

in which work he proposes to continue *malgré* all the angry darts with which he may be assailed.

No, the Editor is not a prohibitionist for you cannot make a man sober any more than honest by act of parliament,—violent remedies often have as bad or worse evils behind them than violent diseases. Are we, while advocating the theory of self-government, to enact laws which practically deny the ability of man to govern himself? The Editor would recommend the perusal of the article on "New York Tenement Houses" published in *Scribner's Magazine* for June and suggest that the only permanent cure against the evil influence of the saloon is to place a counteracting inducement elsewhere and as easy of access.

This is too important a subject to be more than touched upon in this short paper, and therefore the Editor would merely throw out the above hint for even poor old "Costigan" began to frequent his haunts from a desire to meet his friends and be sociable, and by placing the means of obtaining that friendship and sociability in some other way you will do more to save his gray hairs from finding a dishonored grave, than by the forcible measures proposed by some among us.



"NADA the Lily," by Rider Haggard, is the novel of the day—that is, if merit is determined by popularity—by the number of copies sold. And after all is said and done the lines of old Hudebras—

"What's the worth of anything
But just as much as it will bring?"

apply with almost equal force in literature as in other services or products. Much of the merchantable value of Rider Haggard's books is due doubtless to the gratuitous advertising he has received. No writer has ever been so praised, so abused, so condemned by reviewers. His choice of the new fields he has worked in and his powers of description—have been highly lauded. On the other hand, he has been shown to be a wholesale or retail plagiarist as suits his wants. In "She" he is evidently to no small degree indebted to Tom Moore's gorgeous romance, the "Epicurean," and in "Mr. Meeson's Will," the powerful description of the shipwreck is almost word for word from a contribution by the late Robert Runciman to a London illustrated paper. "Nada the Lily" is not a whit behind his former works in scenes of blood and murder. He has been compared to Gibbon in his great history in that every page reeks with slaughter; it has been not inaptly termed "a human abattoir"; there is little mercy, or kindness, or fidelity or pity for weakness in it from beginning to end. But this is not to be wondered at when the hero is known. He is King Chaka of Zululand, who reigned in the early quarter of the present century, a king who is compared to Napoleon in his thirst for martial glory and causing the death of a million people, while he emulated in his personal

conduct the vices of Tiberias. Nada is not white—as a lily,—she is whitey brown, and does little but give an attractive title to the story. Savage life at its worst and continual fighting are the theme of the book from first to last. Take the following brief description, put into the mouth of a blind old man, who is near the point of death:

"Chaka speaks a word. The captains hear, the soldiers stretch out their necks to listen. Charge! Children of the Zulu!—There is a roar, a thunder of feet, a flashing of spears, a bending of plumes, and, like a river that has burst its banks, the storm-clouds before the gale, we sweep down upon friend and foe. They form up to meet us; the stream is passed; our wounded rise upon their haunches to wave us on. We trample them down. What matter? They can fight no more. Then we meet Zwide coming to greet us, as bull meets bull. *Ou!* my father, I know no more. Everything grows red. That fight! That fight! We swept them away. When it was done, there was nothing to be seen, but the hillside was black and red. Few fled; few were left to fly. We passed over them like fire; we ate them up. Presently we paused, looking for the foe. All were dead. The host of Zwide was no more. Then we mustered. Ten regiments had looked upon the morning sun; three regiments saw the sun sink; the rest had gone where no suns shine. Such were our battles in the days of Chaka."

The "penny-dreadful" or the "shilling-shocker" is not a circumstance to this. Rider Haggard has stepped away and beyond the writers of that class of fiction, and yet "Nada the Lily" is pronounced in respectable reviews to be "the best book, the most sustained, the most powerful, the truest book" that Mr. Rider has yet written! The means by which Rider Haggard produces his characteristic effects may be divided under three heads,—the physically revolting as in his narratives of cruelty and bloody death,—the fantastic, preternatural and marvellous,—and that old and simple expedient which may be figuratively described as digging a hole in order that somebody may be helped out of it. He is described by a critic in the "Fortnightly Review" as "an author who kills you a dozen men in a paragraph, and watches their elaborate death-throes with a coolness worthy of old Parrhasius; the learned professor of carnage, the unrivalled man-sticker and supreme elephant-potter of fiction, the novelist whose pages are littered with the carcases of his slain."

Mr. Swinburne, the well known poet has just completed a new work entitled "The Sisters: A Tragedy," from which we quote the following two lyrics, in which their writer sustains his reputation for musical verse:

LOVE AND SORROW.

Love and Sorrow met in May
Crowned with rue and hawthorn-spray,
And Sorrow smiled,
Scarce a bird of all the spring
Durst between them pass and sing,
And scarce a child.

Love put forth his hand to take
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,
Her crown of rue.
Sorrow cast before her down
E'en for love's sake, Love's own crown,
Crowned with dew.