

- New York. Translation of *Punin i Baburin* first published in *The European Messenger* (April, 1874). *Punin and Babwin* was first published February, 1882.
1883. "Poems in Prose. Translated anonymously. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) Boston. Translation of *Stichotvoreníya b Proze* (*Poems in Prose*). Written between February, 1878, and June 1882, and first published in *The European Messenger* (December, 1882); book form 1883. The version by S. J. MacMullan, published at Bristol by Arrowsmith in 1890 as *Senilia: Poems in Prose*, is prepared from the German and Danish versions. Neither translation is to be recommended. The difficult task of translating these prose-poems was best attempted by Mrs. Garnett in 1897 with *Dream Tales and Prose Poems* (Vol. 10 of the Collected edition).
1883. "The Song of Triumphant Love. The "Seaside Library." (Geo. Munro.) New York. Translation of *Pyesn Torzhestvuyushchei Lyubvi* (*The Song of Triumphant Love*), one of Turgenev's last stories, published in *The European Messenger* (November, 1881).
- 1884 (Jan.) "Mumu" and "The Diary of a Superfluous Man." Translated from the Russian by Henry Gersoni. "Standard Library," No. 107. (Funk & Wagnalls.) New York. Translations of *Mumu* (*The Contemporary*, March, 1854, and *Novels and Tales*, 1856) and *Dnevnik Lishnyago Chelovyeka* (*Annals of the Fatherland*, April, 1850, and *Novels and Tales*, 1856). *The Standard Library* was issued fortnightly in "postal card manilla wrappers" designed and printed in red and black. The books were issued thus, at 15 and 25 cents. *Mumu* is dated January 28, 1884. The series was also issued in "cheap cloth" and "standard cloth." A copy in my possession in green bevelled cloth, decorated in black and gold, printed on better quality paper than the wrapped edition, may be the "standard cloth" edition. There is a copy in the British Museum in green bevelled cloth with an 1884 cancel London title. It is identical in all other respects with the New York cloth edition.
- 1884 (Feb.) "First Love" and "Punin and Baburin." Translated from the Russian by permission of the author, with a biographical introduction by Sidney Jerrold. (W. H. Allen & Co.) London. Translations of *Pervaya Lyubov* (*First Love*) (first published 1860) and *Punin and Baburin*.
1884. "Annouchka." Translated from the French of the author's own translation by Franklin Abbott. (Cupples Upham & Co.) Boston. Translation of *Asya* (*The Contemporary*, January, 1858). The statement on the title page is erroneous. Though Turgenev carefully overlooked the translations of his works he never actually translated any of them. Nor, despite the excellence of some of the translations such as those by Louis Viardot and Delaveau, are the translations through the French of much value.
1886. "An Unfortunate Woman" and "Ass'ya." Translated from the Russian by Henry Gersoni. "Standard Library," No. 142. (Funk & Wagnalls.) New York. Translations of *Neschastnaya* (*An Unfortunate Woman*) and *Asya*. Although the American Catalogue gives the book as No. 142 in the *Standard Library*, the only copy I have examined, that in the British Museum, carries no mention in it of its participation in the series. The British Museum copy has a New York and London imprint and is in light brown cloth overlaid with marbled paper in imitation of a half-binding. It may be that this was an edition bound up for England only, where certainly not all of the series were issued. Both the stories in this volume had been previously translated, *An Unfortunate Woman* as *The Daughter of Russia* and *Ass'ya* as *Annouchka*. Another translation of *Neschastnaya* entitled *The Unfortunate One*, translated from the Russian by A. R. Thompson, was published by Trübner & Co (1888).
- 1894-99. "The Novels and Tales of Ivan Turgenev." Translated by Constance Garnett. 15 vols. (Heinemann.) The best translations of Turgenev. Several of the volumes have prefaces by Edward Garnett. In 1921 two further volumes were issued, while the library edition of 1919-23, in 17 volumes, was in preparation.
1898. "Touguénieff and His French Circle." Edited and arranged by E. Halperine-Kaminsky. Translated from the French by Ethel M. Arnold. (T. Fisher Unwin.) London. Though not a translation from the Russian, this collection of the letters written to his French friends and translators is extremely interesting and important. And since they are translations of original works (for Turgenev wrote French excellently) I have begged my own question and included a book which is not a translation from the Russian.
- 1903-4 "The Novels and Tales of Ivan S. Turgenev." Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. 13 vols. (Scribners.) New York. An extremely handsome and well-translated edition, second only to the Garnett translations in excellence.
1924. "The Plays of Ivan S. Turgenev." Translated by M. S. Mandell. (Macmillan Company.) New York. Contains *Carelessness*, *Broke*, *Where it is Thin, there it Breaks*, *The Family Charge*, *The Bachelor*, *An Amicable Settlement*, *A Month in the Country*, *The Country Woman*, *A Conversation on the Highway*, *An Evening in Sorrento*. The book was issued in London in the same year by Messrs. Heinemann.
1930. "Hamlet and Don Quixote." Translated by Robert Nichols. (Hendersons.) London. The first appearance in English book form of Turgenev's famous lecture, considered by many one of his most significant writings.

