

A THACKERAY PORTFOLIO

COLLECTED BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

“ONLY A WOMAN’S HAIR”—CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES—CONCERNING THE MULLIGAN—THE “NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO”—AMELIA—THE WEIMAR OF HIS YOUTH—AN APPEAL TO LONGFELLOW

OF all the papers in the “English Humourists” series the one on Dean Swift caused the most comment and started the most controversy. To Thackeray the end of Swift seemed like an empire falling. He pictured him alone, and gibbering in the darkness, save when Stella’s sweet face smiled upon him. There is one line in the essay which the reader can never quite forget. It is that line about “only a woman’s hair.” The pathos of it must have been long lingering in Thackeray’s mind, for long years before the “English Humourists” was planned we find him writing, from Kensington, under the date of May 23, 1847, to Abraham Hayward, the first reviewer to recognise the greatness of *Vanity Fair*:

O, most kind Hayward! Why do you go for to say that I thought the words “Only a woman’s hair” indicated heartlessness? I said I thought them the most affecting words I ever heard, indicating the truest passion, love and remorse. I said, though Swift announced himself in that letter to Bolingbroke as an Ambitionist, and took to the road and robbed—I say that your article just read is a most kind, handsome, and gentlemanlike one, and I’m glad to think I have such good friends and generous backers in this fight, where all isn’t generosity and good friendship and fair play. Amongst the company I see that Lord D—— was present; how Lady D—— must have been surprised! But the truth is that lectures won’t do. They were all friends, and a packed house; though, to be sure, it goes to a man’s heart to find amongst his friends such men as you

and Kinglake and Venables, Higgins, Rawlinson, Carlyle, Ashburton and Hallam, Milman, Macaulay, Wilberforce looking on kindly. Excuse egotism, which means thanks in this instance.

Always gratefully yours, dear Hayward,
W. M. THACKERAY.

Thackeray was not over-complimentary in what he wrote about the people of the United States or the French. But it was in Ireland more than anywhere else that he was resented. He first hurt Hibernian sensibilities by the publication of *Catherine* that rather formless and mediocre novel of his days as a hack writer. When Dr. McCosh, later to be president of Princeton College, from 1868 until 1888, was called to a chair in an Irish university he wrote a satirical poem purporting to express the indignation of a young Irish student at the appointment.

I think all your Queen’s universities bosh
And if you’ve no native professor to tayche
me

I scorn to be learned by the Saxon McCosh.

Thackeray always disavowed any intentional hostility toward the inhabitants of the Green Island. “Good God! One-half of what I love best in the world is Irish.” He referred to the little wife of the brief two or three years, the wife who survived him so long and finished her existence in an asylum in the west of England. Here is a letter written in 1850 in which he expressed himself on the Irish question:



WHERE THACKERAY AND THE WIFE WHO SURVIVED HIM SO LONG LIVED IN PARIS
JUST AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES

To the Editor of the "Morning Chronicle."

Sir.—I hope no Irish gentleman will be insulted at my recalling a story, venerable for its antiquity, of the Irish officer who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked, "Look, Sir Lucius, you have made him cut capers." "Bedad, it's capers I mane!" the gallant and impetuous O'Trigger remarked; and instantly apologised in the handsomest terms to his English antagonist for his error. It was capers he had seen, and not anchovies, growing on the rocks; the blunder was his, but the bullet was in the Englishman's leg, who went away grumbling because the other had not thought of the truth before.

Sir, three Irish newspapers and an Irish member of Parliament in his place in the Rotunda, have delivered their fire into me through a similar error. Every post brings me letters containing extracts from Irish

papers sent to me by friends, and one of them, who is most active in my behalf, informs me that there is a body of Irish gentlemen who are bent upon cudgelling me, and who are very likely waiting at my door whilst I write from the club, where, of course, I have denied myself. It is these, while it is yet time, whom I wish to prevent; and as many of them will probably read your journal to-morrow morning, you may possibly be the means of saving my bones, valuable to me and my family, and which I prefer before any apology for breaking them. The blunder of which I am the victim is at once absurd and painful, and I am sorry to be obliged to have recourse to the press for explanation.

