

the way of arriving at belief. Certainly she got far away from the peculiar views of the Hennells and Brays in her later life; yet it is not to be supposed that she ever abandoned the way of looking at the world which they helped her to form. That vision splendid is not easily forgotten or lost.

Even if one deny that the hints of the coming change, now adduced, amount to anything, and even if the whole process has to be imagined as begun and finished within Mr. Hutton's eleven days, he should have been the last man to have been so greatly surprised at the rapidity of such a spiritual transformation. He and his school are accustomed to speak about a spiritual phenomenon known as conversion. A change of view and of life more sweeping than that of George Eliot, they are accustomed to look upon as entirely normal, if labelled conversion, though it should be alleged to have taken place in eleven hours or eleven minutes. Doubtless such great changes of purpose do take place with this suddenness—as far as their coming to consciousness and to manifestation is concerned. It is of the nature of a spiritual transition to be thus sharply marked in appearance, new views of truth coming as in a flash, old things passing away like a dream. But Mr. Hutton is at fault in not seeing that the experience of George Eliot which astonishes him is strictly analogous to the experience of conversion which does not astonish him at all. As a critic, at any rate, he should have been able to forget his own convictions, for the moment, and not have argued that what would have been involved for him in such a change as came to George Eliot, must have been involved for her. "To me," he says, "the remarkable point is, that George Eliot felt herself relieved of a burden rather than robbed of a great spiritual mainstay by the change." Why "remarkable," except for the reason that he could not imagine the change to be anything but for the worse; could not think it

"Shame! to stand in God's creation,
And doubt truth's sufficiency?"

As a critic, whatever he might have done as an advocate, he should not have overlooked George Eliot's own testimony, found in her letter to Miss Hennell, two years later: "When the soul is just liberated from the wretched giant's bed of dogmas on which it has been racked and stretched ever since it began to think, there is a feeling of exultation and strong hope." Such language should have been enough to suggest to him, even if George Eliot's whole bearing during the time in question did not, that she had found, instead of losing, "a great spiritual mainstay."

Count Tolstoi has a suggestive remark, to the effect that the day after a great decision, of far-reaching character, the soul that has struggled its way to it thinks the choice might easily have turned the other way; that a year after, this seems doubtful; that ten years after, the choice is seen to have been inevitable. Such a decision can be "sudden" only in the sense that it must be referred to a certain date; no one but the dupe of a Hindu juggler can suppose that the flower bursts into bloom ten minutes after the seed is sown.

HUGO'S 'THINGS SEEN.'

PARIS, July 11, 1887.

THE literary executors of Victor Hugo have just issued a volume, a large volume, of his notes, under the name of 'Choses vues.' There is no preface to the volume. These "things seen" were seen between 1838 and 1875, and are arranged in a chronological, not in a logical, order. The publishers do not tell us if they chose from among other notes, if they will or will

not publish other volumes. We must be content with the work as it is. It is evident that Hugo, if he did not keep a Journal, was in the habit of noting down some of his impressions, and of keeping a memorandum of some of his conversations with important people. These notes were taken as documents for future books. They have a literary form—some of them have a minuteness—which is not found in ordinary memoirs.

The mind of the great poet was, so to speak, photographic. When he is placed before an impressive scene, he reproduces it with a fullness, an exactness, truly extraordinary. No details, no contrast, no shade of color is lost. He sees everything and can remember everything. Read, for instance, the description of the Chapel of the Invalides, which received the remains of Napoleon, brought back from the island of St. Helena. Even Balzac cannot describe a room with greater minuteness. Hugo's description is, so to speak, an inventory. His eye was evidently as sensitive as the photographer's plate. His memory was tenacious, but he took the precaution, when he returned home, to fix his impressions. There are a thousand pages in 'Notre Dame de Paris,' in the 'Misérables,' which were manifestly written from such notes, taken after the long and careful observation of some object. There is in such pages a realism which stands in contrast with the natural vagueness of the poetic mind. There were, so to speak, two men in Hugo: one describes things like a naturalist or realist of the modern school, like a Zola; the other sees things as mere phantoms, as forms of some unknown invisible forces. In these 'Choses vues' we see the two men, and we see them at work preparing their task.

It would have been very interesting to have the note-book of Victor Hugo during the early part of his career, at the time when he held very royalistic opinions. His literary executors have strong political passions, and it is a pity they did not show us Hugo as he was when he wrote the 'Odes et Ballades,' in the spring of his extraordinary genius. We have also been deprived of the notes of 1830, a very important year, the year of the Revolution. All Victor Hugo says about this critical year is found in a conversation he had in 1843 with Royer-Collard, at the French Academy. Royer-Collard tells him that the Revolution of 1830 was caused entirely by Charles X.

