

many has another war to make—nay, that she is making it already. “*Elle nous visait au cœur*,” he says, “*elle vise l’Angleterre au ventre*.” (“She aimed at our heart; she is aiming at England’s stomach.”)

When some one told Stella that Swift had written beautifully of one of her rivals, the lady received **Watson,** the maliciously intended **Wellington** shaft with perfect com- **and Waterloo**posure and serenity. “Of course, my dear,” she replied. “The Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick.” We recall this anecdote as we take up Thomas E. Watson’s *Waterloo*, which has just come from the press of the Neale Publishing Company; not that we regard the gentleman from Georgia as possessing the pen of the author of *The Tale of a Tub*, but because we believe it hardly possible for any one to write about the battle of Waterloo without being entertaining. This book is perhaps not history in the academic sense of the word, but it is very good reading. Mr. Watson’s sympathies seem to be pro-



M. JULES CLARETIE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE SERVICE DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS IN 1871



MR. WATSON OF GEORGIA

French, pro-Prussian, and not so much anti-English as anti-Wellington. Indeed, if we consider the whole matter impartially, the idolatry with which the England of his day and of subsequent generations has always regarded grim old Arthur Wellesley does appear somewhat preposterous. Mr. Watson accuses the Iron Duke of intentionally disregarding the pledge of support that he had given Blücher, of referring slightly to the flank movement of Bülow, and of giving an account of the battle that was full of falsehoods and pernicious inaccuracies. Whether these charges be true or not, from the most conservative of English historians, one can draw an exceedingly unamiable portrait. Wellington always lacked what the “little officer boy” of the Kipling tale had; he fled at the British private soldier who gave him such splendid support; he heartily favoured flogging in the army, and he probably never had the genuine love of a single human being. There is the possible rejoinder that he won the battle of Waterloo. But Mr. Watson will tell you that he did not.

We were just about to settle down for a pleasant hour or two with our old friend, Mr. Martin Dooley, of Chicago, when some one called our attention to a recent number of the *Saturday Review* of London. After we had read what that estimable periodical, always so courteous and amiable in its attitude toward America and Americans, had to say, we of course had to reconsider all opinions. We have never endorsed all the extravagant praise that has been indiscriminately lavished upon the philosopher of the Archey Road, but we have always regarded him as a wise and kindly counsellor and a genuine humourist. Of course he is not so spontaneous as he was in the days of the Spanish-American War, but we have held him to be entertaining and sane, and were hardly prepared for the crushing verdict of the *Saturday Review*. In the first place we learn that Mr. Dooley has "inherited all the traditions of the American school—all the traditions but one. He has the faults of the older Americans without the saving grace of their vitality. He is heavy-handed, not because he is too much alive to refine his ebullitions, but because he has not the skill or the strength to be light. . . . In Mr. Dooley's books for the first time we realise to the full the flatness and the tedium of American 'humour' grown to discretion." Again, "Mr. Dooley is a commonplace journalist who expresses himself in a peculiar jargon." Finally the *Saturday Review* takes up Mr. Dooley's language:

And does an Irish-American really speak the language of Mr. Dooley? If he does talk the phonetics of Mr. Dooley's book, he has our sympathy. Certainly he should lose no time in severing the home ties that remain to him. As for the true Irish accent, he is a bold man that tries to get it onto paper. Synge did not attempt it, and Mr. Kipling had better have left it alone. We cannot believe that Mr. Dooley's mechanically perverse orthography represents any language or accent under the sun. We know it is not Irish.

But the *Saturday Review* is not content with crushing Mr. Dooley. It must take a genial fling at all American humour:

Either you swallow these American humourists whole, or you do not stomach them at all. Begin to winnow away the chaff and you will find when the winnowing is done that there is very little left. As wit, the stuff is clumsy and blunt. As literature it will never count. As humour or satire—the terms are a misnomer. None of it—not the best of Mark Twain—will bear comparison with anything classically comic, classically humorous, or classically satiric. To think for a moment of Molière, of Shakespeare, or of Swift in connection with this American "humour" is impossible. To think, even, of Congreve, or of Thackeray, or of Voltaire is to throw down *The Tramp Abroad* with a kind of wonder to catch one's self reading it. We doubt if it is even possible to think of Sir Arthur Pinero, or of Lady Gregory and to feel quite comfortable with Artemus Ward. What, then, is the virtue of these American humourists at the best? Why do we refuse to examine them for fear of having to put them down? Scores of people who read Artemus Ward bolt him with a kind of relish; but if they stopped to have a good look at him they would recoil in something like disgust.

Mr. Frederick Keppel, the New York art-dealer and authority on etchings and engravings, prefaces his new book, *The Golden Age of Engraving*, with a chapter of personal reminiscences. It was, it seems, quite by accident that Mr. Keppel entered upon his career. Forty years ago, when he was starting in business in New York—he came to this country from Canada, where his family had migrated from Liverpool,—he met an elderly London print-seller who was disgusted with the city and who, eager to return to England, besought Mr. Keppel to buy his stock of prints at any price. The latter offered him a hundred dollars, not wanting the prints, and hoping the offer would be refused. To his surprise, however, it was accepted, and Mr. Keppel believed he had made as bad a bargain as Moses, the son of the "Vicar of Wakefield," who sold a horse for a gross of green spectacles. But it was not long before he discovered that these prints had a very marketable value even at that day in America