

and the substance of Mr. Shaw still prevail. Poetic drama, too, is dead, though our hopes are with Mr. Brander Matthews for its resurrection; and so we turn to the one vital part of poetry, the lyric, and submit a modest plea that when it is read aloud, in school, on the platform, by the fireside, it shall be read as verse. Read in these places now, it is nearly always a case of calculated and effective slaughter, so far as rhythmical values are concerned. And what is a lyric without its rhythmical values? What is the wild water of a brook when it is dammed into a duckpond? The very tropes and figures depend upon this charm of movement, like flashes of light thrown back by the hurrying waves. Yet we are so afraid of singsong, and even more afraid of the pathetic and sentimental, that we suppress all cadences, and come out triumphant with a hybrid sort of performance that reminds one of a bird which should flap its wings without flying. We sin against the nature of poetry, in order to be natural as we conceive nature in these latter days. Scherer, whom I have just quoted, falls into a fine quandary on this matter of reading lyrics aloud. Of course, he says, one ought to read verse in "natural" tones; but there was Emanuel Geibel, as good a lyric poet as Germany could then show, who read his own poems in what seemed at first an "unpleasant" way. "There was something 'singing' in his elocution, something that strove above the natural tones"; but, Scherer goes on, one soon began to feel that the "something" was not unnatural at all, but "a peculiar poetic element, a mode of speech *sui generis*," a method which carried its own conviction of truth. Geibel, in a word, was reading poetry as poetry; that was all. If Scherer could have heard Tennyson, he would have learned something more to his advantage. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, by good evidence, all read their verses in "a kind of chant"—so Hazlitt affirms of the former two—which "acted as a spell upon the hearer." This chant was not singsong; singsong simply shows the "feet," baldly asserts metre, while rhythmical reading does justice to cadence and the harmonious movement of the verse.

Cannot, then, the restitution of rights to poetry be started, in however humble fashion, by a stout insistence upon its rhythmical values and by a branding of the Philistine, whether teacher or professional reader, who refuses to acknowledge them? If we think that Tennyson knew how to make a lyric, let us concede the soundness of his ideas on the way in which a lyric should be read aloud. Let us root out utterly that abominable cheerfulness with which school children, particularly girls, are taught to "render" threnodies like Cowper's "Toll for the Brave." And let us ostracize, or, more simply, lynch the

adult who reads "Lycidas" as if it were the trial scene in "Pickwick."

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THE FERRER AFFAIR.

PARIS, October 28.

A spontaneous explosion of free thought is insufficient to explain deliberately organized demonstrations among widely varied popular masses, who are as ignorant of free thought as they are of Ferrer. There are, indeed, four likely sources of party ebullition in politics and religion—Freemasonry; anticlericalism, which comprises all hatred, inherited or acquired, of Roman Catholics and their religion; Socialism as a political party living by agitation, and anarchy both of the intellectual and militant sort. With all their lack of union among themselves, there are certain electioneering interests common to these parties, at least on the Continent of Europe. In France recent events can leave no doubt about this.

Are the negative union against the Catholic religion and the positive union of political interests enough to produce spontaneously, without a directing head, this international resultant with its wonderful unity of crowds of so many different nations and antecedents, all insisting on some facts and ignoring other facts equally notorious, all taking for granted facts not yet ascertained, all giving vent to violent passions for or against certain abstractions which can only mean, in real life, that they are inspired to sympathy for certain classes of men around them and to distrust and hatred for certain others? Or, as the German Socialist, Liebknecht, thought he discerned in the corresponding development of the Dreyfus affair, is there some hidden *chef d'orchestre* who waves his bâton and directs the concert of all these bands?

Several of the most eminent Liberal journalists and correspondents of Spain have thought it their national duty to protest with the foreign press. They have done so with great clearness and reason, but to little effect. Anatole France gave notice long before the trial that the whole world would refuse to accept any condemnation of Ferrer, "whether by civil or military court," in Spain.

Keir Hardie, in the British Parliament, made it his chief grievance that Ferrer had not been turned over to the civil courts; but this the Spanish minister pointed out to the Cortès would have been contrary to law. Others have made capital of the trial by "court-martial," which it was not in the sense of summary jurisdiction, such as was exercised in France against thousands of the Paris Commune. As the minister also pointed out to the Cortès, the government did not use its rights of passing the Barcelona insurrectionists through

a court-martial, but handed them over to the regular routine of law, which, in Spain, means the legal military tribunal. Whatever one may think of Spanish law, it is the only law existing in Spain.