Ten years ago I wrote a satirical story in *Fraser's Magazine*, called Catherine, and founded upon the history of the murderous Catherine Hayes. The tale was intended to ridicule a taste then prevalent for making novel heroes of Newgate malefactors. Every single personage in my story was a rascal, and hanged, or put to a violent death; and the history became so

atrocious that it created a general dissatisfaction, and was pronounced to be horribly immoral. While the public went on reading the works which I had intended to ridicule, "Catherine" was, in a word, a failure, and is dead, with all its heroes.

In the last number of the story of *Pendennis* (which was written when I was absent from this country, and not in the least thinking about the opera here), I wrote a sentence to the purport that the greatest criminals and murderers — Bluebeard, George Barnwell, Catherine Hayes—had some spark of human feeling, and found some friends—meaning thereby to encourage minor criminals not to despair. And my only thought in producing the last of these instances was about Mrs. Hayes, who died at Tyburn, and subsequently perished in my novel—and not in the least about an amiable and beautiful young lady, now acting at Her Majesty's Theatre. I quite forgot her existence. I was pointing my moral, such as it was, with quite a different person; and never for a single instant, I declare on my word of honour, remembering the young lady, nor knowing anything regarding her engagement at the Haymarket.

From this unlucky sentence in "*Pendennis*" my tribulations begin, and my capers are held up as the most wicked anchovies to indignant Ireland. *Vindex* writes to the *Freeman's Journal*, saying that I have an intention to insult the Irish nation in the person of an accomplished and innocent young lady, whom I class with murderers and cut-throats—whereby I damn myself to everlasting infamy. The *Freeman's Journal*, in language intelligible always, if not remarkable for grammatical or other propriety, says I am "the Big Blubber-man," "the hugest humbug ever thrust on the public," "that I am guilty of unmanly grossness and cowardly assault," and that I wrote to ruin Miss Hayes, but did not succeed. The *Freeman* adds, in a concluding paragraph, that there may have been some person happening to bear a name coincident with that of the *Freeman's* accomplished countrywoman, and that if I have "this very simple and complete defence to make, I shall hasten to offer it." I don't take in the *Freeman's Journal*—I am not likely to be

very anxious about reading it; but the *Freeman* never gives me any notice of the attack which I am to hasten to defend; and, calling me coward and ruffian, leaves me. It is the anchovy-caper question settled in the approved manner.

The *Mail*, assuming that I intended insult and injury, remarks on the incriminated sentence thus, "its brutality is so far neutralised by its absurdity as to render it utterly harmless." No. 2. No. 3. The *Packet*, speaking on the judgment of both its contemporaries, says admirably:—

"*This prompt and chivalrous espousal of a lady's cause is just what we would have expected from our brethren of the Irish press, and will be no doubt a source of much gratification to Miss Hayes. But . . . we only think it fair to state that he has not been guilty of the 'incredibly gross act' of associating our pure and amiable Catherine with the murderers and tyrants about whom he has written so nonsensically*"—and then follows the revelation of the mystery about the real Catherine, the writer remarking that I am neither a fool nor a madman, and that I would not outrage Miss Hayes, lest some Saxon should kick me.

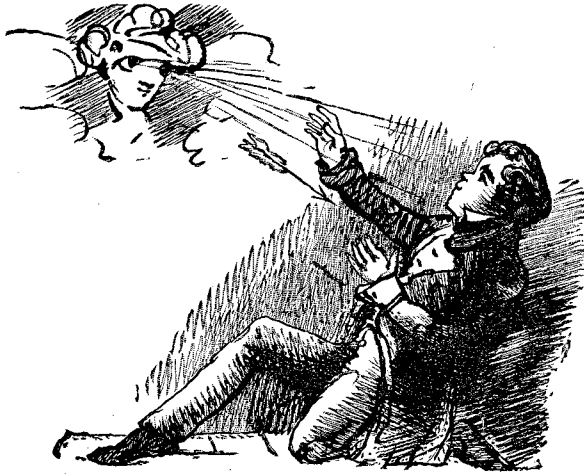
Sir, if some pictures of the Irish, drawn by foreign hands, are caricatures, what are they compared to the pictures of the Irish drawn by themselves? Would any man—could any man out of Ireland—invent such an argument as the last? It stands thus—

