

of turning over in his own mind, of comparing, varying, and contemplating upon with pleasure; he must so thoroughly have seen the World as to cure him of being over fond of it; and he must have so much good sense and Virtue in his own Breast as to prevent him from being disgusted with his own Reflections or uneasy in his own Company. I am sorry to feel myself not so well qualify'd for this sacred Leisure as I could wish, in any one respect; but glad I have a Friend from whose example I cannot but hope I shall be able to improve.

Not often will you find this subject treated in letters of Dodsley's age so honestly.

Robert Dodsley was born in 1704 at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire; was educated at the grammar school in the town, and at an early age went out as footman to Charles Dartiquenave (Swift's Dartineuf), passing in 1728 into the service of the Hon. Jane Lowther, the third daughter of the first Viscount Lonsdale. Of his life of servitude Dodsley seems never to have been ashamed, although once or twice in later years the fact was thrown at him insultingly. Indeed, his first publication was a poem entitled "Servitude," and in 1732 he brought out a fuller portrait of his life in "A Muse in Livery: or the Footman's Miscellany." There is a certain frank sincerity in such lines as these:

And first,
As soon as laziness will let me,
I rise from bed, and down I set me,
To cleaning glasses, knives and plate,
And such-like dirty work as that,
Which (by the bye) is what I hate.
This done, with expeditious care,
To dress myself I strait prepare;
I clean my buckles, black my shoes;
Powder my wig, and brush my clothes;
Take off my beard, and wash my face,
And then I'm ready for the chace.

His first important success was a short play in prose, called "The Toy Shop," which was produced with gratifying success in 1735. With the money from this and a present from Pope he set up as publisher and bookseller in Pall Mall. Though evidently fairly cautious in his ventures, he had the rare union of literary taste and business sense which makes the great publisher. Johnson, Pope, Young, Shenstone, Chesterfield, Gray, Walpole, Spence, Burke, Akenside, Joseph Warton, Lyttelton, and Jarvis are some of the names that helped to make Tully's Head famous. Of his own editorial work the "Collections" and the "Old Plays" are too well known to need more than mention here. His play of "Cleone," though fairly successful on the stage, has passed into complete oblivion, nor, we think, was it so original in its domestic tone as Mr. Straus would have it. Mr. Straus does not attempt to revive a spurious interest in this play, any more than in the other forgotten works of Dodsley. But

he rather jealously, and with good evidence, vindicates "The Economy of Human Life" for his subject, and calls attention to the grace of the fairly well-known song: "One kind kiss before we part." We will not quote those charming stanzas, but close, rather, with the poem "On Tully's Head in Pall Mall," which was written at the time of "Cleone" in 1756, by Richard Graves, the friend of Shenstone and Jago, author of "The Spiritual Don Quixote" (would the novel were as inspired as its name!) and many other books which have made themselves forgotten. We doubt if a neater or better deserved laurel was ever placed on publisher's brow:

Where Tully's bust and honour'd name
Point out the venal page,
There Dodsley consecrates to fame
The classics of his age.

In vain the poets, from their mine,
Extract the shining mass,
Till Dodsley's mint has stamp'd the coin,
And bid the sterling pass.

Yet he, I ween, in *Cæsar's* days,
A nobler fate had found;
Dodsley himself with verdant bays
Had been by *Cæsar* crown'd.

His bust near *Tully's* had been plac'd,
Himself a classic bard;
His works *Apollo's* temple grac'd,
And met their just reward.

But still, my friend, be virtue, sense,
And competence thy share;
And think each boon, that courts dispense,
Beneath a poet's care.

Persist to grace this humbler post;
Be *Tully's* head the sign;
Till future booksellers shall boast
To vend their tomes at *thine*.

The Drama of Saint Helena. By Paul Frémeaux. Translated from the French by Alfred Rieu. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3 net.

This is a translation of M. Frémeaux's "Les Derniers Jours de l'Empereur," which was crowned last year by the French Academy. As the author confined his account to the period after July, 1817, it would have been well to translate the title more literally. But if a sensational title must be chosen, it would be more appropriate to say *The Tragedy of Saint Helena*. For the author's point of view is tragic—the horrible climate, Hudson Lowe's enormities, Napoleon's agonies. In a subject on which so much has been written, one takes up a new book with scepticism as to its justification. Yet this one has a real value as a description of the fallen Emperor's external surroundings and internal disorders.

To give an adequate account of the scene of Napoleon's last years, the author has studied the works relating to St. Helena itself. He describes the winds and the rocks, and the flora and fauna, and their relation to the exile.

The reader may see a plan and views of Longwood, and learn of the use, and furniture, of each room from the cracked range in the kitchen to the faded carpet and gorgeous gold and silver toilet articles in the Emperor's own nine by fifteen-foot bedroom. On a map of the island he may trace the "four-mile limit" around Longwood, within which Napoleon was left undisturbed, and the "twelve-mile limit," within which he could walk freely, if accompanied by an English officer. A telegraph station, on a rock commanding Longwood and the sea, signalled to Hudson Lowe and to the port information of Napoleon's movements and of the approach of any vessel to the island.