This legality of the trial and condemnation of Ferrer is a first fact universally ignored by the agitators in France and elsewhere. The constitutional limitations of the royal prerogative in Spain have been equally ignored in the direct attacks made on King Alfonso for not exercising his power to pardon. These attacks in the French and Belgian press, and in countless meetings, have gone to the length of suggesting plainly to anarchists that the King is a fit object of their vengeance.

Another series of facts has been systematically ignored in all these international demonstrations; and in France, the demonstrators have done worse than ignore them. Señor La Cierva, in his last unlucky speech to the Cortès, which upset the Maura ministry, enumerated them briefly: "The number of religious buildings burned in Barcelona was sixty-eight; among the victims there were 138 dead and forty wounded."

The nuns of Barcelona, who were the chief victims, have been accused, tried, judged, and condemned—without any production of evidence—as the real criminals. The *Dépêche* of Toulouse is one of the most prominent republican journals of provincial France. This paper allowed itself to print an article about Barcelona convents in the most approved Maria Monk fashion. Some of the nuns are sisters and daughters of French families of high position. A French priest, with the permission of the Archbishop of Barcelona, has obtained the signatures of all the nuns and sisters of the convents to a suit for libel to be brought in the French courts. It is little likely they will have redress, although the ignoble stories were obviously taken in whole cloth from dime novels and correspond to nothing in present-day convents.

Camille Pelletan, in the Paris *Matin*, related over his own signature that a dealer in Barcelona (he does not give the name) told him that a sister from a convent asked him for the job of printing indecent postcards; and, when her attention was drawn to their character, she answered that the work would be sanctified because it would be done "in the interests of the Church." The use of such a formula, impossible among any Roman Catholics, nuns or not, as any one knows who has associated with them, but which is found constantly in anti-Catholic controversy, at once earmarks the story. M. Pelletan, as Jules Lemaitre remarks, has not forgotten the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Thus women who have lost the homes they had chosen freely, the property which they had earned, and even their

lives, are now condemned, on irresponsible hearsay, to the loss of their good name, while Ferrer is glorified.

On the other hand, it is assumed in all the demonstrations that "Jesuits" or priests in control of the Spanish government directed the execution of Ferrer. If men, and not phantoms, they should have names; but no one even pretends to answer the Irish member of Parliament's request for them.

Yet other facts, which are known on evidence other than hearsay, are equally ignored in France and elsewhere. They concern the person of Ferrer, whom the Manchester *Guardian* describes as "a noble-minded servant of the truth, as he saw it"—his execution, of course, being a "judicial murder." From less unexpected quarters similar phrases were used of the Chicago proto-martyrs of anarchy and of Vaillant, who inaugurated in France the anarchist terror by throwing into Parliament a bomb which killed no one, but for which he was guillotined.

The Spanish Government declares in vain that Ferrer was not tried or condemned for teaching anarchy—"the truth, as he saw it"—in his modern schools, nor for indirectly preparing the Barcelona insurrection, nor for any other "political crime" or *délit d'opinion*, as the demonstrators universally assert. He was condemned and executed for direct participation in acts which even *Le Radical* newspaper of Paris, before his trial, warned his friends "excite universal reprobation"; for which reason, perhaps, they are now ignored. The new Moret ministry has begun by renewing the promise of Señor Maura that all the evidence in the case shall be published. Without prejudging what this may be, it is certainly unfair to ignore the perfectly well known record of Ferrer both in France and Spain.

Self-educated (which is to his credit as a man, but not as a thinker reforming others), he began in Paris as a teacher of Spanish at the Grand Orient of the Freemasons. For whatever reason, his wife left him and took with her their two daughters, who have been brought up without his influence and support. One earns a few francs a day as a working woman; the other is a promising actress. It is the two infant children of the former whom the Socialist Board of the Municipal Council of Paris probably wishes the city to adopt, although it has paid no attention to the needy widow and children of the Paris policeman killed in the Ferrer riot. The daughter of Ferrer who petitioned King Alfonso's clemency for her father, has taken care to write to the newspapers that the friends with whom she has now taken refuge do not share his opinions. The comic note in the tragedy is furnished by the address of Liverpool Nonconformists, condoling with the "wife and family" of the exe-

cuted man. The picturesque and even heroic woman who appeared with him at the end in Spain never professed to be his wife, nor did his teachings make it proper that she should.