"It is said he had bad advisers. It is false—false. No one advised him. It has been said that he consulted Cardinal de la Farre, M. de Latil, M. de Polignac, his suite. Would to Heaven he had done so! None of those who surrounded him had lost their heads as completely as he did; none of them would have given him such bad advice as he gave himself. All those who surrounded the King—those who were called the courtiers—were wiser than himself."

"M. Royer-Collard remained silent for a moment, then continued, with a sad smile, which he often assumed during the conversation:

"Wiser—that is to say, less insane."

"Another pause; then he added:

"No, nobody advised him."

"And after another pause:

"And nothing advised him. He had always, from his youth upward, preserved his own identity. He was still the Comte d'Artois; he had not changed. Not to change, if one should live to be eighty years of age, that was the only quality which he valued. He called that having a personality. He said that since the Revolution there had been in France and in the era only two men, M. de La Fayette and himself. He esteemed M. de La Fayette."

The new volume has many interesting pages on King Louis Philippe. The King had made Victor Hugo a peer, at the solicitation of his son, the Duke of Orleans, and Hugo felt almost grateful to him. In the 'Misérables' there is a fine chapter on Louis Philippe, where he is called "un roi de grand jour." In a conversation with the King in September, 1844, there are some amus-

ing details on the education of Louis Philippe and on Mme. de Genlis:

"King Louis Philippe said to me the other day, 'I was never in love but once in my life.'

"And with whom, Sire?" "With Madame de Genlis." "Ah, but she was your tutor."

"The King laughed and replied:

"As you say. And a strict tutor, I declare to you. She brought up my sister and myself quite ferociously. Getting up at six in the morning, summer and winter; fed upon milk, roast meats, and bread; never any luxuries, never any sweetmeats; plenty of work and no play. It was she who accustomed me to sleep upon boards. She made me learn a great variety of manual work; thanks to her I can work a little at every trade, including that of a barber-surgeon. I bled my man like *Figaro*. I am a cabinet-maker, a groom, a mason, a blacksmith. She was systematic and severe. From a very little boy I was afraid of her; I was a weak, lazy, and cowardly boy; I was afraid of mice! She made me a tolerably bold man, with some amount of spirit. As I grew up I perceived that she was very pretty. I knew not what possessed me when she was present. I was in love and did not know it. She, who was an adept in the matter, understood and guessed what it was at once. She used me very badly. It was at the time when she was intimate with Mirabeau. She constantly said to me, 'Come, now, Monsieur de Chartres, you great booby, why are you always at my skirts?' She was thirty-six years of age, I was seventeen."

Mme. de Genlis saw her pupil on the throne, and died three months after the Revolution of July. She merely said of his elevation, "I am very glad of it." She was always in money difficulties, being very free-handed and extravagant. She had adopted two children, Pamela and Casimir, merely because they were handsome. During the emigration Mme. de Genlis went to London with Mme. Adelaide and Pamela. These ladies had very little money, and lived in lodgings.

"It was winter time. Really, Monsieur Hugo, they did not dine every day. The tidbits were for Pamela. My poor sister sighed, and was the victim, the Cinderella. That is just how it was. My sister and Pamela, in order to economize the wretched hundred louis, slept in the same room. There were two beds, but only one blanket. My sister had it at first, but one evening Madame de Genlis said to her, 'You are well and strong; Pamela is very cold—I have put the blanket on her bed.' My sister was annoyed, but dared not rebel; she contented herself with shivering every night. However, my sister and myself loved Madame de Genlis."

Both Mme. Adelaide and the King visited her till the last days of her life, and always showed her much respect and deference.

Victor Hugo evidently liked Louis Philippe, his simplicity, his earnestness. He found him "gay, affable, and fond of conversing." Sometimes, however, he found him sad. One evening, at Saint Cloud, the King told him to sit down by him on a sofa, and said to him:

"Monsieur Hugo [this was in 1844], I am misunderstood. I am said to be proud, I am said to be clever. That means that I am a traitor. It grieves me. I am simply an honest man. I go the straight road. Those who are acquainted with me know that I am not wanting in frankness. Thiers, when he was working with me, told me one day that we did not agree: 'Sire, you are proud, but I am prouder than you.' 'The proof that that is not so,' I replied, 'is that you tell me so.' M. de Talleyrand said to me one day, 'You will never make anything of Thiers, who, for all that, would be an excellent instrument. But he is one of those men who can only be used on condition of satisfying their requirements; and he will never be satisfied. The misfortune for himself, as well as for you, is that there is no longer any possibility of his being a Cardinal. Thiers is clever, but he has too much of the conceit of a self-made man. Guizot is better. He is a man of weight, a fulcrum; the species is a rare one, and I appreciate it.'"

One of Hugo's favorite preoccupations was capital punishment, and the state of mind of the people who suffer it. He was still young when he wrote 'Les derniers jours d'un Condamné.' The new volume is full of details on criminal trials. There are long notes on the

attempts made at various times on the life of Louis Philippe, by Fieschi, by Lecomte, by Joseph Henri (names now forgotten with the exception of the first). There are curious pages on the prisons of the men condemned to capital punishment; on the Duc de Praslin, one of Hugo's colleagues in the House of Peers, who killed his wife and poisoned himself in prison before his trial could take place. There are visits to the Conciergerie, which evidently furnished documents for the 'Misérables.' The general sentiment in all these notes on prisons and on criminals is the same: it is a feeling of pity, of indulgence, of forgiveness. This sentiment found an eloquent expression in the verses which Hugo sent to the Duchess of Orleans, when he asked for the pardon of a republican called Barbès, who had shot a policeman in cold blood in the streets. Alluding to the unfortunate death of the Duke of Orleans and to the age of the Comte de Paris, who was then an infant, he ended thus:

"Grâce au nom de la tombe! grâce au nom du berceau!"
Barbès was pardoned by Louis Philippe, at the request of the Duchess.

There are not many details on the littérateurs of the time. One day, however, Hugo meets Béranger: "a round red face; an eye full of vivacity; long gray hair; sixty years old and more; a good and smiling mouth; an old frock-coat; a large Quaker hat." They walked together a little while (it was in 1847), and Béranger complimented Hugo in these terms:

"'You have done well,' said Béranger to me, 'to be content with the popularity which one can regulate. I have a great deal of trouble to withdraw myself from the popularity which carries you with it. What slave is there like the man who has the misfortune to be popular in this fashion? Look at their Reformist banquets! They kill me! and I have the greatest difficulty in the world to avoid them. I make excuses: I am old, I have a bad digestion, I never dine out, I cannot alter my rule, etc. Bah! You owe it to yourself; a man like you must pay this forfeit, and a hundred others in the same way. I am exaggerating, eh? Nevertheless, one must smile and put the best face on it. Ah yes! but that is merely the part of a court jester. To amuse the prince, to amuse the people—the same thing. Where is the difference between the poet following the Court and the poet following the crowd? Marot in the sixteenth century, Béranger in the nineteenth; but, *mon cher*, it may be the same man! I do not consent to it. I lend myself to it as little as possible. They make a mistake about me. I am a man of opinion, and not of party. Oh, I hate their popularity. I am very much afraid that our poor Lamartine is going in for this popularity. I pity him. He will see what it is! Hugo, I have some common sense. I tell you, be content with the popularity you have; it is true, it is real.'"

He told how in 1829, when he was in prison for his songs, there was no reader of the Liberal papers who did not think he had a right to come and visit him in his prison:

"'Let us go and see Béranger.' They came. And I, who was in the mood to muse upon the silliness of poets, or was seeking for a refrain or a rhyme between the bars of my window, was obliged, instead of finding my verse, to receive my hosier!"

On their way, they arrived before the door of the Tuileries, where Victor Hugo was going, as it was the day of the French Academy:

"'Won't you go in?' said I to him.
"'O no, indeed—this is for you.'
"'And he ran away.'"

which have come under my observation do not seem consistent with his theory. I knew very little of the witch-hazel, and up to three years ago should, if I thought of it at all, have laughed at it as a folly and delusion. We wanted very much a well on our place, which is near the sea, rocky and barren. It is impossible to dig to the depth of more than two feet anywhere near our house without striking the ledge; and as any well must be drilled through the rock, it was hard to decide where to begin operations with no indication to guide us.

At the solicitation of a neighbor, we sent for a man of local reputation with the wand to examine our premises. We half laughed at ourselves for doing this at all; and, indeed, I am not ready now to say that I believe, but neither can I quite say that I disbelieve. He came, and we saw the bending of the twig in his hands. The man, whom I will call "T.," has no particular faith in the hazel. He says any bitter wood will produce the same results. He found water, or rather promise of water, in two places. In the spot nearer the house, he said he should get it at a depth of from eighteen to twenty feet. We asked on what he based this estimate, and he said that on retreating from the place (say A) at which the twig, by pointing downward at a right angle with the surface, indicated the presence of water, it would turn at a constantly varying angle, always pointed to that place, till he reached a position at which it made the hypotenuse, or part of the hypotenuse, of an isosceles right-angled triangle; and the distance on the surface from A to that position showed this depth. Now, on your correspondent's theory, how would fatigue affect the position and motion of the hands, making the twig turn in a different direction when he retreated?

