

bourne's political cartoons represents two days' hard work. He works on Thursday and Friday from breakfast to luncheon-time, which means a stop for considerably less than ten minutes; and then he works on until tea-time, when he pauses only so long as is necessary to drink the cup of tea which is placed at his side, after which he resumes his tools and goes on until ten o'clock, at which time he dines, if one ought not to say sups. For the cartoon he makes two or three rough sketches before he definitely decides on the design, and in these sketches he considers carefully the dramatic significance of portions of his figure, as is instanced by the fact that in the John Bull of his (the vigorous Kitchener) first cartoon he debated for some time whether the hand should be up or down.

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In all the discussion about Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yealand-Nay* we have scarcely seen anything upon the subject of the style.

Mr. Hewlett's
Style.

in which he chose to write the descriptive parts of this very brilliant romance; yet a consideration of the point suggests many interesting comparisons. In writing an historical novel there are two courses open to the narrator with respect to the colouring of his style. He may tell the story in the language of the present day and give to the dialogue alone the particular flavour of quaintness or of archaism that belongs to the period of which he writes, or he may endeavour throughout the whole work, including both the dialogue and the narrative, to aim at a style which is sufficiently antique to heighten the illusion of the story. Thus, for instance, Sir Walter Scott, no matter what the period may be of which he writes, sets forth the narrative-parts of his novel in the language of his own time, while his characters talk somewhat after the fashion in which men and women may be supposed to have talked in the age with which the story has to do. In *Old Mortality*, for instance, the dialogue is sufficiently coloured and flavoured with the mannerisms of the seventeenth century to satisfy the reader's mind and to create an atmosphere of historical actuality; and this is most successfully accomplished in the conversation of those personages who represent, on the one hand, the courtly soldiers and gentle-

men, such as Claverhouse, and, on the other hand, the fanatical Covenanters, whose strongly Biblical modes of speech Sir Walter very effectively reproduced. The same thing is true in *Peveril of the Peak* and *Woodstock*, the scene of which is laid in the same century. In *The Fortunes of Nigel* he takes us back a step to the Jacobean period, and is equally successful, as he is also in *Kenilworth*, where the language of his characters is sufficiently Elizabethan to create the necessary illusion. In *Quentin Durward* and *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman* he had a somewhat different task; since in these novels, where the characters, in the main, may be supposed to have spoken either French or, at least, a sort of *lingua franca*, Scott had to invent a kind of style which should be archaic, which should smack of the language of chivalry, and which should still possess enough versimilitude to create the proper impression upon the reader's mind. This he did with most remarkable skill. The language which he puts into the mouth of the Duke of Burgundy and Louis XI., for instance, and Brian de Bois Guilbert and Cedric the Saxon and Saladin is, undoubtedly, a sort of language that was never heard from the lips of mortal man at any period of the world's history; yet there is something vivid and noble and striking about it; and, moreover, the age in which these scenes are laid is so remote from our own that those who have no antiquarian knowledge possess no standard of criticism by which this dialogue can be tested. Hence, Scott's chivalresque and romantic dialect was not only immensely successful, so that it has been perpetuated by a whole school of subsequent writers, but it was in itself something in the nature of an artistic creation. If it was not true, it was, at least, *ben trovato*.

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Thackeray, however, in writing *Henry Esmond*, attempted a much more difficult experiment in trying to unify and harmonise the style of the dialogue and the style of the narrator, so that they should both be a faithful replica of the English of Queen Anne's time. In this, as every one knows, he was marvellously successful, inasmuch as no flaw has been discovered in his wonderful piece of imitation, except that James Russell Lowell

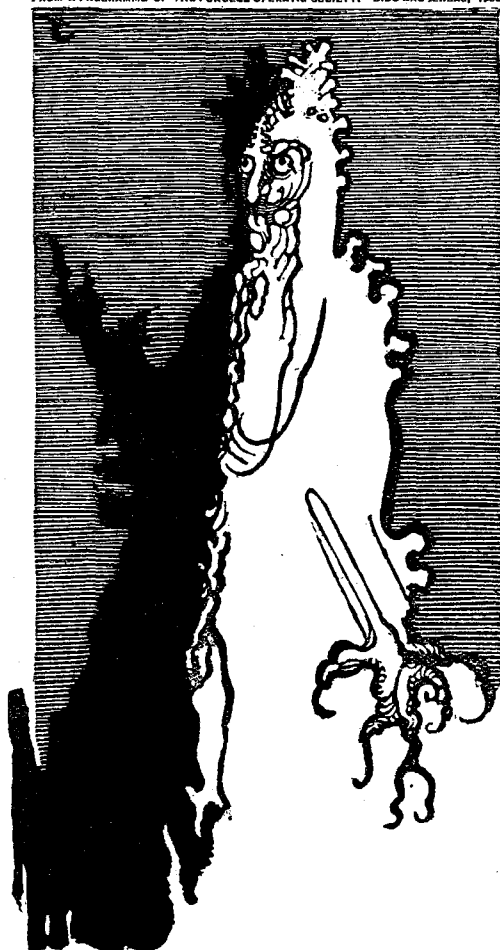
once pointed out his use of "different to"—a Britishism which is of later introduction, and, therefore, anachronistic in what purported to be Addisonian English. Thackeray, as we have said, succeeded, though he ruined his own style in doing so and never wholly got it back again. Mr. Blackmore, in *Lorna Doone*, accomplished a somewhat similar feat with a much duller story; and since then a good many persons have tried it with more or less lack of knowledge, as may be seen by a critical perusal of *Richard Carvel*.

