

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

is this further difference between the present work and that of Carlyle, namely, that Prof. Tuttle's work is more of a national history and less of an historical portraiture, and that the American Professor does not exalt Frederick, as Carlyle does, to the figure of a hero, nor, disregarding facts, pay him the homage of an unreasoning worship. In these important respects the two productions vary greatly; the one is an elaborate panegyric on Frederick, the other a sober, discriminating narrative, dealing with the broader question, of the rise of the Prussian people as a power on the continent, with a careful and detailed study of their social and political institutions. The figure of Frederick, of course, is in no way subordinate, nor during the formative period of the nation is the military history slighted. But both are considered with a view to elucidating the later national history, and with a keen eye to historical perspective. Much light is thrown on the political European situation at the period, on Prussia's relations with Austria, and on the attitude and policy of the other European powers, which culminated in the Seven Years' War. Throughout the work we get an impressive picture of Frederick, both as a military commander and a political administrator; while in the chapter on "The Philosopher of Sans Souci," we see the man surrounded by his literary and social friends and advisers, and the rain of philosophers whom Frederick loved to have about him at Potsdam. Professor Tuttle writes with ease and force, and with a full grasp of his resources and the materials of the history. Recent events, in connection with the headship of the German nations give increased interest to the narrative, and whet the appetite for its later instalments.

**PARTIAL PORTRAITS.** By Henry James. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

There is more than usual interest in this new work by Mr. Henry James, in the fact that, to a large extent, it is a novelist's criticism of the work of novelists. It does not follow as a matter of course that the creative and the critical faculty can be happily combined in one and the same person, though in Mr. James's case we should naturally expect much from the analytic quality so abundantly found in his novels, provided that his personal predilections did not mar his literary judgments and that he remained true to his artistic sense. No one can dip far into *Partial Portraits* without being at rest on this latter point. Mr. James, as a critic, is eminently fair and dispassionate, and unlike Mr. Howells, when he criticizes contemporary authors, he has no ill-concealed reservations, or any qualifying criticisms which an open, frank, and appreciative nature need withhold or disguise—nothing, in short, but his inability to say all the kind things he would say in elucidation of his *Partial Portraits*. Some of the papers will have already been met with in either English or American magazines. All of them, however, deserve preservation in book form; and the reader of any one of the series will thank the author for the opportunity of again meeting with the study. As the volume will doubtless be acquired by many of our readers, our notice of it may be brief. The book, as we have said, deals almost exclusively with novelists. The two subjects, outside writers of fiction, are Emerson and George Du Maurier. The first of them is an appreciative but discriminating review of Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson*. Emerson he treats as a spiritual voice, exercising a singular power, despite his want of style, through his "felicities, inspirations, and unforgettable phrases," and so bearing a message to humanity and influencing conduct. The tribute to Du Maurier is fine and well deserved. It is a clever study of the work in *Punch* of the great society artist, whose power of expressing character in a face or figure is quite phenomenal. Among the novelists whose "partial portraits" Mr. James has given us, are George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, R. L. Stevenson, Daudet, Maupassant, Turgenieff, and Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson. There are two papers on George Eliot, one a review of Mr. Cross's biography, and the other a dialogue on the subject of *Daniel Deronda*. The review of *Life* is sympathetic and appreciative; and the reader will be charmed with the author's estimate of the great writer whose striking career and rare work he has so lovingly followed in the sketch. The other criticism of George Eliot appears as "a conversation" on *Daniel Deronda*, and its form enables the author, in an impersonal way, to criticize the work more freely, and to speak of it as "a ponderous and ill-made story," in sharp contrast to the art which the novelist displays in her earlier and more natural stories. Mr. James, however, takes care in the dialogue to do justice to the spirit of the book as something far higher and of more value than its form. The novel, he says, is full of the world. The articles on Anthony Trollope, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Miss Woolson will all be found of high interest. Of Trollope he says truly that much of the life of his time is reflected in his novels, and the best parts of them are eminently sound and true and genial. The man himself, he affirms, will remain one of the most trustworthy, though not one of the most eloquent, of the writers who have helped the heart of man to know itself. Mr. James speaks enthusiastically both of the work and of the mental equipment of Mr. Stevenson. His mind, he says, from an early age was furnished with the concrete Highlander, and though he has written but little about his native country, his happiest work shows that Scotland has the best of his ability and the best of his ambition. No less generous is Mr. James's appreciation of the art of Miss Woolson, much of whose work he heartily admires. The latter half of *Partial Portraits* is taken up with an analysis of the work of the French novelists, Daudet and Maupassant, and the Russian, Turgenieff; the volume closing with some remarks on Mr. Besant's paper on "The Art of Fiction." These criticisms deal chiefly with the characteristics of French, English, and Russian schools of fiction, and particularly in the fine essay on M. de Maupassant, with the delicate question of the artistic purposes of the school of French novelists to which M. Zola and M. de Maupassant belong in representing in fiction what to an English mind must be revolting and indecent. Mr. James's conclusions on this subject are eminently sane and wholesome. He holds that writers of this objectionable school have in their novels simply disregarded the whole reflective part of the men and women who compose their audience—"that reflective part which governs conduct and produces character." Of M. de Maupassant he remarks, that if he is a master of his art it is discouraging to find what low views are compatible with mastery.

