

ent moment is taking a bicycle trip upon the Continent. On his return he will commence work upon a volume of essays which he has already planned.



We have received the following letter, which we publish without comment:

A Letter of Protest.

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND,
June 12, 1901.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

SIRS: As I learn that the New Amsterdam Book Company are advertising a story of mine—*A Heritage of Peril*—as a new story, I wish to warn the book trade and the reading public of the United States that that statement is incorrect.

The story was written years ago for serial issue; it is crude, immature, conventional, hackneyed and poor; it was not written for volume publication, and in my opinion it is not fit for volume issue. I have not been consulted as to its production now, have had no opportunity of revising it, and had I been consulted would have vetoed the issue altogether. The proof of this is, that although I still hold the British copyright, I shall not issue a British edition.

I am extremely proud of the very large American audience which my later work has secured, and naturally wishful to offer them nothing that I do not consider of my best, and thus most anxious that they should not be allowed to think that I am in any way responsible for their having put before them now a story of the sensational dime novel order as a serious example of my later and matured work. Such a thing is as unfair to me and to my reputation in the United States as it is insulting to the intelligence of the thousands of readers in America who buy my duly authorised books.

I am, Sirs,

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT.



A gentleman in Bermuda has kindly furnished us with a copy of an interesting poem published in Richmond in 1788, and entitled *Liberty*. Its author was Colonel St. George Tucker, who was born in Bermuda but settled in Virginia prior to the Revolution. Colonel Tucker's career was a most honourable one, abounding in in-

terest. He was Professor of Law at William and Mary College, but on the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he joined the American army and was present as colonel of cavalry at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Afterward, he served as judge in the Virginia state courts, and was finally appointed Judge of the District Court of the United States. In 1803 he published an edition of Blackstone with annotations, and in the appendix wrote what is said to be the first disquisition ever published upon the character and interpretation of the Federal Constitution. In 1778 he married Mrs. Frances Bland Randolph, widow of John Randolph, and mother of the irascible and brilliant John Randolph of Roanoke.



The poem was written before the close of the Revolution and at about the period of Benedict Arnold's invasion (1780-81). It is dedicated "To George Washington, Esquire, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America," and it affords in its language and manner a typical example of eighteenth century verse, abounding in classical allusions, in paraphrases, and the verbal *clichés* which were interesting in the time of Addison, but which fell into disuse after Joel Barlow had heaped them up interminably in his *Columbiad*. The following stanza gives a fair specimen of its quaint diction:

Fill'd with thy flame, Achaia's sons of yore
Undaunted met the vaunting Persian's host,
Whose cumbrous navies fill'd the Grecian
shore,
Whose countless legions sadden'd all her
coasts.
Unnerv'd by Luxury's enfeebling hand,
How vain the myriads which compos'd his
train!
Behold them scatter'd by thy martial band,
While slaughter'd legions fill'd the glutted
main!
Thou Goddess, plum'd on high, thy banners
wav'd,
And from degrading chains thy gallant off-
spring saved.

At the end of the poem the author anticipates the final triumph of the American cause and the future greatness of the Republic. The closing stanzas warn Columbia against the dangers of success.

The following will be regarded by Anti-Imperialists as being distinctly prophetic:

Nor let Ambition in thy Bosom rise,
Nor Conquest, purple-rob'd, thy flight allure;
Their trappings fascinate unwary eyes,
Though baneful as the robe Alcides wore;
To thrift of empire Rome a victim fell,
For thrift of Empire is a thrift of wealth;
Soon follows Luxury with baleful spell,
The deadliest foe to Liberty and health:
Far be such fatal Joys remov'd from thee,
Columbia, be thy sole Ambition to be free!



The fact that those members of the French Academy who were opposed to the election of Edmond Rostand united their votes in support of M. Frédéric Masson as an opposition candidate, has directed considerable attention to M. Masson and the literary work to which he has dedicated his life. For twenty-five years he has been toiling unremittingly over the minutest study of Napoleon that has ever been attempted. It is, indeed, not an exaggeration to say that no human being has ever before been made the subject of so minute an investigation. M. Masson in commencing his task defined it very clearly and very impressively. To his mind Napoleon is not only the greatest Frenchman who ever lived, but the greatest man,—indeed, much more than that, “one who was among men the nearest to what has been called God.” It is not a little curious that another contemporary writer, Lord Rosebery, an Englishman and a man of the most sane and accurately balanced judgment, should take almost as extreme a view of the remarkable Corsican; though while Masson looks at Napoleon as having been almost a god, Lord Rosebery considers him to have been almost a demon. Both men, however, see in him something supernatural—that is to say, something which transcends the ordinary experience of mankind, a creature possessed of more than human energy, of more than human capacity, and of more than human intellect and creative power.



Masson's fundamental purpose is to collect and to preserve for the informa-

tion of posterity every bit of information that can possibly be obtained with regard to the personality of Napoleon. He laments that already the lapse of time has destroyed some sources of information; yet he hopes that what is still accessible will be sufficient to give to future generations a minutely accurate acquaintance with Napoleon as he actually was and with his life as he actually lived it. Already M. Masson has published fourteen volumes which embody a great deal of the material which he has laboriously got together; and to this collection, which constitutes a small library in itself, he hopes to add much more. To him there is absolutely nothing so petty or so insignificant in itself as to deserve rejection. Compared with him, Boswell was a mere impressionist. The extraordinary minuteness with which he has studied his subject, and the way in which he has ferreted out the most trivial facts can best be illustrated by the following characteristic sentence from one of his encyclopædic volumes:

When the Emperor, having completed his toilette, started to leave his apartment, he took with his left hand the hat which was extended to him by the first *valet de chambre*. This hat, in black beaver, without braid or border, ornamented only by a small tri-colour cockade held in place by a strip of black silk braid, was furnished by Poupard & Cie., Palais du Tribunal, and cost sixty francs. There were four of these hats purchased every year, and each was supposed to last three years.



With all his devotion to the Napoleonic cult, M. Masson by no means flinches from setting down anything that happens to be unfavourable to his hero. His very faith in Napoleon inspires him with the courage to tell the whole tale; and he has, besides, the instinct of the impartial historian. “If,” he says, “having discovered a fact, arrived at a conclusion, or even received an impression, I should conceal the slightest word, if I should hesitate to reveal the entire truth exactly as it appears to me, I should no longer be anything but a miserable pamphleteer or a detestable courtesan—one is as bad as the other. The truth is one and indivisible, and history is made for truth.”