1. I have not intended to injure, nor have I in the least injured Miss Hayes.

2. The people who have abused me for injuring her have acted with chivalrous promptitude, and no doubt have greatly gratified Miss Hayes. Poor young lady. She is to be gratified by seeing a man belaboured, who never thought of her or meant her a wrong.

3. But if I *had* injured Miss Hayes many Saxon boot-toes would have taught me decency—that is, capers, not being anchovies, gentlemen would have acted with much chivalry in shooting me—and if capers *had* been achovies, I should richly have merited a kicking. Comfortable dilemma!

I should not have noticed this charge except in Ireland, believing that it must be



THACKERAY THE SUSCEPTIBLE

painful to the young lady whose name has been most innocently and unfortunately brought forward; but I see the case has already passed the Channel, and that there is no help for all parties but publicity. I declare upon my honour then to Miss Hayes that I am grieved to have been the means of annoying her, if I have done so; and I need not tell any gentleman—what gentleman would question me?—that I never for a moment could mean an insult to innocence, and genius, and beauty.

I am, sir, your very faithful servant,
WM. THACKERAY.

Garrick Club, April 11, 1850.

A Thackerayan Irishman who was not received with positive enthusiasm in Dublin was the Mulligan of *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*. An allusion to the Mulligan appears in the following letter.

13 Young Street, Kensington,
Monday Night,

Jan. 13, 1847.

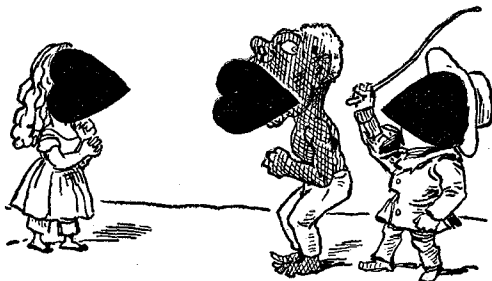
My dear Aytoun,

The copy of Mrs. Perkins which was sent by the Mulligan to the other chieftain has met with a mishap. It travelled to Edinburgh in the portmanteau of a friend of mine, who arrived at ten o'clock at night and started for Inverness the next morning at six. Mrs. P. went with him. He forgot

her at Inverness and came back to London, whither Mrs. Perkins was sent after him at a cost of 4s. 10d. for carriage. She is not worth that money either for you or me to pay, and waits in my room till you come to town in spring.

I have been thinking of the other matter on which I unbusmd myself to you, and withdraw my former letter. Puffs are good, and the testimony of good men; but I don't think these will make a success for a man, and he ought to stand as the public chooses to put him. I will try, please God, to do my best, and the money will come perhaps some day! Meanwhile a man so lucky as myself has no reason to complain. So let all puffing alone, though, as you know, I am glad if I can have and deserve your private good opinion. The women like 'Vanity Fair' I find, very much, and the publishers are quite in good spirits regarding that venture.

This is all I have to say—in the solitude of midnight—with a quiet cigar and the weakest gin-and-water in the world, ruminating over a child's ball, from which I have just come, having gone as chaperon to my little girls. One of them had her hair plaited in two tails, the other had ringlets (here follows a sketch of the children), and the most fascinating bows of blue ribbon. It was very merry and likewise sentimental. We went in a fly quite genteel, and,



LITTLE EVA, UNCLE TOM, AND SIMON LEGREE. DRAWN BY
THACKERAY ON A PLAYING CARD

law! what a comfort it was when it was over!

Adyou.—Yours sincerely,
W. M. THACKERAY.

(Memoir of William Edmonstoune Aytoun, by (Sir) Theodore Martin, 1867.)

To the same correspondent, Aytoun, Thackeray had written ten days or two weeks before on the subject of *Vanity Fair*.

13 Young Street Kensington,
Jan. 2, 1847.

My dear Aytoun,—I hope The Maclosky received the Mulligan present. I ought to have written before, answering your kind, hearty letter, but business, you know, and weariness of quill-driving after business hours, &c. I don't write to anybody, that's the fact, unless I want something of them, and perhaps that's the case at this present.

I think I have never had any ambition hitherto, or cared what the world thought of my work, good or bad; but now the truth forces itself upon me, if the world will once take to admiring Titmarsh, all his guineas will be multiplied by ten. Guineas are good. I have got children, only ten years more to the fore, say, &c.; now is the time, my lad, to make your A when the sun at length has begun to shine.

Well, I think I can make a push at the present minute—if my friends will shout, Titmarsh for ever!—hurrah for, &c., &c., I may go up with a run to a pretty fair place in my trade, and be allowed to appear before the public as among the first fiddles. But my tunes must be heard in the streets,

and organs must grind them. Ha! Now do you read me?

Why don't Blackwood give me an article? Because he refused the best story I ever wrote? Colburn refused the present Novel Without a Hero, and if any man at Blackwood's or Colburn's, and if any man since—fiddle-de-dee. Upon my word and honour, I never said so much about myself before: but I know this, if I had the command of 'Blackwood,' and a humoristical person like Titmarsh should come up and labour hard and honestly (please God) for ten years, I would give him a hand. Now try, like a man, revolving these things in your soul, and see if you can't help me. . . . And if I can but save a little money, by the Lord! I'll try and keep it.

Some day when less selfish I will write to you about other matters than the present ego. The dining season has begun in London already, I am sorry to say, and the Christmas feeding is frightfully severe. . . . I have my children with me, and am mighty happy in that paternal character—preside over legs of mutton comfortably—go to church at early morning and like it—pay rates and taxes, &c., &c. Between this line and the above a man has brought me the 'Times' on "The Battle of Life" to read. Appy Dickens! But I love Pickwick and Crummles too well to abuse this great man. Aliquando bonus. And you, young man, coming up in the world full of fight, take counsel from a venerable and peaceful old gladiator who has stripped for many battles. Gad, sir, this caution is a very good sign. Do you remember how com-

*"The Great Hoggarty Diamond."

plimentary Scott and Goethe were? I like the patriarchal air of some people. Have you ever any snow in Scotland?

(Here follows an admirable drawing of a dustman singing beside his cart, with snow deep in the street.)

As I was walking in just now I met this fellow singing "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" driving a dust cart. I burst out laughing, and so did he. He is as good as Leech's boy in the last 'Punch.' How good Leech is, and what a genuine humour! And Hans Christian Anderson, have you read him? I am wild about him, having only just discovered that delightful, delicate, fanciful creature. Good-bye, my dear Aytoun. I wish you a Merry Christmas, and to honest Johnny Blackwood. Thank him for the Magazine. I shall enjoy it in bed to-morrow morning, when I've left orders *not* to be called for church.

Yours ever,
W. M. T.

In 1911 there had been a discussion in the *London Times*, in which Lord Rosebery had participated, about the character and shortcomings of Amelia



THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. DRAWN BY THACKERAY ON A PLAYING CARD



THE DOWNTRODDEN DARKEY OF THE OLD SOUTH AS THACKERAY SAW HIM

of *Vanity Fair*. A certain J. Parker Smith sent to the newspaper a letter in his possession, which he believed had never been published, in which Thackeray states his theory of *Vanity Fair* in particular and of novels in general. The date of the year was not given, but Mr. Smith comments that it is easily supplied. The review referred to is in the number of *Fraser* for September, 1848. His correspondent was obviously his friend Robert Bell, the writer and journalist.

Sunday Sept. 3rd
[1848]

My dear Bell,

Although I have made a rule to myself never to thank critics yet I like to break it continually, and especially in the present instance for what I hope is the excellent article in *Fraser*. It seems to me very just in most points as regards the author: some he questions as usual—If I had put in more fresh air as you call it my object would have been defeated—It is to indicate, in cheerful terms, that we are for the most part an abominably foolish and selfish people "desperately wicked" and all eager after vanities. Everybody is you see in that book,—for instance if I had made Amelia a higher order of woman there would have been no vanity in Dobbins falling in love with her, whereas the impression at present is that he is a fool for his pains that he has



DOBBIN'S LEGS

married a silly little thing and in fact has found out his error rather a sweet and tender one however, *qui multum amavit* I want to leave everybody dissatisfied and unhappy at the end of the story—we ought all to be with our own and all other stories. Good God don't I see (in that may-be cracked and warped looking glass in which I am always looking), my own weaknesses wickednesses lusts follies shortcomings? In company let us hope with better qualities about which we will pretermit discourse. We must lift up our voices about these and howl to a congregation of fools: so much at least has been my endeavour. You have all of you taken my misanthropy to task—I wish I could myself: but take the world by a certain standard † (you know what I mean) and who dares talk of having any virtue at all? For instance Forster says After a scene with Blifil, the air is cleared by a laugh of Tom Jones—Why Tom Jones in my holding is as big a rogue as Blifil. Before God he is—I mean the man is selfish according to his nature as Blifil according to his. In fact I've a strong impression that we are most of us not fit for—never mind.

Pathos I hold should be very occasional indeed in humorous works and indicated rather than expressed or expressed very rarely. In the passage where Amelia is represented as trying to separate herself from the boy—She goes upstairs and leaves him with his aunt 'as that poor Lady Jane Grey tried the axe that was to separate her slender life' I say that is a fine image whoever wrote it (& I came on it quite by surprize in a review the other day) that is greatly pathetic I think: it leaves you to make your own sad pictures—We shouldn't do much more than that I think in comic books—In a story written in the pathetic key it would be different & then the comedy perhaps should be occasional—Some day—but a truce to egotistical twaddle. It

seems to me such a time ago that V F was written that one may talk of it as of somebody else's performance. My dear Bell I am very thankful for your friendliness & pleased to have your good opinion.

Faithfully yours

W. M. THACKERAY.

One of the pleasantest of Thackeray's memories was the little town of Weimar, where, in his youth, he sat at the feet of Goethe. It was to Weimar that he took William Dobbin and Amelia in the last chapters of *Vanity Fair*. "Though they knew it not," he wrote, "those were probably the happiest days of their lives." Weimar was the Pumpernickel of "Fitzboodles' Confessions." Here is a letter about the place written to Lewes in 1855:

London, 28 April, 1855

Dear Lewes,—I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Goethe. Five-and-twenty years ago, at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right, appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing: the kind old Hof Marschall of those days, M. de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters eyes ever looked on), being in nowise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the winter nights, we used to charter sedan chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant Court entertainments. I for my part had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of

the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted; and besides the excellent Weimar company, famous actors and singers from various parts of Germany performed *Gastrolle** through the winter. In that winter, I remember, we had Ludwig Devrient in Shylock, Hamlet, Falstaff, and the *Robbers*; and the beautiful Schröder in *Fidelio*.

After three-and-twenty years absence, I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there, and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the Park,† which still belongs to the family, and had been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals.

Of course, I remember very well the per-

*What in England are called "starring engagements."

†The *Gartenhaus*.

turbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingot, with a white neck-cloth and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark,* piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called *Melmoth the Wanderer*, which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

Vidi tantum. I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan*; once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Frazer's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for awhile in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. Rogers which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. 'They would make me look like that,' he said; though in truth I

*This must have been the effect of the position in which he sat with regard to the light. Goethe's eyes were dark brown, but not very dark.

can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy* looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was sitting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel*. At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike than that of the dear little Saxon city, where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Very sincerely yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

(*Life of Goethe*, by George Henry Lewes,
2nd edn 1864.)

Thackeray's tenure of office as Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* was exceedingly brief. But while he was in the chair he invited contributions to it from the best men and women on both sides of the Atlantic. Here is a suggestion to Longfellow:

36 Onslow Square, London,
November 16, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. LONGFELLOW,—Has Hiawatha ever a spare shaft in his quiver which he can shoot across the Atlantic? How proud I should be if I could have a contribution or two from you for our *Cornhill Magazine*.

I should like still better to be driving to Cambridge in the snow and expecting a supper there. Two or three months ago I actually thought such a scheme was about to come off. I intended to shut up my desk for a year—not write a line—and go on my travels. But the gods willed otherwise. I am pressed into the service of this Magazine, and engaged to write ever so much more for the next three years. Then, if I last so long, I shall be free of books and publishers, and hope to see friends to whose acquaintance I look back with—I can't tell you how much gratitude and kind feeling.

I send my best regards to Tom Appleton, and beg him to back my petition to his brother-in-law.

Always sincerely yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.



COSTUMES OF "VANITY FAIR"

READER'S GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Philosophy

The Breath of Life. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.15 net.

The author's interpretation of the relation of science to life.

German Philosophy and Politics. By John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25 net.

From Kant to Hegel, with emphasis upon the rise of German nationality.

A History of Philosophy. By Clement C. J. Webb. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 50 cents net.

In the *Home University Library*. A brief resumé of the important schools from Plato to Kant and his immediate successors.

Selections from Scottish Philosophy of Common Sense. By G. A. Johnston. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. \$1.25.

A school of philosophy that developed largely as a protest against Hume's scepticism.

The Unfolding Universe. By Edgar L. Hermann. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.50 net.

A study of the recent advances in the sciences in their bearing upon the fundamental problems of philosophy.

Religion and Theology

The Church. By John Huss. Translated, with Notes and Introduction, by David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

The first translation into English of Huss's defence of his views, from which were taken the charges that resulted in his sentence as a heretic.

The Divine Mystery. By Allen Upward. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75 net.

A study of the Christian elements in pre-Christian religions.

The Making of Christianity. By John C. C. Clarke. Alton: G. P. Clarke. \$1.25.

"An exhibit of Hebrew and Christian Messianic Apocalyptic Philosophy and Literature."

The Meaning of Christian Unity. By William H. Cobb. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.25 net.

The relation of Christ's teachings to our duties in the home and the state.

Sociology and Economics

A B C of Socialism. (Including the A B C of Economics.) By I. G. Savoy and M. O. Teck. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.

Collected to equip propagandists with the scientific knowledge of the principles of socialism.

Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands. Compiled by Clara Endicott Sears. With *Transcendental Wild Oats*, by Louisa May Alcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

A collection of articles giving a complete account of the community at Fruitlands.

The Economics of War and Conquest. By J. H. Jones. London: P. S. King and Son, Ltd.

An examination of Mr. Norman Angell's doctrine of the fallacy of conquest.

How It Feels to be The Husband of a Suffragette. By Him. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

The man's side of suffrage by a sympathiser.

The Japanese Problem in the United States. By H. A. Millis. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A sociological study of the Japanese in the United States, written at the instigation of the Commission on Relations with Japan, appointed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

The Next Generation. By Frederick A. Rhodes. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.50 net.

A discussion of man's nature and environment by a student of commercialised vice.

Street-Land: Its Little People and Big Problems. By Philip Davis, assisted by Grace Kroll. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

The problem of the city streets as playgrounds.

Political Economy

Bankrupting a Great City. (The Story of New York.) By Henry H. Klein. New York: Published by the Author. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A sensational criticism of the financial management of New York City.

Political Thought in England. By Ernest Barker. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 50 cents net.