

Caine's book, for instance, as "an epoch-maker" that we protest.

Probably none of the four timely novels to which we have referred is, of its kind, more significant than Mr. Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way*. In this novel Mr. Parker far surpassed anything that he had previously done; and, on account of this book, we feel justified in recalling briefly his career. He was born in Ontario in 1861. He studied for the ministry at the University of Toronto, and lectured at Trinity College. Afterward he went to the South Sea, and continued lecturing in Australia. About this time he began writing the newspaper and magazine articles which afterward appeared in book form under the title *Pierre and His People*. In addition to this book and to *The Right of Way*, Mr. Parker has written *Tales of the Far North*, *A Lover's Diary*, *An Adventurer of the North*, *A Romance of the Snows*, *The Trail of the Sword*, *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *The Pomp of the Lavilletes*, *The Trespasser* and *The Battle of the Strong*.

The following rules, which the late Sir Walter Besant drew up for his own guidance in writing, have been going the rounds of the English papers. The English papers attach to them the adjective "interesting." We reprint them, however, because they are so beautifully platitudinous.

1. Practise writing something original every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. Endeavour to be dramatic.
7. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
8. Avoid the sin of writing about a character.
9. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.
10. Learn as much as you can about men and women.
11. For the sake of forming a good, natural style, and acquiring command of language, write poetry.

Mr. James S. Easby-Smith, whose volume of poems *The Songs of Alcaeus* is reviewed in our present issue, belongs to a family

Mr. Easby-Smith.

which has long been prominent in the work of Southern education. He is a Georgetown College man, of the class of '91. Two years after his graduation he received his degree-in-law from the Georgetown Law School, and has since held several prominent positions in the judicial bureaus at Washington. When the gold fever was at its height he was sent to the Klondike with special powers from the United States Government. Several years ago Mr. Easby-Smith published a small volume of verse, *The Songs of Sappho*, which included the complete Greek text, with metrical versions and notes. This volume was very cordially received, especially at the hands of English reviewers.

Is *Uncle Tom's Cabin* no longer read?

Some time ago we had to call Mr. Hopkinson Smith to account for styling the book a national attack upon the South. We pointed out to Mr. Smith that, if he had really read the story, he would have known

Haley and Legree.



JAMES S. EASBY-SMITH.

that the principal villains in it are men of Northern birth. And now here is the dramatic critic who calls himself "Alan Dale." He has seen in a Paris theatre a French version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and is much amused over the fact that in it Eliza was represented as pursued by a person called Haley. Mr. Dale thinks that this is a Gallic variation from the original tale, and that it should have been Simon Legree. Mr. Dale had better buy a copy of Mrs. Stowe's book and inform himself about the story. Of course Legree had nothing to do with Eliza. The French play in this respect



MRS. SUZANNE ANTROBUS.

follows the book with accuracy. But this sort of opinion is what comes from "keeping up with the books of the day" and letting the better books of the past take care of themselves.

One day some enterprising novelist will discover the stores of picturesque and romantic material that still lie buried in the Louisiana of the dim past in the days of Lafitte, of Bienville and La Salle, and of the gay old creole aristocracy. In spite of what

Mr. Cable and Miss Grace King and a few minor writers have done for this territory, only those who know of the riches hidden in old chronicles and contemporary documents are aware of the large possibilities of early Louisiana history in fiction and in drama. Meantime, Mrs. Suzanne Antrobus, in her novel *The King's Messenger*, seems to have made an invasion into this almost unexplored country of romance. The scene of the story is laid in old New Orleans, and the story opens in 1728, when P  rier was governor, and closes a few years later, when Bienville, the Father of Louisiana, as he has been called, was once more reinstated in power as governor of the little French colony. The romantic interest of the book centres in "my lady Jeanne," a royal messenger from the court of France, and in her love and adventures. The author is a well-known figure in the social circles of Detroit, although she was born in New Orleans, and spends several months every year in and around her native city.

Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*, of which a review will be found elsewhere in the present issue of THE BOOKMAN, has, of course,

Some People of  
"The Eternal  
City."

been dramatised; and now the question is how on earth any one, either in England or in America, will have the audacity to put the Pope upon the stage. It is generally admitted that, while as a picture of Rome Mr. Caine's book is very good, as a picture of Italy it is not successful at all. The Meridional is not a Roman; and the future of Italy depends in a wonderful degree upon the Neapolitan, the Tuscan and the Sicilian. While Mr. Caine has pictured the Roman fop, the Roman aristocrat and Roman political life with considerable insight, when he comes down to the common people he fails rather badly. His Bruno Rocco, for instance, is an impossibility; for, whatever the faults of the Italian may be, he is not vulgar. Of the originals of the story, it may be said that Bonelli is a mixture of Crispi and Sornino. Indeed, in the serial form, if we remember rightly, the name was Bornino, which Mr. Caine evidently concluded was a trifle too close. The original of Donna Roma died some years ago, and was