The author also has an especial interest in the minutiae of Napoleon's illness, and its symptoms. He has not only made good use of the well-known accounts left by Doctors Warden, O'Meara, and Antommarchi, but he has also gained many bits of information from the less known statements of Walter Henry, Dr. Arnott, and Dr. Stokoe. He even turns to his use points picked up from Napoleon's cooks, after they returned to Europe, and is able to state in detail what Napoleon ate and what he did not eat in his last years. The ponderous Forsyth believed it better to draw a veil over the realistic details of an illustrious end. Not so M. Frémeaux. He is in deadly earnest to describe, as he says, "how the greatest of all warriors died nobly in bed." He agrees that the ultimate cause of death was cancer of the stomach, but thinks the end was hastened by poor food, bad climate, lack of exercise, and the ignorance of the attending physicians who persisted until within a few weeks of Napoleon's death in diagnosing and treating him for hepatitis. There is much in the book that to the non-Gallic mind reads like gossip, but it is gossip touched with the grace of imagination and wit.

Notes.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the early publication of a new novel by William de Morgan, which will probably be called "An Affair of Dishonor." The first volume of the American Historical Series, "Europe Since 1815," by Prof. Charles Downer Hazen of Smith College, will be published next week.

A new novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz, entitled "Whirlpools," will be published by Little, Brown & Co. early in June.

The Putnams announce for early publication a new volume of essays by A. C. Benson, entitled "The Silent Isle," also "The Valley of Aosta," by Felice Ferrero; and "Controversial Issues in Scottish History," by William H. Gregg.

A volume on the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the second in the series describing American Art Galleries, is announced by

L. C. Page & Co. The book is by Mrs. Julia DeW. Addison.

A series of biographies which are intended to be in themselves a history of Western development, is announced by D. Appleton & Co. Prof. Clarence W. Alvord of the University of Illinois will undertake the editorship of the series. The biographies now in preparation are those of George Rogers Clark, William Henry Harrison, John Charles Frémont, and Charles Michel de Langlade.

Norwich University, at Northfield, Vt., plans an elaborate work of two volumes, giving a history of the university and a roster and sketches of the cadets, trustees, and professors. Vol. I will cover the years 1819-1866, and Vol. II, 1866 to 1910; each will contain the university history, so that an old student need purchase one volume only.

The Boston Public Library, according to the Fifty-eighth Annual Report, just published, contains nearly a million volumes, three-fourths of which are in the central library. While the home use of the books has fallen off slightly, the number and size of school deposits have increased in a gratifying degree. The cosmopolitan character of the library work is shown by the fact that the examining committee suggests that a new edition of the standard-fiction catalogue "should contain likewise the books in Yiddish"; and also that the newspapers taken are in twenty different languages, including one in Tagalese, published in the Philippines. It is interesting to note that there is a marked increase in the use of the branches in those quarters of the city where the foreign population is largest.

In 1908 Archibald Constable & Co. of London issued in three volumes a translation of Josef Redlich's "Procedure of the House of Commons." Reviewing the book at the time, (April 9, 1908), the *Nation* said:

This is a work of German thoroughness in point of scholarly research, and of a lucidity and philosophic grasp which is, we will not say more than German, but uncommon in any language. It is no surprise to find Sir Courtenay Ilbert, clerk of the House of Commons, speaking regretfully in his introduction of the fact that it had been left to an Austrian scholar to write a book which some competent Englishman ought long ago to have produced.

This excellent and standard work has now been put on the list of E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York.

Thorough-paced admirers of the Camden sage will take pleasure in Carlton Noyes's "An Approach to Walt Whitman," published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. Mr. Noyes tells something of Whitman's life, but the greater part of his little book is devoted to a reverent exposition of Whitman's art and philosophy. To Mr. Noyes "the very perfection" of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" "is its limitation," whereas "Whitman challenges comparison with nature," and his appeal is limitless. "Whitman has in himself the instructive and absolute rightness of all natural things"; to him "God has given a special revelation of Himself," and "he was given to the world to bring to men a revelation of God."

"The Works of Sir John Suckling" (Dutton), including the poems, plays, and letters, make only a single comfortable volume, and are well worth printing complete in this convenient form. A. Hamilton Thomp-

son furnishes a satisfactory introduction, and a body of notes which show more careful research than is often bestowed on these minor poets. Suckling's fame hangs almost upon a single exquisite poem, "A Ballad"—it might almost be said upon a single metaphor in that ballad: "Her feet beneath her petticoat." Much of his verse has indeed that peculiar carelessness—one might almost say amateurishness—which characterizes so many of the poets of that age. Yet there is good reading in such a drama as "The Goblins," and his poems, besides occasional beauty or wit, tell us more of the cavalier spirit than does many a history.

