

The *London Daily News* is authority for the following characteristic story about Alexandre Dumas the elder: One day the author of *Monte Cristo* visited Marseilles and made a trip to the Château d'Iff to visit the palace he had helped to make famous. The guide showed him everything, also the subterranean passage by which Edmond Dantès and Abbé Faria used to visit each other. "This passage was dug by Abbé Faria by the aid of a fishbone," the guide explained. "M. Dumas tells about it in his story of *Monte Cristo*." "Indeed," replied the author, "Alexandre Dumas must be familiar with all the surroundings here. Perhaps you know him?" "I should think so; he is one of my best friends." "And you are one of his," replied the impulsive scribe, letting two louis d'or slip into the hand of the astonished guide.



HOLYWELL STREET.

We present herewith a portrait of M. Coquelin, the lecturer and the student of the drama, whose opinions on the genius of Edmond Rostand are only less interesting than his interpretations of Rostand's *Cyrano* and *Flambeau*.

It is practically certain that the London of 1950 will be as different from the London of 1850 as the London of to-day is different from

the London of the time of Shakespeare. With every decade the Londoner seems to be growing more eager for change, and it is only a matter of time when the English capital will be subject to a transformation as radical as that which resulted from the Haussmanising of Paris under the third Napoleon. Everywhere the old landmarks are being swept away,

and the London of Charles Dickens, the London that *Oliver Twist* first saw in company with the Artful Dodger, is already remote. The Strand improvements are no doubt matters of self-congratulation to the London business man and property owner, but to the lover of the mouldy and picturesque they are very inadequate compensation. The first changes swept away the building that is said to have been the original of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. And now we learn that Holywell Street, which for generations has been associated with London bookmen, is also soon to disappear.

In the last number of this magazine there appeared a poem of four lines by Mr. Irving Bacheller entitled "Life's Colours." We first came across it in an autograph album, and liked it so much that we asked Mr. Bacheller for his permission to publish it in *THE BOOKMAN*. Mr. Bacheller consented, having for the moment and under the pressure of more important matters quite forgotten that two years before (December, 1898),

the lines in a slightly different form and under the title "Change" had appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*. We should hardly have thought it necessary to mention the circumstance did we not feel that justice requires us to give the *Cosmopolitan* full credit for its priority of possession in this very graceful little poem.

Some recent reminiscences of Tennyson have brought out the fact that he objected to the popular pronunciation "arbu'-

Pronunciation. tus because in the Latin the penult is short. He thought "arbu'tus" as bad as "clema'tis," which he said was the

gardener's pronunciation. This question of keeping the original accentuation of a foreign word after it has become thoroughly naturalised in English is a rather difficult one to settle. Most educated persons invariably say arbu'tus even though they smile at clema'tis. Likewise they are more apt to say gladio'lus and roseo'la and vario'la than to throw the accent back upon the antepenult, as they ought in strict accuracy to do. We should say that, as a general rule, when Latin and Græco-Latin words are taken into English without any change of form, the original accentuation should be retained; yet how many of us would have the courage to be as rigidly consistent in this re-



M. COQUELIN.