Mr. Hewlett, in *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, has effected a sort of compromise. Dealing, as he does, with the same period and with the same personages that are set forth for us in *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, he has constructed a style and a vocabulary that have something like an historical basis. For them he has gone primarily to the monkish chroniclers of the twelfth century; and the essential flavour of his English is drawn from them, although he has vivified and enriched it from modern sources, doing this always with great literary tact and discretion. The book opens with what purports to be an extract from the record of the Abbot Milo, a Carthusian monk of Poitiers, and its brief paragraphs are to the book what an overture is to a modern opera, in that it gives us a hint of the themes and of the melodies that are later to be developed in all their fulness and completeness. Throughout the book Mr. Hewlett in his dialogue keeps very closely to the mode of speech that was characteristic of that age—an age when the artificial conceits of the Troubadours were beautified by the spirit of true romance and spontaneous poetry. The language, then, is both piquant and forceful, and has a genuine pictorial quality. It is full of picturesque oaths, of metaphors, of obscure allusions, and there are in it often also the fire and the fierceness that go with a fighting age.

In the purely narrative-parts of the story Mr. Hewlett has not attempted anything like a reproduction of the style of the chronicler, for that would have hampered him, and in the end would have wearied his readers by its monotony. Nevertheless, with great ingenuity he has allowed to filter through his own style just

a bit of the mediæval colouring, so that the result is a vocabulary and a mode of expression that are in perfect keeping with his dialogue, to which they form a picturesque and harmonious setting. This is true art, and the beauty of it can be seen in many a noble passage, such, for instance, as that which describes the campaign of Richard against his father (pp. 94-98), that which tells of the honeymoon of Richard and Jehane, and that which describes the siege of Acre. Here are at once strength and fire and feeling—the English of a master. One blemish only (a sorry one) we have detected, and that is the injection into this superb piece of writing of a wretched bit of modern British, in the use of adjectives and adverbs ending in—*ish*, which are cockneyfied to a degree. Thus (p. 238):

FROM A PROGRAMME OF THE PURCELL OPERATIC SOCIETY. DIDO AND ÆNEAS, 1900



THE SORCERESS
A WOODCUT BY
GORDON GRAIG.

By the time (lateish) when King Richard was announced, Gaston of Béarn and young Saint-Pol had their swords half out.

This is bad enough, but it becomes worse when it is put into the mouth of the Dauphin of France (p. 73):

"*Tu Dieu*, yes," says the Dauphin; "but it is a stoutish back, Richard."

Which for the moment seems to convert the Dauphin from a mediæval prince into a smug bank-clerk going along the Strand on a 'bus.

Some months ago we noted the appearance of a curious little art magazine published in England, bearing the title *The Page*. It was in many respects unique, and we called attention to some of its quaintest and most artistic designs. Consequently, we have been interested to find that *The Page* is to be published also in this country, and we herewith reproduce three of its most felicitous illustrations.

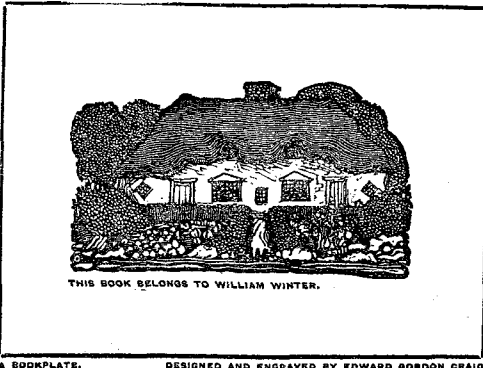


IRVING AS "BADGER" IN "THE STREETS OF LONDON." GORDON CRAIG

Readers in general have come to realise that the present time is remarkable in the matter of the large demand for popular books; but very few, we think, realise fully the significance of the great sales which are being exploited by publishers. There are now in full swing of favour eleven books which have averaged a sale of almost one hundred thousand copies. Adequately to appreciate what this means one must go back a few years and consider the favourites of a not very remote past. All of us can remember Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby* and its vogue. There has been no individual novel of recent years, perhaps of any years, so much written about and

In the Matter
of the
Popular Novel.

discussed. The cartoonists made merry over it. They build their drawings about political Svengalis and political Little Billees. Eccentrics delighted in walking up and down Murray Hill arm in arm and attired like certain favourite characters of the story. It exerted a very positive and definite influence on dress. Certain of its phrases became assimilated into our every-day talk. And yet *Trilby*, which was, practically speaking, without a rival, and with all its extraordinary vogue, has reached a sale of but one hundred and ninety thousand copies. Compare this with the figures on the following list, from which the books which were published more than fifteen months ago, such as *David Harum* and *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith* and even *To Have and to Hold*, which appeared last spring, have been omitted.



THIS BOOK BELONGS TO WILLIAM WINTER.

A BOOKPLATE.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

Eben Holden,	250,000
Alice of Old Vincennes, . . (about)	175,000
The Reign of Law,	130,000
In the Palace of the King,	105,000
The Master Christian,	90,000
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,	70,000
Eleanor, (about)	60,000
Tommy and Grizel,	60,000
Stringtown on the Pike,	50,000
The Redemption of David Corson,	50,000
Monsieur Beaucaire,	42,000