

# LITERARY and ARTISTIC NEWS FROM NEW YORK



THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

An exceptionally good number of this magazine greets us this month. The articles on "Richard Grant White," by Mr. Church, and on the "Capture of Louisburg," by Mr. Parkman, are alone worth twice the price of the number. To many of us the name of Richard Grant White recalls one of the most scholarly and accomplished writers of America, and also one whose criticisms of England and of English manners is especially remembered for its freedom from prejudice and appreciation of all that is beautiful and good in the scenery and life of our Mother Country. To Canadians, Francis Parkman's writings are always especially welcome, and his clear, concise statements of the part taken by the New England militia in the capture of the great fortress show no falling off from his previous masterly style. An interesting paper is one entitled "My Schooling," by Mr. James Freeman Clarke, whose account of the systematic and solid training of his early years is of especial value in view of the superficial methods now so common in the teaching of boys. "The State University of America" will be interesting to educational students as a sketch of the evolution of a system of colleges under district control and for distinctively district purposes. In fiction, Mr. Stockton's serial, "The House of Martha" is brought well on its way. Other articles of interest are "The Present Problem of Heredity," "An Unexplored Corner of Japan," "The Speaker as Premier," and "Pleasure and Heresy"; the last mentioned article is an especially thoughtful one on a subject which has been too little written of. Reviews and literary notes close a number which has proved most interesting to us. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

OUTING.

The March number of "Outing" is, as usual, bright and cheery, and just the sort of book to make one long for summer and summer sports. The contents are varied, and cover a large ground. To us the *piece de resistance* of the number is Mr. Charles Turner's article on "How Old England Trains Her Redcoats," which is a well written and concise sketch of the training and drill of the Imperial soldiery. We regret that the cuts illustrating the article are not larger and more vividly brought out, although the frontispiece, "A Soldier and an Aristocrat," is an excellent piece of work. In "Association Football," by Mr. Roberts, a good account is given of this game, now so popular in Scotland, Ontario and the North of England; it is a good companion to the article on "Rugby Football," which recently appeared in the same journal. Mr. Macphail gives a charming little sketch of winter shooting near Prince Edward Island, entitled, "Goose and Brant on the Canadian Coast," and Mr. Arnold Haultain, of Peterboro, gives a vivid little sketch of "Fish Sparring on the Otonabee." Landscape photography is treated of by Mr. Wallace, and a few charming little views of English rural scenery are reproduced. A musically sad threnody is contributed by Mr. Sherron as a memorial to Charles Henry Luders, a former well-known contributor to "Outing." Other articles of interest are: "Cycling in Mid-Atlantic," "The Sports of an Irish Fair" and "A Bout with the Gloves," and the Sporting Notes at the end are, as usual, complete and interesting. London and New York: "The Outing" Co.

"About Curling." That is just what thousands of eager participants and admirers want to know, and *Outing* for February, through the trusty pen of a patriarch of the game, G. E. Gordon, tells the story of the game and its social influences and characteristics. A favourite paraphrase sums these up in the pithy words:

"Ours is the game for duke or Lord,  
Lairs, tenants, hinds and a' that,  
Our pastors, too, who preach the Word  
Whiles ply the broom for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our different ranks an' a' that,  
The chief that 'swoops' an' plays the best  
Is greatest mon for a' that."

With such democratic base and so many excellent commendations in itself, no wonder that curling has spread through the land from Dan to Beersheba,

The great dog show in the Madison Square Garden is over. The sensation of it was the purchase by the divine Sara of a Yorkshire terrier, named Dude, for \$200. The show in St. Bernards was very fine, and the villainous-looking but much appreciated boar hound was not absent.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, and the prince of American critics, has not been at all well. He has felt the strain of the financial crisis coming just as he was preparing his lectures for the Johns-Hopkins Chair of English literature. For Mr. Stedman is a broker and as well known on Wall street as in literature. He is very self-critical in his prose. He makes every sentence an epigram. But he recovered in time to deliver his first lecture at Baltimore with great *éclat* before one of the highest calibred audiences ever seen in that city.

I see the name of Edmund Collins, the Newfoundlander, (formerly one of the leading literary men in Toronto, and the biographer of Sir John Macdonald), cropping up perpetually as a contributor to the leading magazines and journals. There is no more successful writer of boys' stories in New York. He had a charming fanciful poem on the Auroral phenomena of Canada in this week's *Independent*, which we quote in another column.

Daly's Theatre has introduced a complete novelty this week—an Italian comedy pantomime, lasting three hours, in which the Italian dumb show was rigidly adhered to. Those who are familiar with its Italian prototype pronounce it an unequivocal success, and Miss Ada Rehan looked charming in tights as Pierrôt the younger. She has a lovely figure and her movements are full of grace and as light as a feather. Personally, I paid the worst compliment one can to a play by feeling bored. This was very likely my bad taste. If Miss Rehan had set out to convey the story by simply acting as she would have in any other play, I think she would have succeeded admirably, but she also wished to convey the traditional idea of Pierrôt, and the necessary buffooneries were tiresome to an Anglo-Saxon audience. She danced charmingly. The programme is worth reproducing for its novelty. I think Mr. Daly showed his usual unerring judgment in recognizing that, handsomely as the piece was criticised, it was never going to be more than a *succès d'estime*.