We let the matter drop at that time, but the next spring we corresponded with "T." He offered to dig the well on either of the spots, he had marked, by the day or by the foot, at a certain price for either. We were very incredulous, and proposed to him to dig and drill at his own risk—to be paid a fixed sum if he succeeded, nothing if he failed. We hardly thought he would agree to this, but he accepted promptly, naming a comparatively moderate sum, which we were quite willing to pay could we have the water. In the course of the summer he came, bringing with him a man, two horses, a large machine for drilling, and a portable furnace. Various accidents to his machinery delayed him. Sometimes he had to send four miles for repairs—once, forty miles to replace a portion of his machine. Nothing really discouraged him. "T." was on the place more than two weeks, and it was impossible to doubt his entire belief in himself. His assistant had entire faith in him, said he had worked with him for two years, and had never known him to fail to find water where he had begun a well. At a depth of about five feet water began to come in. He said this was only the "light vein," which he always expected to precede the main flow, and went on with his drilling. At a depth of eighteen feet water began to come in freely. At something over nineteen feet he left off. We occupy the place only a few weeks in the year—less than three months—and the well has not yet borne the test of a long summer's use in a dry season; but the flow seems abundant.

"T." has since dug several wells in the vicinity—so far as I know, with success. I advance no theory, nor do I seek to combat any, but if I wanted another well and could get hold of "T.," I certainly should follow him and his wand. Of course a man who has spent many years in finding water will have a better knowledge where the water is likely to be found than the average man.

Your correspondent, if he has not already seen it, may be interested in the account in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" of their investigation of the subject. MAINE.

Notes.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS publish immediately Daudet's 'Belle Nivernaise' in the first English version of that amusing story; 'Happy Home Studies for the Young,' and 'Wide Awake Stories for the Young'; and a Life of Buffalo Bill, by Henry L. Williams.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce translations of Tolstói's 'My Confession' and 'Que Faire (What to Do)?'

Benjamin & Bell have in press for speedy publication 'Sea-Spray; or, Facts and Fancies of a Yachtsman,' by S. G. W. Benjamin.

The publishers of Ignatius Donnelly's 'The Great Cryptogram; or, Lord Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakspeare Plays,' will be R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago.

The Froebel Society, whose Secretary should be addressed at the office of the *Journal of Education*, 86 Fleet St., London, offers prizes to the amount of twenty guineas for the best essay on "The Ethical Teaching of Froebel, as gathered from his Works." Essays, not to exceed in length 7,500 words, must be forwarded as above, with a motto, the writer's name being enclosed in a sealed envelope, by November 1.

Mr. A. F. Bandelier, who has for many months been deep in Mexican historical archives, has returned to Santa Fé, bringing literal copies of more than 600 manuscripts, many of which were totally unknown.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published the *Journal of Social Science* for June, containing the papers read at the General Meeting of the American Association at Saratoga last year, with the customary synopsis of proceedings and the programme of the meeting appointed at the same place for September 6-10, 1887.

We have received the *Journal of the Shakspeare Club of the University of North Carolina*, containing a lecture and a paper and a record of proceedings—all showing a lively interest. Ladies are not admitted to membership, but the experiment of inviting them on special occasions has been tried with success. In the discussion of "Othello" we observe that the color question was brushed aside with a "Remember that, though a Moor, he was not a negro." Whether "Othello" has had its share of representation on the Southern stage, we can only conjecture.

From Charleston comes an agreeable little 'Historic Sketch of the Parish Church of St. Michael, in the Province of South Carolina,' by George S. Holmes. This edifice has suffered many indignities from man and the elements. Its bells were carried to London by the British in their evacuation of Charleston in 1782, but were recovered. In the civil war they were taken to Columbia for safety, and were burned with the city after Sherman's passage. The fragments were sent to London to be recast—by the successors of the original founders, "of the same amalgam, and in moulds made with the same trammels"—and had to pay duty on reëntering the country, though Congress finally made restitution. The church plate was destroyed or dispersed at the same time and place, and only partly recovered. The church, meantime, was all but knocked to pieces in the bombardment of Charleston, and plundered on the occupation—among other things, of a pulpit ornament, "I. H. S.," inlaid in ivory, restored by a Northern clergyman, who had "no place for them in his church." The cyclone of 1885 blew down several feet of the spire, and the earthquake a year later caused the steeple to set-

Correspondence.

THE MAGIC WAND AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been much interested in Mr. Stille's letter in the *Nation* of July 14, but the facts