

discriminate the interests of the States as they could once be discriminated. Interests, once local and separate, have become unified and National. They must be treated by the National Government.

This statement appears to us to embody the fundamental principle of the New Nationalism. If so, the question at issue between the democracy of Woodrow Wilson and the democracy of President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt is an issue of emphasis, not of fundamental principle. We hope that, as the New Jersey campaign progresses, Dr. Wilson will amplify this paragraph, and make clear what the subjects are which he thinks should fall under the control of the Federal Government, and what should be left to the separate powers and authority of the individual States. The conviction of *The Outlook* on this subject is clear. It is, that all the properties which belong to the people of the United States, and all the commercial operations between the several States, and therefore transcending the limits of the individual States, should be left under the absolute control and authority of the Federal Government; and those matters, and those only, should be left to the separate powers and authority of the individual States which concern only the citizens of the individual States.

A PAGAN STORY IN MODERN DRESS

The story of John Maxwell Senhouse and Sanchia Percival has been told by Mr. Hewlett in three volumes of such fresh invention, unfettered freedom of thought, and intimacy with nature that it is likely to hold a place by itself in English fiction. The glow of feeling which gave such rich color to "The Forest Lovers" and the "Little Novels of Italy" has been subdued and diffused, so to speak, until it enfolds this unique love story in an out-of-door atmosphere as radiant as that of a Monet picture and as cool and fresh and vivifying as that which gives a soft mystery to the English landscape. Mr. Hewlett's art has become more sure and confident as his work has broadened, and in "Rest Harrow" he shows himself one of the most finished craftsmen of his time. He has dropped the affectations

and forced brilliancy of phrase which occasionally marred his earlier stories. There is that in his thought and way of speech which will probably always give his style an esoteric quality; but he writes now according to his nature and is apparently less concerned to heighten striking effects.

"Half-Way House," "Open Country," and "Rest Harrow"¹ constitute a trilogy of novels in which three portraits are drawn with subtle and captivating skill. Whatever may be said of Senhouse, Sanchia, and Mary Middleham, they cannot be dismissed by a simple gesture of disapproval. They are, in their way, as striking as Sargent's portraits and as well worth open-minded criticism. Unlike Sargent's portraits, these studies of imaginary persons, in what is essentially an imaginary world, are touched with tenderness. Whether Mr. Hewlett believes in his characters or not, he is evidently deeply interested and at times genuinely moved by their various fates.

Senhouse, he tells us in the remarkable series of "Letters to Sanchia,"² was a devout reader though never an ardent student, with an instinctive contempt for prescribed courses of study or of life. On a May morning he rose, put on gray flannel trousers, a white sweater, a pair of nailed boots, breakfasted on an egg and coffee, walked out of his rooms and out of Cambridge, and never returned. His hat was left in his room, as were his check-book and ready money. He vanished from England, and the first word from him came two years later and was postmarked "Cracow." He was never a citizen; always a dweller in tents; he wandered in Poland, Siberia, Cashmere, the Caucasus, Colorado; a scholar-gypsy, with a passion for botany; clean as the rocks, free as the wind; the companion of tramps, tinkers, the people of the road; as audaciously individual as Thoreau and living as daringly at large as Borrow. He was not a rebel, for he never accepted any rule of Church or State; to please his father he spent six months in a counting-room and then fled precipitantly to

¹ "Halfway House," "Open Country," "Rest Harrow," three separate stories, complete in themselves, but constituting a trilogy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

² "Letters to Sanchia," a group of letters supposed to be written by Senhouse to Sanchia, with an introduction by Mr. Hewlett. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

the open country, never to go indoors again. "The less you have the more you are," was the working principle of his life. When he needed a little money, painting and journalism filled his modest purse. He was a wanderer with a profession: he made barren places blossom. He made a Cornish cove glow with peonies; on a Dartmoor tor he planted Caucasian irises; under his hand a stretch of sand near Bristol became a garden of tamarisks; on the outskirts of an oak wood in the "New Forest" he hung a curtain of wistaria; in Cumberland he created a glade of larkspur, "a sight to thank God for—nine feet high some of them, lifting up great four-foot blue torches off a patch of emerald and gold."

When Senhouse came upon Sanchia, in the third chapter of "Open Country," she was holding her skirts high and working in a pool of water, as unconscious, slim, and sexless as a nymph; in a moment she was thigh-deep in the water and Senhouse was working beside her; it was the beginning of an intimacy as elemental as air and light. She was a goddess to him—a modern Artemis—and he was a teacher sent from Nature to her. Without a thought of the fruit of his doctrine which a woman might reap in her life by practicing his theories, he taught her the gospel of free life outside the conventions of society and the laws which governed the world in which she was born.

