a purpose. "The Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors" is an appraisal of the works of authors. It sets forth the best critical judgment of the distinguished critics of the past upon the works of the authors who have left their mark upon literary progress. It is, therefore, a most desirable work to supplement existing libraries, as well as to form the nucleus of a literary collection.

* THE LIBRARY OF LITERARY CRITICISM OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS. By Charles Wells Moulton. Eight Vols. 7 x 10. Circa 800 pp. Vol. V. Illus. \$5 per vol. The Moulton Publishing Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BOOK-SHOP GIRL.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

What's that, sir? A book for a lady? A new book? Oh, yes, sir—yes, *sir*, we've got plenty of new books. Indeed, I never saw a season with so many new books in it. Everybody's writin'. New authors crop up every day and all the old ones are at it again.

Book for a lady. H'm, let me see. Now, what kind of a lady is she, sir? Of course, I mean what kind of a readin' lady? They're so different, you know.

Now, some of 'em like real books, same as men, but mostly they like flossy books.

What are they? Oh, that's just my name for 'em. Flossy books, you know, are books that seem real nice, and most people like them, but there's really nothin' to 'em.

Now, if this here lady of yours likes that kind there's nothing would please her so much as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

What? You never heard of that? Well, that's funny. It's been a best-seller all this season. The people that like it just *simply adore* it, you know. They rave over it, and they say, "Such humor! Such pathos!"

It's like a Christmas card; gives you a sort of mental lithograph of "Father, dear father, come home with me now," and "Eva, lit-tle E-va," all jumbled up together, while the angels look down through the snowflakes.

Oh, no, it isn't really like that. That's just the way it strikes me. It's really like Mrs. Wiggins's books—just exactly like 'em. I s'pose that's why it's called Mrs. Wiggs.

You don't think your lady'd like it, eh? Well, I think she would, 'cause a hundred out of every ninety-nine women do. Still, you know best. What authors does she like?

Barrie? Oh, laws, yes, Barrie's out in great shape this year. "The Little White Bird." Finest book since "Trilby." I've read it three times, and on my fourth. My, if I get talkin' 'bout *that* book, I can't never stop.

You've seen it advertised? Well, I should say you *had!* It's been advertised too much. It's wicked to advertise a book like that, as if it was a common old best-seller. Why, it's pearls before swine to *make* people buy that book who can't appreciate it.

Why, a lady come in here only this morning, an' says she, "Have you got 'The Little White Speckled Bird'?"

I gave her one look an' sized her up, an' I said, "I guess you mean 'The Speckled Bird' without the white, ma'am," an' I give her that. You don't know that book? Well, I guess you can live through that. It's by Augusta Evans Wilson, and it's a kind of a second hatchin', that bird is. Why, Miss Evans, she used to write love stories when my mother was livin' 'em.

But "The Little White Bird," oh, it's great!

So sensible, and yet highfalutin, too, with Mr. Barrie himself stickin' out everywhere between the chinks.

You want to see some funny books? Yes, sir, we've got them. The two funniest are "Observations of Mr. Dooley" and "Confessions of a Wife." Of course, you know what the Dooley books are, and this one is right up in line with the rest.

But that "Confessions of a Wife"—my, I nearly died laughin' over it. It's a kind of an aquarelle—

ain't that a salt-water study?—for the woman weeps on every page, and twice on some. Between weeps she kisses any old clothes that come handy, and then she sits down and makes out in her diary a kind of a trained nurse chart of her symptoms—mental, immoral and physical. Not meant to be funny? N-no, I s'pose not, but it *is* all the same.

Does your lady like child books? I don't mean juvenile books, you know, but stories for grown-ups, written over the kids' shoulders.

You don't know what I mean? Well, the best of them are by Kenneth Grahame and Miss Daskam, but they haven't had a whack at it this year.

There are others, though, and "Emmy Lou," by Mrs. Martin, and "In the Morning Glow," by Roy Rolfe Gilson, are pretty good imitations. Most folks like "Emmy Lou" a heap. I must say she don't quite suit me, but it isn't her fault. She's a dear little girl, and if that Miss Daskam had written about her, she'd have been all right. But her author didn't know her very well, and, of course, that shows in the book.

But, my goodness! if you want a hummer, get Kipling's "Just-So Stories." I don't believe there's anybody that wouldn't like that book. There's just one Kipling, isn't there? The story in that book about the Cat Who Walked by Himself is worth the whole price of admission. I've read it till I know it by heart. I guess Mr. Kipling must have been a cat once. But then he must have been a soldier, and a sailor, and a woman, and a ship, and a locomotive, and a wireless telegraph, too.

You think your lady wouldn't care for that book? Well, of course you know more'n I do about that.

Here's a set of Jane Austen. She's the great fad this year. Queer how fads come, isn't it? Now, nobody knows why, but all of a sudden everybody must read Jane Austen or they're not in it at all. Why, more'n half the ladies who fly in here and ask for Jane Austen think she's a historical novel, like "Janice Meredith," and they're *so* surprised to find she's half a dozen books. They buy the set, of course, but they go out looking as if they had a fearful big stunt ahead to read them. Me, I don't like Jane Austen such a lot. Of course, she's got a touch, and she's fine and quaint, but it's *all* in the style. I must say I like *some* interest in the plot, too.

Oh, you'll take Jane Austen, eh? And you'll take "Mrs. Wiggs," too? Yes, I thought you would. Everybody does. I'm sure your lady'll like it first-rate. Have 'em sent? All right. Good morning, sir; good morning.

Now, ain't it queer there's such a few different kinds of ladies in the world? Readin' ladies, I mean. I know that lady of his as well as if she was my own sister, and yet I've never laid eyes on her and never expect to. She's just this way:

She'll like "Mrs. Wiggs" an awful lot, but she'll pretend she doesn't; and she'll just hate to read Jane Austen, but she'll tell everybody she "simply adores her."

INSPIRED BY THEIR PICTURES.

I want to be an author—
 My hand up to my face,
 A thought upon my forehead—
 An air of studied grace!
 I want to be an author,
 With genius on my brow;
 I want to be an author,
 And I want to be It now! —DROCH.

WHAT MAKES A BOOK SELL?

What makes a book sell? Is it merit? Is it publishers' advertising? Is it personal recommendation among readers? Does it depend upon any one condition or any combination of conditions that may be studied out by experience or figured on with any reliable result by any theorist or any publisher's reader or any bookseller?

The *Literary News* has made a list of the twenty-five books which, according to *The Bookman*, have been the best-sellers of the year. Two or three published just at the turn of the year 1901 are included, because they did not take their place among the sellers until 1902 and will always be identified with that year. All the sellers were novels. But this is not only a list of the best-selling novels, but of the best-selling books. It is encouraging to note that many of these stories that pleased the general public are of decided merit. It is also to be noted that the publishers did not force them into notice by advertisement to nearly the extent to which they resorted to this method in former years. Imitation is the keynote of the day, and probably many of the sellers became popular because what some praised must be known by all. We shall never know which of the books of the year that did not prove great sellers were especially recommended by the publishers' readers and brought out with hope and faith by the publishers, and which of those that proved great sellers surprised their publishers beyond all the readers that together made their popularity.

The question remains unanswered: "What makes a book sell?"

It may be interesting to our readers to take a glance at a sitting at the books that have been most read for a year, and as we feel sure there are among our constituency many who have not read all the "best-sellers" of 1902, we have tried to place in bird's-eye view before them the salient points of the stories which have been so widely read at home and abroad.

THE BEST-SELLING BOOKS OF 1902.

Adams, Mary. CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE. \$1.50. Century Co.

The diary and letters of a highly emotional nature which by real trouble acquires repose. The husband has a reason for the desertion that almost crazes her. A physician teaches many good lessons. A well-known writer probably hides behind the pseudonym, nevertheless the book is not nearly as good as its material made possible.

Atherton, Mrs. Gertrude. THE CONQUEROR. \$1.50. Macmillan.

The story of Alexander Hamilton, whom the

author thinks "the most endearing and extraordinary of all our public men." Mrs. Atherton is always an artistic novelist. She has selected her facts with care and the book is instructive. Her study of Aaron Burr has several original phases.

Connor, Ralph [pseud. for Charles William Gordon]. MAN FROM GLENGARRY. \$1.50. Revell.

Canada is the scene; lumbermen the actors. The book is workmanlike; it has a sure and self-confident touch. It does not in the least belong to literature, but one is glad to see a popular novel with some shapeliness and craftsmanship to its credit.—*The Academy.*

Corelli, Marie. TEMPORAL POWER. \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author gives good measure of her own peculiar best in this story. A king at the height of his power turns socialist and wanders disguised among his people. In a socialistic meeting he draws the lot to kill the king. The plot is brilliant and the tale is told with gorgeousness of manner and abundance of movement.—*Mail and Express.*

Davis, R. H. CAPTAIN MACKLIN. \$1.50. Scribner.

Captain Macklin is dismissed from West Point for being out of bounds without permission. Bitterly humiliated he resolves to win a name for himself as a soldier of fortune. A petty revolution in Honduras offers him the opportunity. South America in its revolutionary aspect is familiar ground to Mr. Davis, and he paints with vivid strokes a picture that is almost theatrical in its contrasts of light and shade, of comedy and dramatic intensity.

Davis, Richard Harding. RANSON'S FOLLY. \$1.50. Scribner.

Five short stories. The author's stories are always clean, honest, and manly. This collection has variety of theme and treatment and the quality of the unexpected.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Dixon, Thomas, Jr. THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS. \$1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co.

In many respects the bitterest book which has come from the presses in years. A treatment of the negro question from the Southern point of view. North Carolina furnishes the scene of events, and the author guarantees the historical accuracy of his material bases. As a preacher Mr. Dixon often lacked discretion and good taste, and the same characteristics are his as a novelist.

Douglas, George [pseud. for G. B. Brown]. HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. \$1.50. McClure, Phillips & Co.

A powerful and vivid presentation of the life of the lower middle classes in the little Scotch town of Barbie. The characters of the piece are drawn in all their nakedness and with all their envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. There is no trace of a love story. There is some slow Scotch humor, but the story is intensely tragic. The book is one of great power. The writer's death is a distinct loss to literature.

Doyle, A. Conan. HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES. \$1.25. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Based on an old English west country legend. One of the Squires of Baskerville in a drunken frolic sold himself to the evil one. Afterwards an immense and hideous hound haunted the moors at night. In the present story this legend cloaks a crime which is once more ferreted out, of course, by Sherlock Holmes of famous memory.

Harland, Henry. THE LADY PARAMOUNT. \$1.50. Lane.

The story is true comedy. It is Italian, not Anglo-Saxon, art, exotic, but perfect of its kind—a book that gives endless delight, a trifle to cherish, a moment's dainty food for the cultured fancy. A tale that deserves to be by the side of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" and to share its popularity.—*Mail and Express.*

Hegan, Alice C. MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH. \$1. Century Co.

Also published at turn of the year and very popular throughout 1902. The Wiggs family, consisting of Widow Wiggs, two boys and three girls, are hopelessly poor and hopefully optimistic under every combination of trials. These amiable, energetic people teach a fine lesson in an irresistibly humorous way.

Hough, Emerson. THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE. \$1.50. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A tale of the financier John Law, of Lauriston, Scotland. He was the J. Pierpont Morgan of his day, immediately after the death of Louis XIV. He was the first great greenbacker. Gives a fine description of the French possessions in America and the desperate condition of the French treasury.

Johnston, Mary. AUDREY. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Virginia in the eighteenth century now occupies the writer of "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and to Hold." Audrey is an orphan, a dreamy child of nature. She is a rival for the hero's love with the famous beauty Evelyn Byrd, of historic fame. The ending is wholly consistent but "the pity o't."

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. IF I WERE KING. \$1.50. Russell.

The love of Francis Villon, poet, and Katherine Vancelles, kinswoman of Louis XI., is the episode on which the novel is founded. The author combines his qualities as accurate historian and his practical hand as novelist to great advantage.

McCutcheon, George B. CASTLE CRANEYCROW. \$1.50. Stone.

By author of "Graustark." Europe is the scene, chiefly Italy. A rich, handsome American does much original detective work to prove that a fascinating Italian nobleman, engaged to a playmate of his youth, is a criminal.

Major, Charles. DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL. \$1.50. Macmillan.

The author has added literary polish to his great popular talent displayed in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Dorothy Vernon is an Elizabethan maid, a living, loving, lovable girl. Her

elopement with John Manners is the historic incident. Details of history are sacrificed by this born story-teller. Did not Scott likewise?

Parker, Gilbert. DONOVAN PASHA AND SOME PEOPLE OF EGYPT. \$1.50. Appleton.

Parker's fame will always rest on his Canadian short stories, but these stories of Englishmen in Egypt have also vivid style and inherent local color. Dicky Donovan is a buoyant little fellow of gentle blood, who is brave, daring, a bit sentimental, and gifted with a taking sense of humor.

Parker, Gilbert. RIGHT OF WAY. \$1.50. Harper.

Novel of French Canada. Was very popular during the first part of 1902, though really published October, 1901.

Rives, Hallie E. HEARTS COURAGEOUS. \$1.50. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Historical study of Philadelphia in the days of the Revolution.

Smith, Francis Hopkins. FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN. \$1.50. Scribner.

The Old South and the period just preceding the outbreak of the Civil War are the settings. The scene shifts to New York City and New England. It is rumored that in young Oliver Horn studying in a New York art school Hopkinson Smith gives glimpses of the days when the artist-author was learning the most perfected of his many arts and sciences.

Sousa, J. P. THE FIFTH STRING. \$1.25. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

No doubt Sousa's great popularity as a conductor of orchestra led to the first sales of his novel, but his story is good and well told. It tells of the love story of a celebrated violinist and a New York society woman.

STORY OF MARY MACLANE, by herself. \$1.50. Stone.

This story has been withdrawn, owing to severe criticism. It reads like a burlesque of Marie Bashkirtseff. As a study in psychology it was recently mentioned to a class in pedagogy by one of the professors, so perhaps it has more merit than strikes the general reader. The writer pretends to be a Western girl, and she deals with matters not best fitted for public discussion.

Tarkington, Booth. THE TWO VANREVELS. \$1.50. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Ohio in the forties is the background. The Mexican War is introduced. The heroine confuses her father's mortal enemy, Vanrevel, with his intimate friend, and on this mistaken identity the story pivots. The book is full of leisure for love and laughter and song in the days of the Old Northwest, when life was full of adventure and color.

Wister, Owen. THE VIRGINIAN. \$1.50. Macmillan.

"The Virginian" is one of those rare and valuable books which, without sacrificing the charm of fiction, preserve important facts. It is an epitome of life on the plains as it was lived among ranch owners and their cowboys in the Wyoming of the 70's and 80's. . . . It is interesting from beginning to end."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Grand Canyon of Arizona

Pictures of it: For 25 cents will send the season's novelty — a Grand Canyon photochrome view, uniquely mounted for desk use; accurately reproduces the Canyon tints. Or, for same price, a set of four black-and-white prints, ready for framing.

Books about it: For 50 cents will send a Grand Canyon book, 128 pages, 93 illustrations, map and cover in colors; contains articles by noted authors, travelers and scientists. Worthy a place in any library. Or will mail free pamphlet, "Titan of Chasms."

Visit it: Take the Santa Fe for California. Stop off at Williams, Ariz., and go by rail only 64 miles to Grand Canyon. Stay there one, two or more days. You have seen Earth's greatest wonder, the titan of chasms, a mile deep, many miles wide.

General Passenger Office
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
1325 Great Northern B'ld'g. Chicago

Santa Fe

BOOKS DE LUXE

Lovers of Beautiful Books, who contemplate a trip to the Wonderful West, should write for

"Across America"^(6c) "Lake McDonald"^(2c)
"Beauty Spots"^(2c) "Outings at Lake Chelan"^(2c)

And other handsome printed matter descriptive of the attractive country along the line of the

Great Northern Railway

Send stamps for amount mentioned to
F. I. WHITNEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

**Exposition
Flyer**
Via
"Big Four"
From
Cincinnati
To
St. Louis

Write for Rates and Folders

Warren J. Lynch **W. P. Deppe**
Genl. Pass. & Ticket Agt. Asst. Genl. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

FINE SERVICE TO
**MINNEAPOLIS
AND ST. PAUL**



Via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea.
Fast Vestibule Night train with through
Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free
Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service
en route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R.
and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

K. C. S.

Kansas City Southern Railway

"Straight as the Crow Flies"

KANSAS CITY TO THE GULF

Passing Through a Greater Diversity of Climate, Soil and Resource
than Any Other Railway in the World, for Its Length

Along its line are the finest lands, suited for growing small grain, corn, flax, cotton; for commercial apple and peach orchards, for other fruits and berries; for commercial cantaloupe, potato, tomato and general truck farms; for sugar cane and rice cultivation; for merchantable timber; for raising horses, mules, cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry and Angora goats, at prices ranging from

FREE GOVERNMENT HOMESTEADS

to twenty-five dollars or more per acre. Cheap round-trip homeseeker's and one-way colonist tickets on sale first and third Tuesday of each month. Write for a copy of "CURRENT EVENTS," published by the

KANSAS CITY SOUTHERN RAILWAY

THE SHORT LINE TO

"INEXPENSIVE AND COMFORTABLE HOMES"

H. D. DUTTON, Trav. Pass. Agt.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

S. G. WARNER, G. P. and T. A.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

F. E. ROESLER, Trav. Pass. and Imig'n Agt.
KANSAS CITY, MO.



"Greatest success of its age."

**THE
FOUR-TRACK
NEWS**

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF TRAVEL AND EDUCATION

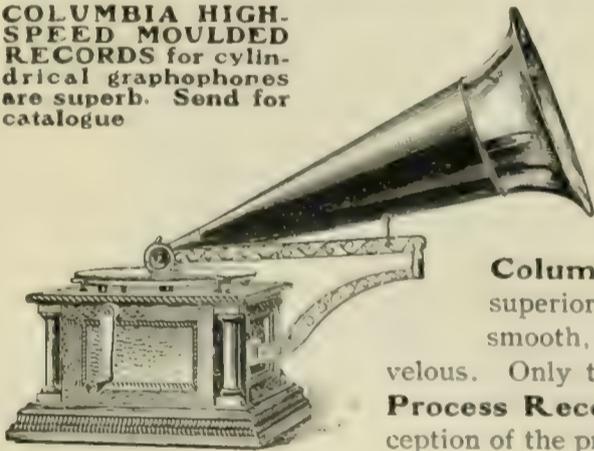
Published Monthly by the
Passenger Department of the

**NEW YORK CENTRAL
& HUDSON RIVER R. R.**

The Four-Track News will be sent free to any address for a year on receipt of 50 cents. Single copies, 5 cents. Address George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Columbia Disc Graphophone

COLUMBIA HIGH-SPEED MOULDED RECORDS for cylindrical graphophones are superb. Send for catalogue



The Type You See Advertised Everywhere

A most important feature of the **Flat, Indestructible Records** used on the Columbia Disc Graphophone is their durability. The material used is a composition exclusively controlled by the Columbia Phonograph Company. While its peculiar character admits of its receiving the most minute sound vibrations, the composition is hard enough to resist wear. For this reason

Columbia Disc Records outlast all others, while they are vastly superior in quality. Instead of being scratchy and muffled they are smooth, clear and resonant, and possessed of a volume that is truly marvelous. Only those who own Columbia Disc machines and the perfected **New Process Records** of the Columbia Phonograph Company have any just conception of the progress that has been made in bringing this type of machines and records to the highest possible point of desirability.

THE DISC GRAPHOPHONE IS MADE IN 3 TYPES, SELLING FOR \$15, \$20 AND \$30

7-INCH RECORDS, 50c each, \$5 per dozen; 10-INCH RECORDS, \$1 each, \$10 per dozen

For sale by dealers everywhere and by the

Columbia Phonograph Company

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF TALKING MACHINES AND SUPPLIES IN THE WORLD
Grand Prize, Paris, 1900

NEW YORK - Wholesale and Retail, 93 Chambers Street. Retail only, 573 Fifth Avenue

BOSTON - 164 Tremont Street
PHILADELPHIA - 1609 Chestnut Street
CHICAGO - 88 Wabash Avenue
MINNEAPOLIS - 13 Fourth Street, S.
BALTIMORE - 110 East Baltimore Street
MEMPHIS - 302 Main Street

SAN FRANCISCO - 125 Geary Street
PARIS - 34 Boulevard des Italiens
PITTSBURG - 615 Penn Avenue
BUFFALO - 645 Main Street
ST. LOUIS - 709 Pine Street
KANSAS CITY - 1016 Walnut Street

DETROIT - 37 Grand River Avenue
WASHINGTON - 1212 F Street, N. W.
MILWAUKEE - 391 East Water Street
LONDON - 122 Oxford Street, W.
BERLIN - 65-A Friedrichstrasse

TO Southern Climes

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

SOUTHERN RY.
and Connecting Lines.

FAMOUS CHICAGO & FLORIDA SPECIAL
Leaving Chicago at 1:00 P. M., Cleveland at 12:35 P. M., via Big Four Route from Pittsburgh at 8:00 A. M. via Penn. Lines from Louisville at 7:25 P. M., via Southern Ry., daily except Sunday. From Detroit at 12:35 P. M., Toledo 2:22 P. M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, via Michigan Central and C. H. & D. Ry., and from Pittsburgh at 8:00 A. M., connecting with Queen & Crescent Route leaving at 9:15 P. M. for St. Augustine.

FLORIDA AND NEW ORLEANS LIMITED.
Solid train with through sleeping cars daily from Chicago via Monon and C. H. & D. Rys., leaving at 9:00 P. M., connecting at Cincinnati at 8:30 A. M. Also through sleeping car daily via Pennsylvania and Southern Railway leaving Chicago at 8:00 P. M., via Louisville, connecting with Florida Limited at Lexington, direct to St. Augustine.
The route of both trains is via Chattanooga and Atlanta. The Florida Limited also has through sleepers attached for New Orleans from Cincinnati.

QUEEN & CRESCENT SPECIAL.
Solid through train leaving Cincinnati at 8:05 P. M., to New Orleans via Birmingham, with through sleeper attached for Jacksonville via Ashville and Savannah. Drawing-room, Dining and Observation cars on all trains.
Write for Printed Matter and Rates.
W. A. BECKLER, 113 Adams St., CHICAGO, ILL.
D. P. BROWN, 67 Woodward Av., DETROIT MICH.
W. W. DUNNivant, T. P. A., WARREN, O.
CHAS. W. ZELL, D. P. A., - CINCINNATI, O.

CHILDREN TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP"

Brentano's Monthly Bulletin
FOR ALL BOOK-LOVERS.
Compact—Useful—Adequate. 10 cents per year postpaid.
BRENTANO'S, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW HOFFMAN HOUSE

MADISON SQUARE.

Absolutely Fireproof. European Plan.
Rooms: \$1.50 per day and upwards.

J. P. CADDAGAN, Manager.

THE SPITZER'S
20th CENTURY PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
New York Life Building
CHICAGO.