The *July Outing* is exceptionally good. There is a special illustrated article on almost all sorts of out-door sport: "An Irish Outing," "A Wheel," and "Training for Cycle Competition" for the Cyclist; "After Trout in Canadian Waters," for the disciple of Isaac Walton; "The Happiest Day of My Life," for the canoeist; "Lawn Tennis," for those who love, or want to learn, the game; "America's National Game"; and "Scoring Rules for College Clubs," for those devoted to baseball, and much more befitting the season. The illustrations are numerous and unusually good.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, who is specially qualified to deal with such a subject, opens the *July New Princeton Review* with "The Study of the Eighteenth Century Literature"; M. G. Maspero, the French Egyptologist gives the result of his original investigations in "Egyptian Souls and Their Worlds"; Hon. Eugene Schuyler concludes "A Political Frankenstein"; Mr. Laurence Hutton writes of "Poetical Dedications"; and Mr. W. C. Brownell, in "New York after Paris," compares American and foreign life; Prof. Alexander Johnston endeavours to show that the "machine" is a necessity in politics.

THREE volumes of *The Henry Irving Shakespeare* have now appeared.

HESTER STUART is not the real name of the author of *A Modern Jacob*, but merely a *nom de plume*.

YALE College has shown its appreciation of Mark Twain's wit by conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

MR. HOWELLS'S *Silas Lapham*, and Helen Dawes Brown's *Two College Girls* will appear in Ticknor's Paper Series this month.

MISS CONNELLY'S *Tilting at Windmills* has proved so popular that the publishers (D. Lothrop Co.) are already preparing a second edition.

Mr. Percy M. Thornton, who has had access to the Stuart papers at Windsor Castle, is engaged on a work with the title "The Rise and Fall of the Stuart Dynasty."

It is reported that recent visits of Canon MacColl to Hawarden are significant of the early publication of Mr. Gladstone's life and letters. The aged statesman is said to have gone over some of his papers with his visitor.

OF Tennyson's *Northern Farmer* the late Archbishop Trench said: "Every clergyman should study it. It is a wonderful revelation of the heathenism still in the land, and quite the most remarkable thing in the whole book."

MR. JAMES PAYN is described by the *Star* as a square-headed, broad-browed, spectacled man, more like a prosperous physician than an author. It is now almost sixty years since he made his first appearance on the stage of life.

THE report of the celebration of Independence Day at Roseland Park, Woodstock, Conn., occupied more than twelve pages of the *New York Independent*. Prof. Goldwin Smith was present and delivered an address on Commercial Union.

*Robert Elsmere*, the new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, recently reviewed by Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century*, and which has already reached its seventh edition in London, will be issued this week in a cheap American edition by Macmillan & Co.

MR. J. F. LOUBAT has founded a prize of 3,000 francs to be awarded every three years to the author of the best treatise on North American history, geography, archaeology, ethnography, philology or numismatics, and to be under the control of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris.

FORTHCOMING issues in the series of "Great French Writers," now publishing in translation by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, include *Montesquieu*, by Albert Sorel; *Voltaire*, by F. Brunetiere; *Racine*, by Anatole France; and *Rousseau*, by Victor Cherbuliez. Paul Bourget is to write of *Balzac*, and M. Taine of *Sainte-Beuve*.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S new novel, *Mr. Meeson's Will*, is said to have given great offence in London, where the chief characters are readily identified by the literary guild, or such of the guild as, writing novels, have been entrapped by a publishing firm, as the poor, gifted heroine of the story was. Who will tell us what particular firm is aimed at?

WILKIE COLLINS is said to be the most courteous of correspondents. He is always prompt with his replies, and his letters are as gracefully written as his books. No curt laconics and brusque brevities with him; there is good nature in every line, and somehow when we get to the end of his chatty epistles we feel there is less of the usual formalism in his "Believe me, faithfully yours."

THE time for the Lothrop Literature Prize Competition has been extended to December 1st, in order to give school people the summer vacation and the fall for the preparation of manuscripts. This competition, it will be remembered, is open to all school people—children, students and professors in our public schools, colleges and institutions of learning (Sunday schools included), and to them only.

THE origin of the name Canada is laboriously sought in "Modern Language Notes" for June by Prof. A. Marshall Elliott says the *Nation*. He pronounces it European and Spanish, finding its nearest primitive meaning to be a glade or swampy pasture, such as bear this designation to-day on the pampas of the Argentine Republic. The fitness of applying such a term to the bold north shore of the St. Lawrence below Quebec—the first tract called Canada—is, however, hardly obvious.

MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., B.C.L., Advocate, of Montreal, is editing a volume of Canadian Poetry which is to be published in England by Mr. Walter Scott. The selections are to be brought out in two forms—in the low-priced, but neat and tasteful series of Canterbury Poets, and also in the more costly Windsor series. Mr. Lighthall is himself one of our most spirited and scholarly poets, as readers of the *Week* well know, and is in every respect eminently qualified for the work he has undertaken.

THE heroic conduct of Mrs. Laura Secord in apprising the British of the contemplated attack of Borsler's forces in 1812, is once again made the subject of a poem, and this time the hand of a master has done it justice—the same hand that gave us *Tecumseh*. Vide the *Week* of June 21st. A first rate piece of work by a Canadian author is something uncommon enough to evoke enthusiasm, and the bard of Prince Albert rarely fails to "do us proud." After reading his latest we unanimously shout "Give us Mair, Charles, give us Mair!"—*Grip*.

OF the late George Frederick Cameron's *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death* the *New York Critic* says: In the lyrics on freedom, for instance, it is not remarkable that a certain youthful egotism and shrillness are to be found; the fervour, the strenuousness, the sustained purpose of these poems, are, on the other hand, truly remarkable. The author had not entirely outgrown the imitative stage; traces of Tennyson and Swinburne frequently appear, and once at least a touch of Marlowe; but not seldom we hear, penetrating through all familiar cadences, the individual voice of an earnest nature. Mr. Cameron, whatever the blemishes of his work, was a genuine poet; and it is to be regretted that he did not live to attain a more perfect utterance. A noble and hopeful spirit appears in the closing poem:

O poet of the Future! I,  
Of the dead Present, bid thee hail!  
Come forth and speak,—our speech shall die:  
Come forth and sing,—our song shall fail:  
Our speech, our song, fall barren,—we go by.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou, with unloosened tongue, shalt speak  
In words of subtle, silver sound,—  
In words not futile now, nor weak,  
To all the nations listening round  
Until they seek the light,—nor vainly seek!