That teaching reached its most critical stage in dealing with the relations of men and women. Marriage, he held, made women property, "marketed by the dress-maker, safeguarded by the policeman." It was a taking doctrine, preached by a clean man out of doors and reinforced by a multitude of obvious instances; but how would it work in the life of a girl to whom theories were serious maxims to be put into practice with simple-hearted audacity? In "Open Country" Sanchia meets Ingram, an egotist and a cad, and in all innocence of heart thinks she loves him; he pursues her, swoons at her feet, convinces her that she alone can save him. When the whole current of her nature flows toward him in a desire to help him, and, passion not yet awakened, she feels that she is the elect one to be a refuge to his distracted spirit, she learns that he has

a wife! His appeal to her is, therefore, the more insistent; external laws do not exist for her; she is loved, she is needed, she goes; not shamefacedly, but in the open day, in the face of the outcries of her family; as calmly as she would have gone to meet Ingram in a church, before a priest. Then Senhouse goes through the experiences of the philosopher in Bourget's novel "The Disciple." He is brought face to face with his theory put into practice by a woman he loves. "He was to learn, it seems, that if you tell a lady she is a Goddess it is not possible for you afterwards to complain that she acts like a Goddess, to whom 'good' and 'evil' are empty words, as empty as 'pity' and 'terror' in a thunder-storm. . . . Had he done her reasonable honor by his testimonies, or had he lured her on to dishonor and shipwreck?" Meantime she has given herself to a scoundrel, her home is closed to her, and she stands in the market-place naked to the jeers of the evil-minded and the merciless scorn of society. Surely not a comfortable position for Senhouse!

When "Rest Harrow" opens, Sanchia has charge of an estate which belongs to Ingram, who has been long absent; she has discovered his meanness and cruelty, and when he returns he finds her unapproachable; but neither then nor later does she condemn her surrender; she has gone as far as her heart led her, but now that her love is dead she is entrenched in her own sense of rectitude. Ingram besieges her in vain, and finally, with the urgent reinforcement of her family, is eager to marry her. This would be the conventional ending, the legal righting of the wrong; it would also be a confession of wrong-doing. Sanchia cannot understand that there has been any wrong-doing; she does not love him, and to marry him would be a sin against nature. She escapes to the open country and marries Senhouse.

Of "Rest Harrow" there can hardly be but one opinion: it is a beautiful piece of art, always on the borderland between prose and poetry, and yet, even in its lyric moments when something of the living loveliness of Nature shines in its pages, securely anchored in reality. In a sense the love story of Senhouse and

Sanchia is a fairy-tale told in an imaginary world. There are, the story tells us, "beings upon the earth, visitors or sojourners by chance, whose true commerce is elsewhere, in a state not visible to us, nor to be apprehended by most of us; whose relation with mankind is temporary. The spheres which govern us govern not them, and their conduct is dictated by their good pleasure, where ours goes after the good pleasure of our betters." Thus a man may, if he can, take a goddess or nymph to wife, but should not be disconcerted with what she may elect to do."

Those who, in the purity of their hearts, can read these novels as records of such visitors or sojourners will find them deeply interesting and singularly beautiful; for Sanchia is a good woman; a better woman than many of the women who surrender themselves for money or rank or comfort—for anything save love—under the sanction of the marriage relation. Sanchia, like Tess, is a "pure woman faithfully presented." But she is too human, too near the daily habit, the domestic hearth, to wear the guise of the Goddess in the eyes of society. A Goddess who goes to the Grosvenor Gallery and haunts the reading-room of the British Museum and wears her star-like beauty in London drawing-rooms has so far laid aside her divinity as to come into human relations and has put herself under human laws. She keeps her own standard of purity, but she becomes a law-breaker. Senhouse is a theoretical anarchist; Sanchia, his disciple, becomes a practical anarchist. The freedom of the Goddesses made trouble even on Olympus; in Belgravia it would dissolve society. In a society ravaged by diseases of many kinds it is likely to exert a demoralizing influence. In the world as now constituted, while it is true that marriage without love is a respectable form of impurity, love without marriage is a form of anarchy. "Rest Harrow" is a pagan story in modern dress; a beautiful piece of fiction, not without graver meaning for the Philistine and the Pharisee; to be read by others as one would read "Atalanta in Calydon" or Ovid's "Metamorphoses."

It must be said, with the frankness due to a writer of Mr. Hewlett's rare gifts, that his failure to recognize the moral

order of life and its reaction on character keeps him out of the group of novelists who have made the stories the world cannot forget deep and vital expositions of that moral quality which, as Mr. Morley has said, is not *in* the order of things; it *is* the order of things, the very tissue and substance of life.

CHALLENGING DEATH

The other day a brave man died. He had borne intense suffering for many years, but only his most intimate friends knew that his life was one of heroic endurance; the presence of death had been with him so long that he worked in its shadow as quietly as one works in the shade of a tree in summer. He never spoke of the cross laid on his shoulders, and when his weakness was so great that he could do his work only by relentless force of will he was at his post. He faced the intensity of agony peculiar to his disease as a brave man faces an enemy, unmindful of danger, heroically mindful of his task and his responsibilities. On the morning of the day of his death his face, which had been drawn and strained by acute pain, was relaxed and smiling, and in answer to the question why he smiled he said quietly, "I am going to die to-day." And when, a few hours later, he turned his face on his pillow and closed his eyes, he was still smiling.

His was a gallant spirit, and he wore the white flower of a blameless life with a certain unconscious audacity. He had the courage of a man who has found nothing in himself to fear; for there was profound truth in the maxim of the mother who said to her timid children, "You will meet nothing in life more terrible than yourselves." What impressed most deeply those who knew this gallant spirit was that he not only asked no concessions on account of his suffering, but plucked from it a more spirited activity, a keener devotion to his work. At a time when so much baseness and meanness find record in the newspapers, a career of pain drained of its egotism and turned into motive force, and of death faced with a smile, increases the spiritual capital of the race.

Such a career needs no other memorial