Can furnish you with newspaper clippings on any subject which may be of interest to you. We receive papers from all over the United States, and have them read for such items as we have orders for. If you wish to be posted on any subject, or desire to know what the press is saying about you or your efforts in any line, we can supply you with a daily service at reasonable rates, ranging from \$2.50 a month up, or for a service in a small way, 20 select clippings on any subject for \$1.00. Write for full information.

20th CENTURY PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
New York Life Building
CHICAGO, ILL.

A. E. SPITZER, Presd.
C. J. SPITZER, Sec. & Treas.

DO YOU WANT to know everything possible about anything?
WANT clippings of every article published on any topic in the American or Foreign press, weeklies, dailies, magazines and trade papers?
WANT to obtain early advantage of a trade situation?
WANT the quickest news of proposed new stores, bridges, factories, conventions, clubs, incorporations?
WANT to compile a scrap-book on a special subject?
WANT to prepare a response to a toast; speech in a debating club or elsewhere; paper or essay in a literary club, or anything of that nature?

U *The easiest, surest, quickest, most economical way is to secure the services of our large staff of trained readers.*

BUSINESS MEN are using clippings and get reliable tips which lead to business on the "follow up" plan. Tell us the nature of your business and we will supply valuable clippings of new items daily that will aid you in making that business profitable. \$1.00 a month and upwards.

UNITED STATES PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU,
153 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.
Send stamp for booklet.

Observation Cars

On "The Overland Limited"—Electric Lighted—have tiled platforms, enclosed with brass and ornamental railings, large enough to accommodate all passengers.

Libraries, writing desks, books, magazines and current literature of all kinds are provided. Each car has six compartments and a drawing room containing washstand, hot and cold water, electric curling iron heaters, parcel racks, and all toilet conveniences.

This famous train reaches San Francisco from Omaha sixteen hours quicker than any other train, and runs every day in the year.

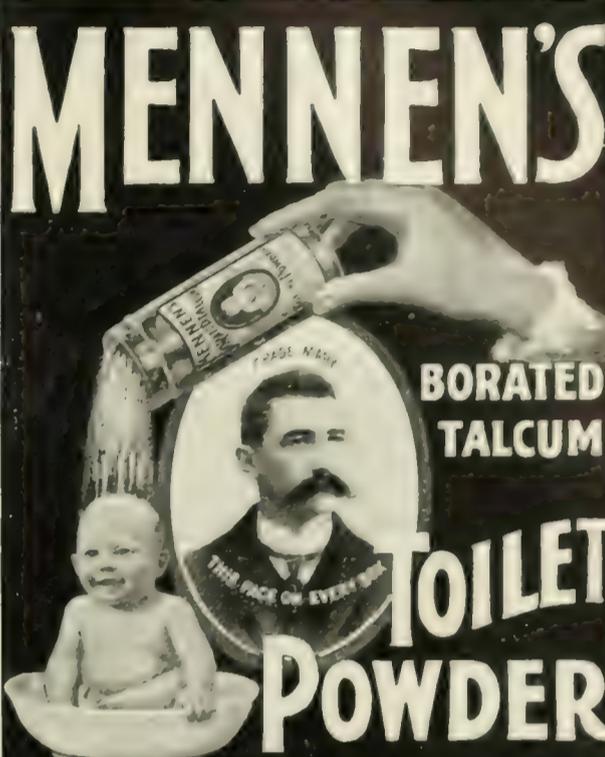
The UNION PACIFIC offers you the highest degree of comfort and luxury, with no additional cost and a great saving of time and expense.

Full information cheerfully furnished on application to

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
Omaha, Neb.



MENNEN'S



BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Delightful After Bathing, A Luxury After Shaving

A positive relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all dirt and perspiration. Get Mennen's the original and the best. It is gentler than worthless substitutes, but there is a real difference. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 Cents. Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

2,500 Feet Elevation. Magnificent Mountain Surroundings. Open All the Year

REACHED VIA THE
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY

INCOMPARABLE FALL, SPRING AND SUMMER CLIMATE

Luxurious baths and most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, obesity and nervous troubles. New golf clubhouse with squash court, lounging rooms, cafe, ping pong, etc. Fine golf links, tennis courts, pleasure pool, excellent livery and all outdoor pastimes.

New Homestead and Cottages.—The hotel is a brick structure of the highest class, completed in September, 1902, containing 100 rooms and 200 private baths. Long distance phone in each room. Broker's office with direct New York wire.

Pullman compartment car from New York via Washington and the Chesapeake & Ohio railway. The F. B. V. Limited, leaving New York 4.55 P. M., arrives Hot Springs 7.25 A. M. Excursion tickets at C. & O. offices, 362 Broadway, New York, and offices Pennsylvania R. R. and connecting lines throughout the country. For hotel information, address

FRED. STERRY, Manager, Hot Springs, Bath Co., Va.

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
FROM ST. LOUIS TO
HOT SPRINGS, ARK. SAN ANTONIO

GALVESTON  **EL PASO**

HOT SPRINGS
ARKANSAS

AND POINTS IN
MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA
ELEGANT THROUGH CAR SERVICE - DINING CARS
MEALS A LA CARTE
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
ADDRESS COMPANY'S AGENTS OR

H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen'l Pass'r and Tkt. Agt., ST. LOUIS.

Great Is Texas !

THE EYES OF THE WORLD ARE
UPON HER.

The Home-seeker

Wants to know about her "Matchless"
Climate and her Cheap Lands.

The Investor

Wants to know about not only Her Cheap
Land and Low Taxes, but as well, Her
Wealth of Mine and Forest, and this is to
let you know that the

The International @ Great Northern

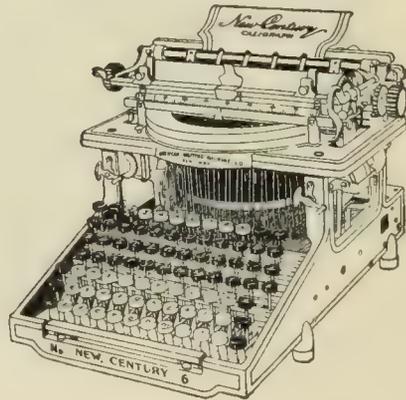
TEXAS' GREATEST RAILROAD

Traverses more than a thousand miles of
the Cream of Texas' Resources, latent
and developed, and that you may learn
more about the GREAT I. & G. N.
COUNTRY by sending a 2-cent stamp
for a copy of the ILLUSTRATOR AND
GENERAL NARRATOR, or 25 cents for
a year's file of same, or by writing

D. J. PRICE, G. P. @ T. A., I. @ G. N. R. R.,
Palestine, Texas.

IF you are dissatisfied with the appear-
ance of the letters you are sending
out or the quantity your operator can
turn out, INVESTIGATE THE

NEW CENTURY TYPEWRITER



The quality of the work and the ease with
which it is done are New Century features.

Full information on request.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE COMPANY,
343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Sales Offices in all the principal cities.

TOLEDO
ST. LOUIS & WESTERN
RAILROAD

DELPHOS
 DECATUR
 BLUFFTON
 MARION
 KOKOMO
 FRANKFORT
 CHARLESTON

FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO ST. LOUIS THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY

UP-TO-DATE SERVICE AND EQUIPMENT



LIBRARY CLOCKS

Prentiss 60-day Calendar Clocks are excellent for library use. They are strong, substantial, reliable. Keep perfect time and automatically show the correct date. They come in several different styles and sizes.

Also

Program, Electric, Synchronized, and Frying-Pan Clocks

Send for Catalogue No. 303.

THE PRENTISS CLOCK IMPROVEMENT COMPANY
 Dept. 30 49 Dey Street, New York City

"QUEEN OF SEA ROUTES"

BETWEEN
 BOSTON, PROVIDENCE, NORFOLK AND BALTIMORE
 PHILADELPHIA AND SAVANNAH
 BALTIMORE AND SAVANNAH

Merchants & Miners Transportation Co.
STEAMSHIP LINES

Accommodations and Cuisine Unsurpassed

STEAMERS NEW, FAST AND ELEGANT

Send for Illustrated Booklet and Particulars

W. P. TURNER, G. P. A. J. C. WHITNEY, 2d V. P. & T. M.
 A. D. STEBBINS, G. M.

General Offices, BALTIMORE, MD.

"FINEST COASTWISE TRIPS IN THE WORLD"

Grand Canyon of Arizona

A book about it Send fifty cents in coin or stamps to W. J. Black, Gen. Pass. Agent, A. T. & S. F. R'y, 1380 Great Northern Building, Chicago, for copy of notable new book entitled "Grand Canyon of Arizona," graphically describing world's greatest scenic wonder.

Contains special articles by Hamlin Garland, Chas. Dudley Warner, Joaquin Miller, John L. Stoddard, Major J. W. Powell, and other noted writers; 124 pages, with map and cover in colors and many beautiful half-tone illustrations. Worthy a place in any library.

This titan of chasms may easily be visited any day in the year in connection with California trip over the Santa Fe.

On the Santa Fe



Photographs from Nature

A set of four Special Platinum Prints from original negatives taken at the height of the resort season and picturing the delights of a vacation at a \$ \$ \$ \$

MICHIGAN
Summer Resort

will be mailed to any address on application to H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A., Pere Marquette Railroad, Detroit, Mich., when request is accompanied by 25c. in coin or stamps to prepay postage and packing. \$ \$ \$ \$

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS

PENNSYLVANIA
ON THE
ERIE RAILROAD
Midway Between
New York
and
Chicago



*A
Favorite
Resort for
Health, Rest
and Recreation*

AT ALL SEASONS.