In Paris Ferrer as Spanish teacher met the unmarried French woman of means who, at her death, bequeathed him a house and revenues estimated at 750,000 francs. Her executor, M. Coppola, referring to the Paris notary with whom the will was deposited, M. Tabouret, now comes forward to say that her intention was to found in Barcelona an infant asylum, and not to subsidize the anarchist schools to which Ferrer applied the money; and that, as her instructions were contained in private letters and not in the will itself, it was impossible to prosecute him for abuse of confidence. She did profess the Catholic religion in her will, and leave a bequest for masses for her soul.

For his propaganda Ferrer issued in Spain translations of the popular primers of Reclus, Kropotkin, Jean Grave, and Charles Malato, who was his closest friend in France. Whatever may be the sincerity, high personal character, scientific acquirements, labor, and simplicity of life of such men, it is impossible to blink the outcome of their teachings in practice. In France they were marked by a train of bomb explosions and blood from Vaillant to Emile Henry. It must be a singular vision which sees better things in the still longer succession of Barcelona bombs, fire, and bloodshed. The explosion which killed its score of innocent bystanders at the King's marriage, and stained red the bridal robe, was also traced directly to one who had been domestic, secretary, or school-teacher of Ferrer.

Up to the present writing, fifty-nine French municipal councils have resolved to name a street in honor of Ferrer. In Paris, on Sunday, the 31st, the University Association of Republican Students, with the Dreyfus League of the Rights of Man, the Popular Universities, Socialist Youth, and numerous Masonic lodges, under the National Federation of Free Thought, are to place a monument of Ferrer just in front of the great memorial church of the Sacred Heart. The Freemasons of Troyes have asked the French Grand Orient to begin a movement for placing his statue over against the Vatican in Rome; and Mayor Nathan of Rome, where he was long Italian Grand Orient, has officially eulogized Ferrer and blamed his execution in violent terms, although Barcelona nuns have not interested him. Yesterday the German Socialist organ—*Vorwaerts*—declared that "the heroes (not the nuns) fallen at Barcelona have not died in vain." In France the General Federation of Labor, in various meetings and resolutions, even proposes the Barcelona insurrection as an example to French workmen.

Camille Pelletan and the Radical Socialist politicians have found their sorely needed electioneering issue for next May in the renewal of anti-Clericalism excited by the execution of Ferrer. In England Primitive Methodists and the Congregational Union have voted their preference of Ferrer, atheist and anarchist, to Roman Catholic Christianity. Who has led all these otherwise discordant bands? S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In gathering first editions of American authors Frank Maier has covered a broader field than most other collectors. His collection, the first part of which will be dispersed by the Anderson Auction Company on November 16 and 17, and the second part on November 22 and 23, contains several volumes of colonial verse, the most important being "The Poems on several Occasions by Aquila Rose," printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1740. Rose was a printer in the shop of William Bradford, and was also clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly. He died in 1723. His poems were collected by his son, Joseph Rose, who was apprenticed to Franklin. In the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of June 21 to 28, 1739, there is a notice signed by him to the effect that he was intending "to collect and print the poetical writings" of his father, and asking "all persons who are possess'd of any of those pieces in manuscript to bring them to" him, promising "to give in return for each manuscript, one of the printed collections, as soon as they shall be finished." The Maier copy of the book was secured at the Proud sale in 1903, where it brought \$250. No other copy seems to have come upon the market in recent years. Other early volumes are Mather Byles's "Poem on the Death of King George" (Boston, 1727); Benjamin Church's "The Choice" (Boston, 1757); Thomas Godfrey's "Juvenile Poems" (Philadelphia, 1765); "The Patriots of North America," a Tory tract in rhyme, printed in New York by James Livingston in 1775; novels by Charles Brockden Brown; a long series of plays by William Dunlap, and first editions of poetical volumes by Freneau, Peter Markoe, Mrs. Norton, and others.

Of interest to a larger number of collectors, and often of much greater value, are the first editions of the great authors who, about the middle of the nineteenth century, took the position they still hold. The Bryant collection (ninety-seven lots) includes "The Embargo" (1809), "Poems" (1821), and "The White-footed Deer" (1844). The Emerson collection (ninety lots) includes "The Historical Discourse before the Citizens of Concord" (1836), "Nature" (1836), "Essays" (1841), and "Poems" (1847). Among the Hawthorne rarities are "Fanshawe" (1828, the copy which brought the record price of \$840 in Boston in October, 1902), "The Gentle Boy" (1839), "The Sister Years" (1839), "The Celestial Railroad" (1843), and the little children's books "Famous Old People" (1841), "Liberty Tree" (1841), and "Grandfather's Chair" (1841). The Holmes collection begins with the six numbers of the *Collegian*, containing twenty-four poems by Holmes.

Some special Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe