

high level of excellence, as do his numerous essays upon literary and artistic topics. Among them Americans will find an especial interest in his appreciation of Emerson. What Winckelmann did for art in his time, Hermann Grimm has done for the generation to which he belonged; and in the history of art criticism his labours must be long remembered. His father, by the way, was Wilhelm Grimm, one of the two Grimm brothers who wrote the charming fairy tales in which children all over the world have found perpetual delight.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to a remarkably interesting paper by Mr. Edward Cary, published in the July number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The subject of this paper is a comparison or rather con-

Daumier and
Forain.

trast of two great French caricaturists—perhaps we may also say artists—Honoré Daumier and J. L. Forain. Mr. Cary's paper is all too brief, yet in it he manages to say the very things that most need saying, and to penetrate to the very heart of his subject. Again and again in its perusal the delighted reader will be tempted to exclaim *Rem acu tetigisti!* so unerringly has Mr. Cary searched out the absolute truth and laid his finger on it. Daumier is a great name, suggestive of power, nature, and life. As Mr. Cary reminds us, Daubigny, on first seeing Raphael's masterpiece, exclaimed, "C'est comme du Daumier;" while Balzac's tribute is also given: "Ce gaillard-là, mes enfants, a du Michel Ange sous la peau." The best thing that Mr. Cary says is this: that Daumier was of the time of Balzac, and was himself Balzacian in his art—mighty, strenuous and large. If Forain,

he remarks, be not of his own time (our time), the phase of his time that he renders is vividly rendered and is likely long to be studied for its historic significance. As Mr. Cary compares Daumier with Balzac, so, we think, he might have compared Forain with Maupassant; for as Daumier is rich, passionate and vital, so is Forain meagre, cynical and depressing. The true difference lies in the fact that Daumier, like Balzac, stands for France, while Forain, like Maupassant, stands mainly for Paris, decadent Paris, the Venus Cloacina among modern cities. Forain's drawing is not good. It is sketchy to the point of a graphic impressionism. His power lies in the fact that his types are so terribly typical, so unmistakably real. A few scratches of his pencil take one instantly to the Paris upon which



"NE PAS TROMPER C'T HOMME-LÀ? NON, ÇA SERAIT OFFENSER L'BON DIEU!" (SKETCH BY J. L. FORAIN.)

he gazes forever, in all its baseness, its sordidness, its moral leprosy. The *maquereau* and his *marmite*, the vicious dotard, the hag who sells her daughter, the *mari sage*—it is the same world which Maupassant has drawn in words.

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Last month, in speaking of recent historical writers and their style, we happened incidentally to mention Bishop Stubbs. An editorial writer in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* quotes a part of our remarks and then goes on to say: "Stubbs! Bishop Stubbs! We have a fancy to have heard of Stubbs—second cousin to Patsy Grubbs, was he not?" Finally, the *Courier-Journal* man adds the opinion that Dr. Stubbs "may be important as importance goes in the Literary Hemisphere of the period," but that he does not rank with "Slupsky or Dismuke or Hinky Dink in popular fame. These indeed be names to conjure with. And Bath House John! What's the matter with Bath House John?" Now, if these sentences had appeared in a village newspaper or among the miscellaneous skits of a "Wit and Humour" column of any paper, we should think nothing of it; since ignorance and vulgarity must necessarily find their expression somewhere. But the *Courier-Journal* is a newspaper that has traditions and influence; and its editorial pages have not always been open to every cheap scribbler. Moreover, it is published in a section of our country which has bred up statesmen and political leaders, and thus may be supposed to take statesmanship and the science of politics quite seriously. Hence, when we find it wholly ignorant of that Bishop of Oxford, who is known to all students of political science as the greatest authority on English constitutional history, what shall we say? Bishop Stubbs's bulky volumes are hard reading. They are burdened with vast learning and the results of laborious research; their style is involved to a degree. Yet, nevertheless, they contain almost the last word upon a subject that is of vital interest to English and American historians, and it is not likely that they will ever be superseded. It is no discredit to the man in the street not to know of Bishop Stubbs; but when a newspaper with the antecedents of the *Courier-Journal* not

merely does not know of him, but writes about him as though for a paper edited solely for those to whom Hinky Dink and Bath House John are interesting, then this fact is not merely discreditable but disgraceful. As an American and one who likes to think well of American journalism, we are heartily sorry for the *Courier-Journal* and, we may add, heartily ashamed of it.

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We lately spent a day or two in Boston

In
Boston.

for the first time in several years, and while there we looked about us shyly in quest of something new and interesting. The newspapers were still speaking of "Pres" McKinley, and were tickled to death over the fireworks at Nantasket. We found the *Springfield Republican* on sale at the principal news-stands, and we bought a copy for five cents. The editor was discussing "the trend of recent scientific thought." Hansom cabs seem to be increasing and may in time supplant the herdic. We shall be sorry when this happens; for although we never take a herdic, they somehow or other belong to our conception of Boston. We discovered a place where you can get toasted muffins that actually taste like the toasted muffins you eat at breakfast in England with strawberry-jam. Passing down a steep street we observed a kiosk which displayed a large blue-and-white sign with the words "Egg Spa." This excited our curiosity, as it seemed to imply that somewhere on the premises there existed some sort of a geyser which spouted eggs. So we went inside. There we found a young woman in a mauve shirt-waist and wearing more side-combs and other kinds of combs than we had ever seen entangled in the tresses of any young woman before. She was behind a short bar, or counter, on which were heaped up piles of comestibles shrouded by blue gauze netting. In one corner a pale man was eating huckleberries and milk with a tin spoon. In answer to an inquiry about the Egg Spa, the young woman silently pointed with her thumb to another sign which announced in black-and-white letters "Egg Drinks." We waited a little while and then asked the young woman diffidently when the egg was going to drink and whether we might contemplate