The general impression in New York is that the new newspaper, the *Recorder*, has come to stay. It is conducted in a level-headed way, freely advertised and backed by two millions of dollars.

C. P. Huntington, the railroad king, is said to have put a million dollars into the other new paper, the *Continent*.

The literary sensation of the week has been the Brayton Ives sale. On his books Mr. Ives has lost about \$40,000. He gave \$160,000 odd for them, and they fetched \$120,000. For the Gutenberg Bible, the first book ever printed, he received \$5,900. For an autograph letter of Christopher Columbus, which had cost him \$2,200, he received \$1,600. For the beautiful Pembroke missal he paid \$10,000 for, he received only \$5,900.

Americana works have gone down about 25 per cent in value since the big Barlow sale last year. Dodd, Mead & Co., the publishers, were among the principal buyers.

The Sunday *Herald* of March 1st devotes nearly a page to an interview with Erastus Wiman, headed, "Canada's Crisis Lucidly Explained. Erastus Wiman's Careful Statement for the Benefit of Americans who are Beginning to Ask Questions Upon the Subject, Etc.," and trotting out all the old stalking-horses of the Erastian heresy, like Barnum's street processions when he brings his circus up to Canada. It has also another article on Mr. Wiman and Mr. McKinley, which leads to the irresistible conclusion that Mr. McKinley ought to have been put into a good humour by being asked up to one of Mr. Wiman's Niagara Falls picnics. Mr. Wiman gives these picnics purely for the benefit of Canada, and Mr. McKinley should have been "placated," as they say in Australia.

I sent my "Art of Travel," purchased by the Minerva Publishing Company, of New York, to the printers this week. Miss Norma Lorimer has kindly reviewed "Ger-

minie Lacerteux," "Whom God Hath Joined," and "Sidney" for me. She made many friends in Canada, and they will be delighted to hear of the progress she is making in literature. During the last few weeks she has sold articles to the *Independent*, *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, the *New York Herald*, *New York Sun*, *Once a Week*, etc.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED (Laird & Lee, Chicago), by Frank Cahoon. A name, we should fancy, given by the publishers in sarcasm, as it is one of the weakest books we have ever wasted an hour over. In the case of each couple "whom God hath joined" there is a terrible and blood-thirsty man to put them asunder. There is not a striking scene in the book from beginning to end, and the realistic incidents seem to us crude and vulgar. The heroine whom we are expected to admire, and who is always dressed in clouds of filmy lace, answers her husband by "slamming the door in his face," and he takes leave of her in the embraces of her lover, whose arms still ache with the deadly blow with which he has killed her husband.

GERMINIE LACERTEUX, by Edmond and Jules Goncourt. A translation from the French of a powerfully realistic book; not one, however, which we enjoy reading. The love story of an ugly "maid of all work," made hideous by the minute details of her degradation through the brutality of her lover. It is wonderfully Zolaesque, though the De Goncourts can hardly be called disciples of the Zola school, for the book was written years before Zola was heard of. The death of the servant-maid, who has cleverly managed to keep her devoted mistress in ignorance of her drunken and immoral life for years, is one of the many striking scenes in this undoubtedly clever book.

SIDNEY, by Margaret Deland (Houghton Mifflin & Co.), came out originally in the *Atlantic*, a charming book well worth reading for those who still have time to digest a writer who reminds one of George Eliot in her minute details of country life and simple country people's love affairs. There is no great plot in the book, and yet the reader's interest is sustained all through. It is full of theological discussions, for the heroine, Sydney, whom Mrs. Deland evidently admires intensely and we object to strongly, is a thorough-going New England atheist, and her lover as thoroughly orthodox. The story hangs on the fact that Sidney's old father has brought her up with the idea that "marriage is a failure"; in other words, that it is wrong to walk with eyes open into anything which can end only in intense misery on one or other side, death being the end of all things. Her father having lost her mother scarcely two years after their marriage, Sidney sees death in everything and no hope in the hereafter. Eventually she is converted at the deathbed of her old aunt, Miss Sally, who shares the privileges of heroine with her beautiful niece, and has a touching little love story of her own at the tender age of forty, which carries out Sidney's theory, ending in death for her aunt. Her almost boy lover's jilting her breaks her heart, and the gentle little gray old maid dies from having no heart to live any longer, her death arising from no apparent illness. Sidney is a much more loveable young person after her conversion, and acknowledges herself to be in love with her young doctor lover, and marries him just an hour before he dies from heart disease.

A MARRIAGE FOR LOVE, by Ludovic Halevy (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York). It was a capital idea for Mr. Halevy to make a young husband and wife disclose by reading conveniently-kept diaries of the history of the growth of their love for each other. But the utter unruddiness, the canal-like smoothness and sluggishness of the narrative reminds me of a London editor who told me that he had just bought a story from the great Australian authoress. "What was it like?" I asked. "Was it up to much?" and he answered, "Not even indecent." In the English translation, at all events, it isn't even charmingly told. But it has one golden quality—the whole novel only contains about ten thousand words, so spread out in the printing as to occupy over a hundred pages.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.