Ethel Rolt Wheeler's "Famous Blue-Stockings" (Lane) is another example of the amateur biographies, written chiefly by women, that are pouring from the British presses. Of the author's style the following sentence is a not altogether unfair specimen: "This essence has, of course, to be enmeshed in a cage of facts, or it will evaporate altogether." Of her learning we may guess from such a phrase as "these *Flora*." Of her accuracy the spelling of "Lytleton" is witness. Of her insight into history, we may judge from her statement that "there was, perhaps, never an age when Epictetus as a teacher would have been so little understood"; when, as a matter of fact, the revival of a kind of pagan stoicism, exemplified in the "Regimen" of Shaftesbury, was one of the chief marks of the eighteenth century. Yet the book is not without merit. Considerable intelligence is displayed in selecting anecdotes that set forth the characters of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Thrale, and the other learned ladies of the period. In particular we commend the account of Mrs. Thrale's second marriage as on the whole the most sensible we remember having read. It was a happy stroke to judge the excitement caused by that event in accordance with the rules for female conduct enjoined in Mrs. Chapone's chapter On the Regulation of the Heart and the Affections in her "Letters to her Niece." Such a comparison is really illuminating. It shows how the passion of Mrs. *Frail* Piozzi, as Walpole dubbed her, aroused the grief and resentment of her admirers; and it shows, too, that the very fact of this contrast between her action and the ideal of the age was proof of some real lack of discipline in her character.

About S. G. Bayne's cheaply facetious book, "A Fantasy of Mediterranean Travel" (Harpers), there is nothing whatever remarkable, except that a publishing house of good standing lends its imprint to so distressing a performance.

Whether "Susan in Sicily," by Josephine Tozier (L. C. Page & Co.), is a novel masked in the form of travel letters or a genuine record of travel somewhat embellished for romantic effect, is a question that must be left to the higher criticism. The present writer, subject to correction, holds the latter view. In any case, Sicily imposes itself singularly little upon Susan in comparison with various delightful men, who promptly present themselves and are never rebuffed, and the love affairs of sundry of her acquaintances. There is, however, a capital sketch of the doings and opinions of a delightful Anglo-Sicilian family at Palermo. Otherwise, the circum-

ambience is shadowed forth chiefly in misspelled Italian and in a few half-tone cuts. Susan travels in the jaunty mood, and her letters will be liked by those whose appetite for the sentimentally flippant has not been surfeited. All the love affairs end well, though the final status of Susan's heart is discreetly slurred. Her suitors may have feared her because she read "Theocritus." As a postscript is added a letter on the Messina earthquake, very vivid and purporting to be by an eye-witness. It has drastic touches that recall the reality, and if it is imaginary is of literary quality far superior to the average of this slight work.

Garret A. Hobart, twenty-fourth Vice-President of the United States, was in many respects a classic example of the self-made American. He had the advantage of good colonial stock on both sides, and of a college education, for which he entered active life in debt. After the ritual year of school teaching he followed the law. Never an eloquent speaker, he was turned by this defect, towards the most lucrative form of practice, corporation law. His geniality and sagacity brought him wealth and prominence. At thirty he was Speaker of the Assembly of New Jersey, a few years later president of the State Senate. His influence is said to have counted for much in making New Jersey a Republican State. To us it seems that the political turnover was foregone. The moment New Jersey ceased to be mainly rural, and became, with a concurrent growth of manufactures, a dependency of the New York money market, it was written that the party of "prosperity" must prevail. An admirable counsellor and friend, a high-toned partisan, a man of increasing wealth and influence, Mr. Hobart was the kind of man from whom Vice-Presidents are chosen. Unhappily his health was already broken before his election, in 1896, and he died before his term was completed, being only fifty-five years old. Here is a fine and normal career, and one worth commemorating. Great qualities of imagination and originality were denied Mr. Hobart. He struck out no new paths, and left no memorable sayings. He cheerfully did the work that came to his hand, and the deeper political ferment of his times seems scarcely to have come into his consciousness. In his public aspect he was one of those almost impersonal forces that make for industrial consolidation. At one time he held three-score directorates. That he is rather a meagre subject for biography must now be evident. With taste and insight in the biographer something might have been done. Unhappily the official biographer, David Magie, D.D., has conceived his task in a parochial spirit, eking out the exiguity of his matter with commonplace comment, and adding unnecessary details of the last illness, death, and funeral. The book is on the lines of a family memoir and is pretty nearly negligible. After ransacking it thoroughly we have found only one revelation of importance. It appears that it was Mr. Hobart who persuaded President McKinley to despair of his peace policy and submit the Cuban dispute to Congress. Let us note the words of the biographer: "He [Mr. Hobart] realized that the time had come when the President must act in conformity with the feelings of the people or lose his control over his own party" (our italics). On a long drive, the date of which is not given, Mr. Hobart urged the Presi-