

ures, by Stéfane Pol, the three writers here studied being George Sand, Flaubert and Michelet; and an exquisitely made collection of minor poems of the seventeenth century, *Cent Poètes Lyriques, Précieux ou Burlesques du Dix-Septième Siècle*, by Paul Olivier.

Of course the drama does not give us much in summer; still one item has to be mentioned, the appearance as a dramatist of an artist hitherto known only as a talented sculptor, Paul Fournier. L'Athénée Comique gave two plays by him on the same evening, *L'Honorable*

and *Colliques*, and both have been fairly successful.

The most interesting dramatic event of the month, however, has been the annual prize competition of the tragedy and comedy students in the Conservatoire. The broadening of French taste was shown by the fact that out of ten scenes of tragedy acted on the occasion six were by Racine and the other four by—Shakespeare. I need hardly say that the scenes of comedy, no less than twenty-four, were all by French dramatists. *Adolphe Cohn.*

LOVE'S PERFECT DAWN

Weary was I with journeying. Long days
I travelled sadly o'er Life's hot highways.
So tired were my feet, and oh, my heart
Was burning 'neath the sting of sorrow's smart.
I was alone; no pilgrim walked with me,
No soul with mine bore the long misery.
I said, "If only Love would come one day
How sweet would be my path, how white the way!
A hand in mine to help me bear the pain,—
Ah, then my loss would be but golden gain!"
Still on I journeyed, lonely and apart,
Possessing only this, a vacant heart,
And watching for the light of Love to shine
Over my pathway, even over mine.
At length I met (it was at dusk of day)
A spirit who was old and bent and gray;
And as I saw her, hushed became my breath,
For well I knew it was the ghost called Death.
"Leave me," I cried, "a little time, that I
May find the love in life before I die.
Give my poor heart a year to journey on
That it may find, perchance, Love's perfect dawn."
Death smiled and spake,—“Oh come with me, and thou
Shalt find what thy heart vainly seeketh now.
Wouldst thou have Love? Then follow where I tread,
For I am Love, yea, I am Love,” she said.

Charles Hanson Towne.

NOVEL NOTES

THE TERROR. By Félix Gras. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

M. Gras' new story lacks the freshness of *The Reds of the Midi*, in which the often told tale of the march of the Battalion from Marseilles to Paris is heard for the first time from the inside. There is a loss also in the change in the form of the narrative. In *The Reds of the Midi* the story is told in the first person, deriving no doubt a good deal of its dramatic effect from that fact. Moreover, the youth and the innocence of the narrator have much to do with the charm of the work. He is really only a country lad, notwithstanding that he marches as one of the terrible Reds, and he sees the unspeakable spectacle of the French Revolution with a child's eyes. So that in the first story with all the horror of its unconscious revelations there is much sweetness, beauty and grace, making the work an artistic delight.

In *The Terror* all this is changed. The boy has disappeared. The man who takes his place speaks at second hand and with greatly lessened effect, telling boldly the too well known story of violence and blood that the world has shrunk from for a hundred years. Telling it, too, with a minuteness of detail hardly to be endorsed in fiction and absolutely unjustifiable. It would seem indeed as if the author revolted from his task. The work shows painful effort and moves more and more heavily until it becomes almost as hard to read as it must have been to write. Nor is there any appreciable advancement or development of the original story. There is scarcely another glimpse of Pascatel, the young soldier so vividly alive in *The Reds of the Midi*. Adeline, the young aristocrat whom Pascatel loves, does not become more real in this than in the earlier work where she is never more than a shadow. There is indeed scarcely any attempt at character drawing. The figures stand as far-off types of that terrible time and are only indistinctly seen through the fire and fury of the Revolution. The love between Pascatel and Adeline is vaguest and farthest off of all, although it figures in the prologue as the motive of the sequel. Moreover, the author lacks the courage of his intention at the last and leaves the union between the peasant and the patrician to be inferred.

Nothing in this book recalls the beauty and distinction of M. Gras' earlier work, except the admirable simplicity of its style. Yet this in itself is fine enough to cause the wish that something else may soon come from him having nothing to do with sequels.

VIA LUCIS. By Cassandra Vivaria. New York: George H. Richmond & Son. \$1.50.

Without dilating on the ineffable charm which the portrait of an aspiring young author exercises, or is designed to exercise, on the jaded mind of a reviewer, and only

wishing that "Kassandra Vivaria" were as real and tangible as Lloyd Mifflin and some others who masquerade ideally under no assumed name, we will proceed at once to the consideration of Arduina, Signorina Vivaria's heroine, whose devious, lovelorn life appeals more powerfully to our sympathies than could any portrait. Before the story is well on, in more than a merely poetical sense Arduina's little body was weary of this great world, for her father used to beat her so often that she found it convenient to keep the record of his beatings in the columns of a note-book. Soon, however, we read that she "sprang at a bound from the flatness of her half-dilettante paganism to strenuous efforts at contemplative prayer." This was while she was immured in a convent, and before she met the torpedo-boat captain whom she loved, and on whose dark uniform "the nails of her white fingers gleamed like milky agates in the bed of a moonlit stream." As will have been perceived, she did not meet him all at once. First, their eyes met, then their fingers, and he sentimentously told her that her hair was like his mother's. Then they went for a stroll on the beach or walked in the cool of the shadowy garden; and there was much effusive kissing, the description of which is exceedingly minute and graphic. Finally she learned from a Catholic priest that human love was but a paste diamond, and betook herself to a nunnery, meekly saying that she would "give him up." But after three hair-fading years of self-flagellation and disillusionment, she found that she "loved him still;" and under the roof of Prospero, who was now married, the kissing was resumed, for "we are not all saints." While there is no possibility of condensing a five-hundred page novel into a few catch-words, we hope that we have at least indicated the character of this book, and may now be permitted to discuss its style. We read of a "curious lassitude" that "dislocated" Arduina's bones, of a "grubby" curtain and a "morose" sofa, not to mention a "mouth that was a violent blood-streak." Yet with all its exuberance and crudities, there are scenes of real emotional force in this story, and we shall doubtless hear from d'Annunzio's protégée again; for there is promise in her youth. Had *Via Lucis* been condensed and then polished by a competent hand, we should have something worthy of Signorina's models, who are obviously Ouida and d'Annunzio.

IN THE SARGASSO SEA. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Once it was customary for believers in a New York Bohemia to refer inquiring young minds to Mr. Janvier's sketches of local art life, wherein the real and ideal were so happily blended, and "unconventional" people were so thoroughly washed and re-