

kept out of sight, and the hope that some natural explanation of events will turn up, to the very end of the story, constitute the real genius of that book. In *King Solomon's Mines*, too, the first intruder into the unknown country went there in search of gold, a report of vast treasures, improbable it is true, but not impossible, having reached his ears. But in "She" we start with the impossible. That two Englishmen, educated gentlemen and members of a university, should start out in all seriousness to search for what could not conceivably exist, is almost ludicrous from an artistic standpoint. It is a radical defect in Mr. Rider Haggard's book.

Judging the novel on purely artistic grounds, which is the only way possible of treating a creation of this kind, the book may be said to be badly balanced, and to lack unity of design and evenness of execution. There is too much anxiety on the part of the author to bring us into the country and presence of She-who-would-be-obeyed. We arrive in the domains of "She" almost before we are fairly started on the "high emprise." And, after the shrivelling of Ayesha, the culmination of the adventure, the travellers are transported back to England more quickly than they came. It may sound somewhat strange, but there is really not enough adventure in the book. It falls short of our expectation as a history of adventure; there ought to be a great deal of adventure before attaining to the presence of so marvellous a person as "She," and a great deal more adventure in getting away from the country of so wonderful a queen, who yet reigned far enough away from the ken of mortals, to be unknown and unheard of in the civilized world.

One is forced to the conclusion that "She" has been somewhat hastily conceived and written. The workmanship of the book bears evidence of this. It is unevenly written, and the average merit of literary composition is not so good as in *King Solomon's Mines*. There are defects of detail, too, which would hardly be expected from a writer of Mr. Rider Haggard's powers of imagination. A single instance will suffice. Leo Vincey's beautiful curls are represented as turning white after the terrifying scene in the cave. Surely that was unnecessary! The young man's life was yet before him. Why handicap his beauty by bleaching his hair? Besides, there was fright enough without that. The artistic effect of the scene is spoiled by the mention of a phenomenon, the use of which has now been relegated to the novels of "the Duchess." By-the-way though, Grant Allen has made use of the same thing, in a prettily told story in the January *Harper's*, in order to bring about a reconciliation between an aesthetic young man who, when blind, had fallen in love with a beautiful girl with *brick-red hair*, and his beloved. The only way in which Grant Allen can bring the affair to a happy climax, is by making the girl fall sick of a fever, and rise from her couch with snow-white hair. There are cases on record of hair being turned white by sickness; but these are rare, except in second and third-rate novels, where they are altogether too plentiful. A much more natural way, and one we have never seen recorded in novels, would have been perhaps after this sort: It is a well known fact that, in cases of fever, when the head is shaved, the new growth of hair comes in a darker shade; so that Grant Allen's young lady, instead of being doomed to premature gray hairs, might have delighted the aesthetic taste of her lover with a glimpse of "lovely locks of truest auburn." The unsightly baldness which would intervene, could have been overcome by a trip to the sea side for the lady's health. But this is a digression.

Mr. Rider Haggard's book bears, as has been said, the marks of haste and immaturity of design and execution. It is to be hoped that so original and powerful a writer will not be led by the intoxication of popularity to over-production. The power of his writing will suffer otherwise. He cannot do better than take for his guidance the example of one of our best novelists—one who has produced comparatively little, without losing thereby either popularity or power—Mr. R. D. Blackmore.

J. O. MILLER.

CARLYLE AND GIGADIBS.

(A DIALOGUE WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN.)

GIGADIBS.—As you were saying—

CARLYLE.—This is a mad world that soberly busies itself in pursuing bubbles—Mr. Sham bending his hurdies to Mr.

Fraud, with a "I'd be loth to disturb you." A world that shrieks of sacrilege if a stout arm ruthlessly strip from pretentious hollowness its rags and tawdry habiliments—which seeing, an honest man turns himself away in disgust from the blind, dusty, sweating, toiling mass, and longs for a Mirabeau or Cromwell to force order upon the chaos, cutting off the false which veils from men the immutable truth of God's universe.

GIGADIBS.—Yet are there cheering signs of the coming dawn—

CARLYLE (*breaking in*).—Very poetical if not true; where do you see such? Long have I trusted that beneath the dead ashes of the past there may lurk a Phoenix to start up instinct with life—that there may issue forth from the roaring loom of time, a new fabric, woven of all the strength and truth and beauty in man; but mine eyes have I strained in vain, for even now I see it not.

GIGADIBS.—But the progress of Science—

CARLYLE.—Call you rattling among the dry bones of the universe Science? All the probings and dissectings and measurements of which science boasts are futile to wrest from inscrutable Nature her mystery,

GIGADIBS.—The rising tide of Democracy—

CARLYLE.—Better it is for the weak to be governed by the strong; Radicalism is the rock upon which we must shipwreck, if no leader appears to point the way and force the weaklings to accept a safety whereof they are unworthy.

GIGADIBS (*with confidence*).—The advance of Freedom of Thought certainly is—

CARLYLE.—Ay! Religion is a great Truth groaning its last—

GIGADIBS (*venturing for once an interruption*).—I am glad to hear from Mr. Carlyle's own lips that he is in sympathy with us; and I dare hope that he will find himself able to assist in the work of dispelling the mist of clericalism. (He presents the prospectus of the Gigadibs' Society for the Diffusion of Benthamite Literature.)

CARLYLE (*to himself*).—He is a wee bit Utilitarian body after all. (*Then aloud*) I am no' a Bedlamite yet. Put it away! What has man to do with always thinking of his happiness. To each man, according to his strength, is it appointed to do his part in hewing out the destiny of his kind—towards truth and light. Happiness may never be his lot, yet, like a star, never hasting, never resting, must man fulfil his God-created mission.

GIGADIBS (*with spirit*).—Utilitarianism finds its warrant in the latest scientific theories. For it is evident that if the fit alone survive in the struggle for existence, that the customs and institutions of that surviving class are consonant with what is for the best interests of the whole. Now, the moral consciousness in man is a result of hereditary obedience of tribal custom. Therefore his indefinite moral ideal finds its content in obeying the tribal customs, which customs, from the nature of the case, are expressed by the Utilitarian standard of the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Gigadibs hereupon pauses and waits a reply before pursuing the argument. The silence is at last broken by the Chelsea Sage saying in a meditative tone, with a sorrowful shake of the head that is resting on his hand—

"Eh! but you're a pair cratur, a pair, wratched, meeserable cratur!"

(Exit GIGADIBS.)

W. H. H.

AN ADEQUATE CAUSE.

A breath of sweetness over a fence,
And a scarlet geranium leaf rain-wet,
Swims in level light from a westering sun,
In a tossed green sheaf of mignonette.

And—there you stand on the wooden quay,
In your lily loveliness, my Queen;
Dim troubled eyes o'er the waters look,
From "the sweetest face I have ever seen."

BOHEMIEN.