Reached only by the

Erie Railroad

"The Picturesque Trunk Line of America."

Solid Vestibuled Trains.

Unsurpassed Dining Car Service.

**Stop over at Cambridge Springs
allowed on all through tickets.**

Illustrated Booklet of Cambridge Springs may be obtained from any Erie Ticket Agent, or by addressing

D. W. COOKE, General Passenger Agent, NEW YORK

THE AUTHOR'S YEAR-BOOK.

"The Author's Year Book" contains, among other features, the following, which serve in a measure to suggest its practical value to literary workers everywhere:

A full name and address list of about 600 PLACES TO SELL MANUSCRIPTS, including book publishing houses and PERIODICALS THAT PAY CONTRIBUTORS.

It is confidently asserted by the publishers that this list is the largest and most trustworthy ever attempted of its kind. It is correct and up-to-date.

"The Author's Year Book" has been written, gathered and compiled for the guidance and use of established writers as well as for the new-comer in literature. There are chapters and articles on the preparation of books and articles for the press; publishing a book; contracts with publishers; correction of proofs; the English market for American books; authors as publishers; how to win success in literature, being a symposium by famous authors; finding a market for MSS.; how to get on a newspaper, and ever so much besides.

"The Author's Year Book" is an annual publication, appearing each year with altogether new matter and revised, corrected and enlarged list of places to sell Manuscripts. It is worth noting the book is an independent publication. By its publication the interests of no publisher or agent are specially advanced.

It is a tasteful library volume, artistically bound, and should sell for a much higher price than we have set upon it, which is \$1.00, postpaid.

... Published by ...

THE BOOK-LOVER, 53 W. 24th Street, New York.

News of the Publishing World.

While the American People are the greatest readers of periodical literature on earth, there is but one periodical, among the more than twenty thousand published in America, which may be looked to for information concerning what is new in the publishing world.

That one is THE BOOK AND NEWS-DEALER, a twelve-year old monthly magazine, published primarily in the interests of the trade indicated by its title, but none the less valuable to all who care to know about the constantly appearing new papers and magazines which they might wish to read. THE BOOK AND NEWS-DEALER does not fail to notice, intelligently, and at sufficient length, every new periodical appealing even remotely to a general circulation.

Not only are new publications told of, but mention is made of all important changes in older established journals—changes in size, price, title, character, editors, discontinuances, etc.

With THE BOOK AND NEWS-DEALER at hand, the reader, no matter whether his home be city or country, is constantly in touch with all that's new in the publishing world. The information is guaranteed to be correct and is entirely unbiased.

THE BOOK AND NEWS-DEALER prints also book news and reviews, unconventional and reliable. It neither slates nor grills what is new, its aim being to print the news and nothing else.

THE BOOK AND NEWS-DEALER is a Dollar a year or fifteen cents a copy, monthly. No free copies; but to strangers and others we will send a sample copy for ten cents—coin, cash or stamps. Just at present we have several issues in stock, and will send one of each for the dime. But \$1.00 for one year would be a far better proposition. Call or address

THE BOOK AND NEWS-DEALER

EDITED BY THE EDITOR OF THE BOOK-LOVER,

53 W. 24TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE BOOK AND NEWS-DEALER is invaluable to authors because it gives to them, the fullest and latest possible news of new publications which offer to them fresh opportunities for the disposal of their writings.

You ep?

kills more people than
We have a plan to cure
sness by making finan-
ecks impossible. A poor
an live well and save
. Write for (free) booklet

MUTUAL LIFE
VRANCE CO.
CHESTNUT STREET
ADELPHIA, PA.

If you would like to see a magazine printed in a distinctive and beautiful way and arranged with some care, buy

Things and Thoughts

published at Winchester, Virginia.

Things and Thoughts is a literary magazine, printing some good fiction as well as careful and independent book-reviews, and articles biographical and historical. Now and then there appear fresh discussions of any matter that may be burning the public attention.

Things and Thoughts is published in the South, but it is not sectional.

Send **25 cents** and two trial numbers will be mailed you by

The Eddy Press
at Winchester, Virginia

Subscription - - - - - \$1.25 a Year
Bi-Monthly - - - - - 25 Cents the Copy

PUBLISHED BY THE
ABBAY PRESS

"READS LIKE DICKENS."

THE MAN WITH THE RAKE

By Marlon Beveridge Leo

A powerful story of singular interest and rare dramatic charm.

Cloth, 12mo, Daintily
Produced, \$1.25

May be ordered through any book-seller, or will be sent, postpaid, for the price, by the publishers.

Busy Business Men

When they travel long distances demand a high degree of comfort. The Harvey dining car service on The California Limited, Chicago to San Francisco and Los Angeles, surpasses that of many metropolitan clubs.