ALL ABOUT THE BRONTËS

The Brontës : Their Lives, Friendships and Correspondence. The Shakespeare Head Brontë.

Edited by T. J. Wise and J. A. Symington. 4 vols. 3 guineas. (Blackwell.)

The four volumes here offered us are a monument of piety, of industry, of careful annotation; but it would be idle to pretend that they are volumes with which the ordinary reader can cope. The editors tell us: "In the present work an attempt has been made to amalgamate all the information contained in the various biographies, from Mrs. Gaskell's Life and Mr. Shorter's compilations down to the present day, together with many hitherto unpublished letters and records which have come to light, into one complete history of the Brontë family, with the letters of Charlotte, arranged in chronological order, making the main structure of the work." It is obvious that Mr. Wise and Mr. Symington could not possibly have included all the extant letters of the Brontë family in a book possessing the characteristics of a biography: completeness in the matter of correspondence meant the reduction of biography to a mere record of facts, a compilation in which future biographers will be glad to delve, but which is totally without shape.

Faced with such a work, the reviewer finds himself in a position of great difficulty. Undoubtedly it is desirable that there should exist somewhere a complete collection

By T. Earle Welby

of the surviving and so far discovered Brontë correspondence; and much of that correspondence would be unintelligible to all but a very few experts if it were not accompanied by the kind of biographical matter which Mr. Wise and Mr. Symington have provided out of Mrs. Gaskell and the late Clement Shorter and their own researches. But contour is lost to an extent much exceeding even the melancholy anticipations of a reader apprised of this scheme, for the proportion of letters by Charlotte is overwhelming, and she unfortunately often wrote at considerable length and with some pomposity to Miss Nussey when she had nothing to say. Great wedges of correspondence driven in between biographical information have this effect among others on the reader that he is quite unable to ascertain where, if anywhere, the emphasis is being laid. These volumes contain a considerable quantity of new material and of material which, though printed elsewhere, has not hitherto been brought into close relationship with the general mass of the Brontë correspondence. It is to be presumed, therefore, that a prolonged and minute study of the four volumes would in some degree affect the view hitherto taken by most of us of this or that episode in those tragic lives. But a first reading, which probably nobody except a reviewer with an ungovernable conscience would carry to an end in less than a month, creates a dazed mind.

Mr. Wise and Mr. Symington, the former uniquely learned in the text of the Brontës, no doubt have altered the conventional emphasis on certain portions of the Brontë story, but it is extremely difficult to discover where and to what extent this has been done: the correspondence swamps all. However, the volumes may be taken in another spirit, with some advantage or at least some relief from puzzling over precisely what they have done to the Brontë story and legend. The reader may dismiss from his mind the questions of what is new and what is old, what in itself or under editorial comment modifies the story and what does not, and may simply dip into the volumes.

Such procedure will necessarily shock the experts, but skipping and dipping have excuses with a correspondence so voluminous, so unbalanced by reason of Charlotte's prominence, and sometimes so uninteresting. Here are specimens of what dipping may bring to the reader. Charlotte Brontë is writing about her meeting with Thackeray and says, "the incident was truly dream-like. I was only certain it was true because I became miserably destitute of self-possession." The letter is to her publisher, who is elsewhere found recording that Charlotte's social embarrassments arose almost entirely from acute consciousness of her lack of feminine charm. Charlotte's trouble on an historic literary occasion in London was much less due to meeting great lions than to the fact that the fashion of the moment was a plait of hair brought round and arranged on the brow and that her own hair not being long enough she had covered a portion of her brow with brown silk. She is herself, though sometimes warm-hearted, apt to write in an unpleasing fashion about women friends. We hardly find ourselves loving Charlotte the more when she writes to a recent masculine acquaintance a detailed and only contemptuously kind estimate of her friend of friends, Miss Nussey:

"When I first saw Ellen I did not care for her—we were schoolfellows—in the course of time we learnt each other's faults and good points—we were contrasts—still we suited—affection was first a germ, then a sapling—then a strong tree: now—no new friend, however lofty or profound in intellect—not even Miss Martineau herself—could be to me what Ellen is, yet she is no more than a conscientious, observant, calm, well-bred Yorkshire girl. She is without romance—if she attempts to read poetry—or poetic prose aloud—I am irritated and deprive her of her book—if she talks of it I stop my ears—but she is good—she is true—she is faithful and I love her."

Three or four more dips as unlucky, and some revival in memory of things about Charlotte long known to the reader, and he will be doing her an injustice. For example, since it is not easy to tear oneself from this damaging stuff, everyone who reads the testimony of those who knew her during the short time she was employed as a governess at Stonegappe will feel that a certain accusation is the kind of thing that does not get invented: the petty charge is that if asked to go to church with the family, she resented being ordered about as a hireling, and if not asked felt that she was being neglected. But only a small mind will ultimately be unjust to so great a woman as Charlotte. She is to be regarded as showing her greatness the moment we step back from her, and as revealing certain pettinesses and irritabilities only when we persist in getting to close quarters.

Judgment of Emily can never be affected: the heroism of that noble creature is established beyond possibility of criticism. But something, even much, of the credit of "Wuthering Heights" can be wrenched from her by those who rely on dubious external evidence and misunderstand the internal evidence. All that we can have of or about the putative part author, Branwell, is in the four volumes now given us, but we seem to be left to make up our own minds. The most moderate and carefully reasoned case for Branwell's part authorship was that put forward not long ago by Mr. E. F. Benson in his biography of Charlotte Brontë; here we have brought together all his surviving correspondence and all relevant letters from others. Leyland,

The Collector's Directory—cont.

Ready December 5th

A STORY WITHOUT AN END

AND

A COUNTRY SALE

Two short stories by

H. E. BATES

Ordinary edition

5/-

There will be 100 signed copies bound in full buckram at £1 1s. and 25 copies printed on hand-made paper (containing a portion of the original manuscript of "A Country Sale") and bound in full vellum at £3 3s. Both editions will be set in Pastonchi type and will be illustrated by Miss N. Kirkman. A copy of the signed £1 1s. edition of "No Traveller Returns," by John Collier, will be given gratis with the first 70 orders for the £1 1s. edition of "A Story Without an End" and 12 copies of the £3 3s. edition of "No Traveller Returns" will be given with the first 12 orders for the £3 3s. edition.

Now Ready

BLOOD ORANGES

by Francis Brett Young

The edition consists of 230 signed copies at £1 1s. With illustrations by Albert E. Berbank.

OXFORD IN THE MELTING POT

by Pitt Crawfurd Smith

This short essay is an attempt to give a plain account of certain of the less pleasant features of life at Oxford, suggesting at the same time a means of improvement. 1s.

WHITE OWL PRESS PUBLICATIONS

Everything for Booklovers and Students

LAMLEY & CO.

The South Kensington Bookshop

1, 3 and 5 Exhibition Road, S.W.7

Near South Kensington Station.

Tel.: Kensington 1276

A USEFUL GIFT FOR ANY TIME

A subscription for one or more new books to be sent monthly to any address. Ask for our explanatory circular.

We can Supply or Exchange Book Tokens

A list of Desirable Books for Presents post free on application.

Christmas Catalogues Now Ready

NATTALI & MAURICE, LTD.

Old and Rare Book and Print Sellers

Catalogue 253 just published, sent free on request, containing scarce and valuable items, including Modern First Editions and Addenda of AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

23, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

ASTROLOGY

Your Horoscope cast by astrologer of 30 years' world-repute. Life's Prospects, Possibilities described. Health, Marriage, Finance, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send P.O. 1/-, Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope for expert delineation, the accuracy of which will amaze you. ELROY STUDIOS (M 59), 37, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1. Innumerable unsolicited testimonials received.

Autograph Collection Required

JACK BARNETT

41, STORE STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

that close friend of his, is no doubt the strongest outside witness on his behalf; but as Leyland is found in one of these letters describing the Brontë sisters as all possessing red hair and as all having been engaged in literary ventures a year or two before they actually were, he hardly strikes one as the most observant and accurate of witnesses. But

it is idle to mention at random three or four questions raised for the dipper into these volumes, since they are absolutely exhaustive—a fit part no doubt of the very handsomely produced “Shakespeare Head Brontë,” if a good deal of a burden and something of a bewilderment to the average reader.

MR. WELLS'S WORLD

After Democracy: Addresses and Papers on the Present World Situation.

By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Watts.)

My friend Norman Angell is occupied during a large part of his busy life in contradicting the statement that in “The Great Illusion” he said there would be no more wars. What he did say was that, if there were more wars, they would injure victors and vanquished alike; and never was a warning more immediately or more amply proved to have been wise. My friend Wells has equal reason to complain of the people who say that in his books about world-order which have been appearing since 1900 he has continually been changing his mind. He has always stuck at any rate to one belief—the belief in what he calls here “the dictatorship of informed and educated common sense.” And whether he has infected with this belief most intelligent students of public affairs, or whether they have come to it independently of him, they now share it.

For at least a quarter of a century it has been proved over and over again that what Wells thinks to-day those who have intellects and keep themselves in touch with events will be thinking to-morrow. Can anybody doubt now that democracy under its present forms has been ruined by the ill-informed and uneducated? Politicians who, instead of leading, keep their ears to the ground; a Press which is as purely commercial as a grocer's shop or a cinema; a public that is too bewildered, as well as too ignorant, to resist these influences—how can democracy triumph over conditions like these? Thus the view has been forcing itself upon close watchers of the world drama that a new system must be evolved by every country which is to escape collapse. In Italy and in Russia something of the kind that Mr. Wells indicates is at work already. What is common sense for those countries would certainly not be common sense for us; but it would be difficult, I think, to find any clear-minded person with a knowledge of what is happening who would dissent from the opinion that we shall have to make changes of many kinds—or perish.

That is Mr. Wells's view now, as it has been ever since he published “Anticipations” and “A Modern Utopia.” For “the old junk of nineteenth century political thought”

he has no use at all. “The world,” he says, “is sick of parliamentary politics.” Can we deny that? No more than we can overlook the cause of this sickness, which is—politicians! For Mr. Wells democracy does not mean that he should be expected to submit his intelligence and his will “to the greatest happiness of the greatest number or to the will of the majority or any such nonsense.” He wants his will and intelligence to be used for the benefit of all, not merely for his own benefit. All decent people endowed with mind and energy feel like that. But the mass, he knows, have neither intelligence nor will. They must be firmly but kindly shepherded. They must be told where to get off. “The world and its future is not for feeble folk any more than it is for selfish folk. It is not for the multitude but for the best. . . . I want to make opportunity universal and not miss out one single being who is worth while.”

He would abolish “wasteful spenders” with their “lazy, pretentious traditions.” He wants to get rid of nationalism and war because they sustain

“a cant of blind discipline and loyalty and a paraphernalia of flags, uniforms and parades that shelter a host of particularly mischievous, unintelligent bullies and wasters.”

He is against militarism because it is “tiresome, wasteful, evil.” Well, aren't we all?

His world-state may be a long way ahead of us yet, but he is dealing with actuality when he urges that the great need of the immediate future is for “competent receivers” to take over systems and industries as they become bankrupt and to transform them into institutions that will square with the altered conditions of our lives. The chief weakness of the Labour Party lies in this—that, when it adopted Socialism, it took no thought as to how it would socialise, which is at once the most difficult and the most important problem of all. A body of men and women who have trained themselves for this task is the first necessity of such a transformation as Mr. Wells sketches. Whether they will come together in groups of “from six to two or three hundred,” whether they will work from the basis which he suggests, seems doubtful. Whether, if they did, they could prepare themselves in time is more doubtful still. Let us hope they are preparing themselves now.

LATE GEORGIAN AND EARLY VICTORIAN GARDENING BOOKS

By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

It is a striking fact that during the period when gardening was at its lowest ebb in this country the most magnificent books of garden interest were produced. Those which have increased most in value are those two outstandingly important rose books, Miss Lawrence's “Roses” (1799) and H. C. Andrews's “Roses” (1827). A complete copy of the latter (published in two volumes) contains 129 coloured plates and a coloured frontispiece, and is worth at least £100. A copy of Miss Lawrence's vast book is worth even more. (The illustration facing page 204 is reproduced from the wreath on the title page of Miss Lawrence's book.) I think these books, together with Redouté's, may be accurately described as the most beautiful books of garden interest extant.

Certainly no modern flower paintings can be compared with these collections of masterpieces. In these volumes blooms from the rose gardens of the late eighteenth

and early nineteenth centuries look as though they had been freshly gathered and placed on the pages. Here are the roses immortalised by the greatest poets from Homer's time: the roses of which Shakespeare wrote are depicted in all their radiant beauty. How different they are, both in colour and form, from the modern hybrid teas. The modern favourites have their own loveliness and many of them are deliciously scented, but they cannot equal the rare beauty of the old aristocrats, nor does the scent of any modern rose equal the scents of the old provence or cabbage roses, the moss roses (generally believed to be a sport from the provence), the damasks, the musks, the white rose of England and the red, to mention but a few. How fortunate that all these glorious roses should have been painted by such gifted artists, for few of these roses, alas, are obtainable now!

Other